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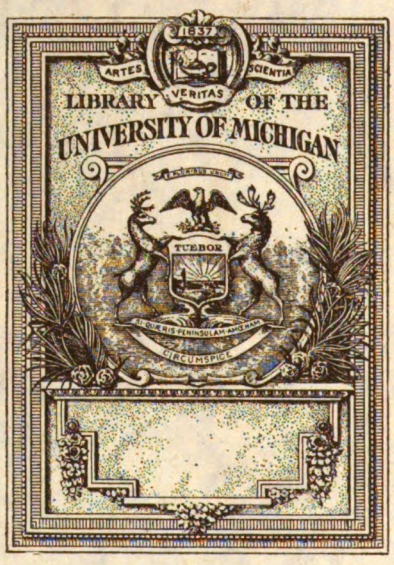
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INDEX.

TALES AND STORIES.

PAGE

Act of Charity, An. By Charles Fielding Marsh 761

AUTOCRAT, THE. By Mayne Lindsay 481, 500, 516, 533, 548, 568, 580, 596, 610, 633, 642, 661, 677, 691, 712, 723

Back of Beyond, From the. By Lady Napier of Magdala 289

BETWEEN TWO. By F. C. Armstrong . 120, 137

BIDDY. By J. J. Bell 58, 75

BLACK SPIDER, THE. By Julius Ashton . 9, 26, 41

BROWN LUSTRE JUG, THE. By Frank Hird 487, 507, 523

Carmelita: An Episode of Idaho 810

Colonel's Daughter, The. By Helen Porter . 397

Cornelius Con: A Highland Romance of Real Life. By W. C. Mackenzie, F.S.A.Scot. . 449

DIPLOMACY. By Arthur O. Cooke . . 312, 329

DORNAY'S REVENGE. By T. W. Speight 209, 234, 248

DOUBLE ANEMONE, THE. By M. Hardy . 353, 378

DUKE PAYS, THE. By W. E. Cule 769, 786, 803, 818

EXPERIMENT IN NEUROLOGY, AN. By A. M. Belding 273, 297

Fate's Revenge. By Clive Holland . . . 189

Friend in Need, A. By Ethel F. Heddle . . 653

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE. By John Oxenham

I. Arms and the Men 1

II. Eheu! 19

III. How the News came Home . . 35

IV. And what it Wrought there . . 51

V. How Geoff came Home, and what he Found there 69

VI. Back to the Front 101

VII. Wiping it Off 115

VIII. Below the Belt 132

IX. Broken Links 151

X. The Hand of a Friend 162

XI. Medicament 179

XII. The Cure Works. 196

XIII. The Cure Spreads 216

XIV. Widening Ways. 227

XV. A Little Kingdom I Possess . . 242

XVI. Concerning the Girl 260

PAGE

XVII. As by a Magnet 280

XVIII. The Cry of the Kelpie . . . 290

XIX. An Alien Face 306

XX. Touch-and-Go. 325

XXI. A Day of Strange Happenings . 338

XXII. Cleaning Slates 359

XXIII. The Unwelcome Guest . . . 372

XXIV. Underground 388

XXV. Treasure at a Price. 403

XXVI. The Great Treachery . . . 424

XXVII. Against Time 437

XXVIII. The Winning Hazard . . . 450

The Golden Pyx—Conclusion . 469

Haunted Hat, The. By Professor Hoffmann . 91

HERBERT MASSEY. By Marian Bower . 775, 795

HERMIT OF THE IRATI, THE. By Captain Cecil North 705, 726, 739, 755

His Life for his Friend: A Tale of Ninety-eight. By J. Sackville Martin . . . 412

Lieutenant Radler's Holiday. By Dorothea Gerard 264

MAJOR MELLORDYCE'S WIFE. By Emeric Hulme-Beaman 81, 105

Misanthrope, A. By Mrs Isabel Smith . . 733

OLD SACKS. By Margaret Watson . . 392, 407

RUNDLE'S DOING. By Arthur H. Henderson 657, 683

Secret of Carondelet, The 344

SECRET OF THE GLACIER, THE. By James W. T. Hart 625, 647

SIGN OF THE SPIDER, THE. By C. Edwardes 417, 440, 457, 473

STORY OF THE BASQUE COUNTRY, A. By Cecil North 145, 167, 184, 202

Te-Bari the Outlaw. By Louis Becke . . 746

Thrice Warned. By Commander B. M. Chambers 616

Tragedy of Arcola, The. By W. D. Gray . 465

Tragedy of the Himalayas, and the Nemesis, A. By Lieutenant-Colonel P. R. Bairnsfather. 542

Unfailing Hand, By the. By Edward Vivian . 697

VOYAGE OF THE 'COFFIN,' THE. By W. Victor Cook 561, 585, 601

WAY TO THE WEDDING, ON THE. By Charles Edwardes 538, 553

ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

Accidents, Industrial. By Harry J. Wilson . 129

African Notes. By Captain J. Brander Dunbar 551

After Work: Fragments from the Workshop of an Old Publisher. By Edward Marston . 134

Alban Hills, In the 332

Apple Industry of Tasmania, The. By F. A. W. Gisborne, Castle Forbes Bay, Tasmania . 308

Armada, An Echo from the Invincible . . 609

Armour in Ancient Churches. By Sarah Wilson. 815

Artistic Incongruities and Anachronisms. By T. C. Hepworth 394

Athens, Modern. By George Pignatorre . . 743

Atlantic Oasis, An 366

Author, A Memory of an Old-Young. By W. W. Fenn 95

389573

PAGE

Author and Publisher 134
Autographs, Shakespeare. By W. Roberts . 573
Bait Act, Enforcing the. By P. T. M'Grath, St John's, Newfoundland 636
Bass Rock, The—An Island-Prison on the Forth 385
Bermudas, The—An Atlantic Oasis 709
Books, Adventures among 375
Bookstall, The Railway 375
Boracic Acid or Boric Acid 251
Borneo, In a 'Dug-Out' Canoe in North . . 443
British Navy, The Revolution in the. By Archibald S. Hurd 97
Business Fifty Years Ago, Through France on. By John B. Drayton 462
Business, Perils in Retiring from 753
Byway in Ireland, A. By Mrs Gorges . . 629
Cæsar's City, Idle Hours in. By G. G. Chatterton 182
Canadian North-West, Ranching in the. By G. J. Webster 453
Candles, Old and New 282
Cattle-Farming in Paraguay 536
Cells, In Condemned. By Edward John Prior. 126
Cement-Making in Scotland 687
Chinese Doctors in America 31
'Christmas Grocer: Wanted a.' By Katharine Burrill 801
City of the Dead, A 204
Cocoa in Trinidad 663
Cocos Island, Treasure-Seeking on 113
Coffee, King 23
Coleridge at Samuel Rogers', With: A Literary Symposium. Edited by Robert M'Clure . 716
Comfort and Safety in Railway Travel . . 230
Complete Motorist, The. By Filson Young (Methuen) 108
Coney Island, Lough Neagh and 161
Coolie Emigrant, The 225
Cotton-Garden in Nigeria, A. By Constance Larymore 55
Curtain Falls, The. By Julian Kingstead . 831
Dawn, Before the 337
Death in the Desert. By A. C. Simkins . . 318
Deer-Forests Economically Considered . . 321
Deer-Stalking in Scotland Sixty Years Ago. By Miss J. P. Wilson 593
Derelicts, Dangerous. By William Rutherford 583
Diary of a London Merchant, Notes from the. By John B. Drayton 153, 170
Domestic Tyrant, The 545
'Doubles' 587
'Dug-Out' Canoe in North Borneo, In a . . 443
Edinburgh Days, My Halcyon 65
Edinburgh Rat-Catcher of the Olden Time, An. By Major-General Tweedie, C.S.I. . . . 177
Electrical Effects at Winnipeg 461
Emigrant, The Coolie 225
Estuary, Thoughts on an. By F. G. Aflalo . 45
Exodus, The Rural. By Reginald Gatty, LL.B. 369
Fallacies, Some Popular Legal. By Frank H. Stevens 72
Finsen. By G. M. Fox-Davis 49
Fire-Service at Home and on the Continent. By Ex 519

PAGE

Fires, Some Curious Causes of. By T. C. Bridges 364
Fishes, The Nationality of. By F. G. Aflalo . 218
France on Business Fifty Years Ago, Through. 462
Friends from Abroad. By Julian Kingstead . 641
German War-Harbour, A Winter in a. By J. Morin 689
Glow-Worm, The Light of the. By Dr T. Lamb Phipson 84
Golconda: A City of the Dead. By an Anglo-Indian 204
Good Old Times, The 123
Grammarian of York, The 262
Greenstone of New Zealand, The 651
'Grocer: Wanted, a Christmas' 801
Halcyon Edinburgh Days, My 65
Haunted Woodhouselee 513
Head-Hunters of North Borneo, The. By A. Cavendish 714
High Thinking, Low Living and 111
How a Big Hotel is Managed 405
Idle Hours in Cæsar's City 182
Incongruities and Anachronisms, Artistic . 394
India, A Lady-Tramp in. By Margaret Innes Pollock 401
Industrial Accidents 129
Invincible Armada, An Echo from the . . 609
Ireland, A Byway in 629
Ireland, Tobacco-Growing in 504
Irving (Sir Henry), Reminiscences of. By A. Stodart Walker 817
Island-Prison on the Forth, An 385
Juries and Law-Courts, Experiences of. By John B. Drayton 382
King Coffee 23
Lady-Tramp in Canada, A. By Margaret Innes Pollock 11
Lady-Tramp in China and Japan. By Margaret Innes Pollock 87
Lady-Tramp in India, A. By Margaret Innes Pollock 401
Lagos Bar, The 14
Law-Courts and Juries, Experiences of . . 382
Legal Fallacies, Some Popular. By Frank H. Stevens 72
Libau. By Albert Kinross 589
Life Guardsman Shaw 252
Life, The Repairs of. By Dr Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., &c. 772
Life, The Strength of. By J. Cater, M.D. . 737
Lighting, New Methods of 165
Local Expenditure, The Extravagance of . . 484
Loch Roag: A New Summer Resort. By W. C. Mackenzie, F.S.A.Scot. 494
London Merchant, Notes from the Diary of a 153, 170
Lough Neagh and Coney Island 161
Low Living and High Thinking: A Unique Holiday 111
Lucca, Tuscany—The Land of Olive-Oil . . 577
Madeira, A Glass of. By F. G. Aflalo . . 721
Madrid, Old 792, 807
Makran, The Empire's Work in. By R. T. Halliday, M.B. 678
Melrose, The Monks of Old. By J. J. Vernon 39

PAGE
Memory, Notes on. By J. Cater, M.D. . . 362
Memory of an Old-Young Author, A. By W. W. Fenn 95
Milk-Supply, Our. By Mrs Sanders . . 103
Millais in Scotland, Ruskin and. By W. W. Fenn 645
'Millionaires' Hotels' of New York. By Mary Spencer Warren 785
Mind, Presence of. By Reginald A. Gatty, LL.B. 237
Money-Lenders, Working-Class: How Usurers Evade the Law. By William Diack . . 439
Monks of Old Melrose, The. By J. J. Vernon 39
Motorist, The Complete. By Dr Dawson Turner. 108
Murray (Lindley)—The Grammarian of York . 262
Mutinies, Returning Home from the. By Captain I. S. A. Herford 780
Mysterious White Races. By L. E. Neame . 188
Nationality of Fishes, The. By F. G. Aflalo . 218
'Nelson and the North, Of.' By Katharine Burrill 749
New Zealand, Subtropical. By Theodore Arnold 241
Nigeria, A Cotton-Garden in 55
Nitrate Industry, Tarapacá and the. By W. J. Kirkcaldie, Iquique 149
North (Christopher), Recollections of. By Miss J. P. Wilson 593
Old Madrid. 792, 807
Olive-Oil, The Land of. By Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Haggard, D.S.O. . . 577
Operators who have Gone Broke—Ups and Downs of Wall Street. By Henry Clews, New York Stock Exchange 433
Overwork, Do we Suffer from? By J. Cater, M.D. 33
Paraguay, Cattle-Farming in 536
Passenger-Pigeon, The Passing of the American. By W. B. Mershon, Saginaw, U.S.A. . . 491
Pearling in Torres Strait 730
'Pearl of the Silver Sea, The.' By John Oxenham 276
Philosopher in the Restaurant, The. By Julian Kingstead 751
Pictures with Romantic Histories. By Clive Holland 445
Pigeon, The Passing of the American Passenger 491
Pigmies, The Home of the. By Rev. Reginald A. Gatty, LL.B. 293
Pond, The Value of a. 613
'Poorman' Mine, Discovery of the . . . 668
Presence of Mind 237
Public Service, The Rewards of. By W. V. Roberts 212
Public Speaking, On 758
Publisher, Author and 134
Publishers, Rejected by the 798
Railway Bookstall, The 375
Railway Travel, Comfort and Safety in . . 230
Ranching in the Canadian North-West. By G. J. Webster 453
Rat, The Common. By E. Adrian Woodruffe-Peacock, F.L.S. 62
Rat-Catcher of the Olden Time, An Edinburgh 177
Reade (Charles), The Novels of. By Lewis Melville 524
Regimental Traditions. By Horace Wyndham 199
Rejected by the Publishers 798
Reminiscence of 1857, A 428
Repairs of Life, The 772
Restaurant, The Philosopher in the . . . 571
Rome—Idle Hours in Cæsar's City . . . 182
Rome in Picture and Story 529
Royal Hospital of St Katherine, The . . 510
Rural Exodus, The 369
Ruskin and Millais in Scotland. By W. W. Fenn 645
Russian Banished, The Isle of the. By W. C. Chisholm 301
Russian Poland, A Holiday in. By Frederic Vicars, M.D. 27
Saghalien, The Isle of the Russian Banished. By W. C. Chisholm 301
Saint, A Forgotten. By Edwin Lester Arnold 17
St Andrews—The City of St Rule. By W. T. Linskill 599
St Katherine, The Royal Hospital of. By W. M. J. Williams 510
St Piran—A Forgotten Saint 17
St Rule, The City of. By W. T. Linskill . 599
Salmon, Ascending and Descending. By Augustus Grimble 430
Sanctuary, A Woodland 497
Sand and Snow Drift, Some Phenomena of. By W. J. Millar 236
San Thomé, West Africa. By a Resident . 305
Sark—'The Pearl of the Silver Sea' . . . 276
School-Books Old and New. By Katharine Burrill 6
Science, Social Pioneers of. By T. H. S. Escott 285
Scott (Sir Walter) and One of his Reviewers . 694
Scott (Sir Walter) in 1815, A Journey with. By A. Francis Steuart 315
Scottish Service Member, An Old-World. By the Rev. Canon Tetley 357
Scotts of Ettrick Forest in Olden Times, The. By Rev. J. Sharpe 158
Seed-Warehouse, Curiosities of a. By Carnochan Douglas 327
Senses—How our Senses Deceive us. By Dr Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., &c. . . . 564
Seven 118
Shakespeare Autographs. By W. Roberts . 573
Shaw, Life Guardsman 252
Sleeplessness 559
Smedley (Frank E.)—A Memory of an Old-Young Author 95
Smugglers' Tricks. By S. Baring-Gould . . 221
Snakes and Children. By J. O. Byrne, Sydney 343
Snow and Sand Drift, Some Phenomena of . 236
Speaking, On Public 758
Stars, Variable. By Alex. W. Roberts, D.Sc., Lovedale, South Africa 257
Stevenson (Robert Louis), The Popularity of . 673
Stone-Paving, Artificial. By W. Diack . . 175
Summer Resort, A New 494
Sun's Distance, The. By Alexander W. Roberts, D.Sc., Lovedale, South Africa . 822

	PAGE
Swallow, The Decrease of the. By Captain J. H. Baldwin	725
Symposium, A Literary	716
Tarapacá and the Nitrate Industry. By W. J. Kirkcaldie	149
Tasmania, The Apple Industry of	308
Thirst, Shall we all Die of? By J. E. Whitby	390
'Thistle,' 1905, Thoughts on Board the. By Poultney Bigelow	659
Through the Wood	471
Tobacco-Growing in Ireland. By Mary Gorges	504
Torres Strait, Pearling in	730
Traditions, Regimental	199
Trafalgar, The Effect of, in Europe. By Colonel C. E. Souper	667
Treasure-Seeking on Cocos Island	113
Trinidad, Cocoa in	663
Tunnelling the Dee at Aberdeen	461
Tussaud's (Madame) Exhibition Up to Date	777
Tyrant, The Domestic	545
Usurers—How they Evade the Law	439
Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, The. By A. R. Canning	420
Wall Street, Ups and Downs of. By Henry Clews, New York Stock Exchange	433
Waterloo, A Hero of	252
White Races, Mysterious	188
Wild Life, How to Read	605
Woodcock, The. By George Bolam, F.Z.S.	193
Woodhouselee, Haunted	513
Woodland Sanctuary, A. By Alfred Wellesley Rees	497
Working-Class Money-Lenders: How Usurers Evade the Law. By William Diack	439
Worry, and How to Cure it. By D. S. R. C. Rao, M.A., M.B., Ch.B.	247
Zambesi, The Victoria Falls of the	420

POETRY.

Anticipation	128
Autumn Tears	768
Birth of the Surf-Wave, Honolulu, The	544
City, The	784
Cockler, The	96
Dawn on the Fiord	800
Desiderium	688
Dream of the West, A	224
Emigrants' Trail, The	304
England	368
Exile	640
Exiles, The	272
Fairy Tales	480
Festival of the Dead, The	320
Final Page, The	832
Finsen, Niels Ryberg	64
Garden of God, The	384
Garden of my Heart, The	464
Garden of my Youth, The	432
George Town, Cape Colony	448
Hampstead Heath, On	288
Her Fatherland	608
Her Name	80
Joy	240
Joy and Sorrow	736
Karuizawa, Japan, At	32
Lesson, A	400
Lines on a Sun-Dial	720
Little Fishes, The	656
Lovers' Hour, The	496
Madrigal	624
May Minstrelsy	512
Morning	752
New-Year Meditation, A	16
Old Church by the Sea, The	352
Old House, To an	48
Old Maid's Window, An	528
Old Resident, The	160
Old Song, The	704
Perfect Friendship, The	112
Quest, A	560
River of my Love, The	256
River, The	208
Shakespeare's Beatrice	576
Sleep!	144
Song of Seasons, A	192
Souvenir de Tunis	416
Sun-Dial, A	592
Tapestries	176
Translation, A	336
Twilight of the Day, The	816
Wheel of Life, The	672

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Adulteration of Milk	206
African Exploration	206
Aluminium as a Protection against Mercury-Vapour	477
Aluminium, Welding	702
Anæsthetic, A New	479
Antiquary, A Coster	144
Ants (White), The Protection of Wood against	829
Ants as Pets	143
Apple, The Coreless	271
Arc Light, Golden-Coloured	410
Art, Ancient Works of	79
Art, Japanese	207
'Art-Teaching in Japan'	207
Artillery, Out-of-Date	206
Assouan Dam, The	77
Auto Cotton-Picker, An	704
Auto-Pastel	207
Bacillus of Cancer, The	141
Bauxite Brick	271

	PAGE
Beardmore Trefilage Steel-Making Process, The	272
Birds, Traffic in Caged	477
Blonde, The Disappearing	142
Boats Driven by Gas-Engines	829
Bombs, The Making of	410
Bones on the Dogger Bank	411
Book-Collecting	271
Boots, Sophisticated	352
Bottle-Stopper, The Columbia	144
Brick, Bauxite	271
British Association, The	271
Building without Walls, A	409
Buoys for Pleasure-Boats, Safety	765
Burbank (Luther) and Plant-Breeding	352
Caged Birds, Traffic in	477
'Caloric'	767
Camera, Detection by	621
Canada, Railway Enterprise in	557
Canadian Petroleum	478
Cancer, The Bacillus of	141
Canisters, The Recovery of Tin from Old	350
'Cape Castle, The Passing of'	80
Cellulose from Corn-Stalks	620
Chickens Hatched by Bees	701
China and Glass, Unbreakable	141
Cinematograph in Politics, The	828
Coal for the Navy	269
Coal-Supply, Our	269
Comptometer, The	701
Cold Weather	270
Coloured Woods	142
Colour Photography again	700
Columbia Bottle-Stopper, The	144
Coolgardie, Pumping Water to	828
Copper Sulphate and the Germs of Disease	351
Coreless Apple, The	271
Corn-Stalks, Cellulose from	620
Coster Antiquary, A	144
Cotton, Artificial	623
'Cow with the Iron Tail, The'	206
Dam, A Huge	478
Diamond-Cutters and Lead Poisoning	766
Diatomite	622
Diet, Japanese	270
Distemper, Washable	622
Doctors, Missionary	556
Dogger Bank, Bones on the	411
Dogger, Fish for the	350
Draught-Excluder, A	143
Dynamo as an Aid to Gambling, The	830
Egg-Test, A New	142
Egyptian Royal Tomb, Discovery of another	480
Electric Glow-Lamp, A New	351
Electric Lamp, Improved	624
Electric Railway Signals	478
Electric Water-Cart, An	479
Electricity, Flour Whitened by	352
Electricity, Smelting by	479
Electrolytic Production of Gas for the Oxy-Hydrogen Blowpipe	768
Electro-Magnetism in Surgery	623
Energy of Ocean Waves, The	143
Exhibition, A Weather-Lore	350
Exploration, African	206
Explosive Hair-Ornaments	700
Fairies, Haunts of the	270
Fighting by Telephone	350
Fire on Shipboard, Extinguishing	208
Fish for the Dogger	350
Fishing-Boats, Motors for	409
Flour Whitened by Electricity	352
Fogs, Cure of	205
Fog-Signalling at Sea	78
Gambling, The Dynamo as an Aid to	830
Gas-Engines, Boats Driven by	829
Gas-Light *versus* Electricity	479
Gas-Mantles, The Manufacture of	828
Gas, Natural	411
Gas, The Future of	78
German Methods, Some	830
Germs of Disease, Copper Sulphate and the	351
Giraffe, A New	410
Glass and China, Unbreakable	141
Glow-Lamp, A New Electric	351
Gros Life-Belt, The	270
Gun-Sight, A New	557
Hailstorms, Checking	827
Hair-Ornaments, Explosive	700
Harnessing the Sun	78
Hay-Fever, A Cure for	827
'Health, How to Obtain Perfect'	80
Heat without Fire	767
Herculaneum, Proposed Excavation of	558
Hospital for Animals, A	701
Hospitals, Japanese	80
Houses without Bricks	765
Indigo	766
Invalids, A Travelling-Hammock for	478
Izal	556
Izal, The Uses of	556
Japanese Art	207
Japanese Diet	270
Japanese Hospitals	80
Jupiter's Sixth Satellite	206
Karnak, Treasure-Trove at	205
Laryngoscope, The	350
Life-Belt, A New	270
Lifeboat, A New	208
Lighthouse Illumination	410
Lightning-Conductors	555
Lightning-Flashes	555
Machine-Gun, A One-Man	411
Man and the Universe	411
Medals	80
Memoirs of Book-Collecting	272
Mercury Vapour, Aluminium as a Protection against	477
Metal-Mixer, An Immense	702
Methylated Spirit	621
Mexico's Railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific	480
Microscopy, High-Power	77
Milk Adulteration	206
Milk, Prolonging Life by Curdled	830
Mineral Springs, Radio-Activity of	351
Mineral-Water Bottles, Poison in	767
Mines, A Safety Device for	702
Missionary Doctors	556
Moons, Jupiter's	206
Moses, but no Bulrushes	409

	PAGE
Mosquitoes, A Simple Protection against	558
Motor, A New Tide and River	144
Motor-Boats	271
Motor-Cars for South African Railways	410
Motor-Cars with Buffers	767
Motor, Mowing by	79
Motors for Fishing-Boats	409
Motors for Sailing-Boats	556
Motors for Tram-Lines	270
Motors within Wheels	622
Mowing by Motor	79
'Musical Education, A Weak Spot in'	207
Music, The Teaching of	207
Neapolitan Industries	558
Niagara, Harnessing	768
Ocean Waves, The Energy of	143
Official Attitude towards Science	141
Oil, Printing Photographs in	141
Out of Date	206
Painting in the Dark	478
Panamá Canal	556
Penguins, Fated	477
Petroleum, Canadian	478
Petrolite Lamps	622
Photographs by Wire	621
Photographs in Oil, Printing	141
Pianoforte, The	207
Picture Post-Card, The First	412
Picture, The Story of a	703
Plant-Breeding	352
Poison in Mineral-Water Bottles	767
Post-Card, The First Picture	412
Potass-Manure, A Cheap	703
Preserve, A New	79
Printing Photographs in Oil	141
Prunes, New	208
Public-House, A New	766
Puncture-Proof Tires	558
Quadruped, The World's Biggest	412
Radio-Activity of Mineral Springs	351
Radium—Can it Produce Life?	557
Radium, Is the Earth's Heat due to?	351
Railway Enterprise in Canada	557
Railway Signals, Electric	478
Railways, Roller-Bearings on	142
Research, Tuberculosis	142
River Motor, A New Tide and	144
Riveting by Hand-Pressure	827
Roller-Bearings on Railways	142
Sailing-Boats, Motors for	556
Science, Official Attitude towards	141
Sea-Birds, The Protection of	700
Seaweed	412
Seismograph, The	409
Signalling at Sea	829
Smelting by Electricity	479
Snake-Bite, A Strange Cure for	623
Sounding without Lead	479
Sound Magnification	79
South African Railways, Motor-Cars for	410
Space, A Suggestion from	556
Stammering	701
Starlings	207
Steam Turbine at St Louis, The	269
Steel-Making Process, The Beardmore Trefilage	272
Submarines, The Safety of	351
Sulphur-Mining	78
Sun, Harnessing the	78
Surgery, Electro-Magnetism in	623
Tablespoon, The Deceptive	703
Tanning Agent, A New	622
Tantalum	555
Telephone, Fighting by	350
Telephones at every Corner	768
Theory, An Interesting	701
Thorianite	827
Tin from Old Canisters, The Recovery of	350
Tire, Another Unpuncturable	766
Tires, Puncture-Proof	558
Trains across the Sea	621
Tram-Lines, Motors for	270
Travelling-Hammock for Invalids, A	478
Treasure-Trove at Karnak	205
Tuberculosis Research	142
Tunnel, The Highest	141
Tunnel, The World's Longest	78
Turbine at St Louis, The Steam	269
Turbine, The Triumph of the	557
Universe, Man and the	411
Vacuum Cleaning at Home	829
Walking in the Water	702
Warships Driven by Gas	479
Water-Cart, An Electric	479
Water-Pipes, Wooden	143
Water, To Purify	144
Waves, The Energy of Ocean	143
Weather, Cold	270
Weather-Lore Exhibition, A	350
Wireless Messages in War	269
Wood, The Protection of, against White Ants	829
Woods, Coloured	142

EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER CONTENTS.

The Story of Anster	By Mary Stuart Boyd	1
Song of Bragela, Queen of Skye	By Lilian Napier	25
The Lady of the Chapel	By Katharine Tynan	26
The Wind in the Chimney	By Lauchlan Maclean Watt	31
When Joyce Grew Up	By Charles Edwardes	32
A Learned Lady	By R. E. Francillon	38
Serenata	By C. H. St L. Russell	48

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of *Barbe of Grand Bayou, Bondman Free, John of Gerisau,* &c.

CHAPTER I.—ARMS AND THE MEN.

THE thermometer on the tent-pole had crept up to one hundred degrees, in spite of the fact that every flap that could possibly obstruct any wandering breath of air was braced hopefully as high as it would go.

A long, slim youth, with hair like a well-worn tooth-brush, and a moustache which looked crisp and white under his sun-reddened nose, hotched restlessly on a wooden chair under the front screen. He wore a pair of loose yellow riding-trousers and a shirt very much open at the neck. In front of him was a small wooden table spread with papers, at which he glanced now and again distastefully. With evident effort he would make a perfunctory hieroglyphic, and then gaze at it doubtfully until his eye wandered off to the more tempting view outside: the long blue reach of Nile, the filmy, blue heights in the distance, and a few black cast-iron palm-trees here and there; nearer, a clump of fluffy yellow flowering mimosas and some patches of coarse yellow grass, and half-a-dozen tents, no longer white, but still looking white against the yellow sand; farther away, a number of straw *tukls*, all asleep and apparently slightly drunk in the midday heat; and over all a thin, burnt-out, blue-white sky.

Inside the tent was another wooden table, and another wooden chair, and another young man. In appearance he was not unlike the first, and was similarly clad with a single eye to such comfort as lack of attire might induce. He was of darker complexion and still more sunburned. In fact, his nose was a sight to look upon; but as most other noses thereabouts, except indigenous black ones, were in no better case, it attracted less attention than did his companion's more recent importation.

The most striking difference between them was that Number Two was working at the papers in front of him, working hard and without a pause. When he raised his head now and again, it was not to look out over Nile and dancing desert and inebriated *tukls*, but to gaze thoughtfully at the dingy canvas of the tent, and through it, with his mind's eye, at long lines of communication, trains of bobbing camels, patient donkeys, and mendacious and evasive drivers; and, more pleasantly still, at the prospect of an early move forward and the possibility of getting at last within striking distance of the elusive enemy.

Just now and again, by way of relief, his eye fell on the young man in the front door, and then it gleamed between amusement and annoyance.

'Challis, my dear,' said the lazy one, throwing back his head with a yawn, which enabled him to read the thermometer on the tent-pole without getting off his chair, 'do you know who it was invented figures? It was the devil, no less. Half the troubles of life come through figures. Now, isn't it so? Male figures that you don't like, female figures that you do like, and the usual devil-possessed figures that refuse to come right and are somehow always against you. My brain is getting perfectly addled. Can you tell me for certain what two and two make?'

'They used to make four,' said Challis, with a smile. 'But it depends to some extent on circumstances and the person'——

'There you are, you see! The devil's in the figures. They're as tricky as those blue-jowled fellows who run the *café* down at What's-its-name. My throat feels as long as a camel's and as dusty as the desert. Now, what I would like at this present moment—*H-p-p-p!*'—with a long-drawn, supping inspiration—'would be a glass of lager—iced lager, two yards long, just about as long as my throat. Think of it, Challis, my dear!—six feet of iced lager! A-a-ah!' and the thought of it came near to sending him over on to his head.

'A cup of hot tea would do you more good, as a start anyway.'

'Don't mention it, my dear. Iced lager is the only cure for a thirst like this—six feet of it on end,

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not an inch less. Can't you just feel it trickling, trickling, trickling slowly down over the sand-banks, and gradually spreading out below, and moistening and softening all the dry and thirsty land inside?' And he licked his cracked lips at the mere thought of it. But the other was busy at his papers again, and paid no heed to his companion's maunderings.

'Challis, my dear, you lack imagination!' broke out the thirsty one, leaning over again and looking across at his friend upside down, 'you are degenerating into a machine. Figures are becoming a monomania with you. I woke once in the night, and, unless I am mistaken, you were sitting at that identical table, or else at this one—I'm not sure which—and you were scratching away just as you are now. I thought you probably had nightmare and it might be bad to wake you too suddenly, and then I went to sleep again before I had decided whether to wake you or not. Your brain will give way if you work it too hard in this climate.'

'There'll be one brain left intact, anyway; and if some one's brain doesn't work some other ones' stomachs will go empty, and there'll be no fight in them when the time comes.'

'Ah!—when. Will that dear, good time ever come? Is there any enemy, or is he a mirage like that one out yonder?'—as he came right-side up again and caught the sheen of distant water out in the desert where no water was.

'Oh, he's there right enough. Wait till you get a jab with one of his paddle-headed spears, my son, and you won't find any mirage about him.'

'I'd welcome the chance. I'm sick of sitting still and doing sums. I never could do sums, anyway. I came to fight. This isn't fighting.'

'It's the way to fight if you want to win, my boy. The desert is a mighty sight harder to fight than the dervishes;' and Challis sighed slightly at sight of all the papers in front of him.

'The desert we see, however,' said the other, rocking his chair on its hind-legs, with one hand on the table, 'and so we'—and he smiled at the pronoun in spite of his weariness—'can tackle it. But the dervishes we do not see, and so we cannot tackle them.'

'We'll tackle them all right in time.'

'Please God!' said the other lightly; and just then another young fellow, in the accepted costume, came round the tent with a handful of papers, and glanced at the littered table in the doorway as he passed inside.

'Thanking God you've got it all done?' he asked, with a grin. 'So is Challis, I expect.—Here you are, old chap,' as he handed the latter his handful. 'Chuck us another bundle. I'm as fresh as a turtle-dove, and you look like boiled owl.'

'Thanks, Cameron. That's a help. I'll manage the rest all right. If you'll give Smith a hand for five minutes he'll be obliged. He's struck some snag. Two and two, I believe.'

At which Smith laughed out and brought his chair down on all-fours.

'Come on, Cammy dear,' said he, 'and we'll polish this lot off in no time.'

'The sooner the better,' said Challis. 'The chief's waiting for them.'

'Confound the —— reports!' said Smith softly as Cameron swung up a chair and grabbed a pen.

While they finish off the papers we can get somewhat closer to them.

And to go in strict order of precedence:

'Smith.'—His Highness Prince George Adolphus Leopold of Saxe-Hohenburg-Eisenach, nominal heir-apparent to the titles, rights, revenues, and kingdom of his ancestors, presently occupied and enjoyed, all except the titles which produced nothing, by usurping Prussia for contumacy in the dolorous year '66, and held by her till said contumacy should be purged. And as the Hohenburg-Eisenachs hated the very name of Hohenzollern, Prussia's tenure seemed fairly secure and safe from disturbance. Of course, if any internal troubles should come to upset the family tea-party, honest men might come by their own again. And so the Hohenburg-Eisenachs lived comfortably enough on their not inconsiderable savings, chiefly in England, where by Court and society they were held in high regard, and waited patiently for the better times.

Prince George must, of course, prepare for a military career. He passed through Woolwich with such credit as a naturally easy-going disposition would permit, joined the Royal Artillery, and was looked upon as a young man with a future, since the future was packed with possible down-settings and upraisings if anything should happen to the tea-party, as seemed by no means unlikely.

Prince George was pre-eminently a young man of action. He would any day sooner do a thing than think about it, if it needed anything at all abstruse in the way of study. He was also a thoroughly good fellow, on the best of terms with himself and the rest of the world. He was in the habit of being affianced by the society papers to some princess or other every second week or so, and rather tired of it and the inactivities of life in the higher social altitudes.

When this particular up-Nile expedition was under way he begged an appointment and was promptly refused, the commander-in-chief at home seeing nothing for him to gain by it except experience, and everything to lose, especially his life, which under the circumstances possessed a quite extrinsic value. For desert and dervishes are no respecters of persons, and would gobble him as readily as the smallest bugler; and buglers are much more easily replaced than princes.

By dint of more importunity than he had ever shown in the acquisition of book-learning, however, the young man at last got his way, and was allowed to follow the expedition with the honorary rank of captain, on the distinct understanding that he kept out of mischief and confined his activities to observation of the processes of war from a safe distance.

He would have pledged himself to blacken his

face and wear a *jibbah* in order to escape the London leading-strings, and the way he covered ground till he reached headquarters spoke well for his energy when his heart was set on a thing.

When the chief of this particular section of the advance, to whom the head-over-all had calmly allotted the new-comer, heard of his impending arrival, he metaphorically tore his hair—it was too short and bristly to offer much of a grip—and asked high heaven what he had done to deserve this. And his subs, not being angels, though most excellent fellows, and not having his complete biography before them, were unable to answer him, but suggested that the young man was a decent kind of chap, and might prove less troublesome than was naturally to be expected under the circumstances. Upon which the unfortunate man eyed them haggardly, and asked if it was not enough for one man to be burdened with them and all the other unknown quantities of the expedition without having this last straw thrown upon his shoulders. And he proceeded solemnly to curse all things in heaven and earth and in the waters under the earth, all on account of the eager-faced young man who was hurrying to his welcome as fast as camels, horses, mules, donkeys, and expletives in several languages could compass it.

For of all abominable and detestable things to a busy and burdened man, an ornamental is the worst; more especially an ornamental of value—of value, that is, in the eyes of his high-well-born relatives, and therefore impossible to be quietly shelved and got rid of; and probably of still greater value in his own eyes, and therefore likely to be offensive in everybody else's.

The chief's temper, raw already with too much sand and too little water, too many loads and too few camels, too much desert and too little dervish, became as ragged as that of the most ill-conditioned, hump-backed lip-waggler in his pack-train, and any man who has ever had personal dealings with 'the devil and an ostrich and an orphan child' in one camel-skin knows what that means.

Nevertheless, when the young man sailed gaily in on them on a swift dromedary, and cast off his bandages with a sigh of relief, and asked first if he was in time for the fighting, and then for a drink, that remarkable man the chief, having had time to formulate his plans, greeted him with affectionate warmth, and inquired about his august relatives and the incidents of his journey, as if he were really glad to see him.

And the very first night at mess, when some one tuftily inclined—young Bittrell, I think, whose father was a wealthy brewer and had just been raised to the peerage as Lord Bercasker—addressed the new-comer by his title, he beat it out of sight with an energetic hand, and asked, 'Is there any one here of the name of Smith?' whereupon they feared the sun had got into his head and that Smith was his red rag.

But there was method in his genial madness, and when they had plied him assiduously with cooling drinks, which he did not refuse, and soothingly assured him that there was no one there of the name of Smith:

'Then, please,' said the young man of many names and titles, 'I am Smith, and nothing but Smith, if you love me. I have longed all my life to be just plain Smith, Tom, Bob, Jack, anything you like. Oh, the joy of it!'

And Smith he was from that time on, till his larger name went home in the despatches and he followed more slowly in their wake.

And a very jolly Smith he proved, without an air about him, but with many not entirely British graces of heart and manner which endeared him to them greatly and wrought him deep into their memories—so deep that some of them never forgot him as long as they lived.

There was only one cloud on his jovial horizon, and even that a somewhat nebulous one. He had a morbid horror of cotton-wool, in the abstract, and he scented the wily chief's little plans from the first. Perhaps he was over-sensitive on the point, and inclined to regard the most ordinary precaution as cotton-woolling in disguise.

However, he held himself with a tight hand and bided his time. For when the fighting came—'Would it ever come?' he asked himself and them many times a day—the chief would be too busy to play cotton-wooller, and then he would show them the quality of Saxe-Hohenburg-Eisenach blood, even though the demonstration should entail the display of it outside its usual channels.

Meanwhile, he stood the trifling discomforts of desert life—the heat, flies, scorpions, sandstorms, unquenchable thirst, monotonous waiting, touches of sun and fever, and all the rest—with exuberant cheerfulness, and confessed them miles ahead of London—which sentiment did not meet with absolutely universal acceptance. Little Bittrell, for instance, would willingly have given the whole of Egypt, with Darfur and Kordofan and the Great Libyan Desert thrown in, for three square feet of Hyde Park, any day in the week. But then Bittrell had seen more of the Sudan than Smith had, and less of Hyde Park in its higher and more circumscribed rings.

Apart from that little matter of cotton-wool, Smith had only one other grievance of consequence at the moment. He had not so far set eyes on a dervish, or anything showing even the remotest signs of fight, except maybe a camel here and there, and scorpions of course, and a certain demon-mule which turned somersaults with him and ate the larger part of his best riding-breeches before he could get up. His one constant inquiry, with plaintive naiveté and reiteration, was as to their absolute assurance in their own minds that there was an enemy at all, or whether he was not a mere figment of their distorted imaginations. On which they told him, as Challis had just done, to wait and he would see and possibly feel.

As unobtrusively as possible, they kept him out of mischief or harm's way: saw that he did not bathe in places notoriously infested with crocodiles, that he did not get sunstroke more than was good for him, thoughtfully provided him with pen-work when he was yearning for horse and sword, let him out occasionally for a shot over manifestly safe country, and generally gave him as good a time as circumstances permitted, seeing that he could not have the one thing he wanted, which was a fight.

He begged hard, indeed, to be allowed to join every reconnaissance which left camp, but so far the privilege had not been accorded him.

At last, however, there seemed a prospect of a change. The scouting-parties reported all clear for twenty miles ahead, and they were all looking forward to the advance with eager anticipation bred of much too long and intimate acquaintance with that particular spot on which they had been grilling for weeks past.

So much for Smith. Now turn to Geoffrey Challis. Long-limbed, square-shouldered, straight as a lath, clean-made, lean of body and of face, as though every ounce of superfluous flesh had been sucked out of him by sun and sand and the wearing drouth of the desert. A pleasant, taking face, lean and brown and sun-stripped like the rest of him, facial bones rather prominent through lack of padding, which also had the effect of deepening the set of his eyes. Dark, frank eyes, inviting confidence and vouching trustworthiness. Firm mouth, under dark moustache which bristled with the heat. When he smiled, and sometimes when he did not, the crease which flickered in the lean cheek betrayed a sense of humour. At the moment he looked laxed and weary, as well he might, since, by reason of sickness elsewhere, he had—with Cameron's volunteered, and Smith's alleged, assistance—been doing three men's work for days past. He was senior lieutenant, and carried many burdens.

As to his history. Son of a fighting father, who fell at the taking of the Taku Forts. Nephew of a fighting uncle, who won his laurels in the Crimea, but fell thereafter, not from life but from grace, as recognised by the War Office. No less a warrior, in fact, than that General Carrick who proved himself as mighty with the pen as with the sword, and coming unscathed through all the terrible times of fire and snow and plague, and covered with glory for his prowess with the sword, digged for himself a pit with his pen and fell therein. For, having rent the enemy of his country whenever chance offered, he promptly turned and rent those subtler enemies nearer home, to whom he, rightly or wrongly, ascribed the agonies of suffering to which his men had been exposed through ignorance, laxity, stupidity, and worse. He was promptly, and, of course, from their point of view quite properly, shelved by the authorities, as far as so fiery-souled a man with such a grievance could be shelved. As to stopping his pen or his mouth! they might as well have tried to stop Vesuvius with a sheet of paper. But the General cared nothing for War Office, Ministers, principalities, or powers. He was very rich. His blood was very hot, in spite of the Crimea—nay, because of it; and his grievance tended to circulation and juvenescence, and at times also in the direction of apoplexy.

A truly warm-hearted old fellow, you perceive. On the death of their father, he promptly took possession of his only sister's boy and girl—babies both, and their mother also dead—and made them his own. He had never married, and never intended to. There had been a time—but she died, and he had remained true to her memory, and gave all his affection to his foster-children.

Everybody liked General Carrick, except the officials of the War Office, whom he never ceased to criticise and castigate unmercifully whenever good cause offered, and that was rarely wanting.

'It's in the building, I believe,' he would say to his cronies at the club. 'There's an insidious atmosphere exudes from the very walls, and stultifies the blood of even decent men when they get 'em. The very look of the place is enough to paralyse any man. They'll never do any good till they pull it all down, staff and all, and build it all up again from bottom to top.'

When old Jervaise quietly suggested Carrick himself as the man for the job—'No,' he said. 'I'm too hot. What you want is a cold man, a man who never loses his temper and doesn't care a straw for influences—petticoat or otherwise. A man who thinks only of his country and the future. The kind of man who would put his own brother out into the street if he didn't jump to his bidding and do it exactly so.'

Geoffrey must, of course, go into the army. Challises and Carricks always had gone into the army, even if they had not always stayed there.

He had passed out of Woolwich the year before Smith entered, and at twenty-five he was senior lieutenant, with a first-rate record behind him and promising prospects ahead. The present campaign he regarded as a special slice of luck. He had kept wonderfully well and fit, and the hard work which the staling of others had thrown upon his shoulders seemed to suit him, and was undoubtedly qualifying him for the next step up the ladder, to which he was looking forward with confidence as the reward of his labours.

His sister Ellen, two years his junior, was betrothed to Lord Charles Doone, brother of the Earl of Exmoor, and her two great anxieties at the moment were lest Exmoor, who was a very great invalid, should die and overwhelm his brother with the onerous duties of a position for which he had no cravings—at the moment he was a light-hearted sailor-man—and lest Geoff should not get through his campaign in time for the wedding.

As a soldier's daughter, sister, and niece, she wasted no time on vain fears as to his personal

safety. That was a matter to be trusted entirely to those higher powers in which Ellen Challis reposed implicit confidence.

Geoffrey himself was engaged to Una Devon, only daughter of the Right Honourable Ainslie and Lady Eugénie Devon. Lady Eugénie was daughter of the Earl of Sark. She had been one of the notable beauties of her time, and with a daughter of twenty, and possible grandchildren but a few years ahead, was still so remarkably good-looking and so wonderfully preserved that when she and Una were together it was difficult to imagine them anything but sisters a few years apart.

Ainslie Devon and George Carrick had been firm friends for thirty years, though Carrick belonged to the previous generation. The coming together of the young people had been natural enough and cause for congratulation. Una would have money, Geoffrey would have more, and everything pointed to a happy union. Lady Eugénie, indeed, in her own mind never ceased to think that her daughter, with all her advantages of beauty, wealth, and breeding, might have looked somewhat higher than Geoffrey Challis. The rest all seemed well pleased, however, so she kept her thoughts to herself, but thought them none the less—perhaps all the more.

Then Devon was suddenly nominated to the War Office, and General Carrick received the news with regret, for he could no more help criticising the War Office than he could help breathing, and he doubted it would mean an end to their friendship.

But Devon smilingly told him to hammer away whenever he got the chance. He knew perfectly well what he was putting his hand to, and had little hopes of being able to make any radical alterations or permanent improvement. But he promised to do his best and take no offence, since he knew there would be nothing personal in the General's diatribes. 'For,' as he said, 'it's not to be expected that a man who has given up his life to kicking at a thing should suddenly stop kicking for fear of stepping on a friend's toes.'

As to Una Devon, we shall meet her again. She was very beautiful, very charming in her ways, an eager participant in all the enjoyments of life, and she liked Geoffrey Challis well enough to have promised to marry him. She had been the intimate friend of Ellen Challis since they wore short frocks and matched dolls. From the very day, however, on which Geoff announced to his sister the joyful news that Una had promised to marry him, Ellen began to be aware of little defects in her friend's character which she had never perceived before. And from the point of view of this new relationship she studied her somewhat critically. For Ellen had a very high opinion of Geoff—which spoke well for him—and it is doubtful whether any girl ever born would have quite filled her ideas of the kind of wife suited to his merits. She feared Una had grown a trifle frivolous and worldly with the years, somewhat like Lady Eugénie in fact; but she would have died rather than breathe a word of it to Geoff, and, outwardly at all events, the two girls were the best of friends, as they always had been.

And so, as Geoff sat in his tent in his shirt and trousers, life looked bright and hopeful enough, and all that he particularly desired just then—beyond, of course, the universal craving for a stationary enemy waiting to be licked—was a bath, a drink as cold and long as Smith's imagination had depicted—in spite of his own pronouncement in favour of hot tea—eight hours' unbroken sleep to make up for past shortages in that respect, and another bath, and so to feel himself again.

Evan Cameron, the third man in the tent, was Challis's special chum and devoted friend. A West Highlander of good, though somewhat impoverished, family, he had been drawn to Geoffrey by a common zealous intention after the upper rungs of the ladder, which set them somewhat apart from their fellows.

Every man of them, of course, looked hopefully for promotion. That was simple human nature. But most were content to wait for it, while some few, and chief among these Challis and Cameron, bent on compelling it, set themselves assiduously to the best means thereto, worked early and late, and counted no pains lost where experience was to be gained. The frivolous ones scoffed at them and enjoyed life in their own particular ways, and these two drew the closer together and followed their own bent with imperturbable good humour and unflagging zeal.

They had known one another but a few months; but, with some common tastes and a common determination after high flights, they had become warm friends.

Cameron had one special gift denied to his friend, which he vainly endeavoured to impart to him, and buried his attempts under shouts of good-humoured laughter. He could sketch like a war-artist, and in a score of deft strokes could show at a glance what another might take an hour to describe in writing. He was indispensable on reconnaissance duty, and a terror at caricature when time and opportunity offered.

With a common object in view, their motives differed. Challis must climb because he must. The top rungs called him. Cameron, because this was his chosen path in life and all his future depended on it. The straitened family fortunes had suffered somewhat of a strain in setting his feet on the ladder. The climbing must be all his own. He was set on climbing high and far, and missed no opportunity of fitting himself for the work. He was somewhat reserved, after the fashion of his race, but true as steel, possessed of a quaint, quiet humour, and very thorough in all he did.

Now we know our men and can get on.

For several minutes Smith and Cameron worked away steadily, the latter doing most of the work and the former watching appreciatively. Beyond an occasional word between them, nothing was heard but the busy scratching of pens, and at last Cameron tossed the last sheet on to the heap and leaned back

in his chair, while Smith tipped his on to its hind-legs and heaved a sigh of relief which set the others laughing.

'It's all very well,' said he self-defensively. 'You two take to figures like crocos to mud, but I always hated 'em worse than sin. And my natural capacity, small as it is, is choked with sand and dust. My veins are getting clogged and my blood is getting sluggish.'

Then he jumped up with a sudden animation that belied his words, save in so far as figures were concerned.

'I'm off to beg leave for a scamper. It's ten days since I shot anything, and then it was only a hare, and mostly sand at that. Cammy, my dear, you know all the country hereabouts. Tell me which way to go to find something to shoot.'

'There's a mud village full of lizards about ten miles along there,' said Cameron, with a nod up the Nile.

'Next?' asked Smith hopefully. 'Try again, my dear. Lizards are vermin. Do you know, there was a scorpion wearing my trousers when I got up this morning.'

'Which of you retreated quickest?'

'I executed a strategic movement and enticed him into the open, and then made a flank attack and took him in the rear. He died on the field, and I annexed the spoils. You be thinking where I'm to go, Cammy dear, and I'll go petition the chief.'

'He's away down to Temsat.'

'*Jawohl!* I'm in luck. The Colonel will say yes if I'll promise to keep out of mischief.'

'You'll be all right as far as those second hills. I've been over the ground several times these last few days. I saw sand-grouse in the big *khor* between.'

'The big *khor* it is;' and Smith hurried off to interview the Colonel, who was Acting Quarter-master-General.

'You're looking fagged, Challis,' said Cameron. 'No sun in it, I hope?' with a touch of anxiety, as he swung his chair round and put his feet comfortably on to the table.

'Just work, my boy, and a bit thick all in a heap. Courtney's going stale piled things up a bit. But all's clear now, thanks to you—and Smith,' with the humorous flicker in the creases of his lean cheek. 'I'll be all fit after a proper night's rest;' and he tipped back his chair and put his legs over the table likewise.

'Well, see you get it. All work and no play is about as bad as the other thing in this genial clime. Off-saddle and give your brain a rest, my boy.'

The other nodded, and hauled out his pipe and began to fill it with the deliberate enjoyment of the man who had rigorously denied himself till duty was done. Cameron lit up too, and they sat smoking silently.

'When do we move?' asked Cameron presently.

'Next week, I expect. Have you got no track of the beggars out there?'

'Not a track. I begin to doubt like Smith, sometimes, whether there are any dervishes at all.'

'Bit shy and retiring, aren't they? The country's here, anyway.'

'Deuce of a country, too. I don't see what good the place is to any one except lizards and crocos.'

Then they heard the soft crunch of Smith's boots in the sand, and he ducked in through the doorway.

'What luck?' asked Cameron.

'I see no objections, your Highness—Mr Smith, I beg your pardon!—if you will promise to keep out of mischief,' said Smith, with so amusing an imitation of the Colonel's voice and manner that the others could not restrain a smile.

'He called me back,' continued the frivolous one, 'to suggest that Challis should go too. Says he's been kept too tight at it lately, and a kick-out will do him good. Dear fatherly man!' and he looked questioningly at Challis to see how he took the idea. Smith did not think it necessary to tell him that the Colonel had made Challis's going an essential part of his consent. That savoured of leading-strings and cotton-wool.

'What do you say, Challis dear?'

'When do you start?'

'An hour before daybreak, take prog, and make a long day of it. Do you good, don't you think?'

'Shouldn't wonder if it did. I'll turn in early and have a good sleep. Got order for escort?'

'Yes—six. I'll see to it all. Anything so long as it's not figures and scribbling. I'll kick you up at half-past three and have breakfast ready.'

SCHOOL-BOOKS OLD AND NEW.

By KATHARINE BURRILL.

COMPARISONS are odious! Have we not all written it inkily and laboriously in company with Evil Communications, Procrastination, and our other old friend, Punctuality is the soul of business? The Pioneer of Bumbledom and prototype of Mrs Malaprop calls comparisons 'odorous.' I believe the old-fashioned Primers, Spellers, Horn-Books, and Readers would agree both with Dogberry and with the copy-books. Would it be fair even to attempt to compare them with the really beautiful lesson-books of to-day? Poor, shabby, tattered little people! Would they not cry out to us to spare them, to have mercy on their shortcomings, and remember how hard they tried to do their best? We read Clifton Johnson's *Old-Time Schools and School-Books* (the Macmillan Company), and learn to love the quaint woodcuts,

the stern moral teaching, and the very high-flown sentiments. If we laugh at the truly remarkable Zoology and Geology, the very curious Geography, and strange History, still it is very tender laughter. The air is sweet with the scent of old-world flowers. Great-Grandpapa escorts Great-Grandmama to school, carrying her book, perhaps picking a sprig of lavender to mark her place! Alas! Great-Grandpapa does not know his spelling. He is kept in, ignominiously standing in the corner with a dunce's cap on his curly head. For the dunce's cap was a real thing long ago, not merely a paper cap in a Christmas cracker. Poor Great-Grandpapa! Through the open window he can see his hated rival, Tommy Jones, walking home with Great-Grandmama. How fervently does Great-Grandpapa hate Bolles' spelling-book! How intensely does he dislike Tommy! Never mind; once the lesson is learnt he will punch Tommy's head. This pleasing reflection is a great aid to spelling.

What queer productions were Great-Grandpapa's Picture Alphabets! We laugh at the sight of a perfectly square, striped beast alluringly described as 'The Zebra, a very handsome quadruped.' No doubt our Great-Grandparents thought him very handsome indeed. I am sure they greatly admired 'A young Lion' with very large whiskers, and 'A Bird' of minute proportions in an enormous cage. Even the most eloquent temperance lecturer could not improve on:

> **C—stands for Camel, who lives in the East,**
> **D—stands for Drunkard, a worse-looking beast.**

It seems impossible that anything could look worse than the unfortunate camel. He deserves an unqualified apology, for he is depicted with humps in every direction. He is like a camel of a later date who sorrowfully sang:

> 'But a camel's all lumpy,
> Humpy and dumpy,
> Any shape does for *me!*'

The intoxication of the 'worse-looking beast' is indicated by a fatuous smile, the presence of a large, stout bottle, and the loss of his hat, which floats mysteriously in mid-air. Of all the old woodcuts the most delightful are those in the *Little Reader's Assistant*. They are inimitable; it is difficult to say which is the greater joy, a picture of a very wily 'Christian Indian getting the better of a Heathen Indian,' or 'Putnam and the Wolf.' Clifton Johnson's book is worth buying if only to see Putnam. He is shown lying flat on his face among steep rocks, clutching the wolf by its ear. Luckily for Putnam, this particular wolf has ears like a donkey, so there is something to hold on to. Three obliging friends have lowered him to the animal's den by a rope, and the rope is pulled so extremely tight that Putnam is in imminent danger of losing his foot! It is a wonderful work of art, and a more uncomfortable way of wolf-hunting it would be hard to imagine. Was Putnam (and his wolf) the original inspirer of the skater and the wolves? How wildly he used to skate through an old *Royal Reader*, and how gallantly he now bicycles, 'hotly pursued,' across the pages of one of Chambers's excellent *Twentieth Century Readers!* My firm belief is that Putnam and the skater and the bicyclist are all the same person, and that he will turn up again crossing Siberia in a motor-car, still 'hotly pursued.' Could wolves fly, Putnam or his descendant would appear in a Santos Dumont flying-machine.

The information in the old books was varied and peculiar. It is just a little hard to find the Scots described as 'lean, raw-boned, with high cheek-bones,' with no diversions or accomplishments but 'goff and curling.' The description of 'goff' is delicious, especially the end: 'and the party which strikes the ball with fewest strokes into a hole prepared for the purpose wins the game.' Even if 'lean and raw-boned,' we had two national games. The Irish come off very badly; they have no characteristics and only two customs: howling at funerals and quarrelling! As for Poland, its animals are 'wolves, buffaloes, horses, boars, gluttons, lynxes, and deer.' This sounds rather sweeping till we discover it was written in a Primer during the Commonwealth. For the lesson-books followed politics, and changed their teaching to suit the Times in much the same way as the Vicar of Bray. Whatever happened in the outside world pointed a moral and adorned a tale in the class-room. For, like Mr Squeers's, an old-world school was the 'right shop for morals.' Even the children's play-books were full of moral lessons. Always a powder in the most seductive-looking jam, generally a great deal of powder with a very thin jammy coating. Swift retribution fell upon wrong-doers. You played with matches, and were promptly burnt to cinders. You climbed upon a chair or table, and, to judge from the pictures, the whole house collapsed about your head. The slightest vanity or deviation from the paths of strict truth and virtue met with terrible punishments. Indeed, the ways of transgressors were so extremely hard that it is a wonder to me any child was ever anything but perfectly good and well-behaved. Sometimes a child might be very bad, and with superhuman efforts become good; as, for example, 'Ellen, or the naughty girl reclaimed;' but more often the unfortunate sinners had no second chance. One step on the downward path of crime and all was over. The very good children naturally suffered from priggishness. Who can forget the conversation of those superlatively excellent young gentlemen Tom and Charles. Tom even went so far as:

> 'And I,' said Tom, 'won't play with Sam,
> Although he has a top.'

Could self-sacrifice in the pursuit of virtuous companionship go farther? Probably 'naughty little Sam' existed quite well without the patronage of 'the superior boys;' anyway, he had his top! However, even the very good had their failings; they were not proof against rewards. Think of those well-brought-up children who spent all their

money on books, and scorned the pastry-cook's shop. Did they not in the end receive the very pastry they affected to despise?

> For when we've learnt each book by heart
> Mamma will treat us with a tart.

Can you not see them studying their purchases, fruity, flaky visions floating in front of them? Can you blame them? After all, do we not comfort our grown-up selves with thoughts of 'pippins and cheese to come'? Virtue is its own reward is gratifying perhaps, but depressing when life is all virtue and no reward. We all want our little bit of sugar when we have done well; we sit up and beg, wag our tails, and hold out our paws, and—well, well, a lump of sugar is pleasanter than a kick! That virtuous woman Dame Partlet was anxious the children should learn the Hymn she had written, but did she not also provide the edible reward?

> Yet stop your grief, for she has left
> Each little girl and boy
> Who gets by heart this little hymn
> A cheese-cake and a pie.

Dame Partlet must have been Irish, and, like Captain Costigan, pronounced it 'poy.' I wonder how many children successfully ate the rewards, and how soon they totally forgot the good dame's Hymn. They had not many play-books the long-ago little people, and probably they valued very much those they had. Was not Emily Barton's joy great when her kind Papa took her to Skinner's Juvenile Library, and bought her seven books all at once? Ah, Emily! not one of the seven was half so sweet as the book you are in. Who can resist *Mrs Leicester's School*, especially in the beautiful new dress it appeared in a few years ago? Who can forget Ann Withers or Margaret Green—Margaret, who made that 'precious discovery' of the room that was 'a very large library'? Poor Margaret, she read so much about Mahomet that she thought she was a Mahometan; which quite proves that little boys and girls should not read anything but books that are for them.

Could any children have more charming reading-books than the *Twentieth Century Readers*? It is absurd to call them lesson-books. If a child cannot learn to read and love reading with these easy, clear, and simple books, then I am afraid that young person is either very naughty or a candidate for an Idiot Asylum. The illustrations are beautiful, the colouring pure and artistic, very different from the brilliant and awful daubs in the children's books of twenty and thirty years ago. The reading is all interesting and engrossing, and the print most excellent.

What I like best about all Chambers's school-books is their up-to-dateness. After all, Ladysmith and Mafeking must mean more to us than the siege of Calais or the battle of Barnet. Roberts, Buller, Baden-Powell, and Kitchener are more interesting than Early Britons or Plantagenet Kings. Yet, as a general rule, children's heads are stuffed with Henrys and Edwards, and they are told absolutely nothing of their own time. I went to school for years, and whenever I came within measurable distance of the reign of Victoria, back we went to the Plantagenets. Once we captured George IV., but only for a short time; the cry was 'Once more unto the breach,' and there we were again fighting the French when we really wanted to fight the Russians and hear about the battle of Inkermann. Of course you must learn when Julius Cæsar landed, who was Wat Tyler, and what was the battle of Bosworth Field; but these up-to-date school-books bring you quickly through the Middle Ages and land you safely in the Reign of our good King Edward VII.

At Dotheboys Hall the instruction was what would now be called 'Correlated.' You spelt 'winder' and you promptly cleaned the window. The ideal geography lesson would be to sail round the world and visit all the different countries. You can very nearly do this with the *Twentieth Century Geography Readers*. The one called *Britain Beyond the Seas* is a truly beautiful, instructive book. When you look at the map and see all the red patches you positively swell with pride. You look at the beautiful pictures and you pat yourself on the back, full of thankfulness that you are neither a 'Rooshian' nor 'a Prooshian' nor an 'Eyetalian,' but a true-born Briton with the extra luck of coming from North of the Tweed! I think this book would teach children what it means to belong to a great Nation. And a great Nation means good citizens, good workmen, good colonists. It also means good, sensible women, women who can turn their hand to anything in any clime. A Geography with pictures! Is that all? Far from it. *Britain Beyond the Seas* means more than that. Think of the Pioneers who cleared the ground, who are clearing it still; the women who bravely went with them, facing perils of land and water. It was no joke to spend five months on a sailing-ship sixty years ago; no joke to be surrounded with unknown dangers, wild beasts, and wilder savages.

> It ain't the funniest thing a man can do,
> Existing in a country when it's new.

Nature does not always help the settler; she has an unpleasant way of showing her worst side to him, of always taking the part of Indian, or African, or Maori. Nature may become the settler's best friend, but at first she is generally his enemy. We talk glibly of our colonies; but we don't think much of what it meant when we 'moved in.' We have goods and food sent to us from all parts of the globe; but we rarely think of how they first came, or what difficulties the first butter-makers, fruit-growers, and sheep-farmers had to contend with. We eat lamb from the Canterbury Plains, and forget the grim hills that had to be crossed *on foot* to reach the plains. We have Canadian wheat and Californian plums, but never think what it must have cost to let us have them. The old colonists were made of stern stuff, and I should be sorry to think there is not just as good stuff in the men and women of

to-day. We hear a great deal about degeneracy; but surely with all their numberless advantages the children of this present generation have no business to be degenerate. Perhaps we have our good things so easily and cheaply that we do not value them. Look for one moment at the old, complicated, stuffy school-books, badly bound, badly printed, and, above all, extremely dear. Chambers's Educational books are all remarkably cheap. Children, of course, will look upon them as merely lesson-books; but they are a good deal more than mere Primers and Readers. They are as good as it is possible for school-books to be. It is quite likely that the boys and girls learn no more from these books than they would from dull, tiresome, long-winded Manuals; but *that* is not the fault of the books. Juvenile ears are rather deaf to the sound of Wisdom's warning voice. It is only when we are past the age for lesson-books and have other things to do that we would like to sit down peacefully with Chambers's *New Scheme Histories*. After all, we know so little, and so few of us have Dr Johnson's splendid courage. We are not all bold enough to say, 'Ignorance, Madam—pure ignorance,' when we have made a stupid mistake. Children will never understand that lessons are not a hardship, though the modern books ought to help them to bear their hard life. Had they lived in 1846 they might have had to study Godding's *First Lessons in Geology*. There is hardship if you like! Anything more confused I never saw. For in one picture are displayed a volcano in eruption, a labyrinthodon, a dinotherium, birds, and gentlemen with top-hats. The whole is crowned with rocks, which are inscribed simply 'strata,' while the topmost peak is occupied by a small boy with a very large flag on which is written Persevere. I presume it means persevere in the study of Geology; but then why birds and labyrinthodons? They seem more Zoological. Still, the Persevere flag is not a bad one to carry whether you are learning lessons or doing your part in the world's work. Children to-day should be extremely thankful their books are made so attractive, and they should take care of them. There is no need for lesson-books to be dog-eared and dirty, torn and scribbled over. But even our well-brought-up great-grandparents ornamented their books with weird drawings and such original poetry as this found in an Adam's *Arithmetic*:

> Oh! may I learn with true submission
> Daniel Adam's composition.

An excellent sentiment, and a particularly ingenious rhyme. Another nice verse is:

> Let every *lerking* thief be taught
> This maxim always sure,
> That learning is much better bought
> Than stolen from the poor.
> Then *steel* not this book.

The writer evidently was not rich in this world's goods; he certainly was a poor speller. In old school histories the following was inscribed, truly descriptive of the books:

> If there should be another flood,
> Then to this book I'd fly;
> If all the earth should be submerged,
> This book would still be dry.

We cannot say it at all fits the new Histories, for they would not be Islands in another Deluge. They are more nearly oases in the desert, that desert that holds copies and sums, dictation and grammar. Nowadays children are luckier than their ancestors, who on half-holidays were presented with the *Half-Holiday Task-Book*, which was intended 'to enlighten the minds and improve the hearts of young children of either sex.' Poor little wretches! the short tales are monuments of moral teaching and instruction, each story ending with an appropriate verse. The old school-books were written with a good purpose; the beautiful new books are written with the same. Can I end this article with a better sentiment than this from the *Task-Book*?—

> Still we should have, in all we say or do,
> Some pleasing and some useful end in view.

THE BLACK SPIDER.

By JULIUS ASHTON.

CHAPTER I.—A FREE PARDON.

'IT'S an ugly-looking creature,' remarked the Governor as he bent over the glass case.

'*Arachnida nigra*,' said the Entomologist. 'Indigenous to Hindostan and Australia. Seldom attacks you unless terrified or menaced, but very unpleasant results may occur if it gets a fair bite at you.'

'Death?' inquired the Governor.

'Often. Not always; that rather depends on the condition or resisting capability of the individual bitten by it. A strong, healthy man would get off with very painful swellings, inflammation and fever more or less acute. Young children and people whose blood is in an unhealthy state would be in danger of a fatal termination. When I was in Poona I knew a fellow named Morton, whose only fault was that he loved "special Scotch" not wisely but too well; and unfortunately he had more money than good sense. One of these spiders got on the back of his neck somehow or other. Very likely it would have crawled away without hurting him if it had not been disturbed and frightened. He felt it moving, and, naturally enough, put up

his hand to knock it off. Result, a bad bite; and in the case of a man like poor Morton, whose blood was completely alcoholised by excess, you don't need telling how it ended. I'm pretty fit myself at this moment, and live a very abstemious life for the sake of my work, but I shouldn't like to have that creature'—he pointed to it as he spoke—'alive and fixing its fangs in my neck.'

'That's a curious dull red spot on its back.'

'The differentiating mark,' said the Entomologist. 'There are other black spiders, of course, but that mark indicates the poisonous species.'

'Well, I'm glad we don't have them in England, anyhow,' said the Governor as he bade his friend good-bye. 'Many thanks for showing me your most interesting collection; but if I were allowed to select any specimen I liked as a memento, I should certainly not choose the Black Spider.'

Governor Irwin drove back to Portbury Prison, the great penal establishment over which he presided. Arriving there, he proceeded to his private office, where his secretary was busily engaged in checking some sheaves of statistical papers, and sitting down at the table, he drew towards him a small pile of letters which had been delivered by the midday post. One of these was a large official envelope from the Home Office, and as he read it a frown gathered on his face, and he said in a tone of disgust, 'Another of these stupid blunders.'

The secretary looked up inquiringly, but did not venture a remark. Governor Irwin was a man with whom it was prudent to be careful.

'Another free pardon, Simpson. Look up Frederick Lane's number. What is it? Forty-seven? Well, touch that bell.'

A warder appeared at the door, and saluted.

'Bring No. Forty-seven here,' said the Governor.

'Yes, sir. He's in the West Quarry gang, but we'll send for him immediately.'

The armed guard in charge of the West Quarry gang were rather surprised when a warder came up to take one of the convicts back to the prison, but not so much as No. Forty-seven himself was. No words were exchanged between the custodian and his charge, and presently the latter was brought into the Governor's room.

Not all the degradation, the brutalising influence, of the convict's dress, cropped hair, and bristly, unshaven face could hide the real character of the young man who stood before the Governor. Tall, erect, with something of fearlessness and independence in his bearing, he saluted his superior and waited for the first words of that official. They were as concise as they were welcome.

'Like almost every man who comes in here, you have asserted your innocence of the crime for which you were sentenced. I am glad to find that that assertion was a true one in your case. This'—he held up a paper—'is a free pardon from Her Majesty the Queen. The man who committed the forgery for which you were tried died in hospital three days ago, but not until he had made a full confession before a magistrate who attended his deathbed, and who witnessed his signature to the written deposition. I regret that you should have had to undergo eleven months' imprisonment; but, of course, that is no way our fault. You are at liberty, Mr Lane'—how sweet the ordinary courtesy sounded to the man who had so long only heard himself addressed by the deadening formula of a number!—'you are at liberty to leave the prison as soon as you like.'

'I thank you for your expression of sympathy, sir,' replied the young man; 'and the fact that my innocence has been established is, of course, only what I have hoped and prayed for ever since I came in here. I have had nothing to complain of during the time I have been Her Majesty's guest in Portbury.' A bitter smile crossed the handsome mouth as he said the last words. 'A "free pardon" seems a curious thing to give a man who has never stood in need of it. But I suppose it is the customary formula.'

'Yes; neither of your making nor mine, and we need not discuss the suitability of the term to your case. Your own clothes will be ready for you, and you can leave at once. You had some money with you when you came in, I think?'

'Yes; a few pounds in my purse.'

'Good. Well, you have my sincere good wishes for your future. There is no disgrace in having been in prison, so long as you were only the victim of a rascally plot and not a real criminal. But, of course, it is hard lines all the same, and once more I offer you my sympathy and regret. By George! now I come to think of it, the same thing might have happened to me for all I can tell. Fancy the Governor of Portbury a prisoner in his own "strong-box." Ha, ha! Good joke that!'

As Mr Irwin laughed at his own humorous idea he extended his hand in kindly cordiality to the man who stood before him in the unjustly worn dress of a condemned felon; then he nodded a friendly 'good-bye,' and the interview was ended.

Half-an-hour later Frederick Lane walked out of the great prison—a free man. How sweet it was to feel that he was at liberty again—that he could go where he chose, do what he pleased, and no one to forbid the unfettered exercise of his will or wish! He went straight to the railway station, ate some food at the bar of the refreshment-room, and then took the train for London. Arriving at Waterloo, his first business was to search for a quiet, inexpensive lodging; and then he resolved to give himself an evening's amusement as a vivid contrast to the dreadful monotony and constraint of the past eleven months in Portbury. After a frugal tea, he lit the new pipe which he had bought, and opened the *Daily Telegraph*. But the realisation of his new conditions came across him again, and with such pleasing force that he held the paper idly in his hands for a few minutes. Tea! He had not tasted that for eleven long months. How delicious it was, so refreshing and invigorating! Butter—unlimited butter, too—an equal stranger to his palate. And tobacco, blessed soother with its fragrant aroma,

how he revelled in its curling cloud! The news of the day! He had been entirely cut off from all knowledge of what was passing in the world for nearly a year. States might have fallen, sovereigns died, for anything he had heard while in Portbury. Really it was some little set-off against the deprivation of these luxuries to be able to value them so highly now.

Presently he turned to the advertisement columns, and scanned the announcements of entertainments for that evening. There were so many tempting attractions that he hardly knew on which to bestow his patronage. Ultimately he decided on a music-hall; Cinquevalli, the great conjurer, was on turn there, and Lane remembered that before the hateful gates of Portbury closed upon him the famous juggler was just beginning to rise into fame.

A man who has been without a scrap of public news for eleven months, who is utterly ignorant of all that has happened during that time in this busy, palpitating world of ours, does not read his first paper with the same half-careless indifference as the City man who opens it every morning in the train which carries him to his work. Frederick Lane perused almost every line in the ten large pages of the *Daily Telegraph*; even the advertisements interested and amused him. And it was solely through this minute examination of its contents that he did not overlook one small, inconspicuous paragraph on the page containing the usual City article—a paragraph of more personal and vital interest to him than all the rest of the newspaper. As he read it his hold upon the printed sheet involuntarily tightened, until the edges of the paper were a crumpled mass, and his eyes dilated slightly as they took in the words: 'The failure was announced yesterday of Rockton, Lane, & Co., merchants, of Basingstoke Street, E.C. The firm transacted a very large business in imports from India and China, including tea, silk, indigo, and articles of native manufacture. The liabilities are estimated at about a quarter of a million, and it is thought that the whole available assets will hardly amount to half that sum. Over-speculation, it is rumoured, is assigned as the cause of the collapse.'

Frederick Lane put the paper down, and sat moodily gazing at the wall for some minutes. Then he rose, shook himself impatiently, refilled and lit his pipe, and paced the room, thinking deeply on the disagreeable surprise he had just received.

'Was ever such bad luck?' he murmured half-aloud. 'Failure of Rockton & Lane on the very day I come out of that hell upon earth for an innocent man, Portbury Convict Prison! And I was going to-morrow—to-morrow morning, in fact—to see my uncle, John Lane, and ask him to take me into the firm as clerk, traveller, anything in which I could make a fresh start and work my way up. And he would have done it. He was furious when I was tried, condemned, and imprisoned. No wonder; I can't blame him. But my proved innocence and the cruel injustice I suffered have put things in a very different light. He would have helped me to begin again. Bankrupt, penniless, he can do nothing for me. And I know how hard it is to get some place of employment worth a couple of pounds a week if you are friendless and alone in the world, as I am now. The future looks black enough. Am I going to come down to road-mending, match-selling, or dock labour?'

He paused. His faced brightened; a new hope seemed to have suddenly arisen in his mind. 'Australia!' he said eagerly. 'A new land; a clear start; the miserable, unfortunate past left behind; a fair field and no favour. That's all I ask, and it will be strange if energy and determination cannot do for me what they have done for many others. There must be work—there must be many chances out there. I have enough left to pay my steerage passage, and to keep me for a few weeks till I get some engagement. The clouds lift. I see light in the far distance. I'll go to Australia—the new England beyond the seas, the land of gold, of the Bush savage, the emu, the kangaroo, and the home of many strange things.'

And Frederick Lane might have added, if he had known of its existence—which he did not at that time—'the home of *Arachnida nigra*, the Black Spider.'

A LADY-TRAMP IN CANADA.

By Margaret Innes Pollock.

First Paper.

'YOU are a regular vagrant,' was the greeting I received from a friend the other day; and she had good grounds for her remark. Owing to various reasons, I had been wandering about the world for years, and had just completed a leisurely stroll round it. Wealthy people travel with an easy mind, knowing that when the money they take with them comes to an end they can obtain more by post or telegram. Others, although the gipsy instinct is strong within them, are afraid to fare forth in case of getting into difficulties. The latter may be interested in the following simple account of how a lady-tramp saw a great deal for a small sum. Tramps are not always idle; and it was the results of an unexpected piece of work which replenished my lean wallet and made it possible to indulge in the last of those pilgrimages which, on previous occasions, had proved such a source of pleasure, as well as of use in many ways.

Where should I bend my steps? I had already been on the Continent, in the United States, Africa, and the Holy Land. While I was debating the question I met a lady with whom I had a conversation which decided the matter. Mrs S. had crossed the Atlantic to collect fifty young women to take back with her to Canada as servants; and she told me that, if I accompanied her party, she could obtain a second-class ticket for me at the emigrant rate—namely, seven pounds ten shillings from Glasgow to Winnipeg. Within a fortnight I found myself in the train which was to convey us to Liverpool. It was an amusing and pathetic scene at the station, where fifteen girls had friends to see them off, and I felt thankful that the inexorable signal to start punctually cut the partings short. Next forenoon all, including the English and Irish contingents, were collected on board the steamer. The accommodation was satisfactory, but the food was rather coarse. Fortunately we had an exceptionally calm passage, so the girls suffered little from sea-sickness, and the rough fare disappeared in a marvellous manner. Some were quiet, modest girls, others flippant; but all loved Mrs S., who was kind, motherly, and yet firm in her supervision. Of course some flirting went on, but I did not see any signs of broken hearts—although I do not know how many may have been chipped on the way—when it came to saying 'Good-bye' to all on board.

We were not detained by fogs, so in due time found ourselves sailing up the St Lawrence, with the French-Canadian houses on the banks looking as if they had been taken out of a box of toys, and behind them the hills partially covered with snow, which made the dark clumps of trees stand out all the more clearly. Those who were on the outlook got a beautiful view of the Montmorency Falls shortly before reaching Quebec. A special train was awaiting us, so there was no time to inspect that interesting, picturesque city. The baggage of every description was quickly passed through the Custom-House, checked, and put on board the train. Then all bundled in, and we started on the journey, which lasted three days. Our carriages were what are called tourist-cars. The seats can be pulled together in such a way that they serve as couches at night, and there is also an upper row of berths which can be let down by chains. A small kitchen formed part of the long car, and proved a great convenience. The brakesman lighted a fire when it was required, and here the kettle was boiled. Dishes and provisions had been put aboard at Quebec. Necessarily the food was rather monotonous, but it was unlimited, and everything of the best. As it was a special train, with only a few passengers besides our party, there was no dining-car, but the little folding-tables between the seats enabled us to have our meals in comfort.

The bleak, wintry hills were soon left behind, and the trees seemed to be donning their spring garments everywhere as we rushed through the 'forest primeval' or by the sides of lovely lakes. What tracts of land were apparently uninhabited!—miles of woods with young saplings growing round the gaunt, bare trunks of giants which had died as they stood and had been left to rot because there were no hands to cut down the timber while it was valuable. Sometimes there was a short stoppage, and we were glad of a walk up and down the platforms or in a clearing, as the case might be. On one occasion we paused in the middle of a dense wood, close to a shanty inhabited by men employed on the line. It was evidently quite an event for the young fellows. They had just made a kettleful of tea, which was soon poured into cups and handed to the girls as far as it would go, their store of biscuits being also divided among their unexpected guests. A lot of merry talking and laughter went on; but in the midst of it all I was struck with the silence and solitude of the forest. At another stoppage, where only one house was visible, high wages were offered to any girl who would descend there and then to help the family in some domestic difficulty; but no one was found courageous enough to face it.

At last the railway journey was over, and the train steamed slowly into Winnipeg. It was a joyous group that marched to the Home of Welcome, a safe, comfortable place, where the girls were received on landing, for twenty-four hours free, and after that only paid a small sum till they obtained situations, which they all did within a week. To inexperienced minds, before leaving home everything had appeared *couleur de rose* across the seas, and I suspect some of the girls expected to have an easy life. They were soon undeceived. In Canada fewer domestics are kept than in the same class of houses in England. Work is hard, but wages are good. I stayed in the Home for a week at a cost of twelve shillings and sixpence, by which time the exhilarating air and bright sunshine made me feel disinclined to retrace my steps directly.

To see the Rockies had been a cherished desire, and this seemed a feasible project; but I had a still higher ambition. A dream of going to India, which I had often indulged in, but never expected to be realised, returned with persistence; but to go straight on at the moment was out of the question, as that would mean arriving at the hot season under a tropical sun. Meanwhile, it was wiser to try and gain money instead of spending what I had brought with me. Domestic work was the only thing I could profess to do well; so, as there is nothing degrading in using your hands in this way—your head is required also, for a pudding as well as an artist's colours ought to be mixed 'with brains'—I went to help a lady to run a boarding-house for young men. From fifteen to twenty were in the establishment, and as they paid well, they expected good meals in return. Here I was initiated into the mysteries of Canadian cookery. I became quite an adept in making 'pie,' which

might be called the national dish, and laughed over my preconceived ideas of this dainty. I had imagined pumpkin-pie to be a gourd filled with all sorts of ingredients. Alas for my fairy chariot! It turned out to be nothing more nor less than an open tart filled with stewed pumpkin, mixed with eggs and spices. The speed with which a Canadian lady would get a meal ready surprised me. The washing-up process is more tiresome, owing to the fashion of having a number of small dishes, like satellites, round each person's larger plate: at dinner, one for potatoes, a second for vegetables, and a third for pickles; while at supper, butter was placed on a tiny saucer, preserves on another, and so on. I only remained a fortnight in this house, and then went to an easier situation. After being there as long as temporary assistance was required, I heard of an invalid who was glad of help. She and her family were very pleasant, and lived in one of the suburbs, in a frame-house planted down in a side street off a main road, with only a paling separating the back-green from a thick wood, part of which had been cut down to make room for the house. A foot-path made of planks several inches above the ground ran along the edge of the road, which you had just to cross to find yourself in the wood on the opposite side. Tallies were visible at regular intervals, intimating that each lot was 'for sale.' The road in front of where I dwelt was baked hard, but the deep ruts made me wonder what it would be like in wet weather. I thought stilts would be required to cross it, and yet the electric car was passing within a few hundred yards.

Winnipeg altogether seemed strange to English eyes, with its wide streets and handsome blocks in the centre, its long avenues lined with trees, behind which stood villas surrounded by well-kept lawns and flower-beds, its waste spaces, and its houses of every description dotted about and straggling outwards till you could not say what was town and what was country. You could step right off a wooden pavement on to the prairie! I saw no beggars and heard very little of actual poverty. Every one wore a bright, hopeful expression, and walked with a brisk air that was inspiriting. Only a small proportion are amassing fortunes, but many are comfortably off, and all know they are sure of a living if they are willing to turn their hands to whatever comes in their way and work hard. The old absurd ideas which prevail over here as to what employments are in keeping with one's dignity must be laid aside in Canada. Food is plentiful and cheaper than at home, so housekeeping is easier where means are limited.

If I had been remaining permanently in Winnipeg I could have got three or four dollars per week, but I contented myself with less, preferring temporary engagements, which gave me a varied insight into the family life. I had not a little amusement out of my dual personality. It was very entertaining to be under orders, 'playing the servant,' as a friend described it, during part of the day, and then be asked to address a drawing-room meeting, or spend the evening with a professor's family, or visit some of the charming, highly cultivated people whose acquaintance I made. It was even arranged that I should give an address at an Institute; and on this occasion, when the advertisement was handed in to a newspaper office, one of the staff requested 'an interview,' which I declined. All this agreed with the social equality which I had been under the impression obtained in Canada; but my experiences were of a mixed kind. In only one house was I allowed to sit at meals with the family, and I was never invited to join the circle in the veranda in the evening. Personally, I very much preferred this arrangement. One day I entered by the front door when a soldier's funeral was passing. A boarder was idly rocking herself in the veranda; and, forgetting my incognito at the moment, I remarked that I had heard a few bars of the music at the service in the Roman Catholic chapel, but that it seemed nothing in comparison with a Requiem Mass I had heard sung by the Vatican choir in Rome on the death of a cardinal. Her look of astonishment nearly upset my gravity; and yet the same lady when I was leaving advised me, if I intended following the line I had chosen, 'to keep myself entirely aloof from the household.' She was considerably surprised when I informed her that I was doing this merely as a means of gaining money to spend upon travelling.

In church, however, I did not discover any distinction of persons, an office-bearer often welcoming me and inviting me back. The Sunday after I arrived I 'made tracks' for the Rev. Charles Gordon's church. I had been reading *The Sky Pilot*, and unconsciously had drawn a mental picture of the author, strong, broad-shouldered, with rugged lines about the face and a mass of unmanageable hair. How different the original proved, with his slight figure, pale, studious face, and the quietest of manners! His sermon was interesting, and he follows the kindly fashion of sometimes leaving his pulpit at the end of the service and coming to the porch to inquire after sick members and exchange greetings with others. Seeing I was a stranger, he shook hands as I passed out, and I went home with more admiration than ever of 'Ralph Connor.'

Two months was long enough for Winnipeg, so I proceeded to Vancouver, being fortunate in obtaining a ticket, which only cost me twenty-five dollars instead of forty, for a parlour-car. These cars have reversible spring-seats, which are very comfortable during the day, but too short to admit of your lying down at night. The train was not crowded, and I had a corner to myself, so I began to investigate, and found I could lift one cushion and place it, supported on a small box, at right angles to another, and so make a comfortable couch. Next morning a gentleman told me he had been greatly amused with my contrivance. I hoped I was ensconced in my corner for the whole journey, but so many pas-

sengers left the train in the evening that my car was dropped. A young lady and myself took possession of two seats in a tourist-car, and passed the night in a satisfactory manner; but the Fates were against us, as again our particular car was dropped. This time we betook ourselves to a colonists' car, where two fine young fellows belonging to Strathcona's Horse, on their way home from Africa, told us they were leaving the train at midnight, and insisted on our accepting the mattresses and pillows which they had bought for a small sum at Quebec, and which so transformed the hard seats that we had a good rest.

Three meals a day were served in the dining-saloon at three shillings each; but as this was too expensive for a tramp, I took provisions with me, and found this was a common plan. Boiling water was generally available at the kitchen; but in crossing the Rockies the dining-saloon was dropped, as the hotels belong to the company. This rather dismayed me; but just as I was making up my mind to do without tea I saw a gentleman enter with a teapot in his hand, and with his wife and girls enjoy a repast. When they had finished I asked him where he had got tea infused. 'Wait till the next stopping-place and I will show you,' was his reply. Shortly afterwards he led me to the biggest tea-kettle I ever saw—namely, the engine! The driver courteously let some water run through a thin pipe and then filled my cup, so I had the refreshing beverage after all. If hunger had not periodically asserted the claims of the 'inner man,' I should have forgotten about food altogether in ecstasy over the scenery. The endless, boundless stretches of level land gave one expansive but rather monotonous sensations; but when the prairie was left behind, one's whole attention was riveted with the queer, fantastic forms, resembling towers, pinnacles, ramparts, and castles, unlike anything seen elsewhere, which fancy suggested might be the work and abode of hobgoblins, while here and there were patches of grass, flowers, and foliage which might be the homes of fairies. Next came the splendid mountains, with snow-clad summits, the glaciers, the pine-forests, the deep gorges through which the river was rushing, and the wonderful railway line with its trestle-bridges over profound chasms, all of which are utterly indescribable. How thankful one felt for the observation-car, open on all sides, without even glass windows; although at the same time you wished the train would stop every few minutes, in order that one lovely view might be fixed on the film of the mind's eye ere another obliterated it!

The surroundings of Vancouver reminded me of Scotland—only that the hills were finer, and our largest trees would seem dwarfs beside those in Stanley Park. The town is rapidly increasing year by year. Situations were as easily obtained as in Winnipeg, and the remuneration was higher, so I took an engagement for a few weeks till I saw whether or not I should go on to India, *vid* Japan and China.

THE LAGOS BAR.

NO one who has had the pleasure of crossing the bar at Lagos ever forgets the experience. The passenger who is bound for Lagos is apt to congratulate himself on his own prospects when he sees his fellow-passengers leave the ship at Sekondi, or especially at Accra, for the risky and unpleasant trip through the surf that is their lot; but when he arrives in Lagos Roads, and sees the little steamer which is to carry him into the lagoon, and watches the dancing surf-boat from the smaller ship coming across to the newly arrived mail-boat, he wonders whether, after all, he has so much to boast of as he imagined. Lagos, important town as it is—inhabitants like to call it the Liverpool of West Africa—does not boast a good harbour for ocean-going steamers of deep draught, but lies on a great lagoon which is separated from the Bight of Benin by a dangerous bar, over which only boats of light draught can pass.

The bar has a bad reputation, and many of the stories, more or less apocryphal, that the new-comer hears from 'old coasters' begin, 'The first time I crossed the bar,' and then follows some hair-raising tale that makes the new arrival wonder how he could have been such a proverbial idiot as to risk his person, on which he at least sets a high value, on such a frightful adventure. Supposing the boat reaches the roads at night, and the branch-boat is already waiting, it is not reassuring to watch the arrival on board of the captain of the smaller boat, and, perhaps, the one or two persons who have come off to meet their friends. There is plenty of light on both boats, but the space between is a great black gulf, in which the lantern carried in the surf-boat looks no larger than one of the stars above, and has no greater power of illumination. Over the water come the remarks of those who are leaving the branch-boat; and the monotonous chant of the Kruboys who are using the paddles comes nearer and nearer, till at length the surf-boat arrives alongside, and the 'boys' have got hold of the hawser that runs round the ship's hull. Then there is a brief interval of excitement, varied with language of a more or less sulphurous character as the passengers scramble up the rope-ladder that hangs over the ship's side. It is the last thought of the new-comer before he drops off to sleep that night, and it is his first thought in the morning too, 'How on earth shall I get into that wretched boat?' Morning comes, and there is a scramble for breakfast, for the boat is late, and the captain is anxious to weigh anchor again and be off to

Forcados, where he will discharge his cargo; and so all is hurry and confusion.

At length the actual time for getting off comes, and you go down to the main-deck and look on with a sickly sense of dread while others take their departure. You are fortunate in having the choice as to how you will reach the surf-boat, which is dancing on the water far below the steamer's deck. Either you may go over the side by means of the ladder, which means a few delirious moments when you have reached the bottom rung and are feeling about with your feet for the sides of the boat, every moment fearing you will be caught between the sides of the steamer and the surf-boat, till at last you are clutched by some one below and reach your destination in safety and trembling; or else you may elect to travel over the side in the 'mammy-chair,' a huge barrel with part of its side cut away slung in the air by the steam-winch. You take your seat and are thinking it isn't so bad after all, when, to your ineffable disgust, some one else gets into the tub with you and affectionately puts his elbow into your eye, or perhaps crushes in the side of your new pith helmet with some part of his anatomy. You are just going to decide that you will get out and go by means of the ladder after all, when there is a shout, and you are suddenly yanked up into the air by the winch, swinging for a moment or two (though it seems a lifetime), and then you go down, down with a swift plunge, wondering if the boat is under you or whether you are going to have an impromptu bath; and then there comes a sudden jerk, and you think it is all right now, but in another moment you go down again, and land with a bang in the middle of the surf-boat, where you make your escape as quickly as you can, for you are not at all sure that the tub may not go up again before you have time to get safely out. Then you count your bones to see if all of you is there (you feel as if you had left your breakfast behind), and register a pious vow that next time you will go by the ladder. Next time you do so, and when just on the rungs of the ladder, decide to go by the tub after all, which plan is frustrated by the arrival of some other passenger above you forcing you to get down as quickly as you can for fear you should find his feet planted affectionately on your head. A climb on a ship's ladder is like married life: when you have once begun it you must go through with it!

Then comes the trip across the water to the branch-boat. It is not easy to say which is the most unpleasant part of the trip, the beginning, the middle, or the end. Each has its own delights, and you must try them all before you can give an opinion. The surf-boat seems a small thing after the great steam-hotel you have left, and she rolls in such a fashion that you wonder how you could have thought that there was a *calm* sea! The boat dips to the waves as they come broadside on, and occasionally you ship a little sea and think longingly of the Liverpool landing-stage. Also, you remember all the tales you have heard of the sharks that abound in these waters, and you wonder if there are any about just now on the chance of getting a free lunch.

Then, to add to your enjoyment, one of the Kruboys pours a quart or so of water from his paddle over your unmentionables, while another voyager who is seeking a less uncomfortable position (it would not be correct to say a more comfortable position: there is no comfort on a surf-boat) puts his foot squarely on your favourite corn. You feel that no human tongue can do justice to the situation, and so bear it uncomplainingly, and think enviously of Job among the ashes. He at least had a resting-place on *terra firma*. But even a voyage in a surf-boat comes to an end, and at last you reach the little branch-boat, where all the business of scrambling up the side is repeated, with the one exception that there is not so far to climb; and when you reach the deck you have already an affection for the boat, small as she is and dirty though she may be, for she does not wallow in the swell like the surf-boat, and there *is* room to stand, and something to hold on to.

At length all the passengers and mails are aboard, and the captain rings 'Stand by' to the engine-room, while the mate goes forward to get the anchor up. By-and-by all is ready, and dipping her ensign to the boat that has been your home for the last fortnight or so, the branch-boat starts her voyage to the town. Already you can see the line of white water that marks the bar, and the huge rollers that are always racing towards the shore. Nearer and nearer they come till you can see away to your right the remains of the wreck of a boat whose bare mast stands out of the roaring surf, a mute witness to the dangers of the pilotage here. The captain is pacing the deck, tossing orders over his shoulder to the steersman, and now and then stopping to look through his binoculars for the various indications of the course of the channel. Then the boat is fairly on the bar, and gives evidence of the fact by behaving as if she were a surf-boat herself, rolling and pitching and swaying among the great combing rollers. The flag on the signal-station indicates that it is a 'good bar,' and you wonder what a bad one is. If you are lucky you get over with a dry skin, but very probably a great wave may come over the stern, wetting everything generously, and making you wish you had gone on the bridge, where there is less likelihood of your being drenched. Then suddenly, at the end of one of her downward plunges, there come a bump and a jar as the boat, light of draught as she is, touches the bottom, and stays for a moment shuddering like some live thing. But the danger is soon past, and then gradually the waves seem to become less and less formidable, and you get into fairly smooth water, and look back to see what you have come through, promising yourself that you will never come across again till you are 'going home.' However, such a promise is likely to be

forgotten, for after a term ashore you are glad of the chance of a sea-breeze that a trip on the branch-boat offers, and you will be found going over the bar 'just for the trip, you know.'

After this it is all plane sailing. The vessel ceases to roll and toss, and from the bridge there comes a sound of the popping of corks that tells that the captain and the mate consider the hard work of the passage is over, and that now they can take things a little easier.

Up the lagoon we go, passing the signal-station on our right, at length reaching the town, past Government House, the quarters of the 'Waffs,' as the West African Field Force are dubbed, the Secretariat, Christ Church, and all the houses and stores that line the Marina, till at length the boat slows up and warps in to the Agency Wharf, where we get ashore and thank our particular lucky stars that we are safely across the Lagos Bar.

Perhaps some day a permanent channel will be made so as to allow of the admission of larger steamers into the lagoon. At present the channel is frequently shifting, making it a constant menace to the safety of the vessels that come in; but the estimated cost of constructing a permanent channel is eight hundred thousand pounds, an expense the Colonial Government certainly cannot afford. Such a channel would be an enormous boon to the colony and also to the shipping firms who trade to the coast.

At present Messrs Elder Dempster and the Woermann Line have to maintain a considerable fleet of small vessels not only for the transference of passengers and mails on the arrival of the steamers, but also for the purpose of carrying cargo down the coast to Forcados River. Moreover, the cost of freights would be considerably lowered, and the time occupied in getting cargo out from England considerably curtailed. Perhaps the Imperial Government will come to the help of this really important colony, and do away with all the dangers and delights of the Lagos Bar.

A NEW-YEAR MEDITATION.

Hark! I hear the midnight chime
From an ancient belfry pealing,
Tolling out the flight of Time
While another year revealing;
Now like funeral dirges knelling
To the pilgrim nearing home,
Now with joyous anthems swelling
For the days that may not come!

But to me—my vigil keeping
In the silence of the Past,
Ever ready for the reaping—
Comes the harvest gathering fast,
From the seeds a wanton scattered
Trifling through life's chequered path,
Thoughtless sown when Folly flattered,
Yielding still their aftermath.

Ere my tortured soul recovers
From her frenzy of despair,
Changing weird the vision hovers,
Weaving fancies in the air;
Vagrants through the realms of thought,
Visits from the starry seas,
Bringing, with the magic wrought,
Retrospective fantasies.

In the vista of the ages
Spectral phantoms from the dead
Quicken into Memory's pages,
Rising from their silent bed.
Doffed the golden crown awhile,
The golden harp awhile is hushed,
Hallowed love illumes the smile
Lit to cheer a pilgrim crushed.

Silvered locks and sunny tresses,
Liquid depths from baby eyes,
Friends so staunch their friendship blesses
Even from beyond the skies.
Wide they lift the mystic curtain
Of the Future from the Past,
Making plain the dim, uncertain
Visions of the Unknown vast.

Earnest of the promise given,
Harbingers of peace untold,
Pointing to their home in heaven,
Crowns of sorrow changed for gold.
Vividly they tell the story
Handed down by faith divine
Of sinful souls redeemed to glory,
Destined with the stars to shine.

Soft and sweet their voices stealing,
With the cadence of each chime
Whisper to my soul, revealing
Of the hope that is sublime—
Of the hope whose blossoms thrive
O'er the grave of vain regret,
Bidding drooping hearts revive,
Making trembling souls forget.

Keen may be the old-time sorrow,
Lonely though the life to-day,
Hope reveals a bright to-morrow
If we only watch and pray.
Then with the pæans gladsome ringing,
Ringing in the New-Year's birth,
Lifts my soul to joyous singing
For God's promise to this earth.

Wm. Hayward.

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A FORGOTTEN SAINT.

By Edwin Lester Arnold.

This ancient cross of St Piran—about 9 ft. high—stands in a rarely visited spot amongst the sand-dunes to the north of Perran-porth in Cornwall.

MANY strange stories are told of the vicissitudes of saints, but none of them stranger than that of the historic hermit who was once to the west what St George is still in the east of England. His see is fringed by a fascinating coast where the fresh, blue waters of the Atlantic break upon wonderfully rich and varied beaches; yet though busy railways and turnpikes bound it on the other sides, civilisation forbears to trespass on the glebe of the good St Piran. Indifferent to tithe and toll, beyond the reach of Ecclesiastical Commissioners, this famous missionary takes but a passive interest in the lands he once loved so paternally. Were it otherwise, there would be grief in his kindly spirit and unrest in an incorporeal essence which, if tradition and guide-books speak truly, well deserves uninterrupted repose.

The chapel of this patron of all west-country miners is the centre of a wilderness of desolation. The yellow Cornish sand has swept up from the Irish Sea in a succession of irresistible inroads, burying and obliterating until to stand at his ruined shrine and glance round on the undulating wilderness is like beholding Sodom and Gomorrah when their desolation was at its full. In its very barrenness there is an attraction in this region which is lacking generally in the haunts of the holiday-maker who clings tightly to the limits of the well-travelled—knows of nothing which Cook does not recognise as orthodox, and ventures nowhere but along the beaten track. Here, to the north of the little Cornish village of Perran-porth, is a district that will not tempt one sightseer in a thousand to break its repose; yet, almost unique of its kind, there is a striking episode wrapped in its sandy dunes, and a moral after the story for those who press the matter so far. Hedging it on three sides are undulating uplands all pleasant enough in the rich livery of summer, the crofters' emerald meadows between their stone walls, crowned with heather and golden gorse, mapping out the ridges, while gray stone cottages, substantial and comfortable if a trifle uncouth in design and material, nestle amongst vigorous fuchsia hedges and prolific garden patches. Life and cheerfulness is, in fact, aggressive on this hand, and on the other is the broad blue zone of the sea, lying fair enough under sunny skies, and not a particle of ill-will, it might be thought, in a thousand leagues of it.

Yet this salt-water has been the ruin of St Piran's glebe lands, and has made the district where probably he first landed a byword of the countryside, a wilderness pointed out to the tourist from the vantage-point of his coach-top, as he winds over the remote inland ranges, as a place to be avoided, a field of mystery and death.

When the famous Cornish apostle, whose name is better known than his living, came over from Ireland he came with a mission, and came in a manner that can hardly have failed to impress the hardy but superstitious fisherfolk upon whom he descended. Perhaps his ideas of ritual clashed with those of Irish parishioners, and a judgment of the Court of Arches of the day suggested the expedience of a speedy retirement, for procedure was somewhat summary at the time. Or possibly the saint, being wise in the ways of the world—as many successful saints have been—knew that half the actor's art is in his entry.

Be this as it may, these Ancient Britons whose huts faced the Irish waters beheld on a day (the exact date of which has slipped the memory of history) the evangeliser coming to them on a millstone, rising to the waves, and no doubt paddling down the furrows of the sea with his crosier, as

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indifferent to wind or weather and as absorbed in the contemplation of his task as its merits deserved. The good Scotch prelate who circumnavigated Scotland in his stone coffin until he found a resting-place to his liking could not have astonished the natives more than his prototype in the south; and we may take it for granted St Piran landed to find himself famous at once. He may have settled in as rich and fertile a region as any within the four seas. Even to-day, when our apostolic visitors are less adventurous, and the Gulf Stream, pessimist philosophers suggest, is growing gradually cooler and sweeping our shores more languidly, Cornwall is abundantly stored with all good things of nature. The timber that luxuriates now in quiet glens, and those orchards clothing the hillsides, may then have come down almost to the water's edge; the bright green of the ferns, and that wonderful yellow haze that clothes the ground where the gorse is in blossom, may have overhung the beaches and framed in the clusters of pagan huts whose occupants were the first to turn out and welcome the newly arrived saint. That he found the district given over to moral unrighteousness, though physically a land of milk and honey, there can be little doubt, and bitter must have been the hostility of Druid priesthoods to this interloper into their last stronghold.

Tradition is, indeed, a little uncertain as to how far the good man unbent to the rude simplicity of manners which reigned on our side of St George's Channel. A sacrilegious and libellous comparison, for instance, even to-day dubs a reveller found benighted in a peat-hole 'a Perraner.' Then, again, we recall how three headless skeletons with their skulls between their knees were found under this ancient vicar's altar-stone; it inevitably sets an inquiring mind wondering what were the men and manners of the time, and whether parochial affairs sometimes caused little unpleasantnesses between a rector and his overseers of the poor, as it is said they do nowadays! But Cornishmen love their first bishop, swearing by him, as well as attributing to his invention the science of mining and even the very discovery of tin itself in the duchy; and though research is very dubious on this latter suggestion, there is no reason to show why we may not safely ascribe much good to their ancient missionary. Monoliths and crosses standing by the ancient highways indicate the conversion and conquest of a wide slice of pagan seaboard by him.

Two hundred years after the saint died, in the eighth century, catastrophe came upon the district, and the sea began to throw up that remorseless sifting of its rocks and ledges deep under which lies to-day the land as it was then, its hills and its valleys now dimly suggested in the shifting shroud which gleams in the hot sunlight like a Nubian desert, and holds the land as far as it stretches in an irresistible grip. Whether the devastation was gradual or sudden can hardly be said with any certainty. It may well have happened that the ocean took the land by escalade, making at first insidious approaches to the grassy cliff-tops which rule round St Perran's Bay. Then, when the summit was on a slope with the shore, there may have set in a cycle of disastrous winter gales that, as they swept over the doomed country, carried with them, along with snow and hail, a blinding, all-engrossing sirocco of sand and shingle. There would be no striving against such a visitation. Grass and herbage must have disappeared in a night, while the wells and springs must have mocked the dusty throats of men and cattle. To stand and bemoan the desolation was to court the fate of Lot's wife, and to struggle against it by any stretch of human ingenuity to attempt a task to which the labours of Hercules were as child's-play. No doubt the Britons, stub-born-spirited then as ever, made as good a fight as they could; but the odds were all against them, and the artillery of the sea had inexhaustible stores of ammunition to draw upon. At first, no doubt, they wheezed and grumbled, mislaying their fish-hooks and harpoons as the shelly powder stood ankle-deep in the little ways between their huts; and then, as it swept in fiercely and more fiercely upon them with Atlantic spray and the white sea-spume, they mislaid their nets and their cabbage-beds and their weekly wash drying on what was left of the gorse and ling—and so on in an ascending scale till they mislaid their boats and their huts and each other; and then history shut the records upon them and mislaid them all herself!

For considerably over a thousand years the sand kept this curious story, and then, impelled by a new impulse, revealed its achievements of the age of woad and wolf-skin; and, parting to right and left, laid the oratory of St Piran bare, and disclosed the lines of shale-heaps running westward to the sea which it is suggested is all we shall ever know of this cathedral city of the reeds—this town that does not even boast a name. An antiquary both pious and eloquent, who saw the chapel soon after chance had disclosed it, observes: 'On the south side is the burial-ground, where there are scattered thousands of teeth and other human bones. Even whole skeletons lie exposed in regular order; and, strange as it may appear, the showers of sand which are continually wafted over this desolate spot scarcely ever alight on these melancholy relics of mortality. Hundreds and hundreds of skeletons have been exposed—destroyed by the shifting of the sand. The valley is full of the remnants of bones and teeth; they whiten the sands round the church, and instead of commanding pity and regard, they are cast up from their resting-places of ages and left scattered on the surface of the sand, dishonoured and insulted. Truly a sad spectacle.'

Meanwhile the April sun shines on this strange region, this sterile parish; within its limits life exists but on sufferance. There are colonies of watchful rabbits who thrive and multiply on little or no subsistence, spending their days and nights in honeycombing terraces and excavating

nests among the long-limbed Cornish giants down below. The peregrine falcons bring in their sea-booty, picking the bones of curlew and redshank on the tors, and screaming with the light shining through the barred plumes overhead to find their domain invaded by a curious wayfarer. A crow croaks defiance from the white ribs of a long-lost sheep, and the little birds of the marsh twitter to themselves in the sandy nullahs, roosting in those niches of the ruined chapel where perhaps the apostolic hands of St Piran himself stored chalice and cope, crucifix and chasuble, when King Arthur was more than a myth, and long before a Norman adventurer had ever landed on our coveted English soil.

Here Nature is in an idle and playful mood, and nearly every phenomenon of the universe is reproduced in miniature. Never did Oxus cut itself more gaily a new way to the sea than this rivulet between the tumuli shifts and turns and puzzles the troops of exploring insects. Here it is possible to lie under a chiselled door-stone between the showers and attend an open-air illustration of the theory of denudation, watching how every drop of rain helps to level a hill or fill a valley. The 'Great Mother' in this her play-room will deposit again an old red sandstone 'while you wait,' and illustrate how she worked her glacial drift and made her hill-terrace as we look on and smoke a cigarette. She scours the wastes with tiny desert winds that blind and stifle the patient caravan of beetles; whirlwinds a handkerchief could localise tear down the hollows; cañons, ramifying on every side, put to shame anything Colorado knows of; and ranges of shingle gleam in the sunlight overhead—local Silver San Juans—that are diminutively marvellous. She will even make light of fossilisation—sorts and re-sorts her materials childishly, turning the reflective snail of one morning into a Silurian ammonite before evening, and then rolls him back (not much the worse for the adventure), before breakfast-time comes round again, as contemplative as ever.

And over all these little incidents, and the records of the larger episodes that have gone before them, the spring violets nod to the fresh western breezes and the rushes whisper pleasantly, while the sun shines and the world seems to have forgotten—as, indeed, it has for the most part—all about St Piran, and how the sea which brought him holds him and his in a grip which, though light enough, there is no unloosening. A wider pall no bishop ever had, and his epitaph is written in the love of all good Cornishmen.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER II.—EHEU!

THE camp was still sleeping when the hunting-party rode softly away over the sand next morning.

They were all in the highest of spirits: Smith, because he was getting his own way and the chance of working some of the sand out of his blood. Then, too, he was in command—a small command, it is true, and for no warlike purpose, but it afforded him more enjoyment than all the figures that ever marred paper. Challis, because he enjoyed an outing as much as any man. He still felt a trifle run down with his literary labours; but he looked to the day's sport as a counter-active, and likely, in the result, to brace him up for the impending worries of the advance. The six troopers, because any change from the slow monotony of grizzling in a straw hut was to be jumped at and made the most of; and a sporting-party, above all things, meant good feeding, good-fellowship, and the chances of fun.

They were a somewhat mixed lot: Evans, a Shropshire man; Kent, a Cockney; Joynes and Preston, from Lancashire; Mackay, from Paisley; and Keogh, from Dublin—all men of good repute in their regiment, but none of them with any actual experience of fighting.

Smith was in command, of course, by virtue of his rank. The Colonel, however, in wishing them 'good-night and good sport,' had detained Challis for one second to whisper in his ear, 'Just see that he gets into no mischief, Challis. He's a bit heady, you know. If you should smell dervish ten miles away, come straight back; but I'm afraid there's no hope of that. The creatures seem to have dissolved into their natural dust.'

They swept gaily along in the cool of the early morning in order to reach the long *khor* between the hills by sunrise, the time when the sand-grouse comes down to the river to drink, and to meet sudden death if the sportsman knows his business and has got there before him.

They passed the farthest outposts and disappeared into the immensity of the desert.

The air was crisp and cold. It set their blood racing briskly, and tuned them, body and spirit, to keenest enjoyment.

Smith sang aloud in his glee old student-songs out of the *Commersbuch*, and the men rumbled out the choruses. It was all Dutch to them, but the tunes went with a swing and told of good-fellowship and joviality. They could not help but sing, and as to words, each man made his own.

They galloped past the riverside hills that looked plum-coloured from the camp, and drew in towards the ones that looked blue. They found the great *khor* Cameron had named, and sped along it towards the river, just as the sun shot up over the

eastern rim and flashed the sleepless sweep of the waters into sudden joyous life.

Then quickly to earth and a silent creep to the bank, followed by the envious eyes of the unlucky one who stood with his arm through the bridles of the eight panting horses, which snuffled and pawed to get down to the water.

Cameron was right. The great *khor* was a famous place for grouse. Smith spotted one covey of at least a dozen; Challis found another. Their two shots rang out together, and were followed by two more as the birds rose, and then by a wild fusillade from the men as a cloud like leaves in an autumn gale swept over them towards the rear. Six brace—not a bad beginning; and their mouths began to water at thoughts of grilled grouse for breakfast.

Smith waved the horse-keeper to follow, and then crept on along the river-bank.

Four more coveys they flushed by dint of much waiting and cautious approaches, and secured another six brace; and then they found themselves near the remains of a village, with appetites that would brook no longer delay.

It was a tiny place of half-a-dozen mud houses, with holes for doors and windows, roofs fallen in, and flitting lizards busy at hide-and-seek all over the place. A broken-down *zekia* stood on a ruined platform over by the river-bank, with the necks of its water-pots still hanging in the slackened loops. But the troughs were dry and twisted with the heat, and it was long since they had carried any comfort to the thirsty land behind.

A pretty spot too, as that country goes, with mimosa-trees that looked almost green, and a dozen stately palms, and patches here and there of stalky yellow grass where once corn waved and ripened and shone like gold in the sun. The river rolled past, smooth, silent, wonderful, a long, soothing stretch of it, leaden at their feet, with now and again a golden shimmer, blue in the distance, fading at last into a silver thread among filmy purple heights.

'We will stop here,' said Smith; 'and after we have eaten grouse we will bathe, and then we will ride home in the cool.'

'Suppose we climb that hill first and have a look round?' said Challis.

'By all means, Mentor,' laughed the other. 'It is useless labour; but there's nothing like being cautious.'

'Can't be too careful in a hostile country.'

'Even though it is only peopled by shadows,' laughed Smith. 'I'm coming to believe about as much in dervishes as I do in ghosts.'

So he gave his orders for breakfast, and the men set to work like schoolboys out for a holiday, feeding and watering the horses, scavenging ruthlessly for anything that would burn, lighting a fire, despoiling the birds of their pretty white and green and brown feathers and spitting them on sticks, and laying out the biscuits and knives and forks and flasks for the banquet. This was where the fun of the thing came in for them, and no single item of it but yielded all it held.

Smith and Challis climbed the rough hill, with an occasional backward glance on the cheerful scene below, and at last lay sprawling and panting on the top, where the sun struck fiercely at them out of a blue-white sky. Eight hundred feet is no great elevation, but in the desert it takes one a great way above the earth. They could see apparently to where the faded yellow edge of the world broke off sharply against the darker blue of the great beyond.

It was a very wonderful sight. Neither of them had ever in his life before seen so much sand all at one time. But it was a dreadfully dry and thirsty land, with not a sign of life or hope in it. Their own little oasis was hidden behind a projecting shoulder, and other bare shoulders humped themselves brokenly to the south, intersected by *khors* and gullies similar to the one down which they had come. The only redeeming feature was the majestic river, issuing silently from the blue void on the one side, sweeping silently past, disappearing silently into the blue void on the other side.

'Such is life,' said Challis, tritely enough, with a touch of the pensive philosophy that comes of much work and little play.

'Sight more like death,' said Smith. 'Don't you feel as if you'd like to lie in its way with your mouth wide open and let it all run into you? Let's get down, my dear. There's nothing to see up here. I don't believe there's a live thing in all the world but you and I, and the boys roasting grouse below, and I'm as empty as a drum and as dry as the desert.'

So down they went, sprawling and slipping and laughing, and Smith began sniffing for roast grouse before he had got half-way, and averred that he could smell it burning.

Breakfast was just ready, the grouse browned to a turn, the biscuits of an entirely new brand from those served out in camp, the whisky of a new and delightful flavour, the coffee odorous of Araby the blest, and they all fell to and enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

Then they humoured the shade of palm and wall, and lay smoking and chatting drowsily, while the shadows wheeled slowly on their centres, and the mighty wheel of life took a ponderous turn on its own account.

Then, after careful survey of the slow coils and eddies for lurking crocodiles, they stripped and plunged into the water, and splashed and shouted like schoolboys again.

And then, after bidding the troopers keep watch in turn—not that he considered it necessary, but simply as a vicarious sacrifice on the altar of duty—Smith lay down under the shadow of a palm-tree, in perfect contentment with himself and the rest of the world, and fell fast asleep.

Challis watched him drop off, and the humorous creases in his cheeks crumpled slightly at the oddity of his friend's unconscious actions; and then he dropped off himself also.

The men considered watching a work of supererogation; but, having received their orders, there was nothing for it but to carry them out.

'Ain't a blooming fuzzy within a hundred miles,' said the Cockney Kent. 'Howsomever—toss you for last turn, boys.'

They spun a coin, and he lost and was nominated for first duty. The rest followed suit, and the little gamble completed their enjoyment. The roster having been compiled, Kent strolled off and sat down under a palm which stood apart from its fellows and commanded a view up and down the river-bank, while the rest sought cover, chatted discursively awhile, and then, one by one, fell asleep.

It was then two o'clock in the afternoon. It was blazing hot, and everything was so still that the lizards resumed their interrupted games, and gaped at the strange men who slept with their mouths wide open and made curious noises in their throats. Now and again one of the horses fell off one leg on to another in its sleep, and woke up enough to whuffle the flies out of its nose with an angry snort.

It was so very still that more than once the drowsy sentinel was startled into sudden wakefulness by spasmodic cluckings and gurglings from the river-bank, as though Father Nile knew things not generally known and found in them reason for laughter. So strange and causeless were the sounds at times that more than once Kent got up to investigate, under the impression that some sneaking hostile must have swum down with the current and was taking his fun off him. When he found nothing he pelted the river with chunks of mud-wall, and went and sat down under his palm again. When his hour was up he wakened the next man for duty, reported nothing moving 'but the blooming river that snickers at you now and again,' and lay down and was sound asleep in a moment.

It was while Evans, the Shropshire boy, was on the watch that other things began moving.

It was half-past three and grizzling hot. The very lizards were asleep. Even the sand seemed to shrivel in the bite of the sun. The heat struck up at him from below as well as down on him from above. He had to hotch round his tree to sit on its shadow, which helped to keep him awake; and as he hotched one time his heavy eyes fell on something moving far away on the level between the hills and the river.

He rubbed his eyes drowsily and swore because they were playing him tricks.

He rubbed them again and sat looking over his knees at the black spots out there. Tricky thing that desert. You never know when you have it. Didn't he remember how one time they had sent him to fill his squad's water-bottles at a lake with palms and bushes round it, and when he got there deuce a bit of lake was there, and never a bush or a palm, just nothing but sand, and yet he could have sworn——

Then he jumped up in a sudden cold sweat in spite of the hot smiting of the sun. The moving specks had spread into a line and were coming up fast. He fired off his carbine as the sharpest alarm, and ran shouting towards the mud houses. The others were on their feet before he got there.

'Niggers!' he yelled at them. 'Clouds of 'em. Horses, quick, or they'll nip us.'

Smith and Challis were already in the open. Behind them, saddles were slapping on to startled horses, and bits snapping into sleepy mouths, and girths were being buckled anyhow by hands that shook somewhat in spite of their owners. For the alarm came sudden, you see.

'Steady, men, steady!' said Smith in a firm, official voice. 'Are you ready? Prepare to mount!—Mount!—And ride like the devil!' he added unofficially.

Not a minute too soon. Not soon enough by several minutes.

A wild, discordant yell and a scattering volley ripped out from the bristling mob of horsemen, as they came whirling along in a cloud of dust. Very demons they looked, flying white robes, twisted black faces, flashing spears and gun-barrels, and fierce, white-rolling black eyes full of fiendish hate and cruelty, both horses and men.

A moment of wild confusion—yells and the buzz and spat of bullets, jerking oaths, plunging horses and scrambling men—and they were off—some of them.

Challis's big bay started before his toe was fairly in the stirrup. He hopped after it on one foot, with wild bounds but small hope of escape. He managed to grip saddle-bow and cantle, released his foot, and dragged himself on his chest across the plunging horse. The bay went off at speed, he like a sack across it, which probably saved his life, for the black men fire high. He got broken glimpses of speeding figures ahead, wriggled up on to his horse by degrees, and at last got his right leg over and felt himself again.

All hell seemed loose behind him and coming on like a screaming whirlwind. He drove his spurs into his horse, which needed no such encouragement, and found time to look about him.

One—two—three—four in front, and, close behind, the quick beat of galloping hoofs told him the others were not far away.

Glancing round, he saw the straining head and wild eyes and flattened ears of Smith's big gray creeping up on his quarter.

Then a jingling clink of empty stirrups shot fear through his heart like a bullet. He turned in his saddle.

The bay was riderless. Smith was down.

Instinct tightened the rein to turn and seek him.

But there was no sign of him. Nothing but that cloud of black furies racing as fast as their winded horses could go, and screaming at top of their voices.

Five in front, fifty behind. It was hopeless. Nevertheless, he wrestled his revolver out of its case, and shouted to the men in front.

One turned his head for a second, then spurred the harder. The others never looked round. They probably never heard him.

With difficulty he checked his horse, for its nerves had the better of it still, and faced the oncoming crowd. He fired into it, but might have saved himself the trouble. Some equally useless shots came back.

He understood dimly what lay before him.

There was no possible mistake as to what lay behind him.

He was sorely tempted to take the latter.

It would be simple suicide, but it might be preferable. It would certainly be the easier thing of the two, and as a rule, at a pinch, the easier thing is the wrong thing. He had but the fraction of a second to decide, very much less time than it takes to tell of it.

He turned and gave his impatient horse its head, and life turned on his horse's heels to bitter dust and ashes.

For he saw in a flash all the sequence of trouble that would follow. Rightly or wrongly, this man's life would be required of him. He would be held responsible, and no explanations would suffice to cover so dire a disaster.

It would be easier—oh! so much easier—to ride back among the slackening screamers behind and die there. But it would be utterly useless. It would simply be shirking. He must face the music, and the tune was 'The Dead March.'

He was conscious of no wrong. He did not see what single thing he could have done different from what he had done—except die. And he knew that it would be cast up against him that he lived.

He lifted his twisted face to the pitiless blue-white sky, and the anguish of his mind stamped years upon it. And for one terrible moment there was in his heart, and almost in his throat, an inclination to incongruous and scornful laughter at the perverse imbecility of things. Then his chin dropped on his chest, and he wished again that he had died by the mud houses.

His horse carried him unchecked after the others, but he saw nothing of them till he rode into, and almost over, a group of two round a horse lying on the sand. Its rider was trying to get it up on to its legs again; but the blood was running out of a hole in its shoulder, and it was done. Its head bumped heavily and its hind-legs gave their last convulsive kicks as he came up.

Mackay and Kent—Kent with the reins still in his hand, the other glancing sharply backwards and forwards and anxious to be off. The pursuit had thinned down to a comet with a lagging tail.

'Where are the others?' asked Challis.

'Streaking for home as fast as they can pelt, sir,' said Kent disgustedly. He had been streaking himself until his horse gave out.

'Take that man's stirrup-leather and come on. I'll catch you the gray;' and he set spurs after the Prince's horse, caught it by the hanging reins, and held it till they came up. The holster-strap across the saddle-bow was broken. It looked as if some hurried hand had grasped it and it had failed him. Kent scrambled up and they went on.

'Is the Prince down, sir?' asked Kent when he found himself on the gray.

'Yes,' said Challis through his teeth; and thereafter they went in silence.

It was a simple and natural question, the first of the many he would have to answer. But it seemed to his tight-strung senses to carry an implication of reproach, and it brought home to him the bitterness of what was coming.

One by one they passed in silence the landmarks they had left behind so gaily in the morning, brimming then with hope, and life all fair before them. Now, for their leader at all events, the death that lay behind seemed the fairer, and the life that lay in front was blacker than death itself.

For every dull thud of his horse's hoofs on the sand beat into his brain the certainty that some one would have to pay, and that the reckoning would be his. Had he not detected in this man's question the ring of the demand that all the world would be making on him to-morrow? It might be unjust; it might be unmerited; but it would be made all the same, and the very asking was a scar on his reputation.

While still a couple of miles from camp they saw a troop of riders hurrying to meet them.

The Colonel was at their head. His face was grim and cold as a death's head. He looked suddenly pinched and old, and Challis saw him scan them keenly as he rode up, and noted the quiver of his lip as he asked abruptly, 'Is this all?'

'This is all, sir.'

'And the rest?'

Challis shook his head.

'For God's sake, Challis, don't tell me that boy is killed! My God! My God! I would have died a hundred times sooner than have this happen.'

And Challis felt as if the old man had struck him, and realised once more that sharp death by the mud houses would have been infinitely sweeter than this. But he knew also, as the Colonel could not know, and never would be

brought to know, that his own life given a hundred times would not have saved that other life out there.

'Is there no chance?' asked the Colonel, tense irritation burying the fall of his hopes.

'No chance, I fear, sir. We can go and see. They were fifty to our eight, and were on us before we knew. Will some one lend me a horse? Mine can't do it again.'

'Give him a horse, one of you,' said the Colonel, and waited impatiently while one of the men slipped off and Challis mounted in his place.

'Now,' snapped the Colonel, and turned abruptly and shook his horse into a gallop, and they all pounded after him. Just so would the world turn its back on him, said Challis to himself bitterly and sadly. He had no single thing to reproach himself with—except, indeed, that he had chosen to live when to die would have been the sweeter; but his head must fall all the same. It was hard to fall, even clean-handed, and it would have been so very much easier to die.

Not a word was spoken, save for necessary directions, as they rode down the great *khor* and along the river-bank, till they came to the mud houses.

And there they found the others. Evans out in the open. He had made a hopeless run for it, but the thirsty spears had caught him. He was jabbed to pieces. The other two were not visible. A spark of hope glimmered in the Colonel's eye again.

But Challis was off his horse and into the houses. Others followed. In a moment there was a shout of 'Here, sir!' and the Colonel's hope died finally.

The gallant lad had fought for his life, but the fight had been sharp and short. In the darkest corner of one of the dark little mud rooms the light of the Saxe-Hohenburg-Eisenachs had gone out for ever, but it had gone undimmed.

They lifted him tenderly and carried him out into the waning light, and stood around him with uncovered heads and saddened faces. Like the other, he was pierced with many wounds, but he had died with his back to the wall, and all his wounds were in front.

The other man, Preston, they found in similar case in an adjoining house. Both had died by steel, and were sorely hacked about.

The Colonel's gray face looked grayer than ever. The men were very sober. They moved quietly, spoke in whispers, noted the holes and grooves of the bullets, and the flakes they had scored off the mud walls. One of them picked up in a corner a bunch of the pretty little birds whose lives had been so dearly paid for, and carried them home, and he and his fellows supped well that night.

Challis's face was white and hard-set. This sad thing lying so quietly on the sand was sad enough, in sooth, but he was seeing sadder things to come. For the man who has died gallantly fighting odds is done with his troubles; and the man who must fight for that which he holds dearer than life, against odds which are beyond him, has all his troubles to come.

They made a quick reconnaissance of the hills and *khors* beyond, but the enemy had vanished as quickly as he had come. The light was going, and they must get back. They made hasty litters with coats and carbines, and turned and went slowly and sadly home. The longest, darkest ride Challis had ever had. For the Colonel never opened his mouth the whole way.

KING COFFEE.

ET no one imagine from the title of this article that any allusion is made to the sable monarch of the golden stool and capacious umbrella who involved us in one of our little wars some thirty years ago.

Many of us remember the phrase 'Cotton is king,' which was current some forty years ago, during the American Civil War. The Southern States then held (as they still do to-day) a practical monopoly of the cotton production of the world; and when they seceded from the Union, and had to suffer all the rigours of a blockade which shut them off from the markets of Europe, they imagined that the Great Powers would interfere on their behalf as soon as their wonted supplies of cotton were cut off. This hope proved vain, for in spite of the sufferings of the Lancashire operatives and the privations of the general British public, the power of 'King Cotton' was not found sufficient to break the blockade.

The position occupied by Brazil in the world of coffee is similar to that held by the United States in the world of cotton, for the former country, which has been favoured by nature in so many ways, has a virtual monopoly of the world's coffee production. It is true there are many other parts of the world where the fragrant berry is produced; but the total production of all other countries combined falls far short of that of Brazil. It is certain that if any one were in a position to 'corner' the entire coffee-crop of Brazil, he could command his own price in the coffee-market.

We in England are apt to underrate the importance of coffee as a staple product, because we are not great coffee-drinkers. Not only is the consumption of coffee *per capita* much less in England and the Colonies than in the United States and the continent of Europe, but it is said to be actually on the decrease in this country. Besides, the British, unlike their Continental neighbours,

prefer to take their coffee with a large admixture of chicory, thus further reducing their demand for the Mocha berry.

This diminution in the consumption of coffee is rather to be regretted if it is true, as is said, that the use of the fragrant decoction to a great extent counteracts the craving for stronger beverages, and that among coffee-drinking nations the average amount of intemperance is small. Some colour is given to this statement by the fact that in countries such as Russia, Australia, and (mention it not in Gath !) Great Britain, where tea-drinking is general and coffee almost boycotted, the amount of intemperance is above the average. In the case of China, where the conditions are so widely different in all respects from what prevails in Caucasian countries, this comparison of course does not apply. Can it be that the decreased consumption of coffee among us is responsible for the increase of intemperance which is proved by statistics to have taken place of recent years?

In Rio de Janeiro and Santos, the two great coffee-shipping ports of the world, the London market is held to be almost a *quantité négligeable*, and greater importance is attached to New York, Havre, and Hamburg, which are the principal markets for the disposal of their produce. While the United States take a vast quantity of coffee from Brazil, they send comparatively little merchandise or produce to the latter country in return. Owing to this fact, the vessels which carry coffee from Brazil to the United States, not being able to find a remunerative return cargo, are forced to adopt the system of 'triangular trading'—that is to say, these vessels, mostly British, start from a British port with a general cargo for Brazil. In Rio or Santos they load up with coffee for the United States, where they unload their coffee and take a cargo of cotton, wheat, or other produce for England, thus making three trips on each round voyage.

In Rio de Janeiro and Santos there are commercial agencies which make a specialty of forwarding every day (and even twice a day) to the principal coffee-markets of the world telegraphic reports, such as 'spot quotations' for coffee, condition and prospects of the crop, visible local supply, &c., which information enables European dealers and speculators to fix their prices. These prices are in their turn telegraphed back to Rio and Santos for the benefit of the coffee exporters, and no indication is lost sight of which may influence the price of the berry to the extent of a farthing a hundredweight.

The manner in which these telegrams are made out is interesting and worth mentioning here, especially as it applies not merely to coffee but to other staples of world-wide importance. The manager of the commercial telegraph agency in London, let us say, receives a telegram in cipher from Rio. On referring to his code-book, he finds that each word of the cipher telegram stands for a group of figures. Let us suppose that the first word in the telegram is 'graduador.' On turning to the alphabetical index in the code-book, we find that 'graduador' stands for the group of figures 18820343. Now, each figure in this group is a message in itself. It is understood, for example, that the first figure represents a report on the state of the weather, the second stands for the condition of the local market, the third for prices obtainable, and so on. Each of these reports in the code-book consists of, say, ten sections, represented by different figures ranging from 0 to 9. Thus, if the manager wishes to find out the state of the weather at the other end, he takes the first figure in the group, which is 1, and on turning to the weather-report tabulated in the code-book, he finds that the number 1 stands for 'fine and dry.' The second figure (8) stands for the state of the market, and means 'without change from our last report;' and so on, each figure standing for a complete message. It will be seen that the single word 'graduador,' after it has been translated and 'expanded,' will supply sufficient information for the preparation of quite a long article on the coffee-market and coffee-crop of Brazil. The commercial agencies obtain good value for their money, and cannot complain even if cable charges are high. Yet, ingenious as this plan is, there are other methods of still further economising cable expenses which it would be tedious to detail here.

In proportion to its population, there is perhaps no part of the world which takes so much coffee from Brazil as South Africa. The Dutch are known to be great coffee-drinkers, and their descendants in South Africa must be still more so if one is to judge by the number of vessels (several every month during the season) which leave Rio and Santos for Capetown, Port Elizabeth, and other neighbouring ports; for the English-speaking part of the population does not consume coffee to the same extent.

Of the twelve million bags of coffee which form the world's annual production, at least two-thirds are furnished by Brazil, and of these by far the greater portion are shipped from the ports of Rio and Santos. The latter port owes its phenomenal rise almost entirely to the coffee industry, and of late years has taken away a great deal of the trade from Rio de Janeiro. In the year 1901 no less than nine million six hundred and thirty-three thousand five hundred and fifty-three bags (of one hundred and thirty-two pounds each) were shipped from the port of Santos alone, the imports at the same place in the same year amounting to ninety-four and a half million milreis. If we take the milreis at a shilling, this is equal to nearly five million pounds sterling. It is doubtful if there is another town of the same size (about fifteen thousand inhabitants) in the world which can show such a large trade, especially when it is remembered that this importation is all for local use and not a mere transit traffic.

There is no part of the world where the coffee-growing industry has become so strongly centralised

as in the Brazilian state of San Paulo, of which Santos is the seaport. The rapid growth of the city of San Paulo (the Brazilian Chicago), which claims already to have a population of more than two hundred thousand inhabitants, is due to the same cause. The immense export trade of Rio and Santos is composed almost entirely of coffee, and the 'coffee belt' of Brazil—composed mainly of the states of San Paulo, Minas Geraes, and Rio de Janeiro—is the richest and most progressive part of the country, much more so than the unhealthy rubber-belt of the Amazon basin or the sugar and cotton belt of the north-east. The climate of the coffee-country is also, as a rule, temperate and healthy; for, although the port of Santos is notoriously a hotbed of yellow-fever, the uplands of the interior, where the coffee is grown, have a much cooler climate, which is both pleasant and salubrious. So terrible have been the ravages of 'yellow-jack' that at one time the harbour of Santos was almost entirely deserted and full of ships laid up through being unable to obtain crews. There had been a virulent outbreak of the epidemic, and those sailors who had escaped with their lives had fled for fear of contracting the disease. Seafaring men, as is well known, are peculiarly liable to this dreaded disease. However, yellow-fever, which is chiefly confined to seaports in tropical and semi-tropical climates, is due in great measure to defective sanitation, and when this cause is removed the epidemic generally abates or disappears altogether. In Santos greater attention has been paid of late years to proper sanitation, and the health of the port is said to have improved greatly in consequence.

In the state of San Paulo is situated the celebrated Fazenda Dumont, which claims to be the largest coffee-plantation in the world. This valuable estate was formerly the property of the Dumont family (of which M. Santos Dumont, of navigable balloon fame, is a member), but was floated some years ago as a joint-stock company with a capital which ran into seven figures. The Fazenda Dumont is one of the sights of Brazil. It is dotted over with prosperous villages of workers, and has its own line of railway, and a unique installation of machinery and plant for the preparation of coffee for the market.

It is not to be wondered at that Rio and Santos should ship so much coffee and scarcely anything else, for there is perhaps no crop which is so certainly lucrative. During the last few decades, when nearly every other agricultural product has fallen in value, coffee has maintained its price, or at least has not fallen in equal proportion. A hundred acres of land planted in coffee will give a large and certain income, at any rate of several thousand pounds sterling a year. Of what other product of a temperate climate can the same be said? Coffee-planting, however, is not an industry for a poor man; the coffee-planters are capitalists, and the plantations generally on a large scale. Land suitable for the cultivation of coffee, not too far from a railway or other means of communication, is excessively dear; while the machinery and plant necessary for treating the coffee are much more expensive than one might imagine. When it is added that the coffee-planter (unless he buys a plantation in bearing) must wait at least three years for his plants to come into bearing, and still longer to obtain a full crop, it will readily be understood that only a man of means can engage in the industry with a reasonable prospect of success. Indeed, a sum of ten thousand pounds sterling is none too much for any one who thinks of engaging in coffee-cultivation; besides which, of course, some experience is necessary.

There are few plants which are so sensitive to climatic conditions as coffee, which requires an equable and (unless where irrigated) moist climate, with an average temperature of about sixty-five degrees. Its cultivation is principally confined to districts within the tropics at an elevation ranging from two thousand to six thousand feet. It will be seen, therefore, that the plant, though grown within the tropics, does not thrive in a tropical climate, for at the elevation indicated one may find a temperate climate even on the equator. Frost is very injurious to the plant, as is also drought. Some years ago great expectations were raised by the cultivation of Liberian coffee, a variety which can be grown successfully in tropical climates at the sea-level; but although Liberian coffee gives an abundant yield, the quality of the berry is very inferior, and it has not realised the great expectations which were placed on it.

In view of the recent proposal to impose a preferential tax in favour of colonial produce, it may be interesting to note that such a tax existed on coffee sixty years ago. In the year 1843 (or, to be more exact, the year ending January 5, 1844), when the total amount of coffee imported into the British Isles was fifty million pounds, foreign coffee paid a duty of sixpence per pound, while colonial coffee only paid fourpence. Yet, in spite of this differential tariff, the greater part of the coffee imported came from abroad; the figures being, from British colonies, twenty-three million two hundred and thirty-five thousand one hundred and two pounds; from foreign countries, twenty-seven million one hundred and forty-two thousand eight hundred and thirteen pounds. The chief colonial sources of supply in that year were Ceylon (sixteen million pounds) and Jamaica (five million pounds). In Ceylon, which was formerly such an important coffee-growing colony, the industry has been almost ruined by the spread of leaf-disease, though great hopes are held out that coffee-planting will again prosper through the introduction of Liberian coffee.

THE BLACK SPIDER.

CHAPTER II.—THE GARRALUNGA BANK.

THERE is a small township near the Barrier Range Mountains in New South Wales which for the purposes of our story may be called Garralunga, though that is not its real name. It is what in England would be known merely as a village of some five hundred inhabitants; but in the country districts of Australia such settlements pass under the more imposing title of 'townships.' It owed its birth (a very recent event) and rise (a very rapid one) to its proximity to the lately discovered silver-mine known as Silver Store; and the prospects of the company which had successfully floated and developed the enterprise were bright indeed. In the township which sprang up with mushroom-like swiftness near the mine a bank speedily became a necessity, and the Home and Colonies Banking Company, with acute foresight, were the first to seize the vacant place and establish a branch at Garralunga.

One year before the opening of this particular branch, Frederick Lane had landed at Sydney and sought employment in that huge capital of the province. For some weeks he had a hard, uphill fight, barely earning enough by intermittent manual labour to support himself. Then, by one of those strange and happy chances which do sometimes occur, Fortune seemed to think she owed some little reparation for all the hard knocks she had lately given him. He came across an old friend of his father who had emigrated to Sydney ten years previously, and was now a prosperous wool-merchant. Frederick Lane told him how he had come out to the new country hoping to find better chances of success than the old land had afforded him. But he carefully refrained from mentioning the episode of his arrest, trial, imprisonment, and the subsequent discovery of his innocence. For it was only two years after the transportation of convicts to Botany Bay and Van Diemen's Land had been discontinued by Great Britain. There were large numbers of ticket-of-leave men in the colony, and it was an awkward thing to have to admit that you had been in prison for a sentence of five years' hard labour. As for the release on a pardon and the proof of your innocence, why, that was easily said, but not so easily confirmed. Six months, or close upon that time, would be required to write to England, make the necessary inquiries, collect official documents, and transmit them to Sydney; and meantime the coveted employment would be lost, for no employer would wait six months when the supply of men eager to fill the vacant post was so large. No; all things considered, Lane felt sure he acted prudently in keeping silence about that miserable time in Portbury Convict Prison.

Mr Ensor immediately interested himself in the son of his old friend, and before many days had passed, obtained for him a post as junior clerk in the Home and Colonies Bank at the chief office in Sydney. The wool-merchant was one of the largest customers of the bank, and always kept a large credit account there, so his influence easily procured the post for Frederick Lane. The commencing salary was small, but it was enough to live upon—with strict economy—and the work was thoroughly congenial to Lane; and when the new branch was started at Garralunga the head-clerk at the chief office, who was selected to take charge of it, asked that Lane might be sent with him.

'I've kept my eye upon him, and he's the right sort,' said this official to the managing director. 'Young Lane is quick and intelligent, not afraid of plenty of work, and leads a very steady life. I wish I could say as much for all the others under me.'

And so it came about that Lane found himself at the small township near the Barrier Range.

'How do you like the life here?' asked his new superior a few days after their arrival. 'Rather a change from Sydney conditions, isn't it?'

'I should use the Yankee's word, and speak of it as "considerable," Mr Williams,' answered Lane. 'One misses the strenuous rush and incessant work of Sydney life; but Garralunga certainly is not wanting in excitement. I heard of a duel between two miners only this morning.'

'Ah, such little affairs are not uncommon. What was the result in this case?'

'One man winged, as they call it; the other escaped untouched. Hallo, Mr Williams! what's the matter?'

For the manager had taken a rapid step forward, wheeled suddenly half-round, and then stamped one foot on the floor.

'One of those hateful black spiders,' said the other as he removed his foot and pointed to a dark patch. 'He nearly dodged me, but I just got him in time to stop him from running beneath the safe.'

'You object to spiders?' said Lane, smiling.

'To the black spider I do, most strongly; and so, I imagine, do most people with the average allowance of sanity. If you want any further reason, get yourself bitten by the next one you come across, and when you've recovered from your illness you won't ask again. You'll be quite satisfied.'

'Poisonous, I suppose?'

'Yes; but not necessarily fatal, nor even in the majority of cases. Deaths do occur from their bite; but there is usually some contributory cause, the doctors say: want of vitality sufficient to resist the poisonous effects, as in the case of very young children; or an unsound state of health—a habitually intemperate man, for instance. Anyway, my

advice to you is to go for one whenever you see him; but take care how you do it. They will fight if driven into a corner; that's only natural. You can always tell the particular kind by the one red spot on his back.'

'Australia seems to have some peculiar characteristics of its own which we don't possess in England.'

'You mean our black spiders, for instance? Well, yes, they are nuisances, I admit; but with a little care and watchfulness we can generally get rid of that institution, as you call it. I wish we could as easily stamp out our "sundowners."'

'Why, what are they? It's a remarkable name.'

'Haven't you had the polite attention of a "sundowner" yet? Oh, you will fast enough if you have any outhouse, or stable, or the like where you lodge. A "sundowner" is very much the same as your English tramp; only rather more so. He comes to your place about sundown (sunset you term it in the Old Country) and asks for a night's lodging; which of course means something more in the way of supper and breakfast.'

Frederick Lane gave a long whistle of surprise.

'He wouldn't get it from me. Why, a pretty state of society it would be if one had to keep open house for every skulking loafer who wanted all that. I should feel strongly inclined to kick him off the premises as a warning not to try the same game a second time.'

'By all means, if you like to,' said the manager dryly. 'Australia's a free country, and I don't know of any law to prevent you. Of course, you must look to have your house or stables burned down very soon afterwards, and never be able to find out who did it. Seriously, my dear Lane, you evidently don't know the power of these fellows. It's a dangerous thing to refuse them what they ask. There is many a man who has bitterly regretted his folly in not giving the "sundowner" what he wanted. Understand that they don't ask for money as a general rule, only for permission to sleep in some outhouse, barn, or stable, and for a ration of mutton, damper, and tea. Perhaps one may beg a screw of tobacco as well; if so, take my advice and give it him. Off he goes in the morning and no harm done. These lazy rascals have a regular Freemasonry among themselves, and have established their institutions so firmly that it is really dangerous to resist them in country districts like Garralunga.'

'Well, I suppose I must fall into line with the customs of my new country,' observed Lane. 'But, as I said just now, I don't admire some of them.'

'We have to put up with many things in this life which we don't admire,' was the philosophic reply. 'What can't be cured must be endured: old age, for instance, or one's mother-in-law.'

A HOLIDAY IN RUSSIAN POLAND.

By FREDERIC VICARS, M.D.

S the heavy train steamed slowly into Alexandrowo it was boarded by the railway gendarmes, big, rough-looking fellows, all armed, who muttered, in guttural tones that sounded like a curse, the magic word '*Passporte*,' without which it is impossible to enter or depart from the dominions of the Czar. Descending from the carriage, I betook myself to the great waiting-room, and went through the ordeal of having my luggage inspected. The examination is conducted in no very regular fashion. Sometimes one's packages are hardly looked at before the official stamp is fixed to them, freeing one from further trouble; at other times the authorities appear to make a raid upon the luggage, and trunks and portmanteaus are overhauled with an energy that almost develops into a frenzy; and woe betide the unsuspecting purveyor of *articles de luxe* or *nouveautés de Paris!* He or she must pay through the nose for them, or leave them behind. Once inside Russian territory, one is in the dominion of suspicion, and at the frontier the passengers are keenly scrutinised by certain crafty-looking individuals, who eye each with sidelong glances while moving slowly up and down the platform. These are the spies of the secret police on the outlook for Nihilists or other suspicious persons. Among these latter, I may mention that I knew two British officers who went to stay in a Polish house on different occasions, the one *en route* to Russia Proper, the other on a visit to his sister, an English lady who had married a Pole. Each of these was followed from the frontier to his destination by a gendarme, and during the whole time of their stay in Poland one of these officials remained in the vicinity to watch their movements.

During a journey of seven hours and a half from the frontier, I passed through the most dreary and uninteresting country it is possible to find in a civilised land. The monotony of the view on either side of the train is extreme. Mile after mile of flat, poor-looking soil stretches away to the horizon. One might just as well look at the carriage roof above as look out of the window. I was truly glad when I arrived at the station of P——, near Warsaw, and found my hostess, Madame D——, waiting with a comfortable victoria to drive me over the six miles of sand and rough road to a charming modern-built house, where I was to stay some five weeks. As we left the railway the country looked more inviting. Clumps of poplars and beeches stood out of the flat land, and two small villages were passed. The houses were entirely of wood and of one story, and

were whitewashed and had thatched roofs. The latter were certainly in better repair than similar ones to be seen in the country districts in Ireland. While mentioning Ireland I may remark that there is a striking resemblance in the appearance of the flatter districts and their peasantry to Russian Poland and its poorer inhabitants. That, I think, is the first thing which strikes an observer who has been in the two countries. The bare-footed peasant women look just the same in their picturesque coloured skirts and red-spotted handkerchiefs tied over their heads; but under the red handkerchiefs in Poland one never sees a beautiful face as in Ireland. A broad, flat, coarse face, with high cheek-bones and a sulky expression, are the characteristics of that part of a Polish peasant woman that is half-hidden under the picturesque headgear.

The house at W——, where I stayed, was a two-storied stucco building with a low, sloping roof. Everything inside was arranged in thoroughly English fashion, from the milking-stool tables to the wooden overmantels, all the especially English designs being copied from the illustrated advertisements in an English lady's newspaper by a clever village carpenter under the direction of the lady of the house, herself an Englishwoman. Eastern embroideries and English chintz covered the big arm-chairs and comfortable divans, and a hanging Japanese reed screen separated the drawing-room from one of the cosiest little boudoirs I have ever seen. Here I used often to sit and read for hours when it was too hot to go out of doors, reclining on a soft couch with a goodly pile of fragrant *papierosses* by my side, and a delightful black poodle as a footstool. Nothing could be more pleasant for a time than the days I spent at W——, lazy, uneventful days, truly, but days of the most perfect rest to one who wanted such. The heat was intense—ninety degrees in the shade—and active exercise was most unwelcome during the first weeks.

A late breakfast and unlimited lolling on the veranda would occupy the time lazily till the midday dinner, one's appetite being whipped into action by a small glass of *vodka* and a *pszkaska*, the latter consisting of some kind of *hors d'œuvre*, an olive sandwich or an anchovy. Polish cookery is always inviting. It is richer than the French cookery, and some of its daintiest dishes, I believe, owe their origin to the Jewish *cuisine*. However delicious the cookery may be to the palate, it is certainly very indigestible. Indeed, one has only to look at the faces of the people to see that. One rarely sees a person with a good complexion, especially amongst the women, the exceptions being almost entirely confined to the Jews. There is another reason for this unhealthiness. Amongst the well-to-do classes there is very little outdoor exercise taken. Every one drives. In Warsaw the *droshka* are very cheap, and carry fares about very rapidly. The best cabs have two horses, generally in capital condition, and they dash along the streets at a tremendous pace.

In the country people drive in a *bryczka*. The simplest form of *bryczka* is an oblong box on four wheels, without springs, and having two seats without backs. It is drawn by two horses. The jolting is terrible until one gets used to it, and then, strange to say, one rather likes it. A drive in a *bryczka* is considered good for the liver. It may be, but I am inclined to think the nervous system suffers from the intense jarring of the spine. With the exception of the '*bryczka* liver-cure,' there is very little outdoor movement. Lately, however, bicycles have been introduced, and with them bicycle races, so there is a tendency, among the male population at least, toward athletics.

There is a general disposition to take life easy in Poland. There are no great efforts or undertakings. There is no public service for the Poles; all the government is, of course, in the hands of the Russians, and red-tape is only untied by the payment of roubles. There is no room for ambition in such a country, and yet the Poles have an intense love for their country, a kind of earth-hunger, for there is little else in it but the earth. With the peasant one can understand this, for he is, in Russian Poland, a simple animal; he never rises from his lowly condition, nor has he the slightest desire to do so. As long as he can eat and drink and go on living in his cabin he is content, and is not to be coaxed out of his happy state of contentment by any efforts of would-be philanthropists. With the upper classes the old patriotism and anti-Russian feeling still remains strong; but the complaints one generally hears of are more against the minor officials and their peculations than against the central authorities. In the country districts, in the houses of the landed proprietors, the old patriotism is more *en evidence*, but it is all quiescent, and seems only a memory of something that once lived and is now dead and gone. In Warsaw Society occupies itself in initiating a new *mode*, which is a sort of conglomeration of manners and customs of the English, French, and Austrian nations. The latter has come into favour lately so much by reason of the Carlsbad waters, which the well-to-do Poles go and drink every year. Not a bad reason, surely; for a country that makes you feel in better health after a month's sojourn there certainly has some claim to your affections. I suppose I shall be told that there is another reason for this Austrian attachment, but I prefer to attribute it to the virtues of the Carlsbad waters. Warsaw during my holiday was a most undesirable place, and I went there only a few times, for the atmosphere was stifling and bad odours abounded.

The restful life at W—— was occasionally varied by an expedition to another part of the country. One of these was a journey to O——, a beautiful country-seat not far from the frontier of what is known as the 'Kingdom of Poland' and Russia Proper. We went to buy cattle, and stayed the

night there. A long, dusty journey of eight hours in the train brought us at three o'clock in the afternoon to Biala. Here we found a carriage waiting, with four horses of unequal size, sent to meet us by Monsieur Z——, our host, from whom my friend D— proposed to buy cattle on the morrow. We packed ourselves inside, and started on a journey of twenty-eight miles in the broiling sun. On the box sat the Polish driver and a big Jew we had brought with us to look after the cattle. Away we went over miles and miles of white sand, which rose up in a cloud behind us, and covered us with a thick layer. We passed several villages, mostly Jewish, where we drank delicious draughts of the light Polish beer without any unpleasant after-effects. One remarkable place we passed was a village of Russian peasants colonised by the Government. It was a most weird-looking abode. As we approached at a rapid trot our coachman drew attention to a small cemetery on the left, just at the entrance to the long line of cottages that constituted the village. Several broken wooden crosses stuck crookedly out of the ground, which was enclosed by dilapidated banks. It was the cholera cemetery of the last epidemic. As we rattled through, the inhabitants, people and pigs, turned out to look at us. I had never seen such horrible-looking people before. All were women, and all seemed aged hags. Taller than the average Polish women, with a short, loose white blouse gathered in at the waist by a band, and reaching as far as the knee, these bare-legged creatures stood and stared at us as we passed. I shall never forget their faces. They all seemed cast in the same mould; a yellowish complexion, with large, broad features and staring eyes; long, straight gray hair hung down to their shoulders, and was cut square across their foreheads; and on the tops of their heads each wore a ring which, our driver explained, was of wood covered with cloth, and which was fixed in its place by strands of hair tied to it. They were a ghastly company indeed as they stood and gazed, each a diabolical replica of the other. So rapidly did we drive that we were hardly in the village than we were out of it, and beyond the view of those horrible-looking females. It was like a nightmare in broad daylight, a vision from Dante in the blaze of the afternoon sun.

It was dark when we arrived at O—— and drove up to the fine house, where our host received us with effusion in true Polish style. A small boy at once began scrubbing us with a huge clothes-brush, and the dust from our coats raised quite a mist in the hall. I thonght, of course, that we should be conducted to our rooms to wash and clean ourselves generally before being presented to the other members of the family, but such was not the case. Our genial host at once conducted us to an inner room, and introduced us to his wife and four gentlemen who were playing cards. Polish hospitality doubtless did not permit of the thought that guests could possibly be dirty even after a dusty drive of twenty-eight miles in the height of summer.

My readers will perhaps imagine that we spent a pleasant and agreeable evening, and drank toasts all round. We did nothing of the kind. I grieve to record it, but we spent the dullest evening I think I ever spent in Poland. In vain did our host open various bottles of curious vintage and press them upon us. We quaffed, but more or less in silence. He talked of cows, of sheep, of pigs, of matters agricultural. We could not rise to the occasion. Unwashed we sat, and unwashed we felt, like two sweeps at a banquet. At last time came to our rescue, and we crept off to a bath and our beds, leaving the rest of the company to the fascinations of 'poker.' The next morning we asked the man-servant if the others had gone to bed late, and were told that they had not gone to bed at all, but had played cards the whole night through!

My friend D—— bought eleven cows at a fair price, and by noon we departed, driving back more rapidly than we had come, for Monsieur Z—— furnished us with a splendid team of horses. We took leave most warmly, and wished each other *au revoir* with many compliments. Leave-taking in Polish country-houses is somewhat formidable. You shake hands in the drawing-room or dining-room, you do so again in the hall, then again at the door, and finally when you are seated in your carriage. Somewhere between these hand-shakes you have to perform the necessary duty of tipping the man-servant. You must choose your opportunity with discrimination, or you may find yourself slipping a piece of paper money into your host's hand!

At W—— our life was quiet enough, though visitors occasionally dropped in. I remember one young lady telling me that she sometimes opened her bedroom window to let in air after the English fashion; but when she did so her mother would come in and exclaim, in an outburst of Polish patriotism, 'Why make England in Poland?'

This was, of course, in winter, when, as a rule, windows are carefully sealed up till the summer. The result is not always pleasant; but there is no such thing as a cold room, however frigid the weather is outside. In winter there are two temperatures a person has to become accustomed to: the warm temperature of the entire house and the intense cold outside. In the house people are reasonably clad, and wear no uncomfortable thick under-garments. When they go out a thick fur protects them from the cold. They are warm inside and outside the house. Would that we in England could be the same!

The summer nights in Russian Poland are very beautiful. The stars shine with especial brilliancy through the calm, clear air, and often we used to ride for miles over the country by their light alone. We rarely met any one in these nocturnal journeyings, even when passing through the villages, where the only signs of life were the dogs that used to bark savagely at our approach and snap at our horses' heels.

Limits of space forbid me to dwell on the many minor incidents that occurred during my stay. I must conclude this article by a description of a characteristic entertainment in a country-house at which I had the pleasure of assisting shortly before bidding my kind friends adieu.

It was Madame V——'s *imieniny* or 'name's day,' and our party had been asked to a dance at Z—— to celebrate the event. The night was very wet when we started for a drive of twelve miles in a closed carriage that leaked in a peculiar, and possibly Polish, way. Every now and then about a pint of water would suddenly come into the carriage from the top of one of the windows. The cause of this was not easy to understand. Our business was to dodge it, and this mainly occupied our attention during the drive. Z—— was a fine house with large rooms, all on the ground floor, connected by doors. Our host received us in the hall, which was filled with men. Great trays with steaming tea and thin slices of lemon were being handed round. An aromatic cloud from the *papierosses* filled the air. A babel of tongues talking French resounded on all sides. We greeted several old friends, and were introduced to some strangers.

Facing the hall door was the big drawing-room that was the ballroom for the occasion. On the right of the hall was another room, and in it a brass band of sixteen performers in blue-and-red uniforms. It was explained to me that six months ago the performers were simple, untaught peasants, who had been taken in hand by a clever amateur musician, with a result extremely creditable. I joined the company of smokers hanging about the ballroom door. Yonder the ladies were exchanging confidences and testing mysterious adjuncts to their dresses. The steaming tea-trays were still being carried round, and did not pass in vain. Suddenly, as I raised my cup to my lips, I heard a terrific crash from the music-room. I almost dropped my cup! Strange to say, nobody else seemed astonished. A moment after I knew it was the peasant band commencing the first valse! Never in my life had I heard such a band. They blew at their instruments as if there was a prize for the one that made the greatest noise. The very house shook with the vibrations, and through the whole company a sort of nervous impulse seemed to have spread and set them all madly in motion. Even I fell under the spell, and, singling out a pretty partner, joined in the fray. Over the polished parquet floor we sped as the band boomed with increasing vigour. I could not help contrasting our quiet English ballrooms and their weary-looking dancers with that moving, energetic crowd of people who apparently had been born to gyrate so gracefully. But more was to come later on, when supper had been partaken of and the national dance was in full swing. Not all danced, however. In a room leading off the ballroom there were card-tables, which were freely patronised by the devotees of poker and écarté. In Poland one does not engage a partner for the whole dance; one simply takes a turn round and then brings the lady back to her seat. Such a practice as 'sitting on the stairs' is entirely unknown there. The idea would be thought highly improper.

At last supper was announced. The ballroom emptied rapidly, and along the sides of the two long tables we searched for our places, which were marked by cards bearing our names. Near me sat a genial priest, who before supper was over had invited me to dinner to 'taste his wines.'

The supper was capital. The *cuisine polonaise* achieved a veritable triumph on this occasion. French wines of excellent quality circulated round the table, and were followed by rare old Hungarian, an especial favourite with Poles. All through supper the brazen band played with undiminished vigour. The company got very merry, and conversation became almost a roar. Healths were drunk, glasses clinked, wine was spilt, and general merriment and good humour prevailed, when at length a move was made to the ballroom, as the band struck up the opening notes of the 'Mazur,' the national dance of Poland. A young *viveur* of Warsaw led the dance. He rushed up to me and insisted on my joining. I protested in vain on the score of complete ignorance, but he would hear of no excuse; so, with a reckless disregard of consequences, I dashed down the room with an unfortunate lady, who raced after me in fear and trembling. I will not attempt to describe the figures of this wonderful dance. It is a sort of wild cotillion, and the characteristic feature about it is the way you jump slightly into the air as you dance along sideways, at the same time bringing one heel against the other with a loud *click*. This is done in rapid succession, and the effect is peculiar. In my endeavour to perform this feat I cut my ankle with the sharp edge of my shoe-heel, and have a scar there still. Only a Pole can dance the 'Mazur' properly. It is in the blood. A Pole dancing the 'Mazur' is a dangerous man if crossed. His patriotism seems to scintillate from the tips of his fingers. If he could only close his fist then in true boxing style he could fell an ox or—a Russian! With astonishing wisdom, the Government has left him the 'Mazur.' It is a harmless outlet of patriotism, and keeps him from more serious courses.

During the 'Mazur' a mysterious potation was dispensed in the hall. They called it *cherie koblère!* I fancied I recognised the name. It was a terrible concoction, however—a mixture of sherry, brandy, and spices. It had a very exhilarating effect on the dancers, and, I half-suspect, found its way down the throats of the peasant band, for the music got more uproarious as the night advanced. No one seemed to tire that evening; all danced as if their very lives depended on it. Fat people bounced about like india-rubber balls, thin people bent and swayed like twigs, mothers of

families skipped like young schoolgirls, and even the graybeards seemed determined to show they could yet compete with the young ones in treading 'the light fantastic.' There was an audience to this bright entertainment. At the end of the ballroom the French windows were open, and a dense body of peasants in their picturesque coloured dresses stood on the veranda and looked on. They seemed to love watching the *panstwo*, and many a whispered exclamation passed from one to the other as the 'Mazur' proceeded.

It was daybreak before the party broke up, and with many hand-shakings we took leave of our hospitable host and hostess, and drove back as the peasants were beginning their work in the fields. The night of merriment was over, and once more we returned to the quiet of the country life.

A few days after I bade my kind friends good-bye. They stood on the platform waving their adieus as the train moved away to the frontier. A basket rested on the seat beside me, a parting gift from Madame D——. It contained fruit, Polish partridges, and some home-made *vodka*. In a spirit of enthusiasm I uncorked the latter, and, filling a pocket-glass, drank to Poland and its hospitable people.

CHINESE DOCTORS IN AMERICA.

AMONG the most successful physicians in the United States, judging by the number of patients they treat, are the Chinese. Their practice is by no means confined to those of their own race. Strange as it may seem, some of them in the cities of California have a larger number of patients among the Americans than the doctors of other nationalities. The Chinese doctors may be divided into two classes, although the American law does not recognise either class as legitimate physicians. One class treats persons of its own race almost entirely, and does not employ medicine so much as it does amulets, and what is called in the United States magic, to drive away the evil spirits supposed to create disease. Some of these quacks are to be found in nearly all the western cities; but the higher-grade Chinese do not patronise them. The other class of doctors assert that they give treatment which their ancestors employed centuries before Christ, and that the gift of healing has been handed down to them through the ages. The majority are descendants of physicians who lived either in the United States or China, and in their offices can be seen ancient books in the native tongue, as well as gorgeously decorated diplomas which they cherish as heirlooms. Such cities as San Francisco, Sacramento, Los Angeles, and other large communities have physicians some of whom receive from one hundred to three hundred American patients daily, for very few of them make visits unless the illness is very severe, when they charge an unusually large fee to repay them for the time lost in leaving the office. The most noted Chinese doctor, perhaps, on the Pacific coast died several years ago. He resided in Los Angeles, and actually received fees amounting to between twelve thousand pounds and fifteen thousand pounds yearly. Frequently in one day he would examine and prescribe for two hundred persons, and his office hours were positively from early in the morning until midnight. The nephew of Le Po Tai, the physician referred to, took up his uncle's practice in Los Angeles, and, it is admitted, has more cases than any of the American doctors in the city, although they number about one hundred and fifty.

The method of treating sick persons adopted by Chinese doctors in some cities is similar to that of the other physicians of the United States and those of Great Britain. They depend much, however, upon the examination of the pulse. Their sense of touch is so wonderfully developed that it is claimed they can determine the condition of the heart as well as some of the other organs merely by the feebleness or strength of the beats; but they say there are no less than twelve different movements of the arteries in the human body, all of which can be detected by feeling the fingers, wrist, and arm. When a patient calls upon him for examination, the doctor first presses the arm, wrist, and fingers, touching nearly every part. Sometimes ten or fifteen minutes are occupied with this examination. Then he may ask whether the patient is married or single, and also his age; but this is about the limit of the examination. Apparently he can tell the nature of the disease without questioning further; and if the caller wishes a prescription, he writes one in the ordinary Chinese characters on a generous-sized square of paper. Ringing a bell, he hands the prescription to the Chinese attendant who enters, for each physician has his own shop, filled with the ingredients which he uses in treatment. If he has a large practice he may employ a native chemist, who makes up the prescription. One of the curious features of Chinese medical treatment is the way in which the physicians administer their remedies. Nearly all the offices of the principal doctors have what may be called a tea-room attachment. This is a spacious apartment, well lighted, frequently ornamented with Oriental pottery and pictures, and containing small tables, each with two or three chairs. If the invalid does not wish to take his medicine at home he is ushered into this room, and while seated at one of the tables, drinks his prescription as he would a cup of tea or a glass of wine. With but few exceptions the medicine is in liquid form, and served hot in dainty Chinese bowls, for most of it is composed of a decoction of herbs.

Each table contains a bowl of raisins, and when the attendant brings in the medicine he also brings in a glass of tepid water. If the drink is bitter, as it usually is, the patient can eat some of the raisins to remove the taste, while with the water he rinses his mouth and throat. Then he is ready to go home, returning the next day for another examination and another dose. Chinese doctors do not believe in giving medicine more than once or twice a day; and the memorandum which the druggist so frequently puts down on the English or American prescription, 'A teaspoonful every two hours,' is conspicuous by its absence.

Any one who chances to visit the chemist's department of the Chinese physician would be surprised at the number of different medicines it contains, labelled in the characters of the Celestial Kingdom. While most of the medicines consist of herbs, there are also dried flowers, curious-looking nuts of various kinds, gums from trees and bushes, as well as scores of different barks and roots. As a matter of fact, the Chinese employ over three thousand different substances of this sort, in addition to a curious-looking powder which is made from the horn of an Asiatic deer. All the medicine comes from Asia, being carefully treated and packed in boxes before it is sent to the United States. It includes the finest ginseng, which is obtained in Korea, and cinnamon of such high grade that a single ounce is worth forty shillings. The horn-powder is one of the most valuable of all. It is used largely as an antidote for opium and morphine eating; but the physicians also sell a prescription which, it is maintained, will cure drunkenness and the taste for alcoholic liquors. This is perhaps the most expensive medicine prescribed, for a single dose costs about six pounds. Occasionally the prescription is made up in the form of pills and powders; but nearly all the medicine is taken by the patient steaming hot, as he would drink a bowl of tea.

The Chinese doctor is very strict in regard to what his patient eats or drinks. He is careful to tell him just what kind of food is good for him, and if he disobeys his instructions the doctor refuses to treat him any longer. These medical men are apparently very familiar with the different American foods. In nearly all cases they refuse to allow a patient to eat meat of any kind which is fried or roasted, although physicians of other nationalities consider roasted meat healthful. They also prohibit the drinking of cold water, or liquids of any kind, and seldom allow an invalid to use tobacco. Most of the American fruits are also barred, so that the bill of fare of a person who is under treatment is very limited.

There is a good deal of pomp and ceremony in the office of one of these doctors. Invariably they have attendants of their own nationality, and every one of the household, from the doctor down to the chemist, wears the robes of his native country. Some of the physicians are as gorgeously attired as the representatives China sends to other countries as her ambassadors, their garments being sometimes made of silk so rare and costly that a complete robe would be worth over a hundred pounds in English money.

Nearly all have their offices in their homes, which are among the most palatial in the Pacific coast cities; but larger practitioners have elegantly furnished reception-rooms, one of which will hold thirty or forty persons without crowding. Each patient is received in the order in which he enters, no matter whether rich or poor; and it may be added that if a person is unable to pay the fee of the doctor he is usually treated gratis; but compared with the charges of the American physicians, the Chinese doctors are very moderate in their demands. They seldom receive over three pounds weekly, although the patient is expected to call every day until he is cured. Another peculiarity of their practice is that they generally predict when a cure will be effected, no matter what may be the nature of the disease, and seldom treat a person longer than three months unless he is afflicted with some special ailment which requires more time. The number of persons who are cured by the methods of the Orient is, of course, questioned by other practitioners. The latter claim that the higher grade of physicians are but little better than the so-called quacks, and that much of the medicine they give does not contain any healing virtue. On the other hand, among their patients they number many prominent people, who assert that they have been cured where other doctors have failed; and it is noticeable that more and more Americans of the better classes are yearly patronising the Chinese doctors. The success of the one in Los Angeles is not exceptional, for there are fully a score in San Francisco whose annual incomes range from five thousand pounds to ten thousand pounds from their treatment of Americans.

AT KARUIZAWA, JAPAN.

I THOUGHT the sun had disappeared,
The glade my window looks upon
Had grown so dark. I surely feared
The sunshine for to-day was gone.

But when I chanced to look again—
Expecting darkness—to the trees,
A swift joy passed from eye to brain,
To see what change had come to these.

Once more green leaves were flecked with gold;
The evening sun had turned, to grace
The glade with that heart-warming glow
Which smiles wear on a serious face.

That suns of joy and mental light
Have set, for me, I've often feared;
But, when I've least expected it,
They always yet have reappeared.

I hear a cheering promise read,
That until life itself is past
Gladness to sorrow shall succeed,
And light to darkness, to the last.

L. A. RAWLINGS.

OSAKA, JAPAN.

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DO WE SUFFER FROM OVERWORK?

By J. CATER, M.D.

THE expression 'overwork' is by no means adequate even for the purpose for which it was coined, for it fails to convey any definite meaning. A person may have worked for too long a period, or may have strained his powers of endurance, or he may have entered upon a task beyond his capabilities, or he may possibly have worked in entire disregard of the laws of physiology or hygiene. Whatever may be the facts of the case, the unfortunate result is usually described as 'overwork.'

This being so, let us consider a few facts with a view to determining whether it is excess of work, or merely a faulty method, that is really to blame for a person's physical or mental collapse.

Doubtless we all experience sensations of fatigue at one time or another; and this experience is nature's kindly warning that we need rest. Nature herself may therefore be compared to a sentinel who sounds an alarm when danger is at hand. The warning thus sounded, in the form of a sensation of fatigue, signifies nothing beyond this, and should not be regarded as indicating exhaustion of vital power. In other words, consciousness of fatigue by no means implies that our stock of energy is played out, or that our powers of endurance have been unduly taxed. Such is seldom, if ever, the case; and to encourage such a thought means simply a more acute state of depression. The fact is, that despite the sense of fatigue, we still have considerable reserve force left, and it is against drawing unnecessarily upon that reserve force that nature gives timely warning. For it is only when we have exhausted our natural energy, and begin to draw unnaturally upon our force in reserve, that serious devitalisation ensues.

Suppose we ignore the feeling of weariness or fatigue, and—thus disregarding the warning of nature—proceed with our work by sheer effort of will. We then enter upon quite a different physical condition, because under such circumstances a demand is made upon our reserve forces, and matters soon reach a very serious state. Once the reserve force is brought into action a peculiar debilitating effect is felt; and if the new source of energy is drawn upon to the limit, the time quickly arrives when our total strength really is used up. And here comes the point to be emphasised. Assuming that we have completely exhausted our energy, the reserve as well as the natural, we are then confronted by genuine physical disaster, and it is too late even to talk of taking rest. Nature's powers of recuperation would, in such a case, have become so weakened that the work of repair cannot be accomplished.

The physical condition might then be compared to that of a person who had lived upon his capital instead of keeping his expenditure within the limits of his income. In other words, the complete exhaustion of resources constitutes real *breakdown*, and this alone should be described as *overwork*.

The wearied worker should endeavour to ascertain to what extent his 'tired feeling' is real; for if the feeling is that of momentary lassitude, or even mere laziness, no warning of need for rest has been given. A practical method of determining the measure of fatigue is to trace the tired feeling to its source—that is, discover whether it is situated in that part of the system which has recently been exerted. Thus, if work has been done with the brain, and the tired feeling comes in the legs, which have been resting, it cannot be regarded as indicating any approach to overwork.

And *vice versâ*, suppose a person has just returned from a walk, and, experiencing a sensation of fatigue, stretches himself on a couch and laments a loss of physical strength. His weariness may have nothing whatever to do with his muscular machinery. What he imagines to be bodily fatigue may be purely the result of a mental condition arising from lack of pleasant companionship, or from a lazy or aimless dawdle, or from a sense of having been bored. What this person needs is not rest in the sense of bodily inactivity, but another

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and brisker walk, or else some active mental exertion.

One frequently hears persons assert that they are 'too tired to move,' yet these supposed weary ones spring into new life on the arrival of some welcome visitor or the announcement of pleasing news. What they mistook for bodily exhaustion was merely a mental weariness, originating probably in the lack of some pleasant occupation, certainly not in a failure of their muscular power.

These illustrations will suffice to denote the ease with which we misinterpret our sensations, and emphasise also the importance of discovering whether fatigue of one part is being mistaken for that of some other part. Thus we may learn that what we have been calling *overwork* is nothing more nor less than worry or boredom, the condition requiring, therefore, change of scene and occupation rather than absolute rest. And it may be added that for most normal individuals change *is* rest.

Another important point lies in the fact that a condition of weariness, in the majority of cases, would be more accurately described by the term *over-effort* rather than overwork. The fatigue in such instances is due to unnecessary strain, and the ensuing symptoms are readily mistaken for those of overwork. Strenuous effort is far more exhausting than continued steady toil. It is easy to see that this is due to a lack of proportion between the amount of effort exerted by the toiler and the amount of effort demanded by his task. Here the worker himself is at fault. His mode of working is characterised by pressure, hurry, or by lack of method; and the effort he puts forth in consequence involves *straining* his powers beyond the point required. Take a skilled mechanic at his bench and compare him with an amateur attempting a similar feat. The one works with perfect ease, and is little fatigued at the close of his day; the other is worn by anxiety, and from lack of skill puts forth a triple amount of energy with a less satisfactory result. In cases where anxiety is unduly present, the trouble may generally be traced to faulty methods of working, and is seldom, if ever, due to the magnitude of the work.

The human machine was built to work, and so long as there is no painful consciousness of straining, or so long as we avert using force to drive the engine, so long, indeed, as we put the machine only to its legitimate use, we need have no apprehension for its continued welfare.

From the few suggestions advanced above it may be adduced that the remedy for most cases of so-called overwork is not an entire cessation of labour, but an improvement of the methods of working. Few cases of supposed breakdown are really due to excessive exertion, whether mental or physical; the cause is more frequently to be found in the mode of working or the lack of regularity in the periods of repose. It is not, moreover, so much a reduction in the amount of one's work that is required as an economising of effort in performing the task. In many instances of faulty method, if the task itself were curtailed the effort put forth would probably be as great as before. The cry for less work, in short, has no basis in fact. What is wanted, rather, is reform in the method of working, and *that* in individual cases.

If, then, it be more a question of improved method than of lessened labour, what should be done? In the first place, our business should be made one of our daily pleasures, instead of being regarded as irksome toil. Our work should become part of our ideal existence, instead of a duty discharged with the reluctance of a prisoner on the treadmill. Next, we should lose sight of the task as a whole, and be content with conscientiously doing a day's work in a day. Many an ambitious toiler comes to grief through making prodigious efforts to finish a task off-hand in less than normal time, and this inevitably results in *straining*, and hence abusing, the human machine. Notice how the traveller's sense of fatigue is modified while he is yet a long way from his goal. At the start he felt as though he never would reach his destination, so oppressive was his consciousness of the distance to be traversed. But as soon as he begins to note each field by the way, each milestone he passes, as marking off so much of his journey, he is conscious of making progress, and his mental strain and impatience are proportionately reduced.

Our work, whatever its nature, must be habitual, orderly, and without needless effort. Every move should count for just that much accomplished toward the desired end. It is forcing our powers after they have become jaded that is responsible for the inordinate use of our strength. Allow no consideration to excite the mind to *violent* effort; for only unnatural and exhaustive effort results in breakdown. It is the 'stayer' in work, as well as in sport, who eventually gathers the reward of 'best man.'

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER III.—HOW THE NEWS CAME HOME.

'AND you mean to tell me, my dear,' said General Carrick as he gently stirred his tea and looked searchingly at Una Devon, 'that your father is showing no signs of mental decay yet? As—tonishing!'

'He seems just as usual, as far as I can see, General,' said Una, looking back at him guardedly. There were times when she could not be quite certain whether the General was not taking his fun off her.

'Ah! Your filial duty would naturally make you wish to hide it as long as possible. Looks a bit worried now and then, doesn't he, now?'

'Well, perhaps he does. But so do a good many other people nowadays.'

'Ah!' said the General, with a satisfied nod. 'It's beginning. No man can take up the War Office without his brain beginning to soften. I've watched 'em for thirty years, and it's invariably the case. They go in as large as life and full of good intentions, and we all know what *that* leads to. But the moment they pass the doorway the evil spirit of the place begins to wind himself slowly round and round them, till all their big, new ideas are throttled. They struggle against it—some of them—oh yes, I'll grant you that. They struggle a bit, like the fellow with the snakes we used to read about at school; but it's always too much for them. Then their brains give way, and they go all to pieces, and die of sheer congestion. They can't help it, bless you! It's in the atmosphere.'

'It sounds horrible,' said Una, staring at him with wide blue eyes. 'I hope father will get out of it before he gets as bad as that.'

The General shook his head dismally. 'Just look how they're muddling along in the Soudan now. It's always the same kind of thing. They never learn. Look at the Crimea'——

'Oh, well, they muddle through somehow, and we generally come out all right in the end,' said Una, satisfied in her own mind that the General was only having a trot on his hobby.

'We muddle through because we've got to get through at all odds. We can't afford to do anything else. But as to coming through all right! No, my dear,' with an angry shake of the head. 'We squander through somehow by sheer weight of men and money. But the amount of waste in both is something terrible. When did you hear from Geoff last?'

'Last week. Nell had a letter the same day.'

'Ah, I thought you might have heard since. I'm hoping for news of the advance any day, and then to see the end of it. It's a long and tiresome business.'

Una had dropped in for a cup of afternoon tea with Ellen Challis. Ellen happened to be out on one of her many ministries, and General Carrick was gallantly doing his best to entertain his guest till she returned.

He had an immense admiration for the girl his boy was going to marry. He had an old soldier's eye for physical beauty, and Una satisfied it.

'Splendid pair they'll make,' he was saying to himself, as he chatted with her and thought of Geoff. 'And the children should be beauties.'

As to character, in its finer, deeper strains, he considered Geoff the more highly endowed; but that, perhaps, was only natural, since he knew him so much the better. And Una, after all, had plenty of common-sense, which is not always the concomitant of extreme beauty. He thought they would get on well together, and was anxious to see them married so that he might enjoy their children before he sent in his papers for good and all.

'She can't be long,' he said, for the third or fourth time, as Una made a preliminary rustle which he recognised as symptomatic of an intention to depart. 'It must be old soldiers, I think. Mothers' meetings and crèche are standard fixtures, as you might say, and fairly reliable as to their hours; but old soldiers are undeterminate and sometimes encroach. But she certainly can't be long now.'

'I can't imagine how she finds time for it all, and inclination,' said Una. 'It's perhaps a good thing we're not all built in the same way.'

'Would be a bit awkward, wouldn't it?' said the General sympathetically. 'Some lines would get deucedly overcrowded, and some would go empty.'

'I've tried, but I can't work up a bit of enthusiasm for old soldiers—common soldiers, I mean'—as the old gentleman began to laugh—'the kind that smoke very bad tobacco, you know, and use snuff, and have watery eyes and noses. And as for mothers and babies—that kind of mothers and babies, of course, I mean—I simply—well, I simply do not like them. I tried my very best to persuade myself into it. But they were too much for me, and I had to give them up.'

'I don't know that I would care much for that kind of mothers and babies myself,' said the General. 'But the men—that's different. There are some very fine fellows among them, and some of them have been infernally badly treated—I beg your pardon, my dear. What I was saying was that the treatment—the neglect—some of them have met with at the hands of their grateful country has been simply disgraceful. Why'—rapping his right fist into his left palm—'of course. It's old Brading she'll have gone to see;' and in answer to Una's raised brows and look of mystification

—'my orderly all through the Crimean muddle, and as fine a fellow as ever stepped. You've heard me speak of him. He's been ailing—failing, in fact—for some time past, and Nell's been feeling a bit anxious about him. He has never wanted, anyhow; which is pleasant to remember'——

And just then the door opened and Ellen Challis came quickly in, all aglow with the crisp air of the streets.

There was a look of Geoff about her, but femininely toned and softened and sweetened, and her face was English roses instead of sun-cracked African khaki. But there was the same high look of unwavering truth in the frank brown eyes, and the same quiet appreciation of the humours of life dwelt about the corners of her mouth, only they resolved themselves into dimples instead of creases. Her dress looked almost severely plain alongside Miss Devon's; but it fitted her with military precision and suited her exactly. Her voice, too, as she greeted Una with a kiss, was exactly expressive of her nature—round, mellow, deliberate, quietly strong.

'How are you, dear? I know you've been waiting by the look of reproachful resignation with which Baskett touched up his horses for another walk as soon as he saw me. Has the General given you your tea all right?'

'I've given him his,' said Una. 'It has taxed me somewhat to keep up with his demands for sugar. But I think I've succeeded fairly well. I don't know what his doctor will say.'

'He is restricted to one single lump of ordinary size,' said Nell severely.

'I think he had four in the last cup;' and the General laughed like a seventy-year-old schoolboy caught in the act.

'Was it Brading you were visiting, my dear? And how is he?' he gurgled by way of diversion.

'He is very low. I'm afraid he won't last long, uncle. He sent you his respects, and said he would like to see you again soon. I think I'd go round to-night, if I were you.'

'I'll go round now,' said the General, jumping up. 'He's a good fellow is Brading, one of the best I ever met. I've just got two letters to write, and then I'll run over there. If I don't see you again, my dear;' and he took temporary leave of Una.

'If you should get any news of Geoff,' he said, putting his head inside the door again, 'you might send us word. Things may be happening any day now, you know;' and he went away to his den.

'Well, dear, what news have you?' asked Una as Nell settled comfortably to her tea. 'What is the latest about Exmoor?'

Ellen shook her head. 'Poor fellow! It is terribly sad. He has given up all hopes of himself, and when a man loses hope he has not much left to fall back on.'

'And what do the doctors say?'

'They say he may linger on for a time, but I fear there really is no hope for him. It is very sad.'

'The situation has its compensations, however—for you and Charles Doone, I mean,' said Una in a matter-of-fact way. 'A coronet is never to be despised, my dear, even if you don't hanker for it. And I'm bound to say I think Lord Charles will grace it better than his brother ever did or would have done. He will give up the navy, I suppose?'

Ellen's smooth brow had pinched momentarily at her speech.

'It may become necessary, and we are both very sorry for it. He is so completely happy in his work. But it would be impossible for him to fill both positions properly, you see, and the undesirable one cannot be laid aside.'

'As a philanthropic countess you will have an immense vogue, Nell, and no one could possibly fill it better.'

'We would both have preferred the quieter parts, and I think we should have been happier in them. Charlie hates fripperies as much as I do.'

'You'll get used to them, my dear; so used to them that you'd come to miss them horribly if they vanished.'

'Yes, I suppose one can get used to anything if one has to.'

Then the door opened suddenly, and the footman announced, 'Mr Devon;' and the Hon. Ainslie came quickly in with a face that was even more sober than had become habitual with him of late.

He lifted his eyes at sight of the two girls. His mind had been too much occupied to notice his own carriage strolling down the street as he sprang out of his hansom.

'You here, Una!' to his daughter; and to Ellen, 'How are you, my dear Miss Challis? It was the General I wanted to see. The man told me he was here.'

He was evidently disturbed about something. The minds of both girls jumped instantly to battles and sudden deaths in the Soudan.

'He left us a minute or two ago to write a letter, Mr Devon. I will send him word that you are here.'

'I think I'll go to him, my dear. He'll be in his own room, I suppose. Don't ring. I know my way;' and he turned, obviously anxious to escape.

'You have got some news, father. What is it?' asked Una.

'In a minute or two, my dear. I must see the General first;' and he hurried out, and the girls sat looking at one another with a scared glint in their eyes. For news that came in this fashion could hardly be good news.

They tried to resume conversation on commonplace lines; but it was no good, and they sat nervously waiting developments.

Mr Devon hurried along the passage till he came to the door of the General's den, and halted at it as if afraid to enter. Then he tapped gently, and opened the door.

'Hello, Devon! This *is* a treat. Taking a holiday from red-tape? Good heavens, man, what's wrong? Geoff killed?'

'Geoff is all right, Carrick. Sit down and I'll tell you. Yes, thanks! I'll take some too,' as the General, scenting trouble, reached his hand to the spirit-stand as a precautionary measure and first line of defence. One feels sudden shocks at seventy as one does not at thirty-five.

'Now, my boy, fire away! The old man can stand it if the boy's alive. What is it?' as Devon still hesitated, loath to be the bearer of news which would hit his old friend harder, perhaps, even than the news of the boy's death would have done.

'Prince George is dead.'

'Good Lord! That's a bad beginning. The last of the direct line, too.'

'And—and—it's some ghastly mistake, of course—but they seem to be trying to hold Geoff responsible for it.'

'Geoff responsible? How on earth?'—and the old warrior glared at him as if he had been struck in the face.

'Here is a copy of the telegram. It will be all about presently, but I wanted to prepare you. I'm convinced there is some stupid blunder somewhere. Geoff is above suspicion, of course. Here it is;' and he spread it out on the table.

'Read it,' said the General, fumbling mistily for his glasses. 'I can't see.'

'It's from Burleson, advance headquarters camp, beyond Temsat Wells.—"With grievous regret report death Prince George Eisenach, out hunting with Lieutenant Challis and escort. Party surprised by Arabs. Prince and two privates killed. Official inquiry demanded by Lieutenant Challis, under arrest pending same."'

General Carrick helped himself to some more whisky, and held up the bottle and poured it out very slowly to show that his nerves were under control again.

'That is, of course, the usual and necessary course,' he said quietly. 'Infernally unpleasant for all concerned, but essential and according to regulation.'

'Of course, of course,' said Devon quickly. 'That's what I say. It sounds nasty, but it doesn't mean much.'

'It doesn't mean much unless they are trying to make Geoff scapegoat for some bigger man's blunder,' said the General thoughtfully; 'and that's what they generally do try to do, Devon, and you know it as well as I. I shall look to you to see that the boy has justice—full justice. I ask no more, but that he must and shall have.'

'Of course. We will see to that. Geoff's courage is beyond question.'

'I've never quite understood on what terms the Prince was out there,' said the General, slowly following out his own train of thought. 'Was he officially attached? What rank had he?'

'He held the rank of captain, of course, as he did at home, and he was attached unofficially to Burleson's staff. He went out as the result of much insistence on his own part, to see what he could, and Burleson had strict orders to keep him out of mischief. He was a hot-headed young fellow, and I feared it would be no easy job.'

'Then, of course,' said the General, still thinking out his own thoughts, 'he would be in command of the party.'

'Yes,' nodded Devon, arriving at the same point, and then going a step further, 'unless, of course, he was directly placed in Geoff's care. But it is no good speculating on it, old friend. We shall hear shortly what the official inquiry makes of it. We are probably tormenting ourselves quite uselessly. But I did not want you to hear it first in the papers.'

'I am obliged to you, Devon. It was kind of you. By the way, your girl was here a few minutes ago. Did you see her?'

'Your man said you were in the drawing-room, and showed me in there. But I got out as quickly as I could.'

'Then they'll be worrying to death over the sight of your face. I think we'd better tell them what's happened, and explain just what it means. Perhaps in letting this go out to the press'—as he handed him back the telegram—'you could add an official word or two to the effect that—in fact, just what we have been discussing.'

'I have already done so. Geoff is a good deal to me, you must remember, as well as to yourself.'

'Ay, ay! Quite so! Well, let us go and break it to the girls.'

The girls looked up at them out of a nervous silence as they came in. Fearing they knew not what, they had hardly spoken a word since Mr Devon left them. The winter roses had left Ellen's cheeks, and Una's face was paler even than usual, and looked a trifle hard in its strenuous setting for ill news.

'I trust you will pardon my running away so hastily just now, my dear Miss Challis. I wanted to see the General at once,' said Mr Devon.

'Bad news, Mr Devon?' asked Ellen quietly.

'Well, it might have struck you very unpleasantly if you had met it unexpectedly in the papers. That is why I ran over with it first so that you might understand. Prince George of Saxe-Hohenburg-Eisenach has unfortunately been killed out there. And the worst of it is—as far as we are concerned—that he had Geoff and an escort with him. Some of the escort were killed also. Geoff and the rest escaped.'

The four anxious eyes fixed on his showed no signs of understanding.

'And so,' broke in the General, 'in accordance with custom, there has to be an official inquiry, and meanwhile they've put Geoff and the escort under arrest.'

'Under arrest?' gasped both girls at once. 'Oh!'

'It sounds nasty,' continued the General hastily, 'but it is a purely formal matter, just to determine

responsibility and all that kind of thing. I've been under arrest dozens of times'—which was somewhat of an exaggeration, though well-intentioned—'and was never a bit the worse for it. So, if you hear it referred to, as you will, you can just keep quiet faces and not feel in any way upset about the matter. —You'll hear the result of the inquiry in a day or two?' to Mr Devon.

'Undoubtedly. I will let you know at once. To-morrow or next day, I should think. It ought not to take very long.—Now, my dear,' to Una, 'if you are going home you can take me with you.—Don't worry about the matter, my dear Miss Challis. You'll see it will come out all right.'

Ellen kissed Una's pale, downcast face, and the General shook her cold hand in a paternally comforting fashion; but she said no word, and quietly followed her father.

The drawing-room door opened in their faces and Charles Doone came swinging in, in his usual breezy way, as though the whole earth belonged to him and none could say him nay.

There was a shadow on his bright face, but he cast it behind him at sight of them all.

'Ah, Mr Devon,' with a quick, inquiring look at that gentleman, 'and Miss Una?' as he shook hands with her.—'General, you grow younger every day. I vow you do. I must worm the secret out of you.' —And to Ellen, 'Well, Nell, how did you find the old fellow?'

But his wide-awake eyes caught in their faces the shadow that had been on his own a moment before, and he looked inquiringly round.

'We've just been hearing of this affair of Geoff's, Charlie,' said the General stoutly. 'What do you make of it?'

'Oh, just the usual *post-mortem* business. It's all a form, you know. They sat on me just the same when the *Rattlesnake* went on the Manacles, though it was her engines that broke down and the gale that blew her ashore. It didn't hurt in the least, though I'm bound to say I felt a bit Old Baileyish till they turned me out without a stain on my character and only one shirt to my back. Geoff'll come out all right. I'm sorry it was Eisenach. He was a nice boy, and deserved better luck.'

'Just what we've been saying,' said the General cheerily. 'These girls, I believe, think Geoff is on the high-road to the gallows because he's under nominal arrest.'

'There's only one thing, Mr Devon,' said Doone earnestly. 'Eisenach is a big figure to be wiped out like this. There may be some hard talk, and we all know what army-men are. You're a civilian yourself, so I may speak plainly. They're as touchy as the—as Lucifer, and I never knew any army-man yet who would accept responsibility for disaster if he could find any other shoulders to chuck it on to.'

'Right!' said the General, with a chuckle.

'Now, Geoff, if I know anything of him, will not open his lips in his own defence. If they try to shovel all the blame on to him, he'll just bow and stiffen the corners of his lips and never say a word. He ought by rights to have been in the navy. We breed men there, and we give every man fair-play.'

'I am alive to the possibility, Lord Charles,' said Mr Devon, with a touch of frost. 'We're not quite as bad as you make us out.'

'Oh yes, you are,' from the delighted General.

'But,' continued Mr Devon, addressing Doone and turning his back on the General, 'you are naturally prejudiced in favour of your own arm; which is quite right.—Now, Una dear, we really must get on;' and he turned to go, and Una followed silently.

'See that he gets fair-play, that's all,' Doone called after him.

It was perhaps inevitable that, as the carriage rolled softly homewards, Una Devon should contrast her own position with that of Ellen Challis.

In spite of the comforting words of the men, she felt as if she had received a blow and a smirch. Geoffrey Challis under arrest! Was it so common a thing as they had tried to make her believe? Would he come out of it spotless? Or would the remembrance of it cling to his name for ever?

She was shrewd enough to see that what might have been a small matter under ordinary circumstances became a great one under such circumstances as these. The death of Prince George would make a great sensation. She shrank instinctively from any connection with it. It would be hideous. She would be condoled with to her face—and she hated that. And talked about in accents of pity—which would cover several other feelings—behind her back; and she hated that still more. She sat perfectly still and her face was perfectly unmoved, but inwardly she writhed at thought of it all.

She liked Geoff very well, well enough to have consented to marry him in preference to others of higher rank in life; though as regards money, prospectively at all events, he compared favourably with most. She had had perfect confidence in him. She had always felt that, whatever happened, Geoff would be a tower of strength. And Geoff was under arrest! She did not quite understand what for. She did not suppose he had had any hand in killing this unlucky boy. But it must mean that he was considered to blame in some way or other. Suppose, as the result of the official inquiry, the blame remained? His name would carry a stain for life.

And Ellen Challis would be Countess of Exmoor. It would make no difference to her and Doone, for Lord Charles worshipped the very ground she trod on. She and Ellen, though always good friends, had always had their little rivalries since the days when they matched dolls and toy perambulators in Kensington Gardens. Indeed, I am not at all sure that this fact had not helped to turn the scale in Geoff's favour against his many rivals. For Ellen held Geoff as the man of men, at all events until Charlie Doone came along and entered into his kingdom. And the thought that she was taking that which Ellen held so highly may have had its

weight in Una's consideration of her suitors. It gave her points in the game.

It was a silent ride. Mr Devon was busy with his own thoughts also. He knew there were grains of truth in the one-sided utterances of Lord Charles and the General, and the fact of Lieutenant Challis being his prospective son-in-law complicated matters somewhat for him.

He was a just man, and he wanted fair-play for its own sake as well as for his friends' sakes. But he saw that any active interposition on his part would be liable to misinterpretation. There would be the usual popular clamour for the fixing of responsibility and the allotment of punishment, the usual shifting of burdens, very likely the usual scapegoat sacrifice.

He wished with all his heart that he had stood firm, even against the influences that had been brought to bear upon him, and had never permitted the high-well-born one to go out to play at war. Folks who want to play with edged tools, he said to himself irascibly, ought to be prepared for all contingencies.

Una went up at once to her own room and stopped there. Mr Devon gave Lady Eugénie the news somewhat curtly, for it was already an addition to the burdens that were full heavy before; and his manner of conveying it left, perhaps, a somewhat worse impression on her ladyship's mind than there was as yet any necessity for. The result was that she immediately decided that the sooner matters came to an end between Una and Geoffrey Challis the better. Now, when Lady Eugénie made up her mind she was as difficult as a commissariat mule, and the remarkable persistence she could exhibit in case of need generally got her her own way.

She had always liked Geoffrey. She was very sorry for this trouble that had come upon him. But her first consideration was naturally for her daughter's future, and she had always thought that Una might have done better if she had so chosen.

THE MONKS OF OLD MELROSE.

By J. J. VERNON.

IN nothing perhaps is the power and genius of Sir Walter Scott better exhibited than in the influence his writings have exercised in inducing thousands of people from all parts to visit the scenes associated with many of his novels and poems. The glamour of romance which Scott has thrown around Melrose, for instance, has contributed in a greater measure towards making the Melrose of to-day a tourist resort than the scenic attractions—beautiful as they are—of the locality. The same may be said to apply to the scenes of *Rob Roy* and *The Lady of the Lake*.

We have often been amused at visitors of a sentimental turn of mind going into raptures over the lines descriptive of Melrose Abbey, and even prepared to spend a night at Melrose on the chance of viewing 'St David's ruined pile' 'by the pale moonlight;' but question them as to the constitution of the order of the monks who abode in this abbey, or the discipline to which they were compelled to submit, and the result will be that you will not elicit a satisfactory answer from more than one person in a hundred. On the contrary, the likelihood is that they will wax eloquent about the idolatrous worship of our forefathers, and talk glibly of the appalling ignorance and wickedness of the clergy. Failing this, they are sure to sneer at the monks of old as given up to extravagant living in the satisfying of the appetite for food and drink, unaware of the fact that neither in amount nor in variety of food did the monks of Melrose fare so well as the inmates of the average workhouse of the present day. Although not depicted by the poet or the novelist's art, there are other places on the Borders of natural beauty surpassing scenes even such as these, and having much more true historic interest and associations to those who will but take the trouble to read and think than even the abbeys of Melrose and Dryburgh. One of these is Old Melrose, distant only two miles from the comparatively modern and better-known Melrose.

For many ages after the departure of the Roman legions, the valley of the Tweed was a vast waste of moor, marsh, rock, and forest. The extensive woods gave shelter to the wild boar and also to formidable packs of wolves. Beaver were abundant on the banks of the Tweed and its tributaries, and its waters teemed with salmon. Countless wildfowl covered the surface of the innumerable mosses and lochs, while herds of red-deer, roebuck, wild horses, and still wilder cattle found sustenance in the more inaccessible pasture-lands. The Angles had successfully conquered the truculent tribes inhabiting all the country from the Forth to the Humber; but conquerors and conquered alike were ignorant, rude, and barbarous in the days when Oswald ruled over Northumbria. Consequent upon the disorder and misery prevailing in this district, Oswald, while a youth, had to take refuge in Scotland, where he was influenced by the monks of Iona and embraced Christianity. Returning in 635 to Northumbria, he prevailed upon several of the brethren of the monastery founded by St Columba to come and assist him in an endeavour to convert and civilise his people. The proposal having been readily agreed to, a band of monks headed by Aidan proceeded to Bamborough, and, after having surveyed the district, selected as a suitable place to found a counterpart of Iona the island of Lindisfarne. It is now known as Holy Island, and was

as uninviting a place as could be imagined. It was a small, sandy, sterile island, bleak and exposed to the storms of ocean and land, in many respects resembling Iona, the parent monastery. Here Aidan, having first erected a church and suitable monastic buildings, laboured for several years with varying success. Through the influence of Oswald an episcopal see was established, and Aidan was invested with the united offices of bishop and abbot. In one point the new foundation at Lindisfarne differed from the parent house at Iona. At the Northumbrian monastery the bishop was the head and took the place of the abbot, and did not occupy the subordinate position held by the bishops at Iona and its dependencies. One of the bishop's chief cares was the upbringing and education of the Angle youths. Selecting twelve of these with a view to forming a native church, he made them his own peculiar charge until they were fully instructed and proficient in religious knowledge. These were afterwards his fellow-labourers in converting their countrymen.

In course of time churches were erected and societies of priests and monks were settled in different parts of the country to exercise their sacred functions in instructing the people and celebrating worship. King Oswald, eagerly desirous that his people should be taught the advantages of peace, was prepared to give grants of land and otherwise to assist the monks in providing the necessary buildings. We can imagine Bishop Aidan, with his Anglian pupils, setting forth from Lindisfarne, and, following the course of the Tweed, in due time arriving at Old Melrose, and selecting it as a suitable site on which to establish the proposed monastery. Its name (*mull*, bare; *rhos*, a promontory) fairly accurately describes it. Here the Tweed, taking a remarkably winding sweep, almost surrounds the place selected, which consisted of a piece of ground of considerable altitude, a little over half a mile in length by a quarter of a mile in breadth, and containing about sixty acres. Its position afforded a capital defence both against man and wild beast. The surrounding country, being as yet undrained, maintained the river at a good depth and breadth. The opposite banks were high, abrupt, rocky, fringed to the water's edge with tangled shrubbery and overhung with woods. The agreeableness of the place, no less than its retired situation, must have recommended it strongly to Aidan and his companions. From the river-side the ground chosen gradually rises to a considerable eminence, which is surmounted by a knoll known as *Tom Naombh*, or the Holy Knowe, and still called 'the chapel knoll,' on which was erected the first church. At the base of the chapel knoll lay the *Dal Naombh*, or the Holy Field. These place-names are interesting, revealing the purposes to which the old Celtic missionaries assigned the lands. The population inhabiting the surrounding district, whatever were the numbers, was hardly within reach of any influence of civilisation; but their very depth of paganism and ignorance only stimulated the desire of these good men to benefit them. It was just the situation they desired, and they had no difficulty in procuring a grant of the land from Oswald. The monks, satisfied as to the quality of the soil, knew that with some labour it would form fruitful fields and orchards. They also knew that from the river they could obtain abundance of fish.

Such was the place in the valley of the Tweed, solitary, inaccessible, and uncultivated, to which Bishop Aidan, accompanied by Eata, Boisil, and other monks, found their way at the end of winter. Provision for the immediate shelter of the infant convent was soon made. Having erected huts for themselves under the spreading branches of the trees, they proceeded next to construct a temporary chapel, the lower floor of which the monks used as a dormitory, while the upper story was set apart for the daily services. Near at hand they built another house, '*ex vili cemate*,' of mere mud-walls, for they recognised the duty of hospitality as second only to that of divine service. They also provided common room, kitchen, brewhouse, bakehouse, &c. A fish-pond was also essential, because when the river was in flood it was not always possible to catch fish. The traces of the pond are still visible near the point of the promontory. Another object of interest is the spring or holy well, known in later days as St Mary's Well, situated on the river-bank near the Holy Wiel Pool, a well-known fishing-pool on the Tweed. A few hundred yards below the Holy Well is 'Monks' Ford,' whereby the monks effected a considerable saving in the distance when going to or from Dryburgh and the south. Several hundred yards to the north of the conventual buildings a vallum or fence was constructed, stretching right across the peninsula. The main entrance to the monastery was situated about the centre of the fence; what was the Porter's Lodge was known latterly by the name of the Red House. Wordsworth probably had in mind a scene similar to this when he wrote:

> Be this the chosen site. The virgin sod,
> Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
> Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive
> The corner-stone from hands that build to God.

Before leaving to return to Lindisfarne, Aidan selected the site of the permanent abbey building. He also appointed Eata, one of the Angle youths trained by him, first abbot of Melrose; and Boisil, better known by the name of St Boswell, who is reputed to have excelled his brethren in sanctity and spiritual gifts, was elected to the office of prior. The sincerity of these early missionaries was unquestionable. No hardships daunted them. Here, then, in the early spring, this ardent band of missionaries was left to its own resources. They had to work hard with their own hands to render their settlements habitable and to procure their daily sustenance—a matter of great difficulty, doubtless, on many occasions. During all this time, too, they

taught and preached the faith and good works, putting the same into daily practice not only in the monastery but also in the surrounding district. To the best of their ability they ministered to the relief of the impotent and to the necessity of the poor and needy; and gradually their semi-savage neighbours realised that in the God of these Christians was to be found the true source of all this goodness and charity; for such can only flow from but one source, the love of God and the love of man in Him.

From the works of Bede, Adamnan, and others we learn that the clothing of the Columban monks consisted of an upper garment with a hood, made of coarse woollen stuff of the natural colour, and an under-tunic of finer texture, and that they wore shoes of hide. Their food was chiefly bread, milk, eggs, and fish, and occasionally flesh. The time of the monks was spent in attending their daily religious services, the cultivation of their lands and other manual labour, reading, contemplation, and prayers.

An interesting picture of the life of a monastery in the days of its pristine purity is given by Lanfranc in his Life of Anselm, written more than eight hundred years ago: 'You might see the abbot, when the office was done in the church, carrying the seed-corn on his shoulders and a rake and mattock in his hand, going forth to the field. The monks were busy with labour all day; they cleaned the land from thorns and brambles; others brought dung on their shoulders. They hoed, they sowed, no one ate his bread in idleness, and at each hour of prayer—seven times in the day—they assembled for services in the church.' Bishop Aidan, after a life exhibiting great energy, zeal, and tact, died in 651; but the life of the community which he had founded upon such a well-assured basis at Old Melrose went on as before under his successors Eata, Boisil, and St Cuthbert. Other men, fired by his example, penetrated into the wildest regions, proclaiming the Gospel tidings, and returning to the monastery as their common home for shelter and support. In this way, as these spread all over the district, the inhabitants were converted, whole families being baptised at once and recognised as Christians.

Want of space precludes any detailed account of the fortunes and misfortunes of the monks of Old Melrose, or of the more eminent men whose lives spent in the service of God and man hallowed this spot; suffice it that Nennius testifies to the monastery having been both great and renowned. Evil days came in which, the place having been burned by enemies, the monks had to seek temporary shelter elsewhere. The Danes, gaining a position in Northumbria, began to plunder the religious houses without mercy; Ripon, York, Whitby, Lindisfarne, and Old Melrose being among the first to be pillaged. The state of the country became terrible. All public ministrations of religion ceased, and Christianity itself only preserved a precarious and feeble existence. In 1073 it is on record that Old Melrose was a desolate and ruined place, inhabited by only a few monks, who two years later quitted it and took up their abode at Monkwearmouth.

Although forsaken by the monks, it long bore a great reputation, and its ruined church was the frequent resort of fervent pilgrims. Fifty years later it was a dependency of the Priory of Coldingham; and when King David founded the new monastery of Melrose in 1136, he gave the monks of Coldingham the church of Berwick in exchange for that of Old Melrose. The latter he added to the other endowments which he lavished upon the new monastery of Melrose. The last we hear of Old Melrose is its total destruction by the English in the reign of Robert I. For many centuries it was a favourite place of devout pilgrimage, and no one acquainted with its history can stroll about the well-kept grounds unmoved by the recollection of the associations connected with this hallowed spot. Within its precincts momentous events, though unrecorded, have taken place, which left an ineffaceable impress upon the character and actions of our ancestors. Many generations met here to worship the God of their fathers, and they and their fashion of faith, though long passed away, possess an enduring interest. Here,

> All things glow with life and thought
> Where'er our faithful fathers trod.
> The very place with speech is fraught,
> The air is eloquent of God.

To us it must ever be hallowed ground, for within its confines its garth is filled with the precious dust of those who spent their lives in proclaiming Christ to a barbarous people. It is in very truth consecrated, holy ground.

THE BLACK SPIDER.

CHAPTER III.—THE 'SUNDOWNER.'

'N the road, mate?'

The speaker was an ill-clad, unkempt scarecrow of a man, some forty years of age, unshaven, unwashed, with a furtive, hang-dog cast of countenance. Over his shoulder he carried a stick and small bundle, which he maintained in its position with his left hand; the other was thrust into a pocket of his ragged trousers.

'Ay!' was the gruff reply. 'How far to Garralunga?'

''Bout two miles; maybe not quite so much.'

'Glad to hear it. I've padded the hoof to-day till I'm fairly worn out. Can you direct me to a decent doss crib?'

'I slept last night at a house the far end of Garralunga main street. It's the last but one, standing in a garden, with fields at the back. There's a stable where they put you up, and you can make yourself snug with plenty of hay. The grub isn't bad, either. You might do worse. I chalked the broad-arrow on the wall leading to it; you can't miss it.'

'Thanks, mate, and good-day to you.'

The two society pariahs separated and went on their respective ways, the second speaker proceeding in a leisurely saunter towards Garralunga. Though he was a 'sundowner,' there was something in his tone of speech and natural ease of manner which gave the impression that he had been in a very different grade of society to that in which he now moved. A close observer would at once have pronounced him to be a social derelict—one of the many thousands who sink lower and lower in the scale till they end at last in hopeless vagrancy or the workhouse.

He passed through the township, noting its characteristics with the close observation of the man who is always on the lookout for anything which he may turn to his personal advantage. In time he came to the wall marked with the broad-arrow, and stopped for a moment to reconnoitre.

The small house was of the bungalow type, all the rooms being on the ground-floor. A veranda running round it shaded the inmates from the fierce glare of the Australian sun in summer, when the thermometer not infrequently reached ninety-eight or one hundred degrees in the shade. A large garden lay at the rear of the house, and a 'black-fellow' was digging up a patch of ground in it.

The outcast of society noted all this with a swift, comprehensive glance, then walked up the path and knocked at the door. Frederick Lane opened it, pen in hand. He had risen from the table to answer the knock, and was rather amazed by it, for he was in the middle of a letter which engrossed all his thoughts, and he was the only person in the house at that moment.

'Beg your pardon! But could you give a poor man a shake-down for the night and a mouthful of grub? I've walked thirty miles this blessed day, and haven't one copper to rap against another. I'm fairly done, and nearly starved as well.'

'There's a stable at the back where you can sleep; but mind you don't smoke there, or you'll most likely burn the place down; too much hay about for that sort of thing. I'll send you some bread and cheese and beer presently.'

Instead of replying with the usual curt thanks, and taking himself off to his allotted resting-place, the 'sundowner' remained where he was, staring fixedly at his benefactor. Then he uttered a long whistle of surprise, and broke into a laugh.

'Why, it's you, Lane! I was puzzled at first, but it's all right now. What on earth brings you out here; and so soon, too?'

'What do you mean?' the young man answered, with something of mingled anxiety and indignation in his tone. 'I don't know you, nor what on earth you mean by my coming out so soon. Who are you, anyhow?'

'I suppose it's the beard and whiskers and the moustache, not to mention the absence of a Portbury suit cut according to the latest jail-fashion. These things change a man a bit; but you'll remember Dick Stunden fast enough when I remind you how we worked in the same gang at those cursed Portbury quarries. Aren't you glad to see an old companion in misfortune? Let me in, Fred, and give me a drink. My mouth's baked as dry as a cinder. Then we'll have a smoke and a talk over old times.'

Frederick Lane's countenance clouded over. This was a rencontre as unpleasant as unexpected. He could not deny that the broken-down vagrant who stood before him, persistent, swaggering, compelling, had toiled in the same convict-gang at the hateful Portbury quarries, dressed in the same degrading uniform, living on the same coarse rations, and even under the very same warder's charge. But all this would hardly, in itself, have constituted a claim to which he must yield if it had not been for another unhappy fact which lay behind the rest. Some years before, Frederick Lane and Richard Stunden had been bosom companions up to a certain time, engaged in different work in the City during the day, but spending their evenings together—frequently in each other's rooms, sometimes in the pit of the theatre, boating up the Thames on Saturday afternoon, or witnessing the finish of a great cricket-match at Lord's.

Then came the crash, when Stunden's never-failing supply of money was discovered to be the result of long and cleverly concealed embezzlement, managed with a cunning which showed him to be a master of craftiness. Five years in Portbury forced upon him the stern lesson that honesty is the best policy after all. But, as ill-fortune would have it, only three months before Stunden's time was completed Lane was sent to Portbury also, on the charge which was afterwards proved to be utterly false.

One hour on Sunday afternoons, during exercise in the great yard of the prison, was the only time in the week when those convicts whose record was good were allowed to talk. During these conversations Lane always stoutly affirmed his innocence, which Stunden as resolutely refused to believe. 'Bless you! none of us ever did anything on the *cross*,' he would remark, with a grin and a wink. 'We're just poor innocent lambs in here, and it's downright persecution—that's the size of it—to shut us up here in this way.'

Stunden's five years terminated within three months of Lane's arrival in the prison, and therefore he knew nothing of the release on free pardon which his friend received. After leaving the jail he contrived to get somehow to Australia (how such men do it is a mystery, but there are many similar cases). Consequently, his surprise was great when

he recognised his brother-prisoner in the man who stood before him now.

'Well, you may come in for a while,' the young bank-clerk said, after some consideration. 'If I can help a man who was once my friend to work his way up again I'll do so. This way,' and he led the other man into his own room.

'Was once your friend,' repeated the 'sundowner' in a sarcastic tone as he carelessly threw himself into the one easy-chair which the apartment contained—'was once your friend! And why not still, Fred? What have I done which you haven't, pray? We've both been in trouble—to phrase it genteelly—both had a little difference of opinion with the law as to the extent of liberty of actions, and we both got the worst of that little unpleasantness. I don't see where your highly moral platform is, from which you can afford to look down on me. Stow all that rot, old man, and be chummy, as you used to be. I can't stand humbug. I like sincerity.'

Lane had been engaged in opening a bottle of soda-water, but he stopped for a moment now and looked steadily at his companion. There is a strange instinct in us all, something akin perhaps to that which we see in the animals, which hints at approaching danger even though the nature of the peril is not clearly perceived; and the moment Lane set eyes on the 'sundowner'—even as he opened the door to his knock—he was conscious of some trouble, some danger vaguely looming near. And the very attitude of Stunden, as he lolled ostentatiously in the easy-chair, his careless, self-possessed words and tone of voice, now thoroughly confirmed this feeling. The wanderer's whole demeanour was plainly that of a man who has suddenly and unexpectedly found a welcome haven of refuge from which he is resolved not to be easily displaced, and Lane accepted the challenge without a moment's hesitation.

'I told you again and again,' he said firmly, 'when we were in Portbury together, that I was innocent of the crime for which I had been sent there. You seem to have forgotten that.'

'Not a bit of it, old man. Of course, of course; very natural and proper. And you seem to have forgotten what I told you, that we were all in the same boat: all victims of society's stupid blunderings and prejudices.'

'You can spare your sarcasm and cheap wit,' replied Lane, with some contempt in his tone. 'I received a free pardon from the Queen. Perhaps you won't be so sceptical now.'

Stunden's face clouded. This was an unexpected check to his secret scheme. Utterly unscrupulous, sunk below all ordinary level of manhood and self-respect, he had believed he saw a good chance here for blackmailing. In those days transportation had only just been abolished at the earnest demands of Australia herself. There were hundreds of convicts in the colony: men out on liberty to a limited extent, earning their living in various ways, or, as in the case of this 'sundowner,' leading a miserable, useless life of vagrancy and shiftless, hand-to-mouth existence; and for a bank-clerk to be suddenly exposed as a former prisoner, a recent inmate of Portbury, would have meant instant dismissal from his comfortable situation and a hopeless prospect of obtaining anything similar. To avert this, Stunden had hoped that his old friend, upon whom he had come so unexpectedly, would gladly 'come down handsome,' and not with a mere sum of money paid once and for all, but with a regular—if modest—allowance which would be extremely acceptable; and now all this bright vision seemed fading away in the revelation of a free pardon, which of course proved entire innocence.

'Well, you were in luck to get that, I must admit,' Stunden said, after realising the new situation. 'Handy little documents those free pardons, but rather too scarce. By-the-bye, will you let me see it? I've never set eyes on Her Most Gracious Majesty's royal signature, and I should greatly like to inspect the handwriting of a queen. Let's have a look at Victoria's penmanship.'

Lane hesitated. He could not comply with this awkward request, and did not like being compelled to say so; but he had no anticipation of the rapidity with which Stunden would seize and turn the admission to his own purposes.

'I had an unlucky accident. I landed at Adelaide, where passengers are put ashore in a steam-launch. It takes forty minutes to come from the liner, which lies out in the roadstead, to the quay at Port Adelaide. The sea was very rough. I put a small portmanteau containing a few valuables and some papers on the seat running along the side of the launch, which was pitching badly. About half-way to shore, one big wave broke over her; half-a-dozen of us were drenched to the skin, and, what was far worse, several light articles of baggage were swept overboard like corks, my portmanteau amongst them.'

'Which contained the mythical "free pardon,"' remarked Stunden in an ominously quiet voice, but his eyes gleamed with deep satisfaction as he spoke.

'Not mythical,' retorted Lane angrily; 'the document was there, and I could easily get proof of it if I wrote to England.'

'Eight weeks for the letter to go out; some delay in ascertaining the facts; eight weeks more for the reply to reach you—say twenty weeks at the shortest—five months in all. Meantime, a word to the manager of your bank, gently hinting that he was employing a ticket-of-leave convict, would ensure your instant dismissal, I am afraid.'

'And who is going to say that word, and why?'

'In this rough world you can't blame a man for looking after his own interests. I think your situation is worth twenty pounds at least, and that you have the common-sense to recognise that fact.'

'Do you really mean that you are stooping so low as to blackmail me?'

'That is an ugly word, my dear fellow. Let us put it this way: I do you a great service in keeping your little secret, and your gratitude takes the form

of a present of twenty pounds to me. You couldn't prove your innocence under five months' time; the prejudice against employing an ex-convict in the colony is very strong, and the story would spread all over the town. I don't want to be hard upon you; but I think you must see that I hold the ace of trumps in this game, the best card in the pack.'

'You shall have my answer to-morrow,' said Lane slowly. 'Meantime you will oblige me by retiring to your bedroom—the stable—the only fitting place for such a cur as you.'

Stunden grinned.

'If it pleases you to blow off steam, do so by all means,' he said; 'hard words break no bones, and I can make allowance for your feelings. But unless that twenty pounds is forthcoming after breakfast to-morrow morning I shall raise my terms. Good-night: sweet sleep and pleasant dreams to you.'

CHAPTER IV.—NEMESIS.

LEFT to himself, Lane reflected deeply on the serious and wholly unexpected difficulty in which he now found himself. It was quite true, as Stunden had cleverly pointed out, that the revelation of his having been a convict would infallibly bring about his instant dismissal. His own protestations of innocence would be absolutely useless, and every door of employment would be shut against him in the town. Worst of all, a new Paradise which had just opened its gate to him would be closed by the flaming sword of jealous conventionalism. For Lane had recently won the love of a sweet, gentle girl, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and was her accepted lover. He pictured to himself with what scorn and wrath Agatha Romney's father would tell him to begone when Stunden's bomb-shell had exploded, and the thought was intolerable.

To add to all these difficulties, he knew he had only three or four pounds in the world at present, and could no more lay his hands on twenty the next morning than twenty hundred. The situation seemed hopeless.

The entrance of the 'black-fellow' with a tray interrupted his painful musings. Joey was a native Australian, an aborigine, and was a sort of general factotum to the household. He was greatly attached to Lane, who had saved him from some cruel treatment at the hands of a big white bully, in the fight with whom Lane's skill in boxing had brought him off an easy victor, and made Joey his grateful slave for life.

His quick, watchful eyes saw in a moment by his master's silence and dejected attitude that something was wrong.

'Massa Fred, you sick?'

'No, Joey; but I am worried.'

'What worried?'

'That man who is sleeping in the stable is a bad man, and wants to do me harm.'

'Ah-h-h! mine see; plenty bad that white fellow. Massa Fred, why you no' kill him?'

'No, Joey, that would not do. He wants to harm me very much, but I must not go so far as to kill him.'

'Dat stupid. When Joey have enemy, Joey kill him. Trouble done finish.'

'It won't do, Joey. He knows something about me which I do not want to be told to other people; and unless I give him a great deal of money to hold his tongue he will do me a great deal of harm; but I cannot kill him because of that. Look here, Joey, you are a good fellow, and I will tell you what my trouble is, but you must promise not to speak of it to any one unless I say you may.'

The black-fellow laid his hand upon his lips and said gravely, 'Joey go bong first,' meaning that he would die before he betrayed his master.

And then Frederick Lane unfolded his whole story to the faithful, deeply attached aborigine. He was surprised as he told it to find what a relief it was—as is always the result in such cases—to be able to speak to some one about his secret trouble. To no white man dared he have opened his lips; but he knew he could trust his devoted attendant, though he had no hope of help from him. It was rather difficult to explain the incident of the forgery committed by another person, for Joey had no knowledge of paper currency, and only understood hard cash. But by using figures of speech, Lane contrived to make his innocence perfectly clear to the black-fellow.

Joey listened with the closest attention; he had already determined to deliver his master in the only way he saw possible; but the acute brain of the savage perceived that for the present, at least, he must dissemble. So he merely shook his head despondingly, and said, 'Plenty bad, plenty bad. Joey see no light.'

'Nor I neither, Joey. Go now and leave me. There's a good fellow. Good-night.'

When the savage retired to the outhouse which formed his sleeping-apartment, he squatted down on his haunches and began to think hard. He looked longingly at his little tomahawk and three spears which hung beside his shield on the wall—relics of his bygone warrior-days, which had often removed a troublesome enemy from his path—but shook his head regretfully. Killing by such means would certainly be traced to him. It would not do. Some other means must be found of paying the debt he owed to Frederick Lane. A small black object ran quietly across the floor close to him, and seemed to disappear in the shadow of the far corner. Joey idly watched its progress for a moment; then a thought seemed to flash into his brain, and he leaped nimbly to his feet with a chuckle of satisfaction. He had found the way; accident had put into his hands a weapon that would serve him well. Rising, he went to a small shelf, and took from it

a little, round, empty tin box. Removing the lid, he took a board in his left hand, and approaching the corner with cautious steps, he fenced in an angle of the corner. Then lighting a candle, he dropped on his knees beside the board and held the light over it. As he expected, a large black spider, with the ominous red spot on its back, rushed at the board, and began to climb up it rapidly in its effort to escape. This gave Joey the very opportunity he wanted. In a moment the tin box was clapped over the insect, the cover was quickly slid over it, and the prize was his own.

. . . . . .

Stunden was sleeping in the stable close to the side of a low wooden partition. The window was noiselessly opened, and a black figure stealthily and without a sound dropped to the floor. Creeping up to the other side of the wooden partition, Joey peered over it. His victim lay on his right side, his head pillowed on a truss of straw, his shirt-collar thrown open, exposing the bare, sunburnt neck and throat. Joey gently removed the lid of the tin box, and dropping the spider on Stunden's throat, instantly lay down on the other side of the partition, where he could not be discovered in the darkness of the stable.

Furious at its imprisonment in the little dark cell where it had been confined, and believing that the creature it now found itself in contact with was the cause of offence, the black spider tore and worried Stunden's throat with its poisonous mandibles before it rushed off to freedom and concealment in the truss of straw on which Stunden lay.

The man leaped up with a yell of terror and pain, and rushing to the stable door, fumbled for nearly a minute in vain efforts to find a handle. Then running out, he battered wildly at the back-door of the house, moaning with pain, cursing with helpless rage, and shrieking for assistance, declaring that he had been bitten by a snake.

The inmates were aroused, and came down instantly to his help, but could do little for him beyond sending off for the doctor, who shook his head when he noticed the two small punctures in the throat, and ordered his immediate removal to the town hospital.

In the case of a healthy, clean-blooded man there would have been a fair chance of recovery; but Stunden's blood-system was completely alcoholised by long excess, and his constitution thoroughly enfeebled. Within two hours he was in raving delirium, erysipelas in the head set in, and the end came rapidly; within twenty-four hours the blackmailer, tramp, drunkard, and wreck of all that he might once have been, and possessed the ability to be, had passed away.

. . . . . .

'Budgeree for you, Massa Fred. Dat snake bite bad white fellow; no good he; big thief dat one,' said Joey to his master the next evening. Joey's eyes twinkled as he laid the responsibility for Stunden's death on an imaginary reptile.

'It was very fortunate for me, Joey; but I can't help feeling sorry for the fellow's death.'

'You sorry? Mine tink dat plenty foolish. When Joey have enemy, Joey kill him, if can; and when Massa Fred's enemy killed, Joey plenty glad.'

And so Frederick Lane never knew the real truth of his deliverance by means of a faithful servant—and a terrible Australian black spider.

THOUGHTS ON AN ESTUARY.

By F. G. Aflalo.

THERE is the mystery of birth, and there is the mystery of death; the first retrospective, the latter for him who looks forward. Whether the mouth of a river, the point at which it dies in the salt embrace of the ocean, can ever have quite the same fascination for the traveller as its source is an open question; but at any rate this marriage of sea and river is among the most fruitful of all Nature's matchmaking schemes, and the offspring of the union of fresh and salt comprises a wealth of varied forms, terrestrial and aquatic, fluviatile and marine. The estuarine family is limited by the pretensions of its parents. The mighty flood of Mississippi, sweeping the drainage of a million square miles out into the unresisting waters of an almost tideless gulf, or the broad though latterly controlled wash of Nile, which piles its thousands of acres of delta over against the blue Mediterranean, even the puny outfall of Thames, will naturally give birth to a fauna exceeding that of the shallow lagoon through which the Lymington River drains the forest land into the Solent.

There is in most estuaries—great or small, broad or narrow, deep or shallow—one ruling condition of all animal and vegetable life; and that is the eternal give and take: the backwards and forwards movement of the water, and often indeed of the sympathetic breeze that follows the play of the waters, the ebb that bares and the flood which hides the rocks, mud, or jungle of waving weed. All this invigorating movement, which defies stagnation, circulates rich stores of food, and sends its message of invitation to all manner of animal guests, beckoning the weary salmon to breeding-grounds that lie snug above the gauntlet of the nets, tempting the graceful seal and rolling porpoise to feast on the salmon, calling down the crying curlew to a meal of cockles, the hovering osprey to a dish of sea-trout, the deliberate heron to keep vigil for smaller prey. The threshold which stands

between river and sea is a scene of continuous comedy and tragedy.

The estuary has a peculiar interest for the sportsman and naturalist in that it marks the highway, to all intents and purposes, for all the wildfowl and fishes that divide their life between the salt water and the fresh. The salmon and the shad, fishes that, while they draw most of their strength and substance from the sea, are yet careful to rear their family in the ancestral river, must pass that way to gain their spawning-grounds in the upper reaches. The eel and flounder, moved by contrary impulses, for the mainspring of which science still gropes vaguely, must likewise traverse the estuary *en route* for their breeding-haunts in the depths of the sea. Summer and winter alike the gulls float over the estuary on the lookout for such impure flotsam as satisfies their greedy appetites. Even the ducks and geese, driven south by the threatened famine of a northern winter, almost invariably follow the windings of the estuary in their morning and evening flight, unless they are driven to the choice of a safer route by the fusillade of punt-guns when on the feeding-grounds and fowling-pieces at the flighting hour.

Those who have voyaged across the world's seas can recall a score of estuaries that were very havens of rest after much storm-tossed travel; but we need look no farther than the Forth at Leith, the Clyde at Greenock, or the Tay at Broughty Ferry to grasp the salient features of estuarine physiography. To a mind's eye, however, which—though never forgetful of Scotland's beauties at a time when the fitful grouse glides unhurt past the unaccustomed gun—has dwelt more recently on the coast-line of the south country, other examples suggest themselves. The coast of England and Wales admits three seas into a score of estuaries, many of which differ in character no less than the streams to which they owe their being, while their human interest is equally divergent. Those of the Thames and Humber, though by no means quite uninteresting to the ornithologist or gunner, are chiefly important in the shipping world; while that, again, which opens between Berwick and Spittal, or that which, midway along the south coast, admits the joint waters of Stour and Avon to the calm embrace of the Solent, ranks high in the chronicles of our salmon-fisheries. Such estuaries as shelter fishing fleets—to wit, that between Hull and Grimsby—wane in attraction to the naturalist as they wax in industrial wealth. Of yore the Humber mud-flats were a famous hunting-ground of the autumn gunner; but I have stood of late atop the Grimsby Tower and scanned the uncovered banks through a field-glass without descrying fowl enough to be worth a cartridge.

In the narrower embouchure south of Great Yarmouth, which is also for the most part given up to the navigation of herring-drifters, strange fowl are occasionally seen in hard winters, and some have even found their way into the well-stocked bird-room of the excellent local museum. Better suited to the ambitions of the wildfowler living in London, and desiring only an occasional shot at duck, are the peaceful embouchures of the Essex watershed, the mouths of the Crouch and Blackwater, in the shelter of which amateur sea-fishermen may also in the short daylight enjoy sport with whiting and young cod, void of conflict with the ups and downs of the disillusionising open sea. For the sketch-block or camera, on the other hand, the greatest promise lies between such rocky walls as those which bound the lowest reach of the Fowey, below Lostwithiel, or the swift Mawddach as seen from the Barmouth viaduct.

In a measure, the estuary is the index to the river; in a measure, it is moulded in its contour by the action of the sea. The narrow mouth of a short, swift river which falls into the sea from a near source in a coastal range of hills is exemplified at Lynmouth, in North Devon; while at Southend, in Essex, we get the broader expanse through which vessels disembogue out of a long and navigable stream. Where the ebb and flow of the salt-water can carry away the muddy surplus of the land drainage, then, however great the daily tonnage of this burden, there will be no delta.

A special phase of estuarine topography is illustrated where two rivers of very different character join forces shortly before reaching the sea, and together make a way through the remaining obstacles. The two rivers that meet below Christchurch, in Hampshire, furnish a case in point. The peculiar interest of this riverine partnership—Drayton in his *Polyolbion* calls them 'sister' rivers; but so divergent are their features that they must at any rate be step-sisters—is best appreciated from the standpoint of an early spring salmon cruising along the north shore of the Solent with a fixed determination to return to the spawning-ground that instinct or memory, according to its age and experience, indicates as its proper goal. In the early days of its honeymoon, our salmon, with its mate, is whirled in on the last of the double tide past the Mudeford sand-spit, and, if luck be against them, into the corked circle of netting cunningly shot for their destruction. It may, however, come safe through the run; and, that accomplished, it finds itself, like Diana, at the crossways as soon as it has proceeded a little farther up-country. Straight before it runs the Avon, a crystal waterway, by stemming which it can reach the clear pools near Ringwood and Salisbury. To the left—with perhaps a danger-post erected by some public-spirited salmon: 'Beware the Pike'—creeps the more turgid Stour, meandering down from the lush pastures of Dorset over a muddy bed better adapted to the grosser requirements of coarse fish.

Our salmon rarely hesitates. That it sometimes does so is proved by the fact that about 10 per cent. of the salmon which are taken above the Mudeford nets come from the Stour, while 90 per cent. are from the Avon, in which the remnant left by

successive nets and Ringwood anglers spawn on the gravelly shallows beyond Fordingbridge.

For the angler, the conditions of sport in an estuary are almost wholly governed by the degree of tidal ebb and flow, by the relation between the opposed forces of sea and river. The flow of a broad stream into a tideless sea like the Baltic gives the fresh-water the advantage at all stages of the tide, and this is an important determining factor in the kinds of fish that the angler may expect to catch. Take, for instance, the mouth of the river Warnow, which falls into the Baltic between two piers at Warnemünde—a name bearing precisely the same geographical significance as Teignmouth—just as the Arun runs into the English Channel between two piers at Littlehampton. There is, however, a wide difference between the two, which only those who have fished from the piers in both Sussex and Mecklenburg can fully appreciate. At Littlehampton only such marine forms as bass, gray mullet, sand-smelts, and the like are taken on the hook, whereas at Warnemünde the same rod may within an hour bend to the weight of small pike, fresh-water bream, perch, plaice, and marine bull-heads. These river-fishes may often be taken on that pier within fifty yards of the break of Baltic waves, though at the extreme end, practically in the salt-water, the perch is the only inland form which persists.

With reference to the Arun, the capture of large bass above Arundel during spring-tides furnishes yet another illustration of the influence of the tidal flood on the fauna of a river. Not far above Arundel there are famous haunts of those who angle for coarse fish; yet during spring-tides the salt-water rushes beneath the bridge which at that town spans the river, carrying with it bass of large size. These may be taken on pike-tackle, with live-baits, until the tide again turns. Loiterers on the bridge are oftentimes puzzled by the spectacle of those in attendance on such sportsmen frequently dipping their fingers in the water and putting them to their lips; but as a rough-and-ready guide to the condition of the tide this is a safe test. As long as the water tastes salt to the tongue, the bass may be expected to bite; when it once more tastes fresh, the wise man reels up and goes home, for the bass have dropped back below Ford at any rate for that tide.

And now I linger on the beautiful shores of the estuary which first inspired these rambling reflections, that of the Devon Teign. It may lack the breadth of its neighbour to the north or the beauty of its neighbour to the south; but it fulfils its modest purpose admirably, giving shelter to strange foreign craft at the Teignmouth quays, and bearing to their moorings the clay-laden barges from Newton-Abbot. It yields a varying harvest to the salmon-nets at its mouth, and a little promise of sport to a few persistent rods higher up the river. Above the market-town of Newton the Teign is not remarkable for grandeur, but there is no lack of quiet picturesqueness in its last few miles; and the final sweep beneath the Shaldon viaduct, past trim yachts and weather-beaten merchant-vessels, and so, between the towering red Ness and the shifting bar, into the dancing waters of Teignmouth Bay, must be reckoned the first really memorable piece of estuarine scenery on the Great Western system. The mouth of the Exe is too broad to lend itself to scenic effect, which demands some distinctness in the background. The delta of the Teign takes the form of a growing mud-bank within the river, which goes locally by the name of 'Salty,' and which is an unfailing source of cockles. Village ladies, in company with rooks, curlews, gulls, oyster-catchers, and other strange fowl, unremittingly dig these bivalves from their shallow lairs. The sandbar outside the Ness shifts its position with every wind, and brings gladness only to the pilots who steer trading-vessels wide of its snares. It has hitherto successfully resisted every effort to make Teignmouth a popular yachting haven, and it will in all probability prove itself superior to the interruption offered by a powerful force-pump with which the harbour commissioners have lately essayed to blow a permanent way through its silting barrier.

It goes without saying that the bird-life of an estuary like that of the Teign is varied and interesting. The observant naturalist, particularly if he be an enthusiastic fisherman, and therefore early on the water, never knows what he may see next. Here is a public aviary that land and sea help to stock with abundance of forms. Kingfishers flash green and gold in the early sunlight beneath the bridge. Black rooks wheel over the gleaming river from their stronghold in the Bitton elms, and thrust their gray bills in the promising ooze. From the sea come many kinds of gulls, some of them suspended over the water on the lookout for refuse or small fry, others stalking over 'Salty,' chattering, fighting, courting. Aloof from the commoner fowl struts a solitary oyster-catcher, the chaste, sharp contrast of its plumage arresting the watchful eye. Shags and cormorants fly quickly overhead to and from scenes of inland havoc, higher than was their wont in the days before a wise conservancy put a price on their sable heads. The measure has unquestionably thinned the numbers of these robbers of trout, yet they are too cunning to be altogether banished by the crude marksmanship of local pot-hunters. One morning last spring there was, even amid this miscellany of sea and land birds, a young puffin, a mere wind-tossed chick, blown out of its course during a three days' easterly gale that carries the sea-spume well into the river. The grotesque head of the ungainly little wayfarer was lost to sight as it paddled and plunged among the tiers of vessels that swung at their moorings, and we prayed that the bird might return in safety to the open sea ere the muzzle-loader of some omnivorous Italian aboard one or other of the Genoese or Neapolitan brigantines should blow it to a pulp. These be the birds of summer. In the

shorter days, when the rod lies by and the gun is off the rack, there are a few duck and widgeon, with golden plover and curlew, going and coming, and from the frozen meadows that lie beyond the railroad comes the eternal scream of wheeling pewits.

The fishes of this estuary are not less varied than the birds. There are salmon and sea-trout, the latter locally known as peal. There are bass, often of good weight and always in evidence, as seen from the bridge on days when there is no live bait for their capture. There are a few shad, abundance of flounders, fat river-eels, with a stray conger or two, small pollack in the 'Pit' off Shaldon; and in the hottest hours of the hottest summer young mackerel in their thousands play well within the bar. The launce and sand-eels are too plentiful, the garfish and angler-fish too rare, to call for notice, though all of these must find a place in any comprehensive list. Even the gray mullet, which occupies the second place in the sea-angler's game-list, has been indicated by the men on the clay-barges; but no resident sportsman ever yet succeeded in taking one on the hook.

The angling in the estuary is all for bass, and very interesting work it is on days when the live bait is lively and the big bass ready to feed. The one serious drawback is the weed, tons of which seem to float in on every tide, returning on the ebb so as to be ready to worry the fisherman when next the tide flows. This evil reaches the acute stage in the hot summer weather, when the weed, dislodged from the bed of the river by the salmon-nets, is thrown high and dry, all the moisture burnt out of it by the fierce July sun; then, as soon as the waters rise over it, the weed floats away like cork instead of keeping its proper place on the bottom of the stream. When it is added that no bass will take a bait with a perceptible shred of this green weed adhering to it, the impossibility of success under such conditions is self-evident.

The four-footed life of such an estuary can only be indicated as undistinguished. In the way of permanent residents there is nothing more than the humble rat. Its holes and footprints scar the mud in every direction above the tidal influence, and in times of stress it makes its unclean raid to the very margin of the sea. Now and then, it is true, more important mammals visit the estuary; but their coming is rare. When its more natural haunts are invaded by loud-tongued hounds and iron-shod poles, a sleek otter may seek temporary asylum in the estuary. Once in a generation a misguided porpoise, perhaps in blind pursuit of a salmon, perhaps out of sheer waywardness, finds its way inside the bar, and its presence in the river is quickly known. As a result, the next few days are marked by a fusillade of weapons new and old from the bridge, and there is much scheming with a cordon of nets. When the undeceived cetacean has set the country-side by the ears, it snorts its *ave atque vale* and heads for the open sea, undeterred by either the gleam of rifle-barrels or the stretch of netting.

Between the residents and visitors among the birds and fishes there is a distinction as sharp as that which divides the residents and visitors in the neighbouring town. The rooks and gulls that live all the year beside the mud-banks, or the eels and flounders that, until the spawning instinct prompts them to seek deeper water, are content to lie in the ooze, can never be confused with the wandering wild-duck and plover, or the nomad salmon and peal. These visitors, like the strange balconied sailing-ships of many flags, link the estuary with foreign parts.

Looking out of my window on the ever-changing face of the estuary, I am brought back to the immutable law of movement, the reflex action of the tides, the reasonable give-and-take policy controlled by the moon. Each turn of the tide sets the smaller craft swinging in their own length. There is coming and going without end, ebb and flow, vigour that knows no fatigue and seeks no respite. Unless a contrary wind holds up the waters for a short space, the flood follows immediately on the ebb. Ferrymen pull unceasingly in muscular rivalry of the inanimate foot-bridge. Hammers resound in busy shipyards. Pilots are hailed in a polyglot of raillery.

Under such auspices is accomplished the marriage of river and sea. And the vestry records which cold-blooded, unimaginative readers of stones and bones call estuarine deposits reveal to the understanding eye some of the most fascinating entries in the unlocked diaries of Nature.

TO AN OLD HOUSE.

Thou hast the Past: the memories that can bring
Deep sense of peace, of rapture come and gone,
Old sorrows and old comfort. Eyes that shone
And feet that danced, voices that ceased to sing,
Feet that were very weary, bore their part
In all the charm that crowns thee—gray, alone—
Where in the dusk thy chambers, stone on stone,
Hold close the wistful secrets of the heart.

Thou hast the Past. The spell of yesterday
Meets 'neath thy gables with new hopes to be,
With long-familiar thoughts that cling to thee:
Thoughts that will last when we are gone away,
And forward from thy threshold fare, to know
Some wider life beyond, untried as yet.
Say, hast thou not some window, darkly set,
That looks upon the Land to which we go?

Say, does no spirit-window, crystal clear,
Look on the garden of the vanished dead?
No secret doorway open to their tread
In all the house that holds their memories dear?
Is thine some link that binds them as they roam
In alien fields and haunts of deeper rest;
And in the golden dwellings of the Blest
Still do they call thine ancient shelter *Home*?

E. Maxtone Graham.

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SIXTH SERIES.

FINSEN.

By G. M. FOX-DAVIES.

WHAT is a great man? If Hamlet be right, and 'there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year,' we cannot be so poor in personalities as some would have us think, for great men are not forgotten in six months. Even the lesser stars do not fade quite so soon from memory's firmament. We may safely make the test a little stiffer. Some types of greatness, though, seem to possess greater vitality than others, appeal to a wider public, and make a deeper and more permanent impression. Such are the great rulers, the great soldiers, and the great doctors of the world. Several names spring at once to the lips of every Englishman when blessings are called down on the medical profession, such as those of Harvey, Jenner, Simpson, Lister, and Finsen. Finsen's work is not to be estimated by counting up the number of sufferers he has restored to life from a living death, nor yet by calculating the endless numbers who may yet be benefited; his discovery of the deleterious and healing effects of light means far, far more than that. It means that, like Harvey, he has revealed a new law to medical science, and opened up a new field of research, the possibilities of which are still far from being exhausted; it means that, like Jenner, he has already robbed one dreaded and loathsome disease of half its terrors, while others seem to have heard their death-knell too.

And, despite the sufferings he fought against so bravely, and which at last proved stronger than he, dare we pity him? Hardly. His life was noble and unselfish, a life of fighting and struggling, as the best lives always are, even though the foe do not always wear the same face; and those who have endured to the end need no pity. He lived, too, to complete his work, and what can one ask more of life? Complete, in the strict scientific sense, of course it is not, and possibly it never may be; but its development, thanks to the disinterested behaviour of the founder of the Light Institute, may now be safely left in other hands. Finsen himself formulated a new and great theory, reduced it to successful practice, and launched it on the world. Lastly, his was no unloved life, and that means much. Of singularly winning personality, he attracted the affection of comrades, colleagues, and friends; he won a charming wife, and lived to see children grow up around him. One of the last wishes he expressed was a pathetic one: he said one day that he should like to live long enough for his little son to remember him. The boy was born in September 1896; one wonders how much he will be able to recall in after-years.

The facts of Finsen's career are soon told. Niels Ryberg Finsen was the son of Hannes Christian Steingrim Finsen, Civil Governor of the Faroe Islands, and was born at Thorshavn, December 15, 1860. There he spent his early years, and to the last he retained his old affection for the place that saw his birth. He went to school first at Herlufsholm (in the Danish island of Sjaelland), then to the Grammar School of Reykyavik in Iceland; but neither then nor in his subsequent university career did he raise any very great hopes for the future in teachers or comrades. Perhaps none were more surprised than they at the fame he achieved afterwards, though there was at least one master who prophesied that something would come of the strange, apparently idle, experiments of the silent young student with the deft fingers, whose interests seemed so different from those of the rest. Even in his examinations he never took more than a second-class, though whether this was because he really did not trouble himself sufficiently about the ordinary routine studies required of him, being too much engrossed by other and more congenial branches, or whether examinations are not a reliable test of acquirements, it is idle to discuss. When a man has reached the pinnacle of greatness, after bold and original researches demanding patience, skill, and accurate knowledge for their successful accomplishment, it matters very little whether he was, or was not, apt in the conjugation of Latin verbs. He had matriculated in 1882, and taken up his residence in

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Copenhagen the same year, to study medicine. He took his degree eight years later, this being by no means an unusually protracted period of study for a Danish medical man. He suffered even then from the painful and insidious complaint which eventually carried him from the scene of his unselfish activity. The *post-mortem* examination of his body has established this to have been what is technically known as calcination of the pericardium; heart-disease proper, in the usual sense of the word, being non-existent. His sufferings were probably the result of an attack of rheumatic-fever years before, and not due to any organic defect. On obtaining his degree he was appointed demonstrator in anatomy at the Surgical Academy of Copenhagen, a post for which his qualifications peculiarly fitted him, and which he held three years. In July 1893 he published the result of his first series of researches in a treatise on the treatment of smallpox by red light, an idea by no means new in itself, but which had hitherto been regarded as little better than a superstition. He, however, for the first time, gave an adequate scientific reason for such treatment, pointing out that if the blue, violet, and ultra-violet rays, which irritate the skin and favour the growth of certain malevolent bacteria, could be kept from the patient, inflammation would not ensue nor any scars remain. His theory was tested with excellent results shortly after, during an outbreak of smallpox in Bergen, and again a little later in Copenhagen. Not only did patients treated in the 'red room' escape without disfigurement, but the whole course of the disease was much milder. The same treatment has proved beneficial in cases of measles and scarlet-fever, and hopes are entertained of its also being efficacious in dealing with erysipelas.

But Finsen's greatest discovery, the possibility of healing through the *beneficial* effects of light, was yet to come. From his earliest student days he had studied and experimented on the effects of light on living organisms, his attention having been first attracted to the question by noticing that he himself was able to work better and more easily in the sunlit room of his comrade, Sophus Bang—now head physician to the Silkeborg Sanatorium—than in his own dark, cheerless one, which opened to the north. He read up the subject to ascertain what had previously been observed and recorded, but discovered, to his surprise, little or nothing. Almost simultaneously with Finsen, other doctors had begun to take notice of the action of light-rays, notably Dr Wiedmark of Stockholm; but to no one else did it occur to try to make any practical use of the facts deduced. In the autumn of 1895, with primitive apparatus, but firmly convinced of the truth of his theories, Finsen began to treat his first lupus patient, an engineer who had vainly tried every cure during the eight years he had suffered from the disease. This first case proved successful, and in April of the next year a little circle of medical men and others met to discuss the establishment of the first light-ray hospital for *lupus vulgaris*. Two prominent and wealthy Copenhagen gentlemen gave generous pecuniary support, and the Municipal Council provided the ground for the building. This, however, even with augmentations, soon proved insufficient to cope with the work, and in August 1901 the present handsome edifice was opened. Now there are between twenty and thirty such institutions in different parts of Europe, and lupus, a disease that was once justly regarded as practically incurable, need no longer, if taken in time, be regarded with apprehension. Other skin diseases—rodent ulcers, for instance, which are a kind of cancer—are found to yield to the healing efficacy of light, and the future may reveal developments hitherto unsuspected.

Had Finsen elected to do so, he might have kept his secret to himself, and become a rich man, but he chose the nobler alternative of benefiting humanity at his own cost in every branch of his researches; for we must not forget that Finsen did not confine his studies to the cure of lupus, nor even to the action of light alone, though it is, of course, with the first-mentioned that his name is more especially associated for Englishmen. It was also, as every one is aware, his discovery of the lupus cure which earned for him last autumn the greatest distinction that Europe can confer upon her men of learning, the Nobel prize. The manner in which he bore his honours is characteristic of the man. He could not, he said at the celebration held at the Lysinstitut on that occasion, regard the prize as given to him personally, because it was impossible to separate his deserts from those of his colleagues and co-workers in the institute. Nor, as a matter of fact, did he retain more than about a fifth of the sum for his personal use; the rest he divided between the Lysinstitut, which bears its name, and the Hospital for Diseases of the Heart and Liver, also founded by himself, the progress and welfare of which were equally near to his heart.

The greater part of last summer was spent by him at Rungsted, a little seaside resort in E. Sjaelland, in the hope, destined to be unfulfilled, that his health might derive advantage from the country air. He returned to Copenhagen, however, without having been benefited in the least from his stay. Still, his condition, grave as it was, was not considered to be one of immediate danger either by his doctors or his friends until a very few days, one might almost say hours, before his death. He took to his bed about the 19th of September, but even then the end was not anticipated at once; he himself knew, however, that it had come, the enemy he had kept at bay so long, and he calmly calculated how many hours he still had to live. At five o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, September 24, the younger doctors on the hospital staff were told that Finsen had asked for them. He received them, one at a time, with a smile on his face, shook hands with them, bade them farewell, and with a few kind words thanked them for their helpful co-operation.

About thirty-five minutes afterwards he breathed his last, conscious and himself to the end.

Thus died one of the greatest heroes of our age, a man whose character no less than his work claims the respect and admiration of his contemporaries. Had he lived to carry out his schemes for the improvement of medical education in Denmark, or to complete the researches he was engaged upon when he died, he could hardly have shed greater lustre on a name already honoured throughout the civilised world. For an article on the 'Finsen Red-Room Cure,' see *Chambers's Journal*, 1902, p. 220.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER IV.—AND WHAT IT WROUGHT THERE.

'NOW, Charles, tell me the exact truth of this matter,' said Ellen Challis as soon as she and Doone were alone, the General having gone off at once to visit his old friend Brading in the little end-house in South Stanley Street Mews. 'Uncle George and Mr Devon have been doing their best to tinge the gray with rose; but I doubt them,' with a knowing shake of the head. 'I have no liking for fool's paradise. Tell me the worst.'

'What they have told you is perfectly right, dear, as far as it goes. The arrest, and the inquiry, and so on are matters of form always observed under such circumstances. My only fear is just what I stated: whether they will give him fair-play, and I'll badger Devon to death till he gets it. Those army-men, most of them—not all, of course; there are as fine men in the army as there are in the navy, or almost—but they certainly have a trick of evading responsibility when they can. It's always the other fellow who didn't act up to orders, or went beyond them, or didn't understand them. And it is, of course, very unfortunate that the cause of all the trouble happened to be so important a man as Eisenach. He was the last of the direct line, you know. There will be much warm talk. The French and German papers will have their little fling at us, no doubt. The army-men will bubble and froth, and then there'll come a big fight up the Nile, and a new society scandal, and most folks will forget all about Eisenach; and when they find themselves wondering where he is, they'll catch themselves up just in time and say, "Oh, poor chap: he's dead, isn't he?"'

'What are they saying about it outside?'

'I've heard very little talk yet—only regrets for Eisenach. There is so little to go upon beyond that, that sensible people will hold their tongues till they know what they are talking about.'

'But the first feeling is against Geoffrey?' she persisted.

'The first and strong feeling is, as it always is, that some one must have blundered, and they want to know who it was.'

'How long will the official inquiry take?'

'A couple of days at most, I should say. They have everything right there to their hands.'

She could get no more out of him for all her trying. They were always perfectly open and frank, these two; but it falls to the lot of the man at times to protect the gentler souls from the world's rude buffetings by any means that seem good to him. And Charles Doone would no more have judged it right to tell her the cackle of the smoking-rooms on this subject than on many another.

On the whole he managed to reassure her somewhat, more by his bearing than by his words, for, as he constantly said, 'We have nothing to go upon yet except our knowledge of Geoff, and there we stand on firm ground. If ten courts-martial condemned him, I would accept his word for it against the lot.'

As he was swinging away home to the silent house in Hyde Park Terrace, where his brother lay drifting slowly towards the larger life, to sit with him for an hour and give him all the news that was going, before dressing and getting back to Ellen, he ran into General Carrick, tramping martially homewards from South Stanley Street Mews.

'Doone! you're the very man I was wanting. Tell me straight now, what do you think of all this?'

'Do you need to ask that, sir? You know Geoff quite as well as I do.'

'God bless you, yes! That's how I feel about it too. But—well, I don't know. Will he get fair-play?'

'Up to a point, he will, sir. You know that as well as I. After that, if some one has to stand the racket, I'm afraid a good deal depends upon whose head might fall if his didn't. You know what I mean. Facts are often a trifle nebulose, and they sometimes twist a bit under stress of circumstances.'

'Yes, I know,' nodded the General. 'Tell me, Charles, what are they saying in the clubs?'

'Just what they always say when anything goes wrong, General—that things are going to the devil, and some one ought to be shot. We're nearly as bad as the Frenchmen in some respects, only we generally come to our right minds in time.'

'We do sometimes. Will you be round again?' He actually surprised in himself a lurking fear lest Charles Doone should be running away from a ship that had suffered a wound. But you will understand he was seventy-five years of age, and this upsetting news had given him a bit of a shake.

'Of course. I'm just going to cheer up poor old Ex. I'll be round as soon as I've made him laugh three times.'

'I doubt he's going, Charles.'

'I'm afraid so. He has no reserves to fall back on.'

'Pity! pity!' and they parted.

It was two days before they got any further news, and during that time Una never left the house. She let a dinner-party and two dances go by unheeded, and kept mostly to her own room. She saw no one but her mother and her maid, and Lady Eugénie's conversation was not inspiring.

Ellen Challis and Lord Charles, on the other hand, went about as usual with bravely cheerful faces, and the General went as usual to his club, and flushed at times at the pregnant silences that supervened when he strolled into the smoking-room. For there was much discussion of the matter at the clubs, and at times it grew heated, which, to say the least of it, on the meagre information so far to hand, was extreme waste of energy. But the old gentlemen of the service clubs are apt to be didactic and explosive, and able to show you in two minutes how much better things would have been managed if they had been in their hands; and no great harm was done.

On the third day came a cable from Upper Nile, which stated simply that the court of inquiry in the case of Lieutenant Challis had decided that he should be remitted to a court-martial under the presidency of Colonel Essex on the charge of misbehaviour before the enemy.

Mr Devon sent a copy of this across at once to General Carrick, with a line of his own:

'Dear Carrick,—You will not let this trouble you unduly. It is the formal charge under the circumstances. Geoffrey may possibly have momentarily lost his head in the dervish onrush. Fifty to eight, and a surprise at that, was heavy odds. Of his courage no one is doubtful for a moment. In any case, the finding of the court-martial must come home for review by the Judge-Advocate-General, and we shall soon be in possession of the full facts. Kindest regards to Miss Challis, and beg her not to worry herself unduly.'

The very formulation of such a charge, however, seemed to Ellen a cruel slander; and a composed face, to say nothing of a cheerful one, was not easily carried under such circumstances.

Even Charles Doone's breezy hopefulness could maintain nothing more than an unruffled calm. But, beneath the placid exterior, his feelings were hard braced, and his teeth tightened now and then inside the quiet, smiling cheek at things he heard bandying to and fro in the smoking-rooms of his clubs and elsewhere.

'Shoot him, I expect,' he heard one day.

'Well, so they should, if it's true he left the other to be killed and never lifted a finger to help him.'

'Don't be fools, you fellows,' he rejoiced to hear from another. 'You gab away like parrots in a monkey-house, and don't know what you're talking about. Like enough some one deserves to be shot; but I bet you it's not Geoffrey Challis. I know him, and he's a man all through. Now, if I was shooting, I should look about for the people that let that hunting-party go out with an escort of six into a country where dervishes were apparently as thick as blackberries. Didn't know it? Well, confound it, man! why didn't they know it? It was their place to know it. What are they there for but to know such things? And can't you understand that Challis is only a lieutenant, and Eisenach was honorary captain and must necessarily have been in charge? Do you think for one moment that any such fuss would have been made if Challis had been the one to go under? Can you imagine His Highness of Eisenach being court-martialled for not fighting fifty black tigers with his fists? The rot some of you fellows talk is something sickening. I should like to know what you would have done yourselves under the circumstances.'

The others smoked imperturbably and ordered fresh whiskies and sodas, and Doone sat down by the side of the last speaker, clapped him on the knee, and said, 'Thanks, Trevor! I'm glad to hear some one sticking up for the under-dog. It used to be a national attribute. I'm afraid it's dying out at this end of the town.'

'Gabble such as theirs doesn't mean anything. They haven't got much brains, and what they have is muddled with cigarettes and whisky, and having nothing to do but talk foolishness. How's Exmoor?'

'Bad. Hopeless, I'm afraid.'

'I'm sorry. But there's only one man to blame for it, and that's himself,' said the downright one. 'He's racketed his life away as if he'd as many to follow as a cat.'

'He's paying for it,' said Doone, with a sober nod. 'And I really think he's sorry.'

'Sorry for what he's done, or for what he can't get doing?'

'Well, both perhaps. He's very low.'

'I'll give him a call if you like and cheer him up a bit.'

'N-no, I don't think you'd better, perhaps. I'm afraid he's past all that. He suffers a good deal, and the doctors say he may go off any day.'

'Poor old chap! What a pace he used to go! But one always has to pay the price. What are we going to do for Geoff Challis, Doone?'

'What can we do, Trevor—except the kind of thing you've just been doing? That was very well done, though it's kind of wasted on these empty heads.'

'Well, I've been thinking. I know one or two newspaper men, capital fellows. Popham, he was out with us in Afghanistan; and Kerrison, he was with us in the Zulu business. I'm going to look 'em up and show 'em the rights of this affair. For I swear Geoff Challis is clean-handed in the matter, whoever it is that wants to shuffle the blame on to his shoulders. I don't know a man I'd sooner trust with my life than Challis, unless it's yourself. And you know me well enough to believe that when I say that I mean it. If I thought the opposite I would say it just as plainly. There's a terrible amount of

humbug in the world, and it's a pleasure to prick holes in it, and say what one thinks about it, when one gets the chance. But there's some good too, when you know where to find it; and I'm not going to stand by and see a man like Challis slanged and run down behind his back by smug little pups that aren't worthy to lick his boots. I'm going to write to the papers myself, too. A man that's lost his leg and got the V.C. carries a certain weight in the popular mind, and the popular mind is a pendulum that swings fairly true on the whole, though it gets joggled off its beat now and again in emergencies. All I want to impress on people at present is to go slow and wait quietly till all the facts are known, and, when they are known, to see that the whip is laid on the right back, if any whipping is to be done.'

'Do you know that you're a most excellent fellow, Trevor?'

'I've had a suspicion of it all my life, my boy; at least, since I came to years of discretion, and that was when I lost my leg. How does Miss Challis take it?'

'It hurts her, of course, though she has perfect faith in Geoff, as we all have who know him.'

'And Miss Devon? I bet you five to one that affair runs off on this siding, Doone. And if it does, I consider Challis is the gainer.'

'It'll hit him very hard if it does.'

'She's as pretty as a picture, but I think our man could do with more heart and more brains in a wife. I had a chat with the General to-day. He was looking a bit hipped too, I thought, though he puts a bold face on it.'

'Yes, he's feeling it.'

Colonel Trevor was right. General Carrick's anxiety over Geoff's trouble, and the consuming fire of his wrath, which no outward expression could adequately relieve, were telling on him.

His faith in his boy's fidelity and courage never wavered for one moment, but he feared, overmuch perhaps, lest in the strife of interests Geoff should go to the wall. He could quite imagine him wrapping himself in a lofty reserve through sheer disgust at being called upon to defend himself against a charge which in itself was a stain upon his honour. He knew the fine quality of the boy's temper, and how the very suggestion of default would wound him to the quick and drive him into his shell, where in another it would serve but to rouse him to the fight. He did not for a moment believe that Geoff had done, or omitted to do, anything worthy of censure, much less of the punishment of a trial. As to misbehaviour before the enemy, it was the man behind such a charge that ought to be shot, not the man in front of it. Whatever they made of it, he did not for one moment believe any very grave punishment would follow; but anything less than fullest acquittal would close the boy's career and break his life. And the strain of his anxiety was great.

He was not, as a rule, peculiar among his clubmates for any mincing of words or reticence of expression. The old fire-eaters revelled in the most outspoken comment and extreme luridity of diction, with only one exception—old Major-General Burt, who sat among them without a word. That, however, was through no lack of desire, but on account of a bullet which had gone through his face just below the cheek-bones and stopped his talk for ever. He was a famous listener, however, and enjoyed the fulminations of the others to the last letter, and scribbled his own contributions on a pad, and then burnt them at once lest they should set the premises on fire or corrupt the morals of the attendants. When there was no fire he would strike a match with a sound like a curse and burn his thunderbolt, and the sound and sight of the holocaust were concrete expression of the inflammability of his feelings which did him a world of good, and topped all the mere verbal expletives of his fellows. When, at times, he got so excited that he could no longer write, a vehement nod to any one of his cronies would always turn on a friendly tap of special objurgation for his relief. And the tap had been turned on freely on Geoff's behalf, for he and Carrick were very old friends.

But, all the same, the General took to sitting apart now, in brooding silence, and was hardly to be drawn out of it, even when Lord John Ercle had to flee for his life for indulging in heresies on behalf of the War Office, where he had the misfortune to be one of the Under-Secretaries. To a man the old warriors stood up for Geoff, because he was Carrick's boy and they liked Carrick, and because every man of them had more or less of a grievance against the powers that be, and refused to believe any good of them upon any consideration whatsoever.

Public opinion and the comments of the press had been so far decidedly adverse. They had little to go upon save the bald facts of the disaster, and, since disaster does not come as a rule of its own accord, human nature clamours instinctively in such a case for the delinquent's head. Whence burden-shiftings, scapegoats, and vicarious sacrifice.

General Carrick and Charles Doone were for writing to the *Times*. Ellen with difficulty persuaded them not to do so. She felt, as she knew Geoff would feel, that if the simple truth of the matter, which they had not yet learned, did not suffice, no special pleading would avail. She maintained that dignified silence was preferable to columns of print, when they none of them knew exactly what they were talking about; and, besides, special pleas from Geoff's own relatives, actual or prospective, even though they were pleas only for reservation of judgment, would be discounted, and she herself looked upon them as a sign of weakness.

Colonel Trevor, however, claimed a hearing on account of his V.C. and wooden leg, and wrote some strong, sensible letters, showing up the gross injustice of condemnation on a half-told story; and these were not without their effect. He egged his war-correspondent friends along the same track, and the public began to believe that there might possibly, after all, be another side to the question of Lieutenant Challis's alleged default, and the discussion of the

matter, both private and public, became somewhat more reasonable.

They were days of bitter waiting, however, and news trickled through with aggravating slowness. Nile headquarters were very far away, and the wires to the base were entirely in the hands of the military; and on this subject, which did not redound to their credit, the authorities exercised a most rigid censorship. But at length there came through a meagre message to the effect that the finding of the court-martial was being forwarded by mail to the Judge-Advocate-General, and would arrive in England a week or ten days before Lieutenant Challis, who was to sail under arrest, on the transport *Serpent*, two days later.

General Carrick posted across to Mr Devon in a state of furious excitement, which was not good for his health.

'Now, see here, Devon, what the —— Oh, man, there's no words strong enough! What is the meaning of this?'

'I'm as surprised and annoyed as you are, General.'

'Annoyed!' and the old man looked at him with obvious suspicion. 'Man! I want to rend and tear! Infernal hole-and-corner business! It's not —by Gad, sir! it's not English treatment this. There's some miserable hanky-panky going on, and they're ashamed of it. That's what it is, sir.'

'If there is, General, you know me well enough to be sure that I know nothing of it. I saw'——

'Can't you wire 'em to table the cards and play fair? Gad! what this country is coming to! It's enough to make one want to become an American. I swear it is.'

'I was going to tell you that I saw the Judge-Advocate-General at once on receipt of this, and he says they are quite right. The matter is still *sub judice*, you see, until he has passed upon their finding, and confirmed it or otherwise. Geoff shall have justice done him if I have to turn the War Office upside down.'

'And the sooner the better!' snorted the General, and went snorting home.

There he found a letter from Geoff awaiting him, and Ellen and Charles Doone hardly able to keep their hands off it till he came.

'Now we shall know something;' and he ripped it raggedly open. 'Read it, Nell. I've just been flaying Devon, and I'm getting old for so much excitement.'

And Ellen read:

'My dear Uncle,—You will both understand why I write to yourself instead of Nell under present discomforting circumstances. That you are both having bad times on my account I am sure, but I am really in no humour for writing, and do so only to give you the plain facts on which you may form your own judgment.'

Then he related with clearness and particularity the occurrences of the day of the hunting-party and the Prince's death, and ended:

'I cannot find in what I did that day one single thing to reproach myself with, though there is much that I regret. Bear in mind, I was not in command of the party, and I gave no single order throughout the day until my superior was down, when the command, of course, devolved upon me. Colonel Everett's word to me, to see that the Prince got into no mischief, was in no way an official charge, and would not have warranted more than advice on my part, even if the Prince had deliberately tried to run into mischief, which he never did.

'Cameron tells me the colonel has expressed himself to the effect that in my place he would never have come home alive. I wonder if the colonel can imagine how much easier it would have been for me not to come home at all, and how tempted I was to settle matters cleanly and comfortably that way. But I could only have done so by deliberately throwing my life away—in other words, by committing suicide. The moment I found out that the Prince was down, which was only when his empty horse galloped up alongside me, I turned. But there was absolutely nothing to be done. I saw all the trouble that would come of it, and I was sorely tempted to ride back and stop there. But in my judgment—and the time for consideration was the fraction of a second—I should have done the wrong thing. It was so much the easier thing to do that it was bound to be the wrong one. It appealed to me as a weak means of escape from the consequences of a disaster for which I knew I should be called upon to answer, and about which I should probably be misjudged, but which I had been absolutely powerless to prevent.

'Court-martial takes place to-morrow. Colonel Essex to preside. I stated the simple facts at the inquiry, which I myself demanded as the best way of ventilating all the circumstances of the case. Their decision to proceed to court-martial on a charge of misbehaviour is a shock to me. I don't know quite what to make of it. I have said my say, however, and I am strongly inclined to say no more. The facts are there. If, out of them, they can construct a charge of misbehaviour, words are useless.

'I cannot understand the matter, unless it is that, for reasons which are beyond me, trouble is expected, and I seem the most likely scapegoat. And yet I cannot see that any one was to blame. Also, I cannot help wondering, if fate had allotted it to me to fall and the Prince had escaped, whether they would be trying him for misbehaviour.

'I suppose my career in the army is ended. It is very bitter. I had had such hopes. I cannot help regretting at times that I did not, after all, choose the easier way out, even if it were the baser.

'Give my love to Nell and to Charlie Doone if he is home now; and tell them not to worry about me any more than they can help.—Yours, Geoff.'

'What do you make of it all, Charlie?' asked the General, in the silence that followed.

'Just what you do, sir. They've lost their heads

a bit out there over Eisenach's death. They think some one will have to pay, and Geoff seems the most likely man. I cannot see in what smallest thing he was to blame.'

'Nor can I,' said Ellen.

'I would very much like to send that letter to the *Times*,' said the General.

'I don't think I would, sir,' said Doone. 'I doubt if Geoff would like it, and it is possible it might do him more harm than good in some quarters.'

And eventually the General was prevailed on not to do so. But he took it down to the club and read it to his friends there, and they spent a hot afternoon discussing official delinquencies in general and this one in particular, and were confirmed in their opinions that matters were worse in the service even than they had been when they were in it.

The same mail brought full accounts of the whole affair from the correspondents in camp, and the popular judgment swung suddenly round in Lieutenant Challis's favour.

Some of the leading papers gave illuminating leaders on the subject, and lectured the world in general on the folly of jumping to conclusions and passing judgment before hearing both sides of a case. Colonel Trevor's friends' papers exultantly quoted the opinions they had somewhat reluctantly fathered, and cried 'Told you so!' in dignified paragraphs, and Geoff's friends rejoiced openly.

The War Office found itself—as usual, said the General—in a position of some difficulty, and Mr Devon, in the privacies of his own inner sanctum, used language which in another place would have held him up to reprobation. For there could not be a doubt that the finding of the court-martial, which would arrive in a few days, was an adverse one, or why send Challis home under arrest? And there could not be a doubt that it would be received with a howl of disgust throughout the land.

So the Right Hon. Ainslie found himself between two fires. He naturally desired to stand as well as any Secretary for War could ever hope to stand with the people and their representatives in the House, and he had no desire to provoke resentment in the army by acting contrary to its views. He foresaw that, however he might act, he must inevitably offend one party or the other, and he felt strongly inclined to get out of the muddle by sending in his resignation—just as Geoff had felt out there in the desert—which would be a somewhat bitter thing to do. It was not, perhaps, surprising that, under such circumstances, some of the resentment he felt at things in general settled on Geoffrey Challis as the original source of the troubles that beset him. He recognised the sentiment as an injustice to Geoff; but it was there, and there is little doubt that it influenced him later on.

Meanwhile he had the Judge-Advocate-General to fall back on, and he hoped that that astute friend would be able to find some way of cutting the knot which might satisfy all parties without in any way putting a spoke in the wheels of justice.

And during all these trying days Una Devon had been invisible to her friends. She went nowhere; and Ellen, when she called, learned only that Miss Devon was indisposed and could see nobody.

And Lady Eugénie indulged herself in much plain talk, till at last, like a dutiful daughter, Una came to see things with her mother's eyes, as a dutiful daughter sometimes does. Dutifulness is a charming virtue, but it is not the only virtue. There are others of robuster growth, and there come times when, through the wilful closing of the heart against higher claims, even the practice of a virtue may be but a sign of weakness and selfishness.

In some, the time of stress and storm evokes all the combative goodness of their natures. These are the Great-Hearts of life, salt of the earth. Ellen Challis could no more have turned her back on Charles Doone—no, not if he had been convicted in open court of scuttling his ship—than she could have plucked her heart out. She would have grieved, indeed, to the verge of heart-break, and then with a brave, white face and swimming eyes, and the bruised heart painfully insisting that it was not the Charlie she knew who could have done such a thing, she would have groped to his neck, and brought home to him the certainty that there was still one faithful soul that believed in him, though to all the rest of the world he was outcast.

But then Ellen's heart was wholly Doone's, and that makes all the difference in the world.

A COTTON-GARDEN IN NIGERIA.

By Constance Larymore.

N these days, and in the immediate future—when economic development is superseding military operations, the sword turning into the ploughshare, and the Mother Country is looking anxiously across to Nigeria, not for conquest but for cotton—it may be that new names and new districts will spring into prominence, and the British public will speak more familiarly of the great rubber and cotton growing areas in the southern provinces than they have been wont to do of Lake Chad or Sokoto.

A botanical expert who has been, and still is, travelling over all parts of Northern Nigeria, with a view to its future development from an agricultural point of view, lately expressed to me his opinion that, with the exception of the Bassa Province—lying between the Benuë River and Southern Nigeria, on the left bank of the Niger—no district that he has, so far, seen offers so rich a

field for the cultivation of cotton as the area of land lying around Kabba.

Many to whom Kano and Sokoto are now familiar words will ask, 'Where on earth is Kabba, and what is it?' Well, Kabba is a small town situated in the centre of the province bearing its name, which lies between Ilorin and Southern Nigeria, having the right bank of the Niger as its boundary on one side and Lagos territory on the other. It is not on the way to anywhere in particular—at least, anywhere that draws the stream of white men so ceaselessly passing up and down the highways of the Protectorate; it has no great political importance to drag it into prominence—no Emirate, with all the pomp and circumstance attending a powerful native ruler; it has none of the glow of mystery and attraction about it which hovers over Kano, Sokoto, and the north generally; nor is it on the path of the immense caravans which throng the northern routes. These either end their journey at Ilorin, and return north laden with fresh merchandise; or else, passing down through Nassarawa, divide themselves into small canoe-loads when they meet the Niger at Loko. Kabba only sees, in twos and threes, those humble traders who are carrying native-made cloths from Ilorin to Lokoja, or returning from Lokoja with loads of potash; in fact, the little place just sits here, a tiny, mouse-coloured town, snugly tucked away on the slopes of a thickly wooded hillside in one of the very quietest backwaters of all the world's rushing and scurrying tide.

So much for what Kabba is *not;* now for what it *is*, and what it can present to the eyes of a mere idler: one who loves beauty in all its varied forms, and whose inestimable good fortune it is to have leisure and opportunity to see it every day, and all around, unhampered by any considerations more weighty than the shining of the sun and the working order of a stylographic pen.

Picture to yourself a green, a truly emerald green plain, holding an area of, roughly, ten square miles, freely dotted with palm-trees (*Elæis guineensis*), their tall, slender stems crowned with crests of graceful drooping plumes, and bearing a respectable fortune in the palm-oil contained in the closely clustering bunches of nuts on each tree. Hundreds of acres are under cultivation, mainly yams, cotton, and capsicums, the last-named glowing like little tongues of flame among the glossy, winding trails of the yams—which, by the way, closely resemble smilax on a magnificent scale. Away beyond rise the blue hills in a huge circle all round, jealously shutting in this little green paradise from the tiresome world of restless white folks, who would take count of time, make roads, try to introduce sanitation, and otherwise employ themselves in fruitless and unnecessary works, to the dire discomfort of peaceful denizens of peaceful places.

The ancient city wall stretches away across the plain, enclosing an area of which Kabba Town to-day occupies, possibly, one-hundredth part; a second inner boundary wall surrounds the town proper, excluding the steep little hill half a mile away, crowned by the fort, which is now in as bad a state of repair as the aged walls themselves, but is nevertheless the abiding-place of the military detachment and a handful of native police—in fact, the English Quarter of Kabba, whence may be heard any morning ringing words of command in English, bugle-calls all day long, and at evening-time the native sentry challenging all and sundry with 'Hollwhogothaire?' in his most awe-inspiring tone.

I think, perhaps, this English Quarter is the only aspect of Kabba that has power to damp my overflowing spirits, and to remind me that even in dearly loved Africa 'it is not always May.' Our quarters are a rambling, ill-constructed clay-building, measuring some sixty feet from end to end; the crumbling mud-walls and ant-eaten, collapsing wooden supports surmounted by a painfully inadequate thatched roof. The house was designed by an Englishman whose desire for spaciousness and magnificence of proportion evidently outweighed his knowledge of elementary architecture and blinded his foresight. How the native labourers must have smiled and patiently shrugged their mahogany shoulders as they piled up the ridiculous structure under his imperious orders!

Meantime, the tornadoes sweep up over the hills to the south and west, tearing like a white wall across the plain, and wreaking their fury on this ill-fated hill-top in a most thorough-going fashion. At such times it makes one giddy to look up at the roof while it creaks and sways horribly in the hurricane, each gust seeming to bring the inevitable collapse nearer. We have spent rainy seasons before in Africa, so we take no needless risks, and in the places most essential for our comfort we have rigged up tents and ground-sheets, thus securing to ourselves and a percentage of our possessions islands of comparative safety and dryness; but, for the rest——

At this moment the Resident is manfully getting through his day's work, interviewing the chiefs and headmen of various neighbouring villages, with the rain pouring through the roof, and an umbrella held over his head; while his guests squat around him, placidly enduring the ceaseless streams of water pattering on their persons, and doubtless questioning slowly in their own minds why the 'White Judges' live month in, month out, in a leaking ruin which *they* would not inhabit for half-an-hour before it was made watertight; and, when one comes to think of it, one rather wonders too.

Kabba itself is much the same in appearance as any of the smaller towns in the Protectorate: a collection of clay-built, thatched houses clustered closely together, seeming to cling affectionately to the rocky hillside above—the Ju-Ju Hill, deeply reverenced, dearly loved, and jealously guarded by all. But of the Ju-Ju Hill and its mysterious ceremonies I shall have more to say presently. There is the usual crowded market, with low, dark booths or shelters lining the streets, where the ladies of

commercial pursuits display the invariable collection of coloured cotton cloths, beads, miscellaneous food-stuffs, spices, and capsicums; heads are popped out and white teeth flash into smiles to call merry greetings to the 'white woman,' and to vociferate warnings to the fat, little brown toddlers rapt in wonder and straying perilously near her horse's feet. But when the busy market and humming village are left behind, and the Mohammedan praying-enclosure beside the great *kuka*-tree (baobab) is passed, then it is that I come into *my* kingdom.

I have a lane here—*such* a lane. It extends for a mile or two in the forest belt, and is hardly three feet wide anywhere. Phyllis and Corydon, the necessary accompaniment to any self-respecting lane, would find the greatest difficulty in strolling hand in hand, in the orthodox fashion, except by dint of much squeezing; but it is just possible that Phyllis and Corydon might not utterly condemn my lane on that account. At all events, there is barely room for me and my pony. On either side rises a wall of greenery full of climbing plants innumerable; hanging from the branches of great trees, twenty or thirty feet above my head, themselves loaded with ferns and parasites, are gracefully twining creepers, swaying tantalisingly and rather contemptuously just out of reach of my farthest stretch. Rather contemptuous, too, is the *Ough, ough* of the dog-faced monkeys invisible behind the green curtain; but I have so many friends in my line that I can afford to submit to an occasional snub. Two months ago it was a flaming mass of glorious scarlet *Mussænda elegans;* now that has passed, and the mode for July is a flower I dearly love, but which, owing to a mournful ignorance of botany, I am unable to name definitely. I think it would strike the lay mind as a species of mimosa. The stem is thorny; the leaves, which are minutely pinnate, close modestly at sunset; the flower—bless it!—smells of a thousand sweet things, and consists really of a collection of tiny florets massed together, forming one infinitely delicate ball of slender silvery-white threads tipped with golden pollen. It is everywhere, clasping the tree-trunks, foaming over the bushes, and shrouding the deep, cool recesses where the shining dark ferns lie hidden away, scenting the whole air, and proving itself an irresistible fascination to the butterflies—busy gossips that they are—flashing purple and velvety black, tender yellow and palest blue.

One of the huge *kuka*-trees is clothed for a height of fifteen or twenty feet in a gorgeous mantle of *Gloriosa superba*, each vivid green leaf ending in a long tendril which clings desperately to all it meets. The blossoms when first opened are of a delicate pale-golden colour, daily developing crimson splashes at the base of each petal, and later becoming entirely an exquisite deep-apricot shade, a perfect feast of daintily varying hues.

Out into the open country again; for it must be admitted that my kingdom is not a vast one, though very, very perfect of its kind, and, best of all, absolutely my own—at least, so far, no one has attempted to dispute its possession with me. Skirting the aged wall, one follows a narrow footpath towards a rocky eminence a quarter of a mile away, and, dismounting, explores it on foot. It is a tiny hill of great steepness, composed for the most part of piles of massive boulders, from which nearly all the soil has been washed away by many rainy seasons. An almost invisible track guides one up the precipitous side to the summit, an area of possibly fifty feet square, occupied entirely by huge rocks, shady niches, and coarse creepers.

The place has a history and reputation of its own. It is called 'The Lookout Hill,' and was greatly used—so runs the tradition—in the times of Fulani slave-raiding excursions from Bida. Once you arrive at the top, the *raison d'être* of the name is readily grasped. Far and wide, in all directions, one can view the surrounding country and command every road leading to Kabba, from north, south, and east, without being visible from below. How vividly one can picture the anxious watcher, crouching motionless among the rocks, scanning with straining eyes the path winding like a white ribbon among the peaceful yam-fields and waving grass, on the alert to detect the first signs of the advancing Fulah army; and then flying breathless along the scented forest-ways back to the town, his poor heart thumping on his ribs, to carry the dread news that sounds the knell of slavery for himself, his wives, and children! It is a piteous picture, and gladly one takes heart again, and feels thankful that to-day the scene is so peaceful and so fair.

The Kabba folk are of the Bunu tribe; whence their origin I cannot say. They, at all events, speak a remarkably unpronounceable language of their own, to the utter confounding of any unfortunate interpreter who does not happen to have been born within fifty miles of the place. Bunu is not precisely musical; but I have observed with mild astonishment that these natives rather enjoy talking it. My friend the Balogun likes to chat easily with his retinue in this tongue, which appears to have no vowels except odd sounds evolved from somewhere in the region of the collar-bones, and which seems to demand some special development about the nose and chest, just as Yoruba and Kru require peculiarly-shaped mouths for their correct enunciation. I think the Balogun likes to feel that he is getting level with the white man in a small way by this exhibition of jaw-breaking phraseology. He is a man of property, and, as befits the 'second chief,' is a leader of society in Kabba, dressing recklessly in a gorgeous black-and-white velvet robe; he knows, too, what is due to a lady, even an English one. Once, when I displayed to him some embroidery, he rose manfully to the occasion, and, trotting out his one English idiom, rather startled me by ejaculating pleasantly, 'My God!'

Fetich has a firm hold in Kabba, but to which 'school' the inhabitants belong I have never been able, or indeed tried, to find out, as I have some

belief in treating any man's religion with as much reverence and reticence as he does himself. Before describing the little I do know of Bunu ceremonies, I should like to repeat here Mary Kingsley's admirable definition of fetich: 'the religion of the natives of the western coast of Africa, where they have not been influenced either by Christianity or Mohammedanism;' not rank heathenism, mark you. However, fetich is so well and exhaustively treated both by Miss Kingsley and Major Mockler-Ferryman in their respective works on West Africa that it would be indeed futile for me to attempt to stumble and halt over the ground which they have covered so royally and completely; therefore I will content myself with describing the Bunu funeral-custom, as carried out in Kabba, which I do not think I have read or heard of elsewhere.

The corpse is kept in the house for three days, while four maidens of tender years are selected, and, being placed in strictest seclusion in a house set apart, are not permitted to speak a single word during these days. When the lying-in-state is accomplished, a great number of people from the neighbouring villages arrive, in obedience to the Sariki's summons, not necessarily out of friendship for the dead man, but merely as a matter of religious ceremonial. Each guest brings a certain proportion of gifts in cloth, food-stuffs, or cowries, especially the last-named. The whole party having assembled, they start forth for the Ju-Ju Hill, the corpse borne in the midst, drums beating, horns hooting, women wailing, and general excitement prevailing. The grave has been previously dug in a chosen spot on the hillside (which is practically one large and overcrowded cemetery) in a curious shape. After the ordinary grave has been prepared to a depth of four feet or thereabouts, a tunnel is dug at one end of it, and continued into the earth for a distance of about twelve feet, the passage being wide enough to admit a man creeping on hands and knees.

The party at the foot of the hill seat themselves in a wide circle; and the four silent girls, coming forward and raising the body, bear it away up the hill. It is lowered by them into the grave, and carefully pushed up the tunnel, the idea being to prevent any earth from falling on it. Then returning in solemn silence, they collect the various offerings of food, cloth, and cowries from the assemblage, and deposit them beside and around the corpse; finally, the outer grave is filled in. I have been told that several pounds' worth of cowries are thus buried at each funeral. Meantime, the folks below are holding high revel, dancing, singing, capering, banging tom-toms, and shouting a most enthusiastic send-off to their departed fellow-countryman; while he, good man, sleeps all unconscious of the fun he is missing, lying just where he would choose to lie, on his beloved Ju-Ju Hill. Is it very different from an Irish 'wake,' and is it really much more 'heathenish'?

There are also minor ceremonies and festivals connected with matters agricultural—the ultimate success of the crops, the coming in of the new yams, &c.—without very much variety in the proceedings, the main point being apparently the making of a 'cheerful noise' and the sacrifice of nothing more dreadful than a few fowls. Perhaps some day not far distant, when the green plains of Kabba are all one luxuriant carpet of cotton plantations, pale golden flowers, and snowy bursting pods, there will be initiated a new festival to celebrate the gathering in of the white man's cotton.

BIDDY.

By J. J. Bell, Author of *Wee Macgreegor*.

PART I.

MISS POLLY PELLICOE was what is charitably termed no longer young, but she would have been the last to challenge the statement or even resent it.

'Forty-two *is* my age, and I don't care who knows it,' she said cheerfully, as the collector of the last census papers ran his eye over the document relating to her little household. 'Forty-two, young man; and if I look it, I don't feel it.'

As a matter of fact, she did *not* look it, even in broad daylight; and the Professor, who had recently taken up his abode in the next cottage, judged her to be not more than thirty-five, and, being himself still on the right side of fifty and a bachelor, deemed her dangerous. Single ladies of her age, he had always maintained, were too frequently given to snapping up single gentlemen of his own, and accordingly he had, since his arrival, behaved towards his neighbour with the utmost discretion, though with all due politeness and deference.

'So long as I confine myself to commonplace remarks I am safe enough,' he told himself, forgetting, or perhaps being ignorant of, the fact that the very language of love is chiefly composed of commonplace remarks. 'I'm not going to allow myself to be snapped up like my poor old friend Ludington, who let his tongue run away with him out of sheer good nature, and married a female because she happened to live next door to him. He says he's happy now; but his work has gone to the dogs since she came to live with him. Poor old Ludington! A rare scholar, but a man of no discretion or wisdom when he was outside his library. But *I'll* take care! I've come here to complete a book—not a love-story.'

Now, it must not be supposed that the Professor was a conceited man. He had simply got into his

head the unoriginal idea that maiden ladies were like anglers, while bachelors were like fish, and that the oftener the latter opened their mouths the greater was their risk of being caught. Richard Cardigan was really as modest a man as ever wore spectacles and taught higher mathematics; and although he had fears of being snapped up, as he put it, he would as soon have dreamed of a woman falling in love with him as—well, of himself falling in love with a woman.

He had rented the cottage at Hazeldene for six months, and in its pleasant seclusion he hoped to bring to completion the treatise, ponderous in more senses than one, upon which he had been engaged for nearly fifteen years.

At first Miss Pellicoe took but little interest in her neighbour beyond finding out who he was, whence he had come, and what he did. Having spoken with him once, she decided that he was a 'nice' man, to which decision she added a faint regret that, sartorially at least, he had a somewhat neglected appearance. She herself was the embodiment of daintiness, and anything tending to slovenliness annoyed her. She made up her mind that the Professor's housekeeper was not by any means a capable person, and that in all probability the Professor was quite content to let things jog along anyhow.

PART II.

IT was a hot afternoon towards the middle of June, and the Professor, finding the atmosphere of his study oppressive, had brought his work with him to the front garden. A deck-chair placed in the shade of a tree accommodated his by no means portly form; by his side stood a small table bearing a pint of light Rhine wine, a green squat bottle of seltzer, and a tumbler; also a sheaf of closely written papers and a bulky volume from which the title, through much handling, had disappeared, but which a mathematician would probably have recognised as one of logarithms. For nearly an hour the Professor had been plying his fountain-pen on the writing-pad resting upon his knee, halting occasionally to consult the bulky volume, and it was with a sigh of satisfaction that he pocketed his pen and turned to the refreshment at his side. Having filled the tumbler with hock and seltzer, he took a long pull at the mixture and lay back in his chair, murmuring, 'This is exceedingly pleasant; but I must not allow myself to fall asleep. Let me see if I can't work out that curve without putting it on paper.' He set down his glass, drew his soft felt hat over his brows, and closed his eyes.

It is impossible to state whether or not the Professor solved the problem he had set himself. Perhaps he was just in the middle of it—he was certainly very deeply engrossed in something—when a sudden shrill cry, not far away, caused him to start up violently.

'Good gracious! what was that?' he gasped, looking about him. 'Sounded like a child.'

The cry came again. 'Man! man! Me tuck! Me tuck!'

The Professor rose, feeling that it was himself who was being addressed, and discovered that the cry proceeded from a child who had crawled halfway through a hole in the lower part of the hedge dividing his garden from his neighbour's.

'Me tuck!' repeated the child, catching his eye and smiling.

'Tuck?' queried the Professor, advancing.

'Tuck! Tuck!'

'What does that mean?' thought Cardigan. 'Ah! You—you're pretending you're a fowl—a hen,' he said pleasantly, if awkwardly.

'Not fowl hen!' the little girl cried, with great indignation. 'Me tuck!' And she wriggled in a way that explained better than her words had done.

'Oh, I see!' said the Professor, feeling rather foolish. 'You're *stuck*? You can't get through? Is that it?'

The child nodded. 'Can't get froo.'

'Well, you had better go back, hadn't you?' he said politely.

'Not goin' back. Comin' to see you, funny ole gempleman. Pull me froo!'

'Well, I'm blest!' muttered the Professor, taken aback.

'Pull me froo!'

'But—but'——

'*Pull me froo-oo-oo!*'

There was no resisting the command. Cardigan went down on his knees, and without much delay or difficulty extricated his uninvited guest.

'Fank you,' she said on finding herself on her feet. 'Nice man. Clean me now,' she added, indicating the soil, which fortunately was dry, on her brief garments and naked limbs. 'Clean me wif you's hanky.'

The Professor produced his handkerchief, and as he dusted her down he inquired her name, understanding such an inquiry to be the correct one in the circumstances.

'Biddy,' she replied. 'What's you's name?'

'Richard Cardigan.'

She looked puzzled, and he repeated it.

'Not likin' you's name,' she remarked at last.

'I was called Dick when I was a little boy,' said the Professor meekly.

'Dick? Likin' Dick.'

'Thank you, Biddy,' he returned, smiling; and the Professor looked very nice when he smiled.

'Likin' to sit down,' said Biddy abruptly, taking his hand and leading him to the chair under the tree. 'Sit on you's knee, Dick.'

He seated himself, and in a bashful fashion lifted her on to his knee.

The glass on the table attracted her attention at once. 'You's drinkin' jumpy water,' she cried, pointing to the sparkling hock-and-seltzer. 'Likin' jumpy water,' she added, stretching forth her small, chubby hand.

'I'm afraid, Biddy,' said the Professor politely,

'you are too young to be allowed to drink even the mildest alcoholic beverage.'

Biddy stared. 'Likin' jumpy water,' she repeated a trifle querulously.

'But—but it isn't—er—good for a—ahem!—a little girl like you. Do you understand, my dear?' He blushed as he uttered the tender expression.

'Likin' jumpy water. Give Biddy jumpy water.'

Cardigan shook his head. 'I—I really couldn't think of such a thing. Are you—er—making—a long visit next door?' he stammered, hoping to change the subject. 'I mean to say, are you—— Oh, *please* don't cry!'

For Miss Biddy had shut her eyes, puckered her face, opened her mouth, and was giving vent to a prolonged and piercing wail.

'For heaven's sake, child!'—— he began.

'Likin' jumpy water,' she sobbed, without, however, shedding a tear.

'I say,' he said at last, struck by a happy thought, 'would you like to come to my house and see if we can find some—er—jumpy water suitable for—er—juvenile consumption? Lemonade, you know.'

'Ess!' she cried promptly, slipping from his knee. 'Come on, Dick!' This with a dazzling smile.

The Professor inwardly hoped 'to goodness' that there was some lemonade or other non-alcoholic beverage in the house. If not, he thought, he would send his housekeeper to the village. He could not risk that piercing wail again.

Biddy caught his hand, and was toddling off with him, as if he were in her charge, when a voice was heard calling anxiously from the other side of the hedge, 'Biddy, Biddy! where are you, dear?'

Cardigan halted. 'Who's that calling you, Biddy?' he asked.

'Auntie Polly. Come on an' hide, Dick.'

But just then Miss Pellicoe looked over the hedge and discovered the twain.

'Oh Biddy, what *are* you doing?' she exclaimed involuntarily.

'Goin' to get jumpy water wif Dick,' the child replied calmly.

The Professor looked foolish. 'I think we should—er—postpone the jumpy water in the meantime, my dear,' he said, and made to conduct her towards the hedge.

But Biddy's eyes closed, her face puckered, her mouth opened, and——

'If you please, madam,' said Cardigan hurriedly, bowing to Miss Pellicoe and growing very red in the face, 'may I not take her to the house to see if my housekeeper has a drop of lemonade? I—ahem!—shall not detain her long.'

The lady could scarcely keep from smiling at her neighbour's obvious embarrassment, but she contrived to answer pleasantly, 'It is very kind of you, sir; but I cannot allow Biddy to trouble you.—Biddy, come to me at once. How did you get into Professor Cardigan's garden?'

Cardigan explained, while the child looked from the one to the other.

'I'll get the hole filled up at once,' said Miss Pellicoe. 'I must apologise for Biddy and myself,' she added.—'Now, Biddy dear, you must come to me.—Perhaps, sir, you would be good enough to take her to the gate, where I can meet her.'

'Certainly, madam,' said the Professor feebly, not daring to look down at Biddy.

That young damsel, however, had no intention of being so disposed of.

'Go 'way, Auntie Polly!' she commanded.—'Come on, Dick!' and she tugged impatiently at his finger.

'Oh Biddy!' exclaimed Miss Pellicoe in a tone of reproach, 'you must not be so naughty. Professor Cardigan does not like little girls who are disobedient.'

Biddy tightened her grip on his finger and looked up in his face. 'You not likin' me?' she inquired sweetly. 'Fink I'm likin' you,' she added. 'Likin' jumpy water too.'

Cardigan succumbed.

'If you will allow her to come with me,' he ventured to say to Miss Pellicoe, 'I'll bring her round to you in a few minutes. It would be a great favour to myself, madam.'

The lady hesitated, but at last she smiled. 'Well, I'm afraid it's wrong to let Biddy have her own way, and she must not be allowed to trouble you again. Please do not allow her to have more than a mere sip of lemonade.'

'I'll be most careful,' returned the Professor. He appeared as if he were about to say more; but instead he raised his hat abruptly and turned away with his small charge, who, having gained her point, skipped gaily by his side and prattled gleefully until the cottage was reached, when, to Cardigan's intense relief, it was found that a bottle of the desired beverage was available.

Thus Biddy made the Professor's acquaintance; and during the following two months scarcely a fine day passed without her paying him a visit. It is true that Miss Pellicoe had, according to her promise, barricaded the opening in the hedge; but Cardigan, on hearing the child's first exclamation of dismay and indignation, had removed the offending impediments, apologising to his neighbour afterwards for doing so, but at the same time begging her to leave the passage free in future. So that Miss Pellicoe soon ceased to protest when Biddy, tiring of her play in the garden, would announce that she was 'goin' to see Dick'—she refused to call him by any other name—and disappear through the hole in the hedge. As for Cardigan, it is perhaps enough to mention that his garden-table was always laid with refreshment for Biddy as well as for himself, and that, besides the shabby, bulky book of logarithms, it bore sundry volumes of a decidedly gayer and more youthful character, the coloured illustrations of which were further embellished with inky scores and blobs from his fountain-pen that Biddy took much delight in wielding.

In the earlier days of their friendship the Pro-

fessor was sorely ashamed of his inability to tell stories, Biddy being insatiable in that direction, and himself sadly ignorant of juvenile fiction.

Biddy, moreover, liked her stories told in verse and 'wifout the book,' a desire which floored the Professor, until it occurred to him to order a parcel of infantile poetical works from town and con them in the seclusion of his study after his housekeeper had retired for the night. It must have been a sight for the gods—the eminent mathematician sitting into the small hours struggling to commit to memory such gems as:

Pussy cat, Pussy cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to London
To visit the Queen!

or,

Hey, diddle, diddle!
The cat and the fiddle!
The cow jumped over the moon!

Doubtless some of the old rhymes were not unknown to him, although his young life had been mostly harsh and lonely; but as luck would have it, Biddy had a preference for many that were quite unfamiliar to him, and when he stumbled over a word or a line in repeating them he felt like a schoolboy with his lesson ill-prepared. To add to his confusion, she would sometimes observe, 'You 's not sayin' it nice like Auntie Polly, Dick.'

Probably the most trying minutes Cardigan spent were on a certain afternoon when Biddy appeared, followed by five shy little girls of ages varying between three and seven, and after introducing them as 'Wee Violet,' 'Wee Margaret' and so on, insisted on his reciting the whole of 'The Death and Burial of Cock Robin,' from which ordeal he was only rescued by the arrival of Miss Pellicoe, whose brief absence from the youngsters' garden-party had given Biddy the opportunity of 'goin' to see Dick,' and the satisfaction of presenting her little friends to the delightful being of whose stories and 'jumpy water' she had previously told them.

It was on this occasion that the Professor paid his first visit to his neighbour's garden, the invitation being extended to him by Biddy, who threatened to wail if he refused, and seconded by Miss Pellicoe, who was fain to save the harmony of the gathering and not unwilling to show her appreciation of his kindness to her niece. Biddy, he learned, was spending the summer with her aunt, her parents being on a trip in the States. Cardigan drank tea with Miss Pellicoe, and by the time he had finished his second cup he felt more at ease than he had ever imagined possible in the company of a spinster. Biddy, in spite of her aunt's protests, induced him to play with her and her small guests, and he successively filled the parts of many wild and fearsome beasts, ending up by being an elephant, covered with a weighty travelling-rug and fitted with a trunk in the shape of a yard of garden-hose. In the last guise he endured the most intense heat and fatigue, and was honestly grateful when Miss Pellicoe interfered, and, not without difficulty, persuaded the children to join in another game, this time by themselves.

'Dear me! I 'm sure I thought my playing days were over,' said the exhausted Professor as he cast his skin and laid aside his proboscis. 'Biddy has certainly carried me off my feet. I—I really think I must give a party too. Would you—could you—help me, Miss Pellicoe?'

Miss Pellicoe smiled kindly, but demurred.

Cardigan, however, flushed with the unwonted gaiety and excitement of the afternoon, grew bolder, and repeated his request.

After some discussion, Biddy appeared on the scene and promptly settled the question in the Professor's favour, with the result that she and the five little girls were invited to the neighbouring garden for the very next afternoon, weather permitting. The weather did permit, and the Professor's party was such a success that several of the little girls, in spite of Miss Pellicoe's watchful care, required a sound physicking ere they were twelve hours older. Practical Miss Pellicoe was inclined to resentment against her neighbour on account of the 'ridiculous richness' of the fare provided for 'mere infants;' but when she met him the following morning and informed him that Biddy was one of the sufferers, his remorse was so sincere that she forgave him on the spot, and went back to comfort her niece by withdrawing the threat recently administered (along with the senna) to the effect that the Professor's garden was in future forbidden ground.

Towards the end of August Cardigan realised that he was taking more than a simple neighbourly interest in Miss Pellicoe. The truth seized him quite suddenly one night when he was working late over the final chapter of his book, and he dropped his pen and sat bolt upright as if something had startled him.

'At my time of life!' he muttered. 'No, it can't be! It 's Biddy that attracts me. When she goes back to her parents I 'll be myself once more. And then I 'll soon be getting back to my regular work again. Humph! It 's all nonsense! I 'm all right.'

But he did no more work that night, and his sleep was broken.

'Biddy,' he remarked when she was visiting him in the garden the following day—'Biddy, I 'm afraid I 'll be very sorry when you go away.'

'Ess,' Biddy returned equably. 'Fink you 's likin' me, Dick.'

'Very much, my dear,' he almost sighed.

'Likin' Auntie Polly too?' she continued cheerfully. 'Come an' see Auntie Polly now.' She slipped from his knee and pulled at his fingers. 'Come on, Dick!'

Biddy had found the Professor rather dull this afternoon. Although his 'jumpy water' had been as sparkling as usual, his stories had failed to hold her attention, and on several occasions he had stuck in the middle of a rhyme, and after he had actually mixed up 'Goosey Gander' with 'Sing a Song of

Sixpence,' Biddy felt that she would probably find more amusement on the other side of the hedge, and desired his company there.

'Come on, Dick, an' be a wild beast, an' eat me up. Eat up Auntie Polly too.'

Cardigan shook his head. 'Not to-day, Biddy. I've got work to do. I—I'll perhaps come to-morrow.'

'Come on, Dick!'

'No, no. Not to-day, my dear.'

Biddy closed her eyes puckered her face, opened her mouth, and——

'Very well, I'll come,' said the Professor, ashamed of his weakness. 'What sort of beast am I to be to-day?' he inquired as he rose.

'All sorts,' cried Biddy, beaming on him.

Cardigan told himself he was an ass to begin with; but, all the same, he was disappointed, on reaching his neighbour's garden with Biddy on his shoulder, to find that Miss Pellicoe had gone to pay a call, leaving her maid to await the child's return. Nevertheless, he became sundry wild beasts, chiefly and appropriately enough of the species belonging to the tropics.

THE COMMON RAT.

By E. Adrian Woodruffe-Peacock, F.L.S.

S there any one who does not know it? To dwellers in town and country alike rats are a source of terror or loss. I have known them as long as I can remember anything, and although I have diligently studied their ways, have only witnessed their serried and dangerous battalions twice in my life. In April 1872 I walked to the end of the west pier of Granton Harbour, on the Firth of Forth, and was overtaken by a sudden shower—passing rapidly, but heavy while it lasted. On returning at a swinging trot, at the wooden steps from the upper to the lower outer pier I met the rats in vast numbers. They passed me without the slightest signs of fear, as I stood aside, mindful of Archbishop Hatto of Mainz. For the time being they were intent on one thing only: the fresh rain-water lying in little pools on the larger stones of the breakwater. Such a number of vermin could easily have killed and eaten me in a few minutes had they been as eager for food as they were for water. Bell has put it on record (*British Quadrupeds*) how rapidly famished rats worried and picked the bones of a Northumbrian miner who was unwise enough to enter a coal-pit which had not been worked for some time without first supplying the rodents with food.

The Great Fenland traditions also tell of a huge flood drowning out the engine-fires of a steam-pump; and how, when the engineer returned by boat after the flood had partly subsided, he was despatched by the countless starving rats which had escaped from the drain-tanks to the engine-house.

Again, in very hot weather in the summer of 1878, I think, after a very heavy thunderstorm I came on rats in hundreds on a sandy soil drinking at 'a dew pond.' It was the only pool of open water for three-quarters of a mile or more. The time was between nine and ten o'clock in the evening of a brilliant moonlight night. I stood rooted to the spot with amazement and fascination at the sight. The rats were far too busy for fear or retaliation. They came and drank, and returned with much squeaking but hardly any disorder. There were all ages represented in the throng: the huge patriarch, gray and rugged with age, and the one-third-grown youngster; mothers carried their babes, which were too weak to crawl, for a drink and a dip. If my eyes did not deceive me in the moonlight—for the throng was on the other side of the water, ten feet away from me—there were little pink nestlings amongst those which received these maternal ablutions.

A well-known Lincolnshire farmer, long since deceased, used to tell how the post-boy of the coach between Lincoln and Louth told him, as he was travelling one day, to look out for a battalion of rats at a certain spot on the high wold about 6.30 P.M. 'We allus meet them aboot that time. They've no water at home, an' are going to drink at a [dew] pond.' Sure enough, when the coach reached the spot indicated, hundreds of rats were met with, travelling to the water along the turnpike.

I can truly say I remember the rat as long as I remember anything; and as long as memory lasts one or two 'hunts' will stand out as red-letter days of good sport and wild excitement. In the spring of 1868, when corn was worth over seventy shillings a quarter, we surrounded a stack with railway wagon-sheets, and killed one hundred and sixty-two head—only two escaping. It is rare good sport when you are young and active, and the vermin are not inclined to combine and retaliate. Beware if they do, and escape while there is time. If their numbers are sufficient, life is in danger. In any case, a single bite may cause death from blood-poisoning. One never knows in what kind of garbage a rat's teeth have just been, and there lies the danger.

We consider the fox a cunning beast, and truly he is worthy of the title; but for taking in the whole bearings of a position in a second, or for calling for the united efforts of numbers, if they are available and are required, give me an old rat for preference. Here is an instance: A friend once carried a number of London sewer-rats down to his place in Essex to have some sport with his terriers—and they had it. A suitable spot was chosen in the 'undercroft' below the billiard-room. It was a very large, empty cellar,

with only one door for admittance. To enable us to view the fray, it was lighted by two hanging lamps. When the door was safely locked on the inside 'to keep out the women,' the rats were shaken out of the sacks and the sport began. These wise old rats took in the position at once, and the game was fast and furious, but not quite what was expected. There was no possible means of escape till the door was opened, and open it those vermin did. There was a preliminary squeak or two, then the rats which the dogs were not actually worrying dashed up the men's clothes, and were soon on their shoulders. The first pair of incisors that nipped a human ear or throat produced the desired effect. In less than a moment there was a stampede of London's gilded youth for the locked door. A moment later rats, dogs, and men were in the open air. Five rats only had been killed; the rest got away scot-free, and no doubt their descendants inhabit the locality still. Over the language used on that occasion we must draw the veil of decency—it was as profane as it was emphatic. The neighbourhood laughed immoderately; and, if rats do such things, they must have 'cocked a few snooks' at the defeated bipeds and their four-footed companions.

'The rat,' as I was told in my youth, 'is as old-fashioned as any beast that runs.' He, with the weasel, has the honour of leading the aged blind of his own species with sticks, and of knowing when the premises he inhabits are unsafe from decay. From his singular sharpness of senses and quickness of perception, he is the vilest of all vermin from the gamekeeper's point of view. There can be no doubt now that the Asiatic plague is a disease of rats, which is transferred to the human subject by the rat-flea in the first place, and then passed on from man to man by the human-flea. When the plague breaks out amongst them the cunning rodents disperse, and by so doing carry the disease in an ever-widening circle. Some instinct, too, causes them to leave their holes to die, and the fleas, forsaking the cold body at once, find a resting-place for a time on the human person, and by blood-sucking contaminate the patient with the bacillus of the plague. It has long been known that while doctors who had made hundreds of *post-mortems* on people who had died of plague escaped in a wonderful way, those who had been engaged in laying out the dead did not. In the one case the fleas had been removed; in the other they were still present. It has also long been known that personal clothes and bed-coverings often spread the disease; but some people never contract the malady from them. The explanation of this is quite simple. Certain people are very frequently bitten by fleas, while others are never so bitten, although fleas may be jumping all over them.

With all his cunning, the rat under certain circumstances seems singularly deficient in suspecting danger, or perhaps his inquisitiveness for the time being gets the better of his discretion. Some fifteen years ago we were sitting on a groyne at Worthing, studying the action of shore waves in moving beach shingle. As we sat perfectly still, a rat approached from the shore by the side of the groyne. Turning round the post we sat on, he came straight up to our boots. He smelt them, crawled over them, and after apparently making up his mind that they were not good for food, went on his way to the water-line, after fully ten minutes spent in minute investigation. For the next half-hour we watched him feeding on the refuse left at the high-tide mark. As we discovered later broken bivalves, there can be little doubt that molluscs were his chief food that day. This animal was an old one, but had a thin and half-starved look. Rats have been caught by oysters and large fresh-water mussels.

Not so long ago, as far inland as Sheffield, a rat flicked his tail into the partly open jaws of a huge oyster, which at once closed on it like a vice. The rat naturally made for his hole in a shop; but though he could enter, the bivalve was too big to follow. He was found by the owner of the shop next morning, 'head downwards, tugging frantically, but all in vain.' The rat's love of getting everywhere, and having a tail, if not a paw, in everything to discover if it is good for food, at times leads careless individuals into danger.

Like his enemy the weasel, the rat is often killed by the doe rabbit in protecting her young. Unless they attack a warren in fair force, too, rats are not infrequently driven away for a time by the bold stand made by the older bunnies.

The following is the most curious fact I have ever met with about rats, and shows the danger of lucifer-matches. A large store of corn, kept in sacks at a public-house at High Wycombe, was fired not long ago by rats. Fortunately the flames were observed and extinguished at once, and thus the origin of the fire was discovered. A box of matches had been drawn under a wooden floor by rats, which at once gnawed the box and match-heads, and so set fire to the building!

A large buck-rat will measure as much as twenty inches from the nose to the end of the tail, and will scale two and a half pounds. Old potato-clamp rats in the spring-time will rarely beat this length and weight—they are the finest I have ever seen; but anything which exceeds them may be called exceptional, and is worth recording in print.

The rat has many deadly enemies; the polecat, stoat, and weasel being the most bloodthirsty and persistent of them. What chance should such a small creature as the weasel have against so well-provided an antagonist as *Mus decumanus?* Yet every observant naturalist knows that a single weasel will soon empty a large corn-rick of rats, and five minutes in the open is enough to lay the biggest rat dead.

As a rule, rats are not so abundant in a neighbourhood where game is not preserved as where this is strictly the case. The keepers may do their best at homestead, covert, and drain-side; but after the mustelines have been destroyed for years the rat

naturally flourishes. When you have seen rats bolted by scores from stacks or drain-banks by one wee weasel you can appreciate fully how game-preserving destroys the balance of nature.

Probably few countrymen even are aware how prolific rats are where the food-supply is abundant. The rabbit is simply not in it with the rat. A doe has from twelve to eighteen young ones at a birth, and they begin to breed at three months old, I am informed. I cannot, however, state this as a fact I know; but I can say that in mild weather they will breed all the year round if there is a sufficiency of food. The old English black rat, *Mus rattus*, best known to us now by the albino form kept in cages, is a large breeder, but nothing like the brown rat of our stacks, and that is why it has died out before its Eastern invader. The common rat follows the usual law in such cases; and where they increase rapidly colour-varieties are not difficult to find. Melanistic shades of more or less intensity are perhaps the commonest forms. Piebald specimens are not so very rare; but albinos I have never met with or heard of.

Of all our vermin, the rat is the commonest, and so by far the most destructive. In warehouse, mill, farmstead, or game-preserve it is equally 'matter out of place.' It loves eggs, young game, baby rabbits and hares—anything that runs and flies. I might add swims too, for the great destruction of trout-fry is the work of the brown rat, turned water-rat, and not of the vole. It has, however, no insane thirst for blood like the fox or stoat, and rarely kills for the mere sake of killing, as they will whenever they get into 'a warm corner.' The rat comes and comes again, and in the end leaves nothing.

In a closely preserved country, at the end of an average year, the game suffers more from the 'outlying' rats of the lordship than from the foxes and mustelines together. The solitary rats, whether males or females, are the curse of a game-country. They are most difficult to detect; for in the majority of cases their special work is supposed to be done by hedgehog, weasel, or stoat. I have even known it put down to the otter. A blundering trapper may make headway against most vermin, but with the solitary rat he is absolutely useless. No ordinary care or means is of avail against him. He is the most careful of movers, taking his time over every yard of the ground, with all his senses on the alert for any possible danger. Traps and poison have little terror for him, unless they are laid by a master-hand. It is rarely indeed he is shot at sight, so he generally escapes scot-free, and dies in ripe old age. A wet season, such as that of 1903, is peculiarly favourable for the multiplication of rats. By November all outlying rats, excepting the oldest stagers, have been driven into stacks, farmyard buildings, or shelter of some kind, where there is plenty of water. One active keeper killed four hundred in a few days at some stacks by a drain. When he moved his thirty-nine traps the first night, his take was thirty-six killed, and the other three traps were sprung, but had not held.

Though rats have as insatiable a thirst as Falstaff had, like the rest of us they can have too much water. In the Trent valley, where the floods were phenomenal in the autumn of 1903, rats at times have been seen sitting by scores on the hedge-tops above their soaked homes.

I know many modes of destroying them with poison, plaster of Paris, and in other heartless ways. These may be all right for the thoughtless and ignorant, but cannot be used by kind-hearted and humane men. They are also very dangerous; for after steady poisoning of rats, homes become pestilent and uninhabitable. The simplest and most humane ways are as follow: Where the rodents inhabit buildings, feed them in a box with a tunnel to it over a barrel of water, with a tipe or see-saw floor in the middle of the tunnel. Tie the tipe up, and feed the rats till they run in and out as freely as possible. Then set the tipe working. Next morning, if you are lucky, one hundred and fifty drowned rats may be the result. In any case, the vermin left will be so intimidated that for the time not a rat will be about the buildings. When they return, in from nine to twelve months' time, they may be trained to feed in the box again with a view to their further destruction.

The most deadly of all forms of trapping is taking advantage of the rats' love of water and playing along the shallows of a pond. If you have them by hundreds and want to kill them by scores daily, find out their drinking and sporting places. Place ordinary rat-traps, unbaited, just under the water in the shallows about six inches apart. Let the falling plate be covered an eighth of an inch or so. When the rats are caught, the traps turn over and the vermin are drowned with practically no suffering. Drowning is the least painful of all violent deaths for man or beast. It is the one a humane man turns naturally to when he must take life in self-defence.

NIELS RYBERG FINSEN.

DIED SEPTEMBER 1904.

TRUE follower of the lowly Nazarene,
Who walked the earth with such benignant mien
That from His visage, as from healing light,
Death and disease and sickness took their flight;
Like Him who had not where to lay His head,
It was thy lot to toil for daily bread,
Despising fame and riches, caring more
To help mankind than heap up golden ore.
And yet the fame thou sought'st not thou didst gain;
Thy life—a long Gethsemane of pain—
Was all too brief, yet to thy latest breath
Thou fought'st victorious with disease and death;
And, weeping, we would write upon thy grave,
'Others he saved; himself he could not save.'

ALEX. SMALL, B.L.

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MY HALCYON EDINBURGH DAYS.

IN the driving rain of a wild November night in 1864 I made my first entrance into Edinburgh, my sole companion in the chilly third-class carriage being a sonsie but demure country lassie who had joined the train at Perth, to pay a visit to an 'auntie' resident in the capital. Five years later I left Edinburgh for good, again in company with a lassie, this time a native of the city and my newly wedded wife. The lassie who shared with me the comfort of a large foot-warmer on my first journey, and whose scrappy little sketches of men and things in the great city made the raw Highland laddie sitting opposite to her gape with wonder at her knowledge of the world, I never met again after we parted at the station; while the other one—the one tie that bound me to Edinburgh and its countless vivid associations—lies peacefully sleeping beside our daughter under the willows of a beautiful cemetery on the banks of the placid Schuylkill, above Philadelphia.

I went to Edinburgh as a second year's Arts student, having passed my 'freshman' year at Glasgow under Professors Ramsay and Lushington —'him who bore that weight of learning lightly as a flower.' The thread of my recollections of that winter of 1863-64 at Glasgow is woven of several strands: Ramsay, alert and insistent; his colleague benign but dignified; constant echoes of the American war, and now and again news of the capture or destruction of some daring Clyde-built craft while running the blockade of Charleston; Norman Macleod in the Barony Church, and filling Glasgow himself with his charming personality and winning eloquence, just as Dr Johnson peopled Fleet Street; a splendid stock company in Glover's Theatre-Royal, Dunlop Street, comprising names that have since risen to eminence in the theatrical world. I had not been a month in Glasgow before I took out a season-ticket for the theatre, which I admit was a most reprehensible thing to do in my narrow circumstances; and the evil of it went further than that, for I gradually dropped off in my attendance on the 8 A.M. Latin lessons, a dereliction which had its natural effect on the quality of my certificate at the end of the session; for though I managed to make a good showing at the 11 A.M. session of the class, which saved me from the fate of the uncertificated, I fell far short of realising the fond expectations of my devoted schoolmaster, kindly and urbane Peter Grant—*requiescat in pace!*

I think it must have rained every day and every hour of the day during that winter in Glasgow, and my health, at that time precarious, suffered so noticeably from the constantly moist and unsunned atmosphere that my father at length decided to send me the next year to inhale the balmy east winds of Auld Reekie, as the least of two evils.

To appreciate Edinburgh fully it is necessary for one to be something of an antiquary, and to this I never attained beyond the degree requisite for the proper understanding of general history. Edinburgh is so many things in one—a diamond with many facets; it is, more than any other European city, distinguished by a vicinage

> **Of clear bold hills that curve the very streets,**
> **As if to indicate, midst choicest seats**
> **Of Art, abiding Nature's majesty;**

it is a city whose matchless picturesqueness is one of the commonplaces of the globe-trotter; it is, moreover, the seat of a great and famous university; and, still more, it is a record, written in freestone, of the course of Scottish history from the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the reigns of the Stuart kings began, down to the Edinburgh of the eighteenth century which Burns saw and saluted with such emotion. But the Edinburgh that appeals to me, and for which I had a passion not yet wholly extinct, is a much more modern one—the city of the middle sixties, where my mind first began, under the influences which surrounded me, to unfold to the consciousness of 'The vision of the world, and all the wonders that would be;' where I lived as a sort of romantic pagan, and, nevertheless, worked conscientiously as a student

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or teacher, in summer as in winter; and where, finally, I passed from burning the midnight oil to rocking the midnight baby.

It was the splendour of the cyclorama presented by the city and its environs—half from art and half from a wondrously diversified nature—rather than its historic or antiquarian associations that caught my boyish fancy. Within the city my favourite and most frequent view was that obtained in the walk along Princes Street. Walking eastward along this street—which I could not but do twice at least a day—I had on my right the grassy steeps of the Castle rock, and then the quaint, dense, sky-serrated mass of the many-storied houses of the Edinburgh of the past, a view varying as it was morning or evening, sunlight or gray weather, and one of which I never tired. Then, if I took but a few steps out of Princes Street by the open way called the Mound, and from that partial elevation stopped to look westward, what a change in the panorama! I was in the very heart of a city, and yet, both near at hand and afar off, behold a sylvan land!—closest of all the softly wooded Corstorphine Hill, and, beside and beyond it, expanses dying to distant beginnings of mountains and a horizon of faint amethyst. And, perennially fresh, on my approaching the city from a particular quarter, was the view which gave me, once for all, the bold, romantic outline of the whole—the high, rock-rounding Castle on one side, the monumental Acropolis of the Calton Hill on the other, the ridgy, spine-like mass of building between, and, behind all, the noble shoulder and peak of Arthur's Seat and the great scarped curve of Salisbury Crags.

When I matriculated at the University as a second year's student (a 'sophomore,' as our American cousins dub the animal), Alexander Smith, the talented author of *A Life-Drama*, and of the charming book *A Summer in Skye*, was the registrar, though I do not remember ever seeing him. My professors during the four years of my attendance—Sellar, Blackie, Kelland, Tait, Campbell Fraser (MacDougal was already dead), Masson, Playfair, Goodsir—have all vanished from their chairs, and all but one from life; and how much I revered and loved 'the old familiar faces' there is no power in my poor words to express. The medical faculty was especially strong, and splendidly maintained the old reputation of the Edinburgh school, with such well-known names as Playfair and Goodsir, already mentioned (with Turner coming to the front as a brilliant and lucid demonstrator); Simpson, Syme, Christison, Balfour, Lister. I attended all the Arts classes in the regular curriculum, and two of the medical; and speaking for myself, I received more, in the strict line of my studies, from Professors Playfair, Sellar, Masson, and Fraser than from the others. Sellar's fine, courteous bearing to his students, and his patient, conscientious method of conducting the work of his class, made him the ideal instructor, and won me from the first; and in this respect he offered a striking contrast to Professor Blackie, whose rather boisterous manner as we entered his class-room from Sellar's, at 11 A.M., did not at first prepossess me in his favour. But I soon got to like Professor Blackie—as who, indeed, that knew him did not?—for his varied gifts, his inexhaustible versatility of energy, and the manly independence of his opinions, which he freely expressed to us on every topic of the day in that abrupt, trenchant style of his which went straight to the core of his subject. The *Pericles* of Plutarch and the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, which at least *some* of the class were reading, but supplied him with texts from which, with head thrown back and flowing mane, he commented pithily and with fanciful exuberance of quotation on whatever subject came uppermost in his thoughts.

Perhaps it was in Professor Fraser's class of Logic and Metaphysics that one could find the youthful Scots intellect disporting itself, as in a congenial element, with the greatest vigour and freedom. Some of the short essays read weekly in that class-room, crowded with embryo clergymen, lawyers, and doctors, were of first-rate quality; and when the Professor himself was pleased to give us of his best, the close of his brief but brilliant effort was marked by such a storm of pedestrian applause as could not be matched in any other part of the University.

On the whole, however, I feel most indebted to Professor Lyon Playfair's lectures and experiments in chemistry, for they opened up a new kind of world to me which 'redressed the balance of the old' world of mere words and speculations. I have always thought that but a small part of what is properly education has been given in schools and colleges. Many woeful experiences with the by no means extinct class of college students who 'gang in stirks and come oot asses'—simply because the apparently unalterable custom of making a mechanical manipulation of a certain amount of Latin and Greek the basis of the preparatory training enables a boy who is not a positive dunce to get into college—have convinced me that if the calibre of these same stirks were tested by a thorough preliminary course in higher English studies and in the elements of general science, there never would be any danger of the metamorphosis occurring; these mistaken lads would remain honest stirks to the end of the chapter, browsing in the fields which mother Nature had marked out for them.

Of course the study of English has nowadays a more prominent part in secondary education; but there is still large room for improvement. Suppose a boy educated on the classical system leaves school at the age of sixteen, or college at the end of his first or second session—a thing of frequent occurrence—what remains to him of his so-called education? This is the reason why one meets with so many persons in decent circumstances, persons who have passed several years at school, if not also some time at college, going through life without any intellectual tastes, falling victims with barbarian simplicity to

every tinsel allurement of style, entirely outside the influence of living genius, and scarcely aware, even as an historical fact, that they are the countrymen of Milton, Bacon, and Shakespeare. Their study of the Greek or Latin grammar or classic taught them something valuable, if you will; but one thing it did not do—it did not give them the key to literature or open to them the world of books; it did not put them into the possession of that inheritance which has been provided for every Briton by the labours of the philosophers, poets, and wits of three centuries.

I myself missed many of the advantages offered by Edinburgh to a student who is under good guidance. I had always been, by implication if not directly, taught to look askance at science, for instance, and to look up to ministers and professors—in other words, to theology and ancient literature—as the highest good. I never attended a lecture at the Philosophical Institution; of the science even of that day I was so ignorant that I was barely able to follow the lectures of Professor Tait on Natural Philosophy; and it was mainly the teaching I received under Professor Playfair that in after-years, when I had cut my wisdom-teeth in a foreign land, influenced me to discard the husks of the dreary and unprofitable classicism of my boyhood, and take up studies whose results, insignificant though they be in my own case, are nevertheless an abiding and satisfying possession.

To Edinburgh and Professor Playfair and his assistant, then, I owe my first impulse towards science and the method of science in other spheres of thought and research. To a little knot of men living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the years 1875–80 I am indebted for familiarising me with the work done by Faraday, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer, and the long array of scientific investigators behind them. Those few cultured Americans, then clustered round Harvard College, with Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes representing among them the modern spirit in literature, first truly taught me to regard the intellect as the most precious gift with which God has endowed man, the patient, earnest, impartial search after truth as the highest act of worship with which they can adore their Creator.

Professor Blackie's outlook upon human life might have been formulated by the well-known line of Terence: '*Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*' ('Everything that concerns my fellow-men is of interest to me).' Whether glorifying the Gaelic language, fresh from his holiday in the Scottish Highlands, or criticising the performance of the latest theatrical star in *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, he was equally in his element. It must have been soon after listening to the crooning of some wild Highland lament that he declared one day in the class-room, in his usual abrupt but only apparently irrelevant manner, that of all the writings of Wordsworth the only lines that moved him, by their weird force and suggestiveness, were the following from his poem on the Highland girl singing in the reaping-field:

> Will no one tell me what she sings?
> Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
> For old, unhappy far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

That was one of Blackie's grand points: while making believe to depreciate an author, he put his casual remarks about him in such a way that the more curious, at least, of his audience were incited to go straightway and read the author for themselves, as doubtless he often induced others of his students to learn the German language by his frequent laudation of it and his striking quotations from German literature. His manly and straightforward attitude in regard to the theatre was one of the ties that bound me to him in spirit, and which still endears him to my memory, irrespective of his professional relation to me, and this not so much because I loved the theatre myself, but because his fearless advocacy of an elevated stage marked him out for me as one of the elect who look at the things around him with a single eye.

During my second year in Edinburgh it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr and Mrs Wyndham, the lessees of the Theatre-Royal; and my subsequent intercourse with them and some of the pleasant people I met at their house is one of my brightest reminiscences of the ever-romantic city. Mr Wyndham himself was an easy-going, debonair sort of manager, and the greater part of the active work of 'running' the theatre devolved upon his able and energetic wife and her brother, who filled the double position of stage-manager and leading light comedian. Old Edinburgh theatre-goers need not be reminded of Mrs Wyndham's striking impersonation of Lady Macbeth and Helen Macgregor, or of Mr Wyndham's inimitably airy and delicately shaded Mercutio; neither will they have forgotten Powrie in *Rob Roy*, Boucicault in the *Colleen Bawn*, or Talbot, the popular tragedian who figured so often and so acceptably in Shakespearian leading parts, with the late J. B. Howard acting as Horatio, Macduff, and Richmond to his title-rôles. I attended several rehearsals conducted by the spirited manageress, and it was a scene to be long remembered to watch her superintending the mounting of such a play as *Macbeth*, with Locke's music; from the 'star' himself down to the greenest 'super,' from the witches (male) on the moor to the musicians in the orchestra, all fell unresistingly under the force of a sway whose tension never slackened till the controlling spirit of it was fully satisfied. Mrs Wyndham was extremely painstaking in teaching the younger members of her company to read their lines clearly and with the proper emphasis. I was once present while she was drilling a young clerk from the War Office turned actor (named Anson), for a long half-hour, in rendering five or six important lines in the way she wanted, and that was a way polished to the very finger-nails.

One rather foggy evening, feeling tired of poring over my books, I sallied forth from my lodging and strolled in the direction of the Post-Office. Arrived there, I encountered a crowd of people in great commotion pressing down Leith Street, and I soon made out that the magnet which drew them down that already thronged thoroughfare was the Theatre-Royal on fire. 'What a blessing it happened before the performance began!' was the exclamation heard on every side. But I need not detail the circumstances of the exciting event. Very soon a detachment of troops from the Castle garrison joined the police to form a cordon round the blazing structure as a bulwark against the pressure of the serried throng of spectators who were hampering the work of the firemen. Next morning the theatre was a smoking ruin, and it was known that several lives had been lost in the conflagration, notably that of a Mr Lorimer, one of the city notables, who had risked his life to save property from the adjoining Catholic church, and who was afterwards honoured with a public funeral on a large scale.

On the following Sunday I went to hear the Rev. Dr Gray of Lady Yester's Church, who took for his text that morning the passage in which the Saviour chides His followers for their rash judgments: 'Think ye that they upon whom the tower of Siloam fell were more sinful than the others?' The sermon was a pointed deprecation of the illiberality displayed by many of his fellow-citizens in their comments on the calamity of the previous week. I had always admired this minister for his scholarly and broad-minded discourses; but this particular one was a scathing arraignment of the pharisaical intolerance from which certain circles even in Edinburgh were not free in that day.

The Edinburgh pulpit was then a brilliant and commanding one, yet I missed hearing several of its most able divines. For instance, I never entered St John's Episcopal Church, and the humane and patriotic Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences* I never made acquaintance with until it was put into my hands, years afterwards, by one of its many admirers in the United States. And the pity of it! I never heard honest and kindly old Thomas Guthrie; an omission, however, for which I was not altogether to blame, for he was then living in retirement, preaching but occasionally in his former church, whose pulpit was now filled by the accomplished Dr Hanna. So far as I can recall them, Dr Hanna's beautiful sermons were pitched in the tone of St John's Gospel, but they were apt to pall by their monotonous sweetness. The redoubtable Dr Candlish ('the pope of the Free Church' I heard him once called) was a preacher of a very different strain; and, so far as logical precision of thought and closeness of reasoning went, he was perhaps the most powerful pulpit orator in Edinburgh at that time.

But of all the Free Church ministers whose services I attended from time to time—and I was an indefatigable church-goer—the Rev. William Arnot, the self-educated gardener, whose charming autobiography I read in America, was my prime favourite. His sermons, plain and practical in scope, were yet characterised by a winning grace of style and originality of thought, and illustrated by the most interesting anecdotes and experiences. His very double, in almost every point of resemblance, is living to-day in America: the Rev. Robert Collyer, of the influential Church of the Messiah, New York, who was originally a Yorkshire blacksmith and lay Methodist preacher, and whose simple but beautiful and forcible sermons always, when I heard him, recalled to me the attractive manner of Dr Arnot.

If I were to be asked what minister, in all my experience of the cloth, impressed me as the most powerful and magnetic preacher I had ever heard, unhesitatingly would I answer, the late Henry Ward Beecher, who, at his best, was a John Bright, a Jeremy Taylor, and a George Whitefield rolled into one. The power of his vivid and striking application of the Gospel teaching to every mood or motive that influences the human heart, to every minutest circumstance of the worldling's life, was marvellous and irresistible, and it was reinforced and illuminated by one of the happiest faculties for the coinage of instantaneous photographic picture-phrases that ever mortal was gifted with. To listen to him as he literally *froze*—or, if you prefer it, mesmerised—the gaze and attention of that vast congregation of his was to understand something of the nature of inspiration. The keynote of his teaching was: 'God may forgive you, but Nature never will.'

I revisited Edinburgh from New York for a few weeks in the summer of 1895, after an absence of a quarter of a century. On the morning of my departure I rose at dawn to have one last look at the noble city when none of its inhabitants were on the streets but the policeman on his beat. After rounding the Calton Hill I walked slowly up Princes Street just as the morning twilight was bringing out of shadow the grassy steep of the Castle rock and glinting with faint flashes the myriad windows of the Old Town. Then I passed up the Mound, and turning up the High Street to the Esplanade, from that magnificent station in the high, cool air, just as the sun was rising, gazed northward and all around. What a range of scenery over the whole of the new city and its gardens to the flashing waters of the firth, and still beyond these to the gleaming towns, villages, and heights of the opposite Fifeshire coast! 'Earth has not anything to show more fair!' wrote Wordsworth from his morning standpoint on Westminster Bridge. What would he have written had he stood where I stood and gazed entranced in the still and fragrant air of that, my last, day in Edinburgh? The gray old city, with its heights and hollows and matchless environs, made a picture of silent splendour often afterwards to be recalled for solace and with yearning amid the break-neck materialism of the great transatlantic city for which I set out a few hours later.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER V.—HOW GEOFF CAME HOME, AND WHAT HE FOUND THERE.

THE finding of the court-martial was, as Mr Devon had foreseen, an adverse one. To what exact length the military sea-lawyers on the Nile had gone in their efforts to prove that no one could possibly be to blame in the matter but Lieutenant Challis, no one ever knew save only the Secretary for War and the Judge-Advocate-General, and of course the members of the court; and these all found it to their advantage to maintain a discreet silence on the subject.

Mr Devon was with the eminent lawyer when he opened the packet, and they read the verdict through together.

'Fools!' said the Judge.

'Idiots!' said the Secretary.

'We'll soon put that right. I shall go through the evidence as a matter of form, though I know the whole story from the correspondents' reports. I shall advise Her Majesty that the finding of the court-martial is against the weight of evidence, and advise that Lieutenant Challis be relieved of all the consequences of the trial, and that he accordingly be released from arrest and ordered to rejoin his regiment for duty.'

'H'm!' said the Secretary dubiously. 'And what would you do under the circumstances, Grantley, if you were Lieutenant Challis?'

'It would depend on the kind of fellow I was. I could imagine myself going back if I were the kind of man I believe he is. But I should expect to have somewhat of a dence of a time of it.'

'It's rough on a young fellow, you know.'

'It's terribly rough. Do you suppose he'd exchange?'

'Not he. He'll go straight back to his duty. If he's back in time for the fighting, he'll fight to the death and probably get killed.'

'How do matters stand now between him and your daughter?'

'H'm! I have hardly seen her since this cropped up. She felt it keenly, of course, and has been keeping to her rooms. I imagine her mother has been talking to her, from words she let drop.'

'That's pretty rough on the young fellow, too. Lady Eugénie objects to the match now, I suppose.'

'I'm afraid so.'

'That will hit him harder than this other thing.'

Devon nodded. 'I'm very sorry about it. I always liked Challis, and Carrick is one of my oldest friends. But the women settle these things nowadays, you know.'

'The women settle far too many things nowadays, and generally do a great deal more harm than good. Three-quarters of the troubles of life come through them.' You see, he was president of the Divorce Court also, and, through painful experience, somewhat of a misogynist in business matters, though otherwise a most courteous gentleman and a pleasant and genial man.

Mr Devon conveyed the Judge-Advocate's decision to General Carrick at once, under pledge of secrecy until Her Majesty's approval should permit of its publication. And there was tempered joy among Geoff's many friends.

Tempered, because, to all, two things were evident: first, that his position at the front could not possibly be anything but a most uncomfortable one under the circumstances; and, second, that from Miss Devon's attitude a further knock-down blow awaited him before he would have time to recover from the other.

As regards the first, matters could be eased for him somewhat if he would consent to an exchange. But they knew beforehand that he would not. His attitude throughout had been consistently that of an innocent man suffering tribulation. It was not to be imagined that he would weaken in the matter for any consideration of personal comfort. He would do what he believed to be the right thing under the circumstances, and nothing would turn him therefrom.

As regards the second, some of them had come to hold that it was a blessing in disguise. For the woman who will desert the man who loved her, in his time of need, is no true comrade for life's rough journeying, and that is one of the things better discovered too soon than too late.

They all went down to Southampton and were on the quay-head awaiting the arrival of the transport *Serpent* one dismal January morning: Ellen, and Doone, and the General, and Colonel Trevor, who had threatened divers pains and penalties if he were not included in the party.

The news of the reversal of the finding of the court-martial had been made public some days before, and there were many there besides themselves waiting to give hearty welcome to the man whom a week or two before they were miscalling and condemning.

It was raining and blowing, and the sea was thrashing sloppily under driving clouds of mist. They sheltered under dripping sheds and chatted discursively, in cheerful discomfort both of mind and body; for, good as their news was in some respects, there was an underlying stratum of doubt and difficulty to which it was impossible for them to close their eyes.

At last the shining oilskins outside showed signs of animation, and the word ran round that the transport was coming. They all streamed out into the wind and wet, and saw the huge black hull nosing slowly up to the dock-side.

Challis's quick eyes found them out before the ship came to a stand, and a glance at their faces told him that all was well, and that his time of anxious suspense was at an end.

In five minutes more, swordless, beltless, and sashless, worn of face, but with eyes that blazed joyfully, he was wringing their hands and many more that were thrust at him from all sides. For, after all, when he gets at the rights of a thing, the Englishman loves to see justice done; and if the under dog succeeds in coming out top his sympathy is apt to run riot.

'All 's well, my boy,' was the General's greeting. 'Her Majesty relieves you of all consequences of the trials, and you are to rejoin as soon as possible.'

'Thank God! That means that no blame attaches. What 's the news from the front?'

'Still advancing, slowly. Not come to grips yet. I've got you a week's leave, so that we can talk things over. Now, let 's get out of this mob and go back to the hotel and have something to eat.'

No objection was made to Geoff's accompanying them. The General had seen to all that. Doone gave his arm to Colonel Trevor to help the deficiencies of his wooden leg, and General Carrick joined them, so that Geoffrey and Ellen might be by themselves.

'You are frightfully thin, Geoff, and as brown as a mummy,' said Ellen.

'And you strike me as frightfully pale, child. I 'm afraid this trouble has hit you.'

'It hit us all. They have treated you shamefully.'

'They certainly might have saved me the long anxiety of the voyage home,' he said quietly. 'It seemed as if it would never end.'

'Will you go back?'

'Of course, dear. I must, and as quick as may be.'

'I hate the thought of your having to go among those men again. It seems to me they did their best to ruin you.'

'Did they? Well, I don't understand it at all, or why they should have done so. I was always on the best of terms with them all.'

'I 'm afraid they thought it a case of their skins or yours, and they thought most of their own.'

'That 's natural, after all. How is Una, Nell?'

She had been waiting for that and fending it off as long as possible.

'She is not well, Geoff.'

'What is it? Nothing serious, I hope?' he asked quickly.

'I don't know what it is. I've not seen her since—since the first news came of your troubles. I 'm afraid she 's been very much upset. I don't know that it 's anything worse than that. She has not been going out at all, and each time I have called she has been confined to her room.'

Geoff walked on without speaking. When Ellen glanced sideways at his face, the tense rigidity of the dry, brown cheeks struck her afresh.

And presently they were at table, the General and Trevor doing their best by exceeding joviality to cover the lack of spontaneity in the rest. For Geoff was visibly depressed in spite of the lifting of his cloud, and Ellen and Doone felt keenly for him in this aftermath of trouble.

They had discussed the matter between themselves many times, and their anger was hot against Una, while still they felt it better, if matters stood as they feared, that Geoff should learn the shallowness of her affection now than later, when the awakening might be bitterer still.

'You have quite made up your mind to return, my boy?' asked the General, by way of diverting him from the matter that was nearer his heart.

'Quite, sir. I shall be glad of a few days with you all. It has been a bit trying lately, and I 'll be hanged if I can understand it all yet. But if I hurry back I may get there in time for the fighting, and that will do me more good than anything else. Once I start I 'll make record time, I promise you.'

'I think you 're right, Challis,' said Colonel Trevor soberly. 'But you 'll not find things altogether easy, you know.'

'They have not been altogether easy of late, sir, and they cannot possibly be worse. If I get back in time they will be very much better. If they have made me miss it with this—this foolishness, I shall—well, I shall be sorry.'

'After the mistake they 've made—to put it mildly—they 're bound to feel some resentment at your coming back, you see, and I've no doubt they 'll show it more or less. I don't know Everett. What kind of a fellow is he?'

'We always got on very well together. I cannot understand what all this business means.'

'Oh, that 's plain enough. They knew the matter was bound to make a sensation at home, and they thought to save their own faces by blackening yours. You were lightning-conductor. Fortunately, Grantley is a man of unusual commonsense, and stands no nonsense where the law is concerned.'

Geoff shook his head in puzzled fashion. 'When all 's said and done, I still don't see why any one should try to fix blame on me, when, as a matter of simple fact, no blame attached anywhere. When the Arabs broke upon us, and Eisenach failed to mount his horse, no earthly power could have saved him. As a matter of fact, if any one is to blame for his death, it is the man who made his holster-strap of rotten leather or faced brown paper. If that had held, he would probably be alive now. At all events, he would have had equal chances with the rest of us.'

'A victim of the unscrupulous greed of a shoddy age,' commented Trevor grimly. 'And thousands of other good fellows have been done to death in similar ways. Shoddy cartridges, shoddy saddlery, shoddy bayonets, shoddy swords. It 's wicked work. May they sometime have their reward! In

this life they wax fat. In the next I hope they'll grill without reprieve.'

'Amen!' said General Carrick fervently.

They went on at once to town, and the journey was not a very lively one. The excitements of the morning had spent themselves, and the second act was drawing nearer with each turn of the wheels. They knew Geoff would stand this blow as he had stood the long-drawn anxiety of the first; but, all the same, their hearts were heavy for him, and they wished it over.

It was late when they got home; and as Geoff had some necessary additions to make to his uniform, he decided to postpone his call on Una till the morrow. They sat long over the fire after dinner, while Geoff told them of his experiences up the Nile, and the General commented caustically on the way things had been done and time and opportunity wasted.

The morning found Challis all the better for a sound night's rest; and as soon as he had made his purchases, and decency permitted of a call, he was at the door of the Devon house.

'Her Ladyship and Miss Devon are at Bournemouth, Mr Challis,' announced the footman, who knew him of old.

'And Mr Devon?'

'He is at the War Office, sir.'

And Geoff betook himself to the gloomy establishment in Pall Mall.

Mr Devon used unparliamentary language under his breath when Challis's card was brought in—not at Geoff, but at his (Devon's) wife, who had cast this additional burden on his shoulders. He received his unwelcome visitor with a warm grip of the hand, however, and a hearty 'Glad to see you looking so well, Challis. Some men would have knocked under with the worry of it all. You don't seem to have suffered much.'

'It depends how one feels inside, sir, I suppose. And I felt all right. I should have felt just the same if they'd shot me.'

'Cursed fools!' jerked the Secretary hotly. 'You should hear Grantley on the subject. He doesn't often let himself go, but he did when he read their idiotic documents.'

'Ah well, that is all past, so we may bury it,' said Geoff quietly. 'Now I'm thinking only of the future.'

'Quite so. I suppose it's no use suggesting the idea of an exchange for you?'

'Not the slightest, sir; thanks all the same! My place is up the Nile, and I'm off in a day or two. Have you any news? They're not likely to clean up before I can get back?'

'I don't think so. The others withdraw as they advance—which is, of course, from their point of view, the proper thing to do. Our lines of communication are getting terribly long and thin, and the commissariat is a constant source of anxiety.'

'Yes, that's the danger. You've rather scrimped us, you know, both in men and material. The consequence is that both are overworked, and the waste is larger than it would have been if you'd been a bit more open-handed.'

At which Mr Devon groaned, 'I know, I know,' and shrugged the responsibility off on to other departments, and waited for Geoff to ask the question he had come to ask.

'And Una?'

Mr Devon shook his head. 'I really don't quite know what to make of Una,' he said thoughtfully. 'I've seen hardly anything of her for the last week or two. She took to her rooms, and refused all invitations, and moped so that her mother thought it best to take her down to the sea for a time. They're down at Bournemouth.'

'So I learned at your house. Nell had not known, I think.'

'It was only yesterday that her mother prevailed on her to go,' said Mr Devon, with a touch of delinquent colour in his tired white face.

Geoff was slightly colourless under his tan also as he asked quietly, 'I suppose you have no objection to my running down to see her, sir?'

'Not at all, my boy. They are at the Mont Doré,' said Mr Devon, jumping with relief at the chance of turning back the responsibility on to his wife's shoulders—where, after all, it rightly lay. 'When will you go?'

'At once, sir. I want to get back to the front at the earliest possible moment. I should regret it all my life if I missed the fighting.'

'Young blood! young blood!' said Mr Devon. 'Shall I see you again before you start?'

'If you wish to, sir. I will let you know before I go, anyway.'

'Well, good-bye, my boy, for the present, and good-luck to you!' And Geoff left him to his permanent worries.

He had great faith in his sister Ellen's good sense, and he went back home to report events and talk things over with her.

Ellen had been awaiting his return with anxiety. She had drawn her own conclusions from Una's conduct, and they were not favourable ones. She was full of concern for Geoff, and her sisterly anxiety and her knowledge of his character led her to fear that the real results would only become apparent when he returned to the front. She looked upon him, indeed, as good as dead already, and she could not keep the feeling entirely out of her manner.

'Lady Eugénie and Una have gone down to Bournemouth,' he said. 'I'm going after them.'

'Gone to Bournemouth? Why, when did they go, Geoff?'

'Yesterday, Mr Devon says.'

'H'm!' said Ellen, and her lips tightened unusually, and her smooth brow crumpled slightly.

She must prepare him for what she feared, but it was not easy. And, then, she might be mis-

judging Una after all. She might really be ill with the anxiety and upsetting.

'You think you really must go, Geoff?'

'Of course,' with a quick look at her; 'I must see Una before I go back.'

'If she is ill, perhaps you won't be able to see her. Then it will only be a further disappointment.'

'Still, you know, I couldn't be at home without calling on her. Now, see here, Nell, speak right out! Is Lady Eugénie trying to come between Una and me? I know by your face you're in trouble about something. What is it?'

'It's just that I'm afraid of, Geoff. You know what Lady Eugénie is. She was never too well pleased about the matter, and it is quite likely she has taken advantage of this affair to work on Una, and done her best to persuade her to—to'——

'Chuck me overboard,' said Geoff grimly, with his face tight and hard again. 'Well, if it is so, I'll see what her ladyship has got to say about it herself, anyway. I can hardly believe it of Una, though, Nell. She has always been so—so'——

'You are worth fifty of her, Geoff,' broke out his sister impetuously. 'And as for Lady Eugénie, I hate her. She would sell her soul—or Mr Devon—for a step up the ladder.'

'Mr Devon said nothing of all this. I've come straight from him.'

Ellen nodded. 'I like Mr Devon, and, if it is as I fear, I have no doubt he is put out about it too. But Lady Eugénie has a will of her own sometimes. She looks quiet enough, but she can be very determined, and I should think very nasty, and I expect she just turns Mr Devon and Una round her finger when she wants to.'

'Well, I'll go down and tackle her, anyway,' said Geoff quietly.

(To be continued.)

SOME POPULAR LEGAL FALLACIES.

By Frank H. Stevens.

IT is not surprising that at the present time, when the business of life has to be transacted at such high pressure, popular fallacies should abound. The information of the average man of to-day is no doubt vast indeed compared with that of his ancestor who lived before the days of a universal press; but the very multiplicity of his interests is in itself inimical to accuracy, and precludes anything but a mere passing acquaintance with subjects beyond the scope of the particular occupation on which his livelihood depends. The result is that knowledge is often merely assumed and terms are used and applied by people without any real comprehension of their meaning; while instances of the power of a catch-phrase to influence and sway the public will occur to every one.

Many are apt to imagine that they know everything which concerns their own affairs, and that any fallacies they may entertain are in connection with matters outside the sphere of daily life. But this is not the least of their errors. It would be interesting to know, for example, what proportion of the business men of the city of London would be able to tell one the true significance of the crossing of a cheque with the words

'NOT NEGOTIABLE.'

It is a very simple phrase, and every man who has a banking account has doubtless often used it. But how many would answer that the meaning of the words was obvious, and that a cheque so crossed could not be negotiated? And yet they would be wrong; for a cheque so crossed is capable of being endorsed by party to party in the same way as any other cheque, and when presented for payment the drawer must meet it. The virtue of the crossing 'Not Negotiable' lies in the fact that no person taking a cheque so crossed can acquire any better title to it than had the person from whom he obtained it. Hence, if a cheque so crossed be stolen, no person into whose hands it may subsequently come, although he may acquire it for value and in the ordinary course of his business, can obtain any better title to it than the thief himself had, which is none at all. The words 'Not Negotiable,' in effect, inform the person to whom the cheque is offered that if he would protect himself he must inquire into the title of all the persons through whose hands it shall have passed since it was in the hands of the drawer; and if he choose to disregard such warning he will do so at his own risk. But if the dealings with the cheque have been all in order, it will be perfectly good in the hands of an endorsee. This crossing, which is recognised and adopted by the Bills of Exchange Act, 1882, by reason of the very fact that it is not universally understood, no doubt serves another useful purpose, for it tends to lessen the time during which a cheque may be outstanding. In the old days and in country districts the squire's cheque was regarded among the small farmers as being as good as—ay, better even than a Bank of England note, and it would be passed from one to the other until, from constant fingering, it almost fell to pieces, the result being that the drawer was never sure what his financial position was, and each successive holder of the cheque on his side ran great risk of losing his money altogether in the event of the failure of the bank on which the cheque was drawn. The

idea of our legislature solemnly authorising the use of certain words, and at the same time declaring that they shall mean something which in the ordinary acceptation of those words they most certainly do not mean, will no doubt strike the layman as being exceedingly comic and as a proof of the truth of Mr Bumble's assertion that 'the law is a ass;' but if the proof of the pudding be in the eating, the adoption of such a course in this case has no doubt been fully justified.

STOPPING A BANK-NOTE.

From time to time we read of bank-notes being 'stopped,' and it is a popular impression that the Bank of England, having been notified not to pay a note that has gone astray, the Bank has no choice but to refuse payment of that note if it should be presented. This is, however, quite an erroneous idea, for such a note is a promise by the Bank to pay to the *bearer* a certain sum *on demand*, a negotiable instrument transferable by mere delivery. The Bank of England has legally no power to refuse payment, and if it had such power it would be a serious thing, for a Bank of England note is legal tender to any amount, and unless it were in fact as good as money it would be impossible to carry on business. But what the Bank will do is to delay as long as possible the payment of the note, thereby giving the loser an opportunity of establishing, if he can, his title to it as against the person presenting it; but if the Bank should refuse to pay a note on demand, and the person presenting it should forthwith issue a writ for the money, the Bank could have no defence to the action.

ARE SUNDAY CONTRACTS VOID?

There is a popular impression that they are, but this impression is only partly correct. From time to time one reads of the prosecution of some tradesman for keeping his shop open on the Sunday, and the infliction when he is convicted of a fine of five shillings for each offence proved. Such prosecutions take place under an old Act of Charles II., whereby it is provided that 'no tradesman, artificer, workman, labourer, or other person whatsoever shall do or exercise any worldly labour, business, or work of their ordinary callings upon the Lord's Day or any part thereof, works of necessity and charity only excepted.' Contracts entered into in contravention of this provision are, of course, void and of no effect; but the Act is not so wide in its operation as one would at first sight imagine, for to constitute an offence it is necessary that the work done be that of the particular man's 'ordinary calling.' So an agreement made on a Sunday between, say, a lawyer and a stockbroker for the sale and purchase of a horse would not be void on the ground that it had been entered into on the Sunday, for it is not part of the ordinary calling of either a lawyer or a stockbroker to buy or sell horses, and if either party wished to get out of his bargain this statute would be of no assistance to him. Again, the class of people affected by this provision is really very limited, because there is a legal rule of construction known as the *ejusdem generis* rule; and applying this rule to the construction of this statute, the Courts have held that the words 'or other person whatsoever,' which in their ordinary meaning would be wide enough to include every one, only refer to people *of the same class* as the 'tradesman, artificer, workman, or labourer' specifically mentioned. This so narrows down the application of the Act that the lawyer and stockbroker in our illustration would in no case be affected even if the words 'of their ordinary calling' had been omitted from the Act, neither being of the tradesman, artificer, workman, or labourer class. So it will be seen that the popular impression that contracts made on a Sunday are void is correct only to a very limited extent.

'TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.'

We are all more or less familiar with this legend, for it is almost impossible to walk for many minutes in any part of the country without coming face to face with what lawyers have aptly termed a 'wooden liar.' One might well conclude from this threat of prosecution that a mere trespass was a crime to be followed by punishment; and it might be with something in the nature of a shock that on walking through another man's field one would find one's self confronted by one of these impostors. As a matter of fact, simply to walk across another man's field is no more a criminal offence than to walk along the high-road. Even the gathering of wild-flowers in another man's field is no punishable offence, for by the common law there can be no theft of things forming part of or attached to the soil, and up to the present Parliament has not interfered to alter this. But taking or doing wilful damage to plants or flowers in a garden or a pleasure-ground, for instance, or taking or doing wilful damage to roots and plants which are *cultivated* for the food of man or beast or for manufacturing purposes, although these be in the field, stands on a different footing, such acts having been made offences by statute and punishable accordingly. A mere trespass, however, being an infringement of the owner's rights of property, may be the subject of an action for damages in the County Court; but in the average case the damage done by a person walking over the field of another must be quite inappreciable, and damages will therefore be merely nominal. Probably none but a born litigant would think it worth his while to commence such proceedings; but should one's name and address be taken, it would be well to remember that by at once tendering to the irate landowner, say, the large sum of sixpence as compensation for any damage that might have been done, any subsequent action he might bring against one would be at his own

risk. One word of warning to the reader who may feel disposed to test for himself the accuracy of these remarks: Let him not ignore the warning-board of the railway company placed contiguous to its line, for railway companies have special powers, and the trespasser found wandering by the rails may well find himself run in or summoned, if he escape being run over.

'THE GREATER THE TRUTH THE GREATER THE LIBEL.'

Not long since the writer overheard a conversation in a railway carriage between two persons who were discussing some pending libel action. The one expressed his conviction that the alleged libellous statement was true, and that the defendant would win the case; but the other made what he no doubt considered very short work of that contention when he quoted the well-known maxim, 'The greater the truth the greater the libel.' It was, however, a mere phrase to him, as to most laymen. He did not understand its significance or application. In a civil action for damages for libel, the truth of the statement complained of always has been, and is now, an absolute defence; and the maxim mentioned never has been, nor is it now, applicable. Were it otherwise, the publication of every statement in writing derogatory to the character of any person, however true that statement might be, and however bad the character of the person referred to, might involve the writer in damages and costs —an intolerable position, and one well calculated to stifle all discussion! On the other hand, such libellous statements as are calculated to lead to a breach of the peace may be the subject of *criminal* proceedings. In such proceedings different considerations have always applied, for until 1843 the law accepted no excuse for the publication of a statement calculated to create a breach of the peace, and it was apparently considered that the more truth there was in the statement complained of the greater the probability of the person libelled losing his self-control and attacking the writer. Hence the maxim. But the law was modified in 1843, and now, even in criminal proceedings in respect of a libellous statement, its truth is a justification, *provided* that the accused can satisfy the Court that the publication of the statement complained of was for the public benefit.

THE SIXPENNY STAMP.

Judging from the tendency of the layman to cause a sixpenny Inland Revenue stamp to be impressed upon everything and anything on the least provocation, one would imagine that there was some peculiar virtue in such a stamp. Unless, however, the letter or document happen to contain an agreement or contract, in the proper acceptation of these terms, in having it stamped one is simply making a present to the Government of the money paid. The vital question of agreement or no agreement is quite unaffected by the stamping of the document, and no stamp can ever make a bad agreement good. The effect of failure to properly stamp a document is that it cannot be put in evidence in a court of law until it has been so stamped; and as the stamping after the regulation time will in most cases involve the payment of a penalty to the Inland Revenue authorities, unnecessary expense will have been thereby incurred.

THE PRISONER'S ADVOCATE.

On no subject connected with law is there so much misapprehension among laymen as there is with regard to the duties of an advocate employed to defend a prisoner. From time to time some dear old lady will solemnly ask the man of law whether he does not think it very wrong for an advocate to defend a prisoner whom he knows or believes to be guilty. The feeling prompting such a question is very general, and is due to a failure to grasp that fundamental rule of the British Constitution whereby a man is to be deemed innocent until he be proved guilty. Let one keep that principle in mind, and the morality of the proceeding is beyond question. The advocate's duty is not to say to the Court, 'I believe the accused to be innocent,' for the Court would not allow him to pledge his own belief. He says in effect to the prosecution, 'The Constitution requires you to prove your case against my client before he can be convicted. I shall cross-examine your witnesses to ascertain how far they really speak of their own knowledge, how far they are telling the truth, and what the facts of the case really are. I shall call any other witnesses who may be able to put the Court in possession of any facts in favour of my client which you may fail to bring forward; and when I address the jury for the defence I shall point out all the weak points of your case and any inconsistencies in your witnesses' statements, and then the jury will have to decide whether you have proved your case or not. Unless they are satisfied that you have done so, my client is entitled to be acquitted.' That is the position of the prisoner's advocate. It must not be forgotten that it is the function of the jury, and of the jury alone, to decide as to the prisoner's guilt; and if an advocate were to refuse to take up the case because he believed that the charge against the prisoner were probably true, he would be usurping the functions of the jury. Further, the advocate is only human, and is it not possible that he might be wrong in his conclusion? 'But,' it is said, 'supposing the prisoner has confessed his guilt to the advocate, what then?' By the law of England the onus is on the prosecution to prove the prisoner's guilt. He is entitled to be acquitted if the prosecution fail in this, and in any case he is entitled to have all the facts which may tend to show the true nature of his offence placed before the Court in mitigation of the sentence to be passed on him. Finally, if any one doubts the morality of an advocate defending a person who has confessed that he committed the crime of which he is charged, let that person study the newspapers and take note of the instances which occur every

year in which people give themselves up to the police for crimes which it is subsequently proved they could not possibly have committed, and he will probably come to the conclusion that the present system, under which the advocate takes nothing for granted and leaves to the jury the decision of guilty or otherwise, errs, if it errs at all, in the interests of justice, for it is better far that occasionally a guilty man should escape punishment than that an innocent one should be prejudiced in his trial by the perhaps one-sided conclusions of the person employed to defend him.

BIDDY.

PART III.

ISS PELLICOE stood in her back-garden, a frown on her usually happy countenance, a sigh at her lips. The back-gardens of the two cottages were separated by a low fence—a barrier, but certainly not a screen, between the neighbours. Of late Miss Pellicoe had frequently wished it had been the latter.

Her neighbour's washing was hanging out to dry, and Miss Pellicoe, most modest of females, seemed to be fascinated by the sight. Fascination, however, is not always caused by beauty.

'Oh dear!' reflected Miss Pellicoe, 'I never beheld anything so *awful*. It gets worse every week. I really wonder that woman can have the impudence to call herself a housekeeper! I do indeed! I wonder, too, the Professor doesn't show some spirit, and either make her attend to her duties or dismiss her on the spot. But single and lonely men are *so* timid. I wonder what my father and my brothers would have said if they had been asked to wear things like those. I never saw such rags! Never! It's a shame the poor man should be so neglected. I could almost grab them off the line and patch and darn them before that woman's eyes. I could! —but I—*can't!*'

It was by no means the first time that Miss Pellicoe's kindly—nay, motherly heart and orderly mind had been troubled and disturbed by the unsightly exhibits on and above the washing-green. Again and again she had smothered her honest wrath and homely pity; but to-day that was more difficult to accomplish than ever before. Had Cardigan been a youth she would probably have called upon him straightway, and without a blush offered to do the necessary mending there and then. But as matters stood, such an action on her part was out of the question.

She eyed the garments almost longingly for several minutes, and turned away sadly. Presently, however, she halted abruptly and retraced her steps. Then she continued them leisurely towards the fence, whereon hung sundry pairs of mánly socks. She was constrained to examine the footgear at close quarters.

'If,' she considered, 'his socks are as badly kept as his other things, I 'll—I 'll'——

Well, she did not know exactly what she would do.

Walking along beside the fence, she brushed off several socks as if by accident. She picked them up and returned them carefully to their places. A glance at them was sufficient for her.

'Oh, my goodness me!' she groaned. 'What darns! Simply patches of the coarsest worsted. How the poor soul walks in them I can't imagine! The hideousness of them all! Gray darned with orange; dark blue darned with pink! The toes and heels all lumpy! Oh, that woman!'

Just then the housekeeper appeared at the back-door, and Miss Pellicoe, feigning not to observe her, moved slowly away.

Late in the evening she noticed the housekeeper collecting the socks in a basket, and she could hardly contain her excitement when the housekeeper went indoors for the night—Miss Pellicoe could hear the shooting of the bolt and the turning of the key—leaving the basket forgotten by the side of the fence.

'I am going to have that basket,' said Miss Pellicoe to herself. 'Darns like these are an affront to any decent woman!'

She waited till the lights at the back of the neighbouring cottage went out; then she stole out of doors, across the moonlit washing-green to the fence, and there bent over and secured the basket. With something very like a giggle of triumph, she reached her own door again, and, having closed it noiselessly, made her way to the parlour, on the table of which her darning-basket was already laid open.

At the same moment Professor Cardigan stood at one of the back windows, rubbing his eyes and wondering at his neighbour's extraordinary proceeding. He had been thinking of her and admiring the night from an unlighted room when she removed the basket, and now he knew not what to believe. A miserable thought entered his mind, and perhaps he was not altogether unjustified in giving it accommodation there. Verily, she had behaved suspiciously—come and gone like nothing but a thief in the night! Could she be a kleptomaniac? The Professor, by the way, was not proud of his socks. 'Inartistic necessities' he had termed them in the seclusion of his chamber. Wherefore, he argued with himself, any one who sought to acquire them must be suffering from a moral defect which was to be pitied rather than blamed. 'Thank heaven!' he sighed, 'no one else saw it.' And he went to bed with his ugly secret.

Biddy came to see him the following afternoon, and found him uninteresting.

'How is your aunt to-day?' he inquired, with exceeding carelessness, as she enjoyed her lemonade.

'Auntie Polly got sore head,' replied Biddy.

'Ah!' murmured Cardigan, 'I—I'm sorry to hear that,' he added, avoiding Biddy's eye, which was now turned upon him. 'Ahem!' He felt like a cad when he asked, 'Was your aunt up late last night?'

The youngster, however, paid no attention to the question.

'Goin' away to-morrow,' she suddenly intimated.

'To-morrow?' Surely the Professor's troubles had come upon him in a shower. 'Surely not to-morrow, Biddy,' he said wretchedly.

'Ess. Daddy an' mummy comin' home, Dick,' she returned as if he ought to have been aware of the fact. 'Auntie Polly goin' too.'

Cardigan was silent for a time. At last he said heavily, 'I'm sorry you're going, Biddy. What am I to do without you?'

She was having another pull at her tumbler, and did not reply.

'Goin' in train,' she remarked inconsequently a little later. 'Puff, puff!' she added by way of explanation.

'Puff, puff,' he echoed drearily to himself. 'It's all puff, puff in this world. Nothing remains.—Biddy,' he appealed to her, 'are you sorry you're going away from me?'

'Ess,' she replied, but not very enthusiastically. 'Fink I'm likin' you, Dick,' she said unexpectedly a moment later, dropping the empty glass, fortunately on the turf, and putting her arms about his neck. The next instant she had slipped from his keeping. 'Goin' to see Auntie Polly. Come on, Dick!'

But the Professor would only accompany her to the hole in the hedge. 'Come and say good-bye to me before you go to—to daddy,' he said, 'and see what I've got for you in my study.' He had been hoarding a particularly fine doll as a parting gift.

'Fink I'll come now,' said Biddy, halting in her passage and crawling backwards. She took his hand. 'Come on, Dick!' she cried gleefully, and led him towards his own abode.

Cardigan laughed, which did him a world of good for the time being at any rate, and ere long Biddy was in possession of a new joy.

When they returned to the hedge Miss Pellicoe was on the other side awaiting her charge. The Professor nerved himself to look at her, and she promptly dropped her eyes, while her colour deepened. The Professor groaned in spirit.

Both were ill at ease, and conversation languished between them.

'We leave at ten to-morrow morning,' said Miss Pellicoe in answer to a question of Cardigan's. 'I'm sure I don't know what I'm going to do without Biddy.'

'Neither do I,' he rejoined sadly. 'Pray allow her to come to me for a minute in the morning.'

A few commonplace remarks, and they parted.

That evening the Professor was dull. He could not work, and there was no good now in learning nursery rhymes. He made the books into a parcel for Biddy to take away with her, and sat down with his pipe and dreary thoughts.

About nine o'clock he was disturbed by the appearance of his housekeeper, who entered the study bearing a basket.

'I can't understand it, sir,' she began in rather an unpleasant tone, 'but some one has been interfering with your socks.'

'What?' he cried, starting up. 'Nonsense!' he continued, recovering himself. 'No one would take my socks, Mrs Crawley.'

'I didn't say that, sir. Your socks are here in the basket, and—and so is this,' she said, holding up something brown.

'What's that, Mrs Crawley?'

'It is a child's sock, sir. I may say also,' the woman went on, raising her voice, 'that your socks have been darned'——

'Thank you, thank you, Mrs Crawley.'

'Oh, you needn't thank me, sir,' she retorted, her voice still louder and higher. '*I* didn't darn them. But what I want to know is—*who did?*'

'Hush, Mrs Crawley!'

'I'll not hush!' she suddenly screamed. 'I want to say that if—if I'm not considered fit for my place I beg to be informed of the fact, sir, and not have things done, sich as socks darned, behind my back; and I beg to say that'——

Light burst upon the Professor, and—he could not help it—a laugh leapt from him, a laugh of relief mingled with amusement at his housekeeper. Then he blushed furiously.

Controlling himself at the thought of Miss Pellicoe, he said quietly, 'But, Mrs Crawley, you—er—you must be mistaken, I assure you. How could any one'——

Mrs Crawley, however, had lost her head. She had seen him blush.

'Get your socks darned on the sly, indeed!' she yelled furiously. 'Think I'm not good enough! There! Take your socks, and—and—and'—— Words failed her. She dashed the basket on the floor, and, sobbing wildly, rushed from the room.

Once more Cardigan slept badly.

PART IV.

IN the morning the Professor was waiting by the hedge when Biddy, dressed for the journey, came to bid him good-bye. She was in an excited state, and evinced little regret at the prospect of parting. Cardigan called himself a fool for allowing his

feelings to be hurt by her callousness, and when she had gone in response to a call from Miss Pellicoe's maid, he remembered that the parcel of books he had intended to give her was still lying in his study.

'She wouldn't care about them, anyway,' he thought, as he returned slowly to the cottage. He was inclined to be sulky, for he had half-expected Miss Pellicoe to invite him to be present at the station to see the last of his little friend. But no word had come from her, and a feeling of intense loneliness possessed him.

'No doubt,' he muttered, 'she would have darned *anybody's* socks.'

His depression increased. To lose the cheery company of his beloved Biddy was hard enough to bear, but now he realised that his loss would not end there. With the child away, he would have no excuse for entering his neighbour's garden. The sweet command, 'Come on, Dick!' that had so often prevailed over his backward self would be heard no more. The hole in the hedge was no longer a private entrance for Joy; the hedge itself had already become no pleasanter to his eyes than a prison wall.

'Ah!' sighed Cardigan, sitting down at his desk, whereon lay the uncompleted manuscript of the last chapter of his great work—'ah, I'm afraid I must be content with this. Love-stories are about as far out of my line as—as nursery rhymes. And yet I *did* manage the nursery rhymes with a struggle. *Am* I as old as I was two months ago?'

He got up and began to pace the room.

. . . . . .

The clock struck the half-hour, and he stared at it thoughtfully.

'If I had only some excuse. The books? They might do, but—but—why, by Jupiter, I have it! The very thing!'

One minute before the train was due to start he reached the compartment in which Miss Pellicoe and her niece were seated. He was panting and ruddy, and his wits seemed to have deserted him.

'Miss Pellicoe,' he gasped, 'I—I—I—came to—to return this, thinking—thinking it might be of consequence.'

From his breast-pocket he drew a tiny brown sock and held it out to her.

Red as a rose grew Miss Pellicoe, unable to say a word.

'Mine!' cried Biddy, grabbing the sock and laughing at him.

'Miss Pellicoe,' said the Professor, trembling with a frantic hope, 'I've grown very—er—fond of—of—Biddy. D—do you think she would care to—to be my uncle? No—no. I mean—oh! if I could only explain! I mean'——

'Come on, Dick!' interrupted Biddy. 'Come in puff-puff.'

'May I?' almost screamed the Professor as the guard's whistle blew. 'May I come and explain?'

Miss Pellicoe caught the child in her arms and hid her own hot face behind the young head.

'May I?' implored Cardigan.

The train moved.

'Will you have me, P—Polly?'

'Come on, Dick!' exclaimed Biddy again. 'Auntie Polly's cryin'.'

The Professor snatched open the door and bounced into the compartment.

Biddy found the journey rather a dull one. Dick could not even repeat correctly 'Hey, diddle, diddle!'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

HIGH-POWER MICROSCOPY.

At a recent conversazione of the Royal Society, London, Mr J. W. Gordon exhibited a new form of microscope which he has invented, by means of which enormous magnification of an object can be attained without the blemishes due to optical causes which hitherto have marred such images. To make the matter plain, we may suppose that the enlarged image of an object is received from a microscope-lens upon a ground-glass focussing-screen, and that then another microscope is employed to still further enlarge the image so formed. This is, of course, quite feasible; but the grain of the glass would be magnified together with the image, and would quite vitiate the result. Mr Gordon uses a translucent screen of the finest possible texture, and he keeps it in continual motion while the object is being viewed or photographed. By this means the grain of the screen is eliminated and the greatly magnified image of the object alone seen. Specimens magnified to the enormous extent of ten thousand diameters were shown as proofs of the efficacy of the method adopted.

THE ASSOUAN DAM.

It is universally admitted that the barrage across the Nile at Assouan is a great success, and that by its aid thousands of acres of hitherto unproductive land will be brought under cultivation. It is now sought to still further extend the benefits of this great engineering work by heightening the dam, and the old objection has arisen that this course must result in the destruction of certain of the Nubian temples, notably those of Philæ. It would seem, however, that this is not the case, for the engineers have so underpinned and renewed the foundations

of these temples that they are now considered to be in a state of greater stability than ever before, and in really better condition than any other existing buildings in Egypt. The barrage has, indeed, had the effect of giving these temples a fresh lease of life; but it must be admitted that their picturesqueness has gone for ever. The water has drowned the trees, and its level is so much higher than of yore that the temples no longer occupy a commanding position. We must set against this improved conditions of life for a vast number of people.

SULPHUR-MINING.

An interesting account of the sulphur industry in Sicily appears in the *Engineering Magazine*. Nine-tenths of the native sulphur used in Europe comes from Sicily, and about one hundred thousand persons are dependent upon it for their livelihood. After the position and depth of the sulphur deposit has been ascertained by boring, a shaft is sunk, which is subsequently divided longitudinally into three sections. Two of these are occupied by the up and down hoisting-cages, while the third is devoted to the pumps for extracting water from the mine. Great danger arises from the generation of gases within the rocks, and these gases are of three kinds: first, the poisonous gas, hydrogen sulphide; next, an asphyxiating one, carbon dioxide; and, thirdly, marsh-gas, the dreaded 'fire-damp,' which, as we all know, is explosive. The hard sulphur is extracted with pickaxes, and is separated from its gangue by heat—steam being now generally employed. It is then moulded into bricks, and is ready for the market. The theory proposed to account for the presence of sulphur in the soil is that powerful emanations of hydrocarbons under immense pressure have acted upon calcium sulphate while in solution or during deposition, separating its constituents, lime and sulphur.

HARNESSING THE SUN.

Many attempts have been made to concentrate the sun's rays in such a way that the heat thus obtained could be utilised direct, or as a source of motive-power. At the St Louis Exhibition, not far from the horticultural building, was a remarkable structure designed by Professor Himalaya, which he called a reducing solar furnace, the object of the apparatus being the production of a temperature higher than that ever recorded. The highest temperature known is that of boiling carbon, which he places at 3500 degrees centigrade, just in the same way that 100 degrees centigrade represents boiling water. And he hopes to exceed this in his solar furnace, which consists of a huge frame bearing a multitude of reflectors arranged side by side in parallel rows, the rays from which converge to a central point, where is placed a steel crucible. This is the fourth solar furnace which the Professor has designed, the one which was last completed giving him a temperature of 2000 degrees centigrade. It may be added that the top of the present apparatus is forty-two feet above the ground, with a width of thirty-six feet, the whole being supported on a stiff latticed column of steel. We may presume that the best results from the solar furnace will not be possible until the summer.

THE FUTURE OF GAS.

The International Gas Exhibition, which opened for one month in London on November 19, under the patronage of the President of the Board of Trade, was designed to make the public better acquainted with gas as an illuminant, a cooking agent, a heater, and a motive-power. The rapid increase in the use of the electric light is calculated to make people fancy that gas as an illuminant is on the decline. This is by no means the case; indeed, it may be said that the cheapening of the incandescent mantle has vastly increased the consumption of gas. Burnt in this form, it gives a far more brilliant and much cheaper light than the sixteen candle-power electric glow-lamp. In thousands of households all the cooking is done by gas, and gas-stoves for heating, in which we must candidly admit there is enormous room for improvement, are largely used because of their cleanliness and convenience. The use of gas, instead of coal, for cooking and heating represents a great gain to the community in the diminution of the smoke nuisance in our larger towns and cities.

THE WORLD'S LONGEST TUNNEL.

One hundred years ago Napoleon was employing an army of about forty thousand workmen to construct that famous road which runs from Switzerland into Italy over the Simplon Pass. To-day workmen are busily engaged in connecting the two countries by a tunnel more than twelve miles in length. It was hoped that this road would be open for railway traffic in the spring of 1905, and the circumstance that the two headings driven from the opposite ends of the tunnel were in October within three hundred yards of meeting seemed to justify that hope. But an unexpected difficulty has arisen in the shape of copious springs of hot water, and work on the Swiss side has had, for the present, to be suspended. The hot-water trouble has also made itself apparent on the Italian side, but not to the same prohibitive extent. The anxieties of the engineers employed in this great work will naturally increase as the intervening diaphragm of rock becomes thinner and thinner. Possibly the junction of the tunnels will take place before these words appear in print, and we can only hope that it will be free from disaster to those engaged in the work.

FOG-SIGNALLING AT SEA.

Any one who has had the disagreeable experience of being on shipboard in a fog, and has heard the dismal tolling of the bells of ships at anchor and the hootings of vessels in motion, and has endeavoured to guess at the actual direction from which any particular sound comes, will have had full opportunity of judging of the value of these rough

methods of signalling. They are most unsatisfactory, and therefore fog at sea generally spells disaster to many ships. In the early part of the year experiments were carried out with the Marconi wireless telegraph system with the view of testing its value as a means of communication between ship and shore in the presence of fog, and it was found that in every instance it was reliable. More especially it would be useful as a means of communication between isolated lightships and the shore, for the crew of a lightship are often in a position to know of impending danger, and could by means of wireless telegraphy summon timely help.

ANCIENT WORKS OF ART.

In the course of a recent lecture at the Camera Club, London, Professor Flinders Petrie, the eminent Egyptologist, showed by means of photographs of various articles which he had unearthed that nine thousand years ago the Egyptian craftsmen had a fair knowledge of materials and the method of working them. They had also ideas of artistic adornment, as many pieces of pottery show. But there was one article of later date, 5000 B.C., which was of intense interest, for it is the oldest piece of worked ivory known. It is the carved effigy of one of the earliest kings, and was found some thirty feet below the present surface of the ground. So soft was it with age and the moist character of the ground in which it was discovered that the dirt had to be most carefully removed from it by the aid of a camel-hair brush, after which, by chemical means, it was hardened so as to have a fresh lease of existence. The image is one of artistic qualities, and the face is full of character, indicating the countenance of a keen-witted, wily man, very different from the calm, regular features of the effigies which adorn the monuments of later date. Dr Petrie is not only a painstaking explorer, but a father to the devoted band of natives working under him. They regard him as a great medicine-man, and go to him for treatment of all their ailments.

MOWING BY MOTOR.

A well-kept lawn is a pleasant thing to look upon, but it requires, as all good gardeners know, a great deal of attention and constant work to keep it in order. The mowing-machine has long displaced the man with the scythe, and does the work much better, but the operation of mowing even with a good machine is no child's-play. The necessary horse attached to the larger machines leaves hoof-marks on the turf, and such a machine requires the services of a man and a boy. The motor lawn-mower patented by Messrs Ransome, of Ipswich, is free from these disadvantages, and will do the work very much quicker than any horse-drawn machine. The largest size, which is intended for cutting the grass of cricket-fields, golf-links, and the like, has a forty-two-inch cutting-cylinder, is driven by a six-horse-power petrol motor, can be used as a roller only when desired, and is controlled by one man. The smallest-sized machine made is fitted with a twenty-four-inch cutting-cylinder, and will get over much work in a day, for it travels as fast as a man walks, and can be steered with ease round trees and flower-beds.

A NEW PRESERVE.

We have two dried fruits always with us, and at moderate price, too: dried apricots and dried apples, sold at from sixpence to eightpence per pound. That *seems* a high figure for fruit; but it is not really, for there is so much more in a pound of dried fruit than of fresh, because the water has been driven off by evaporation, and only the solid part of the fruit is left. Many housewives fail to make sufficient jam for the year, and would be glad to renew their stock; but, alas! the fruit is wanting. Is it? Yes, and no. *Fresh* fruit is not to be had, but dried fruit is. Fresh fruit from the garden is full of water, and for this reason is picked as dry as possible, and all the vessels employed in converting it into jam must be dry also. The reverse process is needed in treating dried fruits. We must give back to these apricots or apples their moisture; they also require to be cut smaller. Cut each piece into three or four, then throw them into a clean earthenware pan, and pour over them a quart of cold water to each pound of fruit, and allow it to soak until the next day. To each pound of fruit allow a pound of sugar; put all together into a preserving-pan and *simmer slowly* for two hours, or until the fruit has become jam and has set rather firm, but it must not boil. Should the preserve be preferred sharper in flavour, add the juice of a lemon during the last quarter of an hour's simmer, and also half an ounce of bitter almonds blanched and halved to each two pounds of fruit. The last is to give back that piquancy of flavour which is always present in fresh plums, and which is obtained from the stones in the process of cooking. This preserve must be kept in a dry, cool cupboard or store-room.

SOUND MAGNIFICATION.

Many attempts have been made to intensify the volume of sound emitted by telephones, phonographs, gramophones, and similar instruments, and as long ago as the year 1877 Edison made experiments in this direction, without, however, any practical result. The Hon. C. A. Parsons, of turbine fame, has patented a method which, according to all accounts, is likely to have a wide future before it; and whereas others seem to have rushed to protect their ideas while these were yet in the paper stage, Mr Parsons has first proved that his machine will work. In his patent-specification he says: 'The tone of the instrument is such that at a short distance it is almost indistinguishable from the original voice, violin, or band, the usual nasal and scratching sounds being almost obliterated.' This statement is fully borne out by those who had recently an opportunity of hearing the apparatus in action

at the Royal Institution, London. It is a very compact apparatus, not larger than a hat-box, but it is a giant in the matter of sound. A pointer is caused to move in and out of the hills and dales representing the record, say, on a gramophone plate, and these movements are converted into vibrations of a column of air by a device which, roughly, imitates the action of vocal chords. In the course of this translation the sounds are so much magnified that they are sufficient to fill a large hall. The apparatus, in fact, represents a portable orchestra.

MEDALS.

Among the hundred and one articles which tempt those industrious workers who make it the business of their lives to collect things medals have long been numbered; and after every war a number of these decorations are thrown upon the market. Just now medals are unusually cheap, owing to the death of a great collector, and it may be of interest to note the prices which some of them have reached. A South African medal with six bars can now be bought for ten shillings, as against the five pounds which it fetched when first issued. The highest price ever recorded for a private soldier's Peninsular medal, one with thirteen bars, was fifty guineas. An old Indian war medal awarded to an officer, with about half-a-crown's worth of silver in it, has fetched as much as sixty guineas. Then there are unique medals which naturally command fancy prices. For example, the bugle and four medals of Jay, who sounded the famous charge at Balaklava, were sold for nearly eight hundred pounds. Again, there is a medal once owned by Nelson, which was presented to him by a Mr Davidson, who was so disgusted that no national medal was struck to commemorate the battle of the Nile that he had one made at his own expense, and presented it to the famous sailor. This brought one hundred and eighty pounds at a London sale-room a few years ago. The present value in the medal-market of a Victoria Cross is between forty and fifty pounds.

JAPANESE HOSPITALS.

Two English ladies, Miss M'Caul and Miss St Aubyn, were, by the courtesy of the Japanese Government, permitted to join General Kuroki's army, so that they might go to the front in order to study the methods adopted in the treatment of the Japanese sick and wounded, and they report that the Japanese can teach us much in the matter of surgical and medical outfit as well as in general management of hospitals. The equipments they describe as magnificent, everything going like clockwork, while at the same time a rigid economy is practised. There are no women nurses at the front, all the work being done by men; but the sick and wounded are most carefully tended, the medical science and nursing skill of the Japanese being described as wonderful. The English visitors were especially struck with the design and lightness of the surgical appliances, which were most ingenious and efficient. It may be mentioned that on her return from the Far East Miss M'Caul was received by the Queen, who has ever taken a kindly interest in hospital equipment.

'HOW TO OBTAIN PERFECT HEALTH.'

We have received from the Gem Supplies Company, Limited (121 Newgate Street, London, E.C.), a booklet with the above title, which advocates the use of the portable Turkish bath as a means of promoting the activity of the skin. The pamphlet is full of useful hints with regard to diet, exercise, clothing, &c., and gives general rules for the maintenance of good health, which should appeal to all classes of readers.

'THE PASSING OF CAPE CASTLE.'—A CORRECTION.

The Editor regrets that the writer of the article on 'The Passing of Cape Castle' (*Journal*, 1904, page 627) should have been misled by a statement made in the newspapers at the time, that 'the historic castle at Capetown had been offered for sale, and this time purchased.' Some years ago there was a talk of approaching the Imperial authorities with a view to its purchase, but such an outcry was raised that the project was abandoned. That it has not been sold, however, will not, it is hoped, make less valuable the rest of the information in the paper. A building known as the 'Main Barracks' has, however, been pulled down and the site offered for sale.

HER NAME.

You would ask me her name? Nay, my lips cannot frame
The name that I cherish thus lightly;
Rather learn of the breeze, as it sighs through the trees,
For it whisp'reth it unto them nightly.

You would ask me her name? Nay, go list to the same,
When the pow'r of grim winter 's declining;
'Tis the song the birds sing, in their welcome to spring,
To welcome the sun and his shining.

If her name you would know, blue forget-me-nots blow,
Where the secrets they hear of the river;
Ask the name of the song, as he hurries along,
That the river is singing for ever.

Do you think that the name you will hear is the same
That I hear in my ears whispered ever?
No; the name *you* hold dear is the name you will hear
From the birds, from the breeze, from the river.

HEPBURN HAY WELTOUN.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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SIXTH SERIES.

MAJOR MELLORDYCE'S WIFE.

By EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.

PART I.

'AND so,' said Ackworth, 'you're married?'

It was in the smoking-room of the Troglodyte that he met Mellordyce, whom he had not seen for two years. Ackworth had just returned from one of his mysterious foreign missions, the exact nature of which, and the precise character of his calling, were points known only to himself and certain high departmental officials. Mellordyce, of the Intelligence Branch of the service, could hazard a nearer guess on the subject than most men. He and Ackworth had been long acquainted with each other, and in certain secret affairs had, in an indirect way, co-operated; notably in the Moscow conspiracy, where, thanks to Ackworth, Major Mellordyce had been instrumental in saving the credit of the British Government, to the complete discomfiture of a certain notorious political spy. This, however, is ancient history, as the secret records of the War Office can testify.

Ackworth had received with some surprise the news of Mellordyce's marriage, that had taken place six months ago in Paris. He could not conceive of Mellordyce as a married man; and for himself, he had little faith in women as serviceable adjuncts to a life of active diplomacy. Not because he did not consider women good diplomatists, but because he knew that a woman, if she is a diplomatist at all, is too good a one to be a safe companion.

'Yes,' said Mellordyce. 'It is true. I am married.'

Ackworth observed that there was no regret in the Major's tones. In six months there is time enough to experience regret for a man of judgment, who perceives his judgment (in this one very vital particular) to have been at fault. Mellordyce had always been a man of conspicuously sound judgment, so that Ackworth felt satisfied.

'I hope you will give me the pleasure of meeting Mrs Mellordyce,' he said.

Major Mellordyce gave him the pleasure the same evening, when Ackworth dined at his house in Lancaster Gardens.

'We are only in town,' he explained, 'for a few weeks. There is a matter at the War Office requiring investigation. Afterwards it may be Paris—or Berlin. Ah! here is my wife,' he added, as the door of the drawing-room opened and a woman swept in. She was of medium height, young and slim, and dressed in the extreme of taste. Also, she was very beautiful. None of these things—all of which he took in at a glance—surprised Ackworth. Something else, however, surprised him considerably.

'Vera,' said Major Mellordyce, 'let me introduce you to my friend Mr Ackworth.'

Mrs Mellordyce smiled charmingly and held out her hand. Ackworth bowed as he took it.

'I have heard my husband speak of you,' she said. Her accent was foreign, though she spoke English apparently without an effort—only a little slowly, like one who has to translate her sentences mentally before uttering them.

Ackworth throughout dinner was very thoughtful. His impassive face betrayed no emotion, and he met the dark, smiling eyes of his hostess from time to time with a sphinx-like composure. The conversation was mainly of social affairs and the opera; for these two men made it a rule never to discuss serious topics in front of ladies. Afterwards, when Mellordyce and Ackworth were sitting over their cigars, it was natural—indeed unavoidable—to pass some congratulatory comment upon the new situation. Ackworth complimented the Major gravely.

'She is a lovely girl,' he added.

Mellordyce smiled, looked a little embarrassed, as though caught in a schoolboy folly, and fidgeted with his wine-glass. Ackworth could see that he was very much in love.

'She 's an angel,' murmured Mellordyce.

Again Ackworth reflected that Mellordyce had

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always been a man of conspicuously sound judgment; also, that his own position was likely to become singularly awkward.

'Let me see; it was—I believe—in Paris that you met her?' he observed.

'Yes, in Paris. Her name was Lataille. She was staying there, on a visit, with some American people, whom I came across.'

'Ah! she speaks English well—for a French girl.'

'Her father was French, her mother American,' explained the Major. 'Her father is dead.'

'And her mother?' asked Ackworth in the tone of a man who puts a merely conventional question.

'In New York,' said Mellordyce. 'An invalid. The preliminaries were conducted by cablegram,' he laughed.

'Ah! yes.' Ackworth rose presently to go. 'By the way,' he remarked, putting on his light overcoat, 'you recollect that little affair last year at Sofia? Laramoff's, I mean.'

Major Mellordyce gave a triumphant chuckle.

'I am not likely to forget it, my dear fellow,' he said. 'I flatter myself there's a balance to my credit still on that account. Colonel Laramoff was shot a week after I revealed his plot to the Prince. Of course it was not strictly my business, but it happened, you see, to come my way while I was engaged on something else for our own people; and there's no harm in standing well with a foreign prince if opportunity offers.'

'None. The man was a dangerous revolutionary. A Bulgar, I suppose?'

'Without doubt. But why do you refer to him?'

'I met a man last week in Vienna who told me the Anarchists were taking up Laramoff's cause—that's all. A mere peg to hang some more of their infernal machines on, of course. Still, a word to the wise, you know.'

'Thanks,' said the Major. 'I'll give Bulgaria a wide berth in future. Good-night, and remember that I am at Lancaster Gardens for a month. Drop in as often as you can and like.'

Ackworth walked back to his hotel in a meditative mood. When he arrived in his room he unlocked one of his travelling-trunks, and took from it a small leather-bound note-book. Running his eye down the index of its contents, he turned to a certain page which contained copious entries written in cipher. The careful perusal of these entries confirmed him in a suspicion which had already grown to something like a certainty in his mind before the soup had been removed from Major Mellordyce's dinner-table. It seemed to Ackworth very singular that Mellordyce himself should have betrayed so strange a lack of that perspicacity in his private affairs which in the conduct of his professional ones had been his most conspicuous attribute. He jotted down the address of a house in the East End, and then closed his note-book and replaced it in his trunk.

Meanwhile Major Mellordyce and his wife were sitting together in their drawing-room. Presently Mrs Mellordyce rose and walked across to the window.

'How hot it is to-night!' she said, throwing up the sash. 'I did not know it could be so hot in England.' Then, after an instant's pause, she asked abruptly, without turning round, 'What is Mr Ackworth?'

Mellordyce laughed.

'He is a traveller,' he answered.

'Ah! you will not tell me,' she said, with a shrug. 'Why is that? There is a mystery about your friend Mr Ackworth. I am afraid I do not like him.'

'Do not like him, Vera! Why?'

'He is too clever,' she replied.

'My dear girl, he did not make a single brilliant remark during the whole of dinner. He hardly spoke at all.'

'No; that is why. He listened. It is not the man who talks and says things who is clever always, but the man who knows how not to say things. Mr Ackworth is that sort of man. He did not like me, either. We are what the French call *antipathiques*. Perhaps he is right,' she sighed.

'You are in a *triste* humour to-night,' smiled the Major. 'Aren't you well, Vera?'

She turned her head and smiled at him over her shoulder.

'Yes; but I have a headache.'

Mellordyce rose and crossed over to her side. He put his arm round her waist, and as he drew her towards him he felt the girl shiver.

'My little Vera, you are not well,' he said tenderly.

She closed her eyes tightly, as if shutting out some horrible vision.

'Yes, yes, I am quite well,' she answered in a low tone, and her opening eyes rested with mute appeal upon her husband's face. 'Pray do not question me,' she added, with sudden petulance. 'I assure you I am quite well.' Her moods, in their quick transitions, were not unlike a child's, and Mellordyce—to whom, indeed, she seemed no more than a child—was always ready to extend a ready indulgence to them.

'That's right,' he said cheerily. 'You must forgive my anxiety, Vera, for you know that I love you more than my life, little one.'

With Mellordyce this was no idle expression of vacuous and meaningless sentiment. He was one of those men who can love but once in their lives, and when they love it is with a love that is more than love—enviable of the seraphs. It was a strange expression that passed over his young wife's face at the words; but her head was turned away, and in the semi-gloom Mellordyce did not see it.

Three evenings later Major Mellordyce was dining at the Troglodyte with Ackworth, at the latter's invitation. Mrs Mellordyce was spending the same evening with an old French lady, a friend

of her father's, who was now living in London, and whom, as the Major's wife, with a pretty little moue, remarked, it was a charity for her to visit occasionally.

In such charitable exercises Mellordyce was the last to thwart the gentle instincts of his wife. The occasion left him free to accept with a clear conscience Ackworth's invitation. The dinner was a good one; for if you choose to pay for it you can get the best dinner in London at the Troglodyte Club. Nor was Ackworth the man to mar a good dinner by the introduction of grave topics of conversation during its course. It was not, therefore, till the coffee and liqueurs had been set on the table and the waiter dismissed that he lit a cigar and looked across at his companion.

'Mellordyce,' he said, 'I have something to say to you; something that you will not like to hear, something that I like still less to tell; but you and I have known each other a long time, and it has got to be said.'

The Major regarded Ackworth uneasily.

'Well, say away,' he remarked after an instant's surprise.

'It's about your wife,' said Ackworth.

Mellordyce started and his brows drew together in a quick frown.

'Stop!' he said. 'You are on very dangerous ground, Ackworth. My wife is sacred. The man who utters a syllable against her—well, you know me,' he concluded significantly.

'Perfectly,' was Ackworth's calm rejoinder. 'And I think you know me. You know I should say nothing without very good cause, or except under the conviction—the conviction, mind—that it is necessary for you to hear it.'

'You're right,' agreed Mellordyce. His face had grown hard. 'Whatever you have to say, I'll hear it. Afterwards—that is your affair. But I warn you.'

'Then I will ask you a question,' went on Ackworth. 'Who was your wife's father?'

'A French gentleman—Monsieur Lataille.'

'No,' said Ackworth quietly. 'He was a Bulgarian gentleman called Laramoff.'

There was a moment's silence. Then Mellordyce gave a little laugh.

'You're mad, Ackworth,' he said.

Ackworth shrugged his shoulders.

'I never make a statement unless I can prove it,' he observed. 'The instant you introduced me to Mrs Mellordyce I recognised her. I met her once at Belgrade—at the house of Madame Ladovitch. I never forget a face. In my private note-book I have an entry relating to the Laramoff affair; and also, as a corollary, certain information respecting an Anarchist society—a branch of the Central Committee—which has an offshoot in London. I told you the other day that the Anarchists had taken up Laramoff's cause. It is quite true. From the day of Laramoff's execution you have been a marked man, Mellordyce. Your life would scarcely be worth a day's purchase across the Bulgarian frontier. In London it would be worth more—except for one circumstance.'

'Well,' said Mellordyce in a low, suppressed voice, 'what circumstance?'

'That your wife is the daughter of Laramoff and a member of the society that has resolved to kill you.'

'A lie—a black lie!' exclaimed Mellordyce, half-starting from his chair.

Ackworth shook his head.

'I wish it was,' he said. 'You can conceive that it is not pleasant for me to tell you this.'

'Have you any more to say?'

'Yes. Your wife married you in order to carry out the wishes of the society. I can only explain the fact that you are alive six months after your wedding on one hypothesis. It is that your wife loves you and is shielding you. Women are incomprehensible. One more thing. You tell me that Mrs Mellordyce is spending the evening to-night at the house of an old French lady?'

'Yes.'

Ackworth took a small piece of paper from his pocket and handed it across to Mellordyce.

'There is the address of that house,' he said.

Major Mellordyce glanced at the paper, and read on it the number of a house in a street quite unfamiliar to him.

'I don't understand,' he said in a hard tone.

'The house is used as the meeting-place of Anarchists. It won't surprise *you* to hear that many of the Anarchist plots of Europe are hatched by obscure foreigners ostensibly living respectable workmen's lives in the East End of London.'

'And you tell me that my wife is an Anarchist—*my wife?*'

'You forget that she is the daughter of her father,' replied Ackworth, 'and that her father died a martyr to revolutionary principles.'

Mellordyce shuddered. If this were true—and Ackworth never made a mistake—the end of his dream had come. He wondered vaguely if all human happiness was but a dream—shorter or longer—yet from which there must arrive the inevitable awakening. A sickening sense of loss—of desolation almost—was already gnawing at his heart. But he would not give in so soon.

'I will not believe it,' he said slowly, 'without proof. It means too much for me. I refuse to believe it.'

Ackworth glanced at his friend pityingly.

'Mellordyce,' he said, 'God knows I am sorry for this—sorrier than I can say. But you must believe it. You have got to face it. We all have to face the truth sometimes. And sometimes men go under when the truth hits home. But they are the cowards. I never came across the man yet who would dare to call *you* a coward.'

'Produce your proof,' said Mellordyce. 'I won't flinch, man! But if you can't prove your words I shall kill you.'

'You and I are going now to that house,' replied

Ackworth calmly—'the house of the old French lady—and if the proof fails you may kill me.' He looked at his watch. It was eight o'clock. He had purposely arranged that they should dine at seven. 'It will take us nearly an hour to drive there,' he continued. 'The meeting is to commence at nine o'clock. We shall be in time.'

Mellordyce rose without a word and followed his friend to the cloak-room. From the inner pocket of his thin overcoat Ackworth drew a small case. 'In visiting the houses of—old French ladies, one has to be prepared,' he remarked. 'Here are two pocket-revolvers—both loaded. I don't pretend that we are not risking our lives in paying this visit; but it will not be the first time we have done that, you and I.'

Major Mellordyce took one of the revolvers and slipped it into his hip-pocket. Five minutes afterwards they were driving rapidly in a hansom towards that district which lies between the Mint and Wapping.

'You know the house—you've been there before?' said Mellordyce presently.

'Yes; I know it. Also the password.'

The two men relapsed again into silence. Mellordyce did not ask Ackworth how he had acquired his information. Both knew enough of the methods of the other to render such questions superfluous. Mellordyce knew, too, that there were very few things in connection with such matters as these that Ackworth did not know. He was not, therefore, in the least surprised to find his friend perfectly familiar with the rendezvous and secret signs of an Anarchist society in London. It was merely Ackworth's business to be familiar with all these things. He was thinking of something quite different as they drove along. He was thinking of his wife—trying to adjust his mind to a perception of her as something other than an angel—and the process of adjustment was like a surgeon's knife on a raw wound.

At length the cab slackened speed, proceeding less confidently, as though the driver were uncertain of his locality; and Mellordyce, glancing out of the window, was aware that they were passing through one of the squalider quarters on the north side of the river. There began to be perceptible a tarry character in the air, a nondescript kind of odour redolent of wharves and dockyards, and mixed with a strong suggestion of leather.

Ackworth put his head out of the window and gave a rapid direction to the driver. The cab proceeded another hundred yards and stopped.

(To be continued.)

THE LIGHT OF THE GLOW-WORM.

By Dr T. Lamb Phipson.

SCIENTIFIC observers often meet with scant justice at the hands of literary men; and recently it was asserted by a well-known writer that 'absolutely nothing' was known about the light of the glow-worm. The fact is, we know as much about that marvellous phenomenon as we can ever hope to know of any of the great mysteries of Nature. Justus von Liebig once said that Nature will answer all our questions, and these questions are our experiments. It is true that experiments often require much patience and a certain gift of observation with which every one is not endowed.

The electric commotions produced by the *Torpedo* and the *Gymnotus* have been traced, in these fishes, to a special organ, a complicated structure connected with their nervous system, and they have been investigated with considerable success by modern electricians. In the same manner the phosphorescent organs of the glow-worm and the fire-fly have, during the last half-century, been the subject of numerous inquiries, but with somewhat less success, because in this case the organ itself has not been so thoroughly distinguished and described, and the light is not produced by this organ directly, but by a secretion which issues from it in the same manner as bile is produced by the liver or saliva from the salivary glands. This secretion has been called *noctilucine*. It is a white unctuous substance, devoid of structure, and drying up into thin, white, shiny films, like the *mucine* which issues from the body of the garden snail. It is probably as complicated in its chemical nature as are many other glandular secretions produced by animals higher in the scale.

Noctilucine is produced not only by the glow-worm (*Lampyris*) and the fire-fly (*Elater*), but by the *Scolopendra*, a myriapod or centipede not uncommon in the soil of our rose-beds and on our garden-walks about the middle of the month of September; by the *Pholas*, a mollusc that bores into the woodwork of seaports and ships; and by the tiny *Noctiluca miliaris*, which is the chief cause of the phosphorescence of the waters of the English Channel; not to mention the numerous gelatinous beings or polyps figured and described in my work on *Phosphorescence* (London, 1862), and which are washed by the waves upon the sands of our coasts.

It is more than probable that the peculiar substance noctilucine, which shines in the dark like phosphorus, is also produced by the decomposition of many organic substances—for instance, by the flesh of fish and by that of other animals; and I have recorded instances in which it has been observed on the skin of man himself in cases of illness, and in various animal secretions. I presume that it is also present sometimes in vegetable substances, such as potatoes, which show a phosphorescent light when

they decay under certain conditions of temperature and moisture, and that it is the substance which causes the phosphorescence of certain fungi, such as the mushroom (*Agaricus*) that is not uncommonly met with in Italy at the foot of the olive-tree.

In all cases where noctilucine is present it yields the same kind of spectrum. When subjected to what is termed 'spectral analysis' (that is, viewed through a slit and a prism) it yields a band of light extending between the spectrum lines E and F, which in the case of the brilliant fire-flies of the West Indies will continue sometimes as far as the line C. In this spectrum we see neither bright lines nor dark bands; it is what is termed a 'continuous spectrum.'

That the light of noctilucine will affect a photographic plate can be put in evidence in the following manner: On a small cardboard box with a perforated lid, and having a sensitive photographic plate at the bottom of it, a glow-worm is placed; and the whole being covered with a glass tumbler standing on two thick straws (so as not to exclude the air), it is left in a dark cupboard all night. In the morning it will be found that the image of the perforations in the lid of the box have been reproduced upon the photographic plate.

The chemistry of noctilucine is a complicated subject into which I cannot enter here. Its existence as a special product of decayed fish was first hinted at in 1862 in my little work already mentioned; and it was first described in a pamphlet which I reprinted from the *Chemical News* in 1875. A year later my discovery was confirmed by Professor Ch. Robin and Dr Laboulène of Paris, in their researches on the fire-flies of the West Indies.

I first obtained this curious product by allowing several large centipedes (*Scolopendra electrica*), which are not uncommon in my garden at Putney, to crawl about in a porcelain dish with vertical sides, covered by a sheet of glass. When irritated these centipedes secrete a considerable quantity of it, which shines in the dark for a long time after they have been allowed to escape. This was in September and October. Since I made these observations several artificial organic substances of a similar nature have been discovered; and numerous phosphorescent *bacteria* have been met with, besides the luminous infusoria described by Ehrenberg a great many years ago, which appear to possess the faculty of producing noctilucine.

With regard to the glow-worm and fire-flies being able, as it were, to extinguish their light at will, it is accounted for by the fact that the organ which produces the noctilucine is under the influence of the nervous system of these insects. It is well known how much, in the higher animals and in man himself, the secretions of the glands are under the control of the nerves. This is notably the case for the salivary glands, and the old expression, 'His mouth waters at the sight of food,' is an apt illustration. I believe that in the little *Noctiluca miliaris*, a tiny being in which no nervous system has yet been detected, and which causes the beautiful phosphorescence of the waves on our coasts, there must exist an organ which secretes noctilucine. These little melon-shaped animals, that are not so large as a pin's head, so long as they are quiescent come to the surface of the water and remain dark; but when the glass which contains the water is slightly struck with a pencil or the finger they sink down, and glow brightly like diamonds as they descend, as if their luminosity depended upon the movement and contraction of their bodies.

In all these cases of animal phosphorescence, the production of the light appears to be due to the oxidation or slow combustion of the light-giving substance by the air causing the gradual decomposition of the noctilucine; but this substance will shine for some time under water, until all the air in that liquid is exhausted. It has been noticed that the eggs of the glow-worm are luminous in the dark for some time after they have been deposited. The glands which secrete the noctilucine in the *Scolopendra electrica* are situated under the scaly rings of the centipede's body, like those which secrete the wax in bees. At a certain period of the year (about October) the common earth-worm (*Lumbricus*) is highly phosphorescent, especially those found in warm dunghills; and when their light is viewed through a spectroscope it also gives the spectrum of noctilucine which I have already described.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of *Barbe of Grand Bayou*, *Bondman Free*, *John of Gerisau*, &c.

CHAPTER V. (*continued*).—HOW GEOFF CAME HOME, AND WHAT HE FOUND THERE.

GEOFFREY was in Bournemouth the same evening, and called at the Mont Doré as soon as he judged they would have finished dinner, and asked for Lady Eugénie.

Mr Devon had discussed with himself the question as to whether he should advise her ladyship of Geoff's approaching visit or should let him take them unawares. On consideration, and thoughtful of the future, but still with some reluctance, he finally sent her a telegram saying that Geoffrey would probably be calling on them. Lady Eugénie had therefore had time for preparation, and was not surprised when his card was brought in to her. She had sent Una off to bed early as an invalid, and she never told her of Geoff's visit.

'Well, Geoffrey, my dear boy! And how are you after all your worries and troubles?'

'I'm all right, thank you, Lady Eugénie. The matter hasn't troubled me much—that is, on my own account, I mean. How is Una?'

'She's in a very low state,' said Lady Eugénie, with a despondent shake of the head—'quite an invalid at present. It seemed to knock her right over. She was at your house when the first news came, you know, and she crept home like a ghost, and has hardly lifted her head since.'

'But you have told her, I suppose, that the matter is all right, as far as I am concerned?'

'Yes, she has been told that, of course. But she does not seem able to pick up again at all. She eats nothing, and she gets very little sleep, and she is listless and tired all the time.'

'Perhaps I can make her understand things better. It would be a shock to her, I know. I have been very anxious about her.'

'She's in bed, and the doctor says the more rest she can get the better. Sleepless nights are very wearing, you know, and she feels it the more because as a rule she sleeps so very soundly.'

'Perhaps to-morrow'——

'If you would not mind looking in then. But it must depend entirely on what the doctor says. At present his orders are most stringent—perfect quiet and no disturbance of any kind.'

'I am returning to the front almost immediately. I would very much like to see Una before I go, even if it were only for a few minutes.'

'When do you go?'

'At once—when I have seen Una. There is nothing to keep me here, and I want to get out there again before the fighting begins.'

'Of course,' said her ladyship. 'I do hope you will be in time. The front is full of possibilities for you;' and if her ladyship's extremest thoughts had been known they would not have looked nice even to herself. For among them and the possibilities was undoubtedly the thought that the front is where men get killed, and that if Geoffrey Challis never came back it would be much the simplest way out of the business.

'If you will call in to-morrow I will see what the doctor says,' said Lady Eugénie. 'But, please, don't count too much upon it, for he is very definite about her. The moment he saw her he said, "Bed is the very best place for you, young lady!" And he said to me afterwards that her nerves were in such a state that she would need the utmost care to avoid a complete breakdown. It is a very serious matter. You remember poor Anne Bevil, the Duke of Cheviot's youngest daughter? They had to place her in a—under restraint, you know, and now she's in a convent, broken for life, and all nerves—horrible!'

'I will call to-morrow, with your ladyship's permission,' said Geoff quietly, and took his leave.

He prowled disconsolately about the deserted front for a time, and then went to his hotel and to bed, but slept little.

He could not go back to his work leaving matters in this uncomfortable condition. He made up his mind to speak plainly to Lady Eugénie in the morning and do his utmost to get at her views, and, if possible, to get from her a straight answer to a straight question.

He looked grimmer and gloomier than ever when he presented himself.

'The doctor has just been,' said her ladyship. 'I laid the matter before him quite plainly, and he threatened me—actually threatened me, Geoffrey—with pains and penalties which I tremble to think of, if I suffered her to undergo any disturbance whatever.'

'But surely it would not disturb her to see me, Lady Eugénie, and to hear from my own lips that everything is all right.'

'I urged it as strongly as I knew how, and he said he would not be answerable for the consequences. He considers her in a very critical state altogether.'

What was he to do? He could hardly urge the matter further, and yet—and yet—well, he had his doubts of Lady Eugénie.

He had been trying his best to see his way in the carpet. Looking up suddenly, he caught sight of her ladyship's face in the mirror of a corner cabinet, and there was something in it that caused him to turn upon her with startling abruptness.

'May I ask you a very plain question, Lady Eugénie?'

'Certainly, Geoffrey.'

'Is it true that you are desirous of breaking off relations between Una and myself?'

'Who says so?' she asked quickly.

'I have heard so, but I would not credit it. Is it so?'

'I do not go so far as that, Geoffrey; but for the present at all events the matter is beyond discussion. Una is not in a fit state to'——

'Does she know I am here?'

'Yes.' And the recording angel surely made a big black mark against her ladyship's name at that, for Una knew nothing whatever about the matter.

'And she has expressed no wish to see me?'

'She has no wish at present except for absolute quiet.'

'It is no good my waiting, then, in hopes of seeing her?'

'I am afraid not. The doctor says it will be some considerable time before she will be able to'——

'Thank you,' he said quietly. 'Then I think I need not wait. I will wish your ladyship good-day—and, I think, good-bye;' and he bowed and went steadily out—to a blank world that held nothing of interest for him—nothing, except a wide blue river and baking yellow sands, and the crackle of guns, and strenuous fighters in patched *jibbahs*, and the chances of welcome death.

Ellen eyed him anxiously when he turned up at the house again, and her face was full of wistful questioning.

He shook his head and answered her briefly. 'I did not see Una. Her mother says her nerves have given way and she is not in a fit state to see anybody. I judge from her ladyship's manner that she has decided that I have forfeited all claims on her daughter.'

'It seems hard, Geoff dear. But do you not think—— Did Una know you were there?'

'Her mother said she did.'

'And she sent no message—nothing?'

'Nothing.'

'Then, Geoff, you are far better to be quit of her,' said placid Ellen hotly. 'That is not how a girl loves, if she loves at all. Do you think I would give up Charlie like that, no matter what had happened to him? She is shallow, Geoff. I feared it always, and now I know that I always knew it. And as for Lady Eugénie'—— Words could not express it. 'It may be the saving of you from lifelong misery, Geoff,' she continued. 'Far better to learn it before marriage than after. Please God, you will, in the proper time, find a girl worthier of you than Una ever would have been. Oh, Geoff, Geoff!' —and she put her arms round his neck at sight of his gloomily set face—'don't go and get yourself killed for her sake. She is not worth it, my dear; she is not worth it. Promise me, Geoff! Your face frightens me.'

'I will go away at once, dear, and I will do my duty, whatever it please God to send me. If it is death, I do not think I shall regret it very greatly.'

He and the General sat talking late into the night—the old gentleman forecasting some of Geoff's coming difficulties, and giving him such advice as his experience suggested.

'Take it all quietly, my boy,' he said. 'Show no resentment, whatever you may feel. And when the fighting comes, you will show them the stuff you are made of. Mind you, I don't for one moment suppose any one of them really doubted your courage. All that was simply a blind to throw dust in our eyes over here, and to saddle you, instead of themselves, with any blame that might be going. Your Colonel will ride the high horse, of course, for your going back cleared is a smack in the face for him. But don't show that you feel it, my boy. But there!—I'm talking as if you were an unlicked cub, and you've borne yourself all through this matter like a man, where some would have blown their brains out. I have perfect confidence in you, my boy, and sometime you'll know it.'

He was referring to his will, and Geoff knew all about that, or thought he did.

'I know it now, sir, and I don't want to know it any other way. Ellen will be very happy with Doone, I think. He is a splendid fellow, and their hearts beat time perfectly, it seems to me. I suppose he will be Exmoor before I get back. Ellen will be the best countess they have had for a long while. She does us credit, sir.'

'She's a credit to humanity at large, my boy. I don't suppose even I know all she does for people, and I see a good deal. She does much that no one ever sees except the folks themselves. You should hear my fellow Brading talk of her.'

'Brading won't last long, from what you were saying.'

'Not long. But he's perfectly happy, and hasn't a care on his mind. I only know of one thing he'd like, and that is that you would run round and shake him by the hand before you go. His youngest boy is at the front.'

'In the Fusiliers. I remember. I'll go round first thing in the morning, and get off by the midday train. You won't feel hurt at my running away again so soon, sir?'

'Not a bit, my boy. Your place is at the front, and duty calls.'

A LADY-TRAMP IN CHINA AND JAPAN.

By Margaret Innes Pollock.

SECOND PAPER.

AT Vancouver I stepped on board a Canadian Pacific Railway steamer bound for Hong-kong, with a stop-over on my second-class ticket—which cost about twenty-three pounds—for Yokohama. Baker Mountain was lost sight of as we steamed out of the bay. Victoria was passed in the dark, and by next morning there was nothing but the gray waste of waters all around. Strong head-winds delayed us so much that we lost three days on the voyage—which was trying, as I should have had nearly a week in Japan before the following steamer, *The Empress of China*, was due. Knowing the weather we had encountered would not hinder *her* progress, within an hour after landing I was off in the train for Nikko, being desirous of seeing the famous temples there. A fellow-passenger helped me to procure a ticket, and also ascertained that I had to change at two junctions. One of these, I understood, was at the first place we came to, so when the train stopped I prepared to alight; but, not being sure if I was right in doing so, I beckoned to the guard. Here, to my amusement, I found that neither he nor any one else understood English. In my perplexity I was greatly relieved to hear a voice behind me saying, 'Can I be of any assistance?' An English doctor happened to be in the next compartment, and had come to the rescue. Not only did he tell me that this was merely a

suburb, but kindly wrote down the names of the junctions, and finally gave me his card with a request to the proprietor of the Nikko hotel to give me a room at a moderate rate.

The journey of one hundred and twenty miles was most enjoyable. Of course I went third class, only paying about three shillings for the ticket. Unfortunately it was not the season for flowers; but the flat country through which we passed at first was variegated with different crops. Whenever I was tired of gazing out of the window, my fellow-passengers were a study. Their *kimono* seemed a comfortable garment, and the broad band or sash of the women, according to the way in which it was adjusted, indicated whether the wearer was married or single. The glossy black hair of both matrons and maidens was beautifully dressed, with a flower, pin, or other adornment stuck artistically amongst the braids. Sometimes stockings were worn; sometimes the small feet were only encased in shoes or high-heeled sandals, which they kicked off if they wished to curl themselves up in a corner of the seat. Both men and women seemed bright, alert, and good-natured. To me as a foreigner they were kind and polite.

Just as the hills were coming into sight it grew dark, and it was nine o'clock when Nikko was reached. On alighting I saw two men holding Chinese lanterns, the light inside showing the word 'Nikko' on one. Taking for granted that this was the hotel porter, I addressed him, but here again found there was no way of coming to a mutual understanding. In this new dilemma how thankfully did I hear the question, 'What do you want?' My good fairy, who always turns up when required, appeared on this occasion in the guise of a Japanese stationmaster who spoke English fluently. He acted as interpreter between me and the porter, who mentioned the terms at the hotel, adding that he had no authority to reduce them. As these were too high for my purse, the stationmaster suggested a boarding-house. This exactly suited me, as the charge, including food, was only two shillings per day, and I knew I should see something of Japanese customs. My obliging new friend wrote a note, hailed a 'rikisha, and showed me the coin to give the 'boy'—about sixpence—which was double fare, owing to the lateness of the hour, and seeing that he had to pull me up a long, steep street.

When the 'boy' stopped at the wide entrance I presented my missive, and, from the signs made, understood I was welcome. A man-servant came forward and took off my dusty shoes, providing me with slippers to walk along the polished passage to the room which I was to occupy. Here, to my surprise, I found a few articles of European furniture: table, chair, and washstand with basin and ewer. Freshly infused tea and grapes were brought, and I suppose they asked me if I wished anything else; but, as I had no idea what their questions meant, I shook my head. Not knowing what Japanese food would be like, I had brought a tin of meat and biscuits with me.

Then a man appeared bearing a large quantity of quilts which were piled one on the top of the other. Muslin sheets were added, and above these one or two more quilts, till, behold, a comfortable shake-down! Locking my door was impossible, for the simple reason that there was no door and no lock. Two sides of the room were of wood; the other two consisted of sliding panels, something like window-frames, from top to bottom, with small panes of opaque paper instead of glass. Presently the house became quiet, and I extinguished my candle and lay down, wishing I had a friend with me to enjoy the novel situation.

In the morning I saw an eye peering through a rent in the paper pane on a level with my head, which suggested the idea that I had better dress before the household gathered to watch the process in turns. A little maiden was not long in bringing me tea and fruit; and when I emerged I found, on the other side of the passage, one of those miniature gardens which are so common, with a rockery, and a tiny rivulet running through it.

When I appeared in the shop, through which you had to pass to the street, I found that a sailor, who had learnt English on board a man-of-war, had been hunted up to act as interpreter. He procured a guide for the temples, which are scattered over a considerable space of ground, one being especially gorgeous in colouring, gilding, and carving. There were hideous images at some of the gates, but apparently none inside the buildings. The priests here and there were going through a form of worship; but I could not spare time to note in what this consisted.

After being surfeited with temples I returned to the boarding-house, paid my bill, and wrote my name in the English visitors' book, which was proudly produced for this purpose. There were only three entries in it, the last signature being that of a gentleman from Boston, who had been there two years before. If any one wishes to find the establishment, he may discover it by a legend over the entrance in which the words 'English cooking' occur. Before leaving I asked the proprietor, through the interpreter, if he could tell me of a similar boarding-house at Tokio, and he recommended one near the Uyeno Station, giving me a card in Japanese, which, of course, I could not decipher.

After thanking the stationmaster for his helpful kindness, I departed by the midday train. In the sunshine the scenery was lovely. The hills had a soft, velvety appearance, with the houses peeping out every here and there among the trees, reminding me of pictures on rice-paper, and endless paths were visible, which I longed to tread. Then I noticed the stretch of road lined on each side with cryptomerias. I was told these at one time extended in an unbroken line for miles, but now there are gaps, and the railway crosses the road more than once.

These trees have such a sombre, almost mournful aspect that my fancy pictured them as a stately guard of honour stationed at close intervals to keep the route clear while some magnificent funeral cortège passed along. What with the beautiful views, the curious incidents noticeable at the station, and my interesting fellow-passengers, the journey did not seem long or tiresome. I myself was evidently an object of curiosity and the subject of conversation; unmistakably so when I produced a bottle of cold, pale-coloured tea, and heard the word 'Whisky' uttered by more than one person. I felt ashamed and grieved to find that they could imagine an English lady would indulge in such a thing; so I poured some into a cup, and begged the little woman sitting next me to smell it, and at last persuaded her to taste it, when she immediately corrected the erroneous impression, and a chorus of voices exonerated me from the sad imputation. Alas! I do not wonder that it arose, as boards advertising English liquors were to be seen along the line.

When I drew near Tokio I showed the introduction which I had received at Nikko to a student with whom I had been talking. With the utmost courtesy he at once offered to conduct me to the boarding-house, and insisted on carrying my bag. Here I again got a thoroughly clean room with a balcony overlooking a large square. The house was ransacked for English furniture, but one old chair was all that was on the premises. There was no provision for ablutions in private. I had to descend to the bath-room, where I was furnished with water in a well-scoured tin basin, and a saucer containing salt for my teeth. The operation was visible to any one going along the passage, but did not attract notice. Even before tea could be infused, a brazier filled with ashes and a pipe with a miniature bowl were brought; but as I had not acquired the habit of taking a whiff like some Japanese women, I motioned them away. To all interrogations I replied with the negative sign, except once, when I nodded just to see what the result would be, which was the appearance of a tin flask of *bouillon* and a raw egg.

At the railway station food could be had; and as the bill of fare was printed in English on one side and in Japanese on the other, under the same numbers, by my pointing to this the waiter understood what was ordered.

One of the two days I spent in Tokio was a Sunday, which I thought I would spend quietly in the parks. Not coming across a well-known temple, I tried making inquiries for it by signs. I put my hands together, closed my eyes, and bowed my head, and then pointed to the paths leading in various directions. One was indicated, which I followed till it came to a small church, which I quietly entered by the wide-open door. Here was evidently a Christian congregation, with whom I was glad to worship in spirit. The singing was very sweet and the building well filled.

On the second day I saw as much as I possibly could. The large statue of Buddha confronted me soon after entering the Uyeno Park, and I knew the Zoological Gardens were not far off. On my asking two boys where these were they at once closed the French grammar over which they were poring, saying to each other, 'She is a stranger; let us be her guides;' and I had difficulty in persuading them to continue their studies. Later in the afternoon, when I was standing on a height overlooking the town, a young fellow at my elbow respectfully begged permission to inquire what my nationality was. He was evidently glad of the opportunity of airing his English, and offered to show me the way to the Botanical Gardens. I had an interesting talk with him, and he returned to the boarding-house to act as interpreter. On my thanking him, he told me when I was in any difficulty to apply to the students, as they were always glad to be of use to strangers.

This being my last evening, I thought I would risk a Japanese meal, so I descended to the place where the cooking went on, and soon had the whole household standing round me in fits of laughter while I made a selection of eatables. On their lifting the lids of the pots I signified that I would have rice for a foundation; then they held up a creature which looked like a huge starfish, a tentacle of which I declined; but I got a slice of fried fish and one or two morsels of unknown vegetables. These were put into little dishes, and, being ornamented with sprigs, placed on a lacquered tray and carried in triumph to my room, where the proprietor's gentle little wife, as she had frequently done, came and sat down on the floor beside me to observe my mode of eating. The food was good, and had I known sooner that it was so palatable I would have partaken of it freely. I was much amused with the salaams of all in the house, the man who brought the quilts for the shake-down almost touching the floor with his forehead.

Early in the morning I paid my modest bill of four shillings, and got into a 'rikisha which was waiting at the door. The sturdy 'boy' kept up such a good pace the whole way across the town that I caught an earlier train than I had intended, and in two hours reached Yokohama. The *Empress of China* was already anchored in the harbour; but as she was not to sail till the afternoon, I had time to inspect the town, which did not seem nearly so interesting as those I had just visited. While the *Empress* was lying at Kobe and Nagasaki I went ashore and climbed the slopes to see the country. The agriculture was interesting. The ground was divided into small patches, where rice, yams, and other crops which I did not recognise were growing. One's walk was considerably lengthened by the footpaths at the edge of the fields winding up and down and round about in a tantalising manner; but higher up I emerged on a grassy space, whence I descended by a broad road underneath trees. Unfortunately, while we sailed through the Inland Sea it was gray and dull.

In sunshine it must be exquisite. Little did we think that the eyes of all the world would so soon be upon Japan and the plucky little people who at present are engaged in the horrors of war.

After a good run the *Empress* anchored at Woosung, and we were conveyed up the river in a steam-launch to Shanghai. On my way to and from the China Inland Mission House I passed some of the fine buildings along the Bund, but had not time to see much more.

It was a clear, sunny morning when we entered the beautiful harbour of Hong-kong. The hills all round, culminating in the Peak, the handsome hongs and other buildings, with the endless variety of shipping, from the man-of-war painted a leaden hue to make it as unobservable as possible, down to the frail sampan, produced a striking impression.

As I was bound for Swatow, which we had passed but did not touch at, it was rather provoking to meet the coasting-steamer. A missionary's wife, with four children, was equally anxious not to spend a night in Hong-kong, so we went from one shipping-office to another till we discovered that a cargo-steamer, in which, although passengers were rarely carried, there were two available cabins, would sail in three hours. We hailed a sampan and told the boatmen to row us to the said vessel. I supposed the rowers were men, but it turned out that half were women; the dress of the men and women, consisting of loose, dark-blue trousers and shirt worn outside, being very similar. These boatmen's families often live on their craft. When the children are so small that there is a risk of their tumbling overboard they are tethered by means of a rope, so that it is easy to pull them out of the water!

The chief officer and steward were rather surprised when we boarded the *Hupeh*, but they treated us well. The Chinese 'boy,' No. 1, actually prepared a menu card for dinner, which was creditable as well as amusing. Among the items were 'joints, haricot mutton; entrée, tinned sausages'!

We had a smooth passage lasting one night. I was not expected at the E. P. Mission, Swatow, but received a warm welcome. If I were writing for a missionary magazine I could fill pages with an account of the interesting and fruitful work I saw here. Fine new hospitals, to replace old ones, were nearly finished, and young Chinese women were receiving elementary medical instruction from a lady-doctor.

A friend took me both by daylight and lamplight through the narrow, crowded streets, with shops on either side containing an endless variety of wares. In some the men were gambling. On a waste piece of ground an open-air theatre had been erected, the play being enacted on a platform. In fact, it was equivalent to an advertisement, as it was used to draw a crowd, who were sure to make purchases at the stalls around. I was inside a deplorably dirty Chinese house: such a contrast to the clean, tidy homes in a Christian village. As I was accompanied by a native woman, no objection was made to my entering a temple and an ancestral hall containing memorial tablets. Chinese ideas about death, even apart from ancestral worship, are singular in many ways. I heard of a girl who was anxious to give her mother an acceptable present, and therefore selected a coffin!

My walks in the surrounding country were limited, as I did not like to risk encounters with savage dogs; but two of my busy friends spared an afternoon for a delightful scramble over the hills on the opposite side of the bay, reached by a small boat which danced over the waves.

Five days sped all too quickly, at the end of which I returned to Hong-kong. Here I heard of a steamer which was to sail for Culcutta that afternoon. All the second-class berths were already engaged; but when I told the company's manager I could not afford more than second-class fare, he gave me a first-class passage for six pounds ten shillings—one of the many kindnesses I experienced, for which I shall ever be grateful. I was the only lady on board—which was not the first time this had happened—and for once travelled luxuriously. From several captains have I received special favours during my wanderings; but the captain of this steamer exceeded even the others in thoughtful consideration. I feel tolerably at home now in stoke-holes and refrigerating chambers, bakeries and barbers' shops; but there is always something new to be seen when one goes round a vessel, so I was delighted when the first officer took me over the ship, and the chief engineer to the infernal regions below, not forgetting to conduct me to the end of his ball-room, as he called the long, tunnel-like chamber in which was the enclosed shaft of the propeller.

When we reached Singapore we landed twelve hundred Chinese coolies. On lying down at night on deck they seemed to occupy every foot of space, but were a contented lot. A Chinese compradore had the duty of catering for them, and they seemed well fed, though doubtless the compradore would earn a good percentage for himself on the transaction. They were quiet enough during the voyage, but became excited at landing, and in their eagerness to get ashore had almost to be kept back with sticks, otherwise the whole mass would have leaped upon the quay in one mad jump. Some possessed boxes; others seemed to own nothing but a fan or such-like article. Overseers were waiting to receive them, and they were marched off in detachments to work in the mines or to other employment.

A fellow-passenger took me to the Botanical Gardens, which are worth a visit; but the situation is not nearly so beautiful as that of the gardens at Penang, which are surrounded by hills, so that you do not know where the enclosure ends, and they have the advantage of a waterfall in their midst.

From Penang we went straight to Calcutta, where a new phase of my experiences began.

THE HAUNTED HAT.

By Professor HOFFMANN.

I HAD taken my evening repast, after my customary modest fashion, at the Hotel Benvenuto, a cosy little Italian restaurant in Soho. Lest the fact that I had been dining should, in sceptical minds, tend to cast a doubt upon the strict accuracy of the strange story which follows, I hasten to add that my potations had been limited to a flask of Chianti and a cup of black coffee.

I lighted a cigar and started to walk home. I should here mention that I am a bachelor, and occupy the drawing-room floor of a house not far from Euston Square. I had not gone many yards when my ears were assailed by a sound, faint but distinct, of hand-clapping. I was at the moment passing a theatre, and I imagined the sound to be the applause of the audience. I wondered, in a careless way, how it was that I had never heard it in the same spot before; but I concluded that it must be owing to some difference in the direction of the wind. Strange to say, however, after an interval of silence, the sound again became audible when I was not near any place whence it was likely to have proceeded. I know how easily a highly strung intellect like mine may be upset, and I began to feel a little bit nervous. Fortunately, almost at the same moment, I chanced to meet a medical friend. I described to him my curious sensations. 'Liver, dear boy,' he said; 'liver, without a doubt. Take a blue pill to-night and a seidlitz powder in the morning, and you'll be as right as a trivet.'

I thanked him; and chancing soon afterwards to pass a chemist's shop, I went in and purchased the prescribed remedies, after which I resumed my walk home and reached my 'diggings' without further adventure. In my sitting-room is an early Victorian piece of furniture called, I believe, a chiffonier, surmounted by a bust of Mr Chamberlain. I laid my hat beside the bust, and filling my pipe, sat down to read a magazine. I was half-way through an interesting article when the clock began to strike. I looked up, uncertain whether it was ten or eleven. As I did so I became conscious of a strange phenomenon. My hat, which I had placed crown downwards on the chiffonier, now surmounted Mr Chamberlain's head. It was tilted on one side in a most unstatesman-like manner, and an eyeglass, which I had never noticed before, was stuck in the right eye of the figure. Even the expression of the bust was changed. In its normal condition it represented a grave and dignified personage, as one might picture Mr Chamberlain when expounding the advantages of reciprocity; but under his present aspect one would rather have expected from him a comic song or a smoking-room story. Such a libel upon a distinguished statesman was not to be tolerated for a moment. I hastily got up and removed the hat and eyeglass, when the bust reverted to its ordinary expression. As I did so, the mysterious hand-clapping again sounded in my ears.

Once more I trembled for my intellect; till I recalled my medical friend's diagnosis, when I began to feel equally anxious about my liver. Whichever it was, it was clear that I was in a bad way. There was only one thing to be done, and I did it. I went to bed.

On entering my sitting-room the next morning I instinctively glanced at the bust of Mr Chamberlain. It wore its normal expression of calm cocksureness, not in the least like the 'won't-go-home-till-morning' air it had borne on the previous evening, and beside it rested my hat just as I had placed it overnight. I breakfasted in usual course, and started for my office in Lincoln's Inn. I ought to have mentioned that I am a solicitor. The firm is Bramwell and Browne. Bramwell is the senior partner, and I am Browne.

On arriving I sat down at my table and began to open my letters. I had been thus occupied for about half-an-hour when the office-boy came in with a fresh batch. He looked at me with a curious expression, as if amused at something, and as soon as he had got outside the door I heard a sound of smothered laughter. A few minutes later another clerk came in. I noticed on his face the same expression of suppressed amusement, and again heard a choking sound when he got outside the door. I looked carefully around in search of anything to account for their conduct, but in vain. Shortly afterwards my partner came in. He too looked at me in a curious way. 'Going out?' he inquired. 'No,' I replied; 'not at present.' 'Then why have you got your hat on, and why are you wearing it in such an extraordinary way?' I put my hands to my head. I found that my hat, which I imagined I had taken off as usual on entering, was still on my head, but tilted backwards in a manner which quite accounted for the frivolous behaviour of our underlings. 'I—um—it slipped my memory,' I said, and taking off the hat, placed it on the table beside me. Again I heard the sound of faint applause. I glanced at my partner to see if he too heard it, but he made no sign.

The morning passed without further incident till after lunch, when I had arranged to meet my broker at the Bank of England in order to execute a transfer of stock. On arriving at the Bank I placed my hat on the counter beside me while I wrote my signature. There was certainly nothing in it when I laid it down; but when I took it up again to

replace it a grim-looking cannon-ball rolled out of it. Stock Exchange men are proverbially fond of practical jokes, and I glanced savagely at my broker, with the idea that he was somehow responsible for the phenomenon. His astonished expression, however, satisfied me that he was innocent; and the clerks behind the counter looked equally surprised, not to say alarmed. The situation was most embarrassing. The thing had unmistakably come out of my hat, and there was nothing for it but to account for its presence as best I could. I endeavoured to appear unconcerned, but it was a poor attempt. 'I—I didn't intend to show you that,' I stammered. 'It's a little scientific experiment of mine; an invention that may—er—have money in it. I am taking it to my—my patent agent.'

I could see that nobody believed me, and feeling, and I have no doubt looking, like a detected criminal, I picked up the wretched object and put it in my brief-bag, after which I hastily said 'Good-morning.' If I may judge by the expression of the faces around me, the general idea was that I had accidentally exhibited an infernal machine; and I have little doubt that it was only my known personality and my hitherto blameless character that preserved me from arrest on the spot. As it was, I have a conviction that I was 'shadowed' all the way back to the office by one of the Bank detectives. As I left the building I once more heard the strange sound of hand-clapping which had so worried me on previous occasions.

I went straight back to my office. On the landing outside the door is a wooden receptacle, half bin, half cellar, which serves to contain our coal-supply. I lifted the flap, and taking the cannon-ball out of my bag, dropped it in among the coals, only too pleased to be rid of it.

I hung my hat on its usual peg in the lobby, and tried to settle down to my work. In the course of the afternoon I had occasion to send a document to our law stationer's to be copied, and took it into the outer office for that purpose. I perceived at once that there was some disturbing element, for the clerks appeared to be attending to anything rather than their work. 'What's going on here?' I said sternly. 'Please, sir,' replied the shorthand clerk, 'it's the rabbit.' 'Rabbit! What rabbit?' 'We thought it was yours, sir.' 'Mine! What do you mean?' 'It came out of your hat, sir,' said another. 'The hat fell off the peg, and the rabbit came out of it.'

In view of my recent experience, the statement did not appear so incredible as it would otherwise have done, and as he spoke I perceived that a small rabbit was dodging about among the legs of the office stools. This time, however, I could safely disclaim responsibility. 'It seems to me, gentlemen,' I said, 'that some one is playing practical jokes. I won't inquire who it is' (I knew I had better not), 'but if it occurs again I shall deal with the matter very severely.'

I returned to my own room and proceeded with my work as best I could. From the subdued chuckles which I heard in the outer office at intervals, I fear that the rabbit interfered a good deal with the serious business of the afternoon, and I was not sorry when office hours were over and the clerks dispersed to their respective homes.

I had arranged to dine with a friend at his club. I was half-inclined to confide in him, and take his opinion on my singular experiences; but I felt that it wouldn't do. M'Brayne is the sort of man who prides himself on the very few things he believes. I felt that if I told him my story he would set me down as either a liar or a lunatic, possibly both. My mind, however, kept recurring to the subject during dinner; and my host chaffed me more than once about my absent-mindedness. Towards the close of the meal a terrible thought struck me. What if the object which I had taken to be a mere cannon-ball contained some violent explosive? And, good heavens! I had deposited it in our own coal-bin. I felt a horrible presentiment that the good lady who looks after our office would choose that particular 'lump' the very next morning to place on one of the fires; in which case not only might she blow herself up, but one side of New Square might be in ruins, and whole pages of the *Law List* out of date by reason of the untimely death of the rising barristers and eminent solicitors whose names had hitherto adorned them.

And if the wretched thing did go off *I* should be held responsible. Not only my stockbroker, but sundry Bank of England clerks, equal in general credibility to bishops, had seen it in my possession and heard my lame account of it. The possibility was not to be tolerated for a moment. By hook or by crook I must regain possession of that cannon-ball or bombshell, or whatever it might prove to be.

I took a hasty leave of my host (who did not seem pleased at my sudden departure) and made my way back to Lincoln's Inn. I had never been there at night before, and I had an uneasy consciousness that the porters eyed me with suspicion. I didn't wonder at it, for I felt like a burglar; indeed, a real burglar would probably have been much more at his ease. I proceeded to our staircase. The stairs creaked as they never creak in the daytime, but in due course I reached our landing. To my great discomfiture, it was in all but darkness. There was a feeble gas-jet on the floor below and one on the landing above, but none on ours. I lifted the lid of the coal-bin, and by the aid of a wax-match peered into its grimy recesses. The object of my search had apparently rolled into some remote corner, for I could not see it. I draw a veil over the difficulties of my search; no description could possibly do them justice. Suffice it to say that after actually getting into that coal-bin, burning the best part of a box of matches, and ruining a nearly new pair of trousers, I secured that wretched ball, and returned it, with infinite precaution, to my brief-bag. It looked harmless

enough; but I dared not take any chances. What was I to do with it?

After a little reflection I decided for Waterloo Bridge, and I hastened in that direction. Watching my opportunity, I opened the bag, took out the cannon-ball, and dropped it into the stream below. 'Thank goodness! that 's done with,' I soliloquised as I heard the splash. No one appeared to have observed my strange proceedings, and I made the best of my way home, accompanied by the faint ripple of applause in my ears, which by this time I was beginning to be almost accustomed to.

I slunk into my rooms, fortunately without attracting observation, and set to work to remove the grimy traces of my night's adventures. I glanced at Mr Chamberlain, half expecting a renewal of the previous evening's frivolity. It seemed to me that there was a sort of twinkle in his plaster eye, as if he were aware of and enjoyed my recent experiences, but there was no other manifestation. The following day was Saturday. The morning passed without any abnormal occurrence, and in the afternoon I took advantage of the customary half-holiday to pay a visit to a lady whom I hope shortly to make Mrs Browne. My *fiancée* resides with an elderly aunt, of strict Presbyterian principles and by no means easy to get on with. Miss MacTaggart holds permanently the opinion which King David expressed in a hasty moment, that all men are liars. Indeed, she goes further than David in her poor opinion of the male sex, who, according to her, are, with very few exceptions, gamblers, whisky-bibbers, and general evil livers. I had had considerable difficulty in persuading her that my moral character was a little above the very low average. I think the point which told most in my favour was the fact that I am one of the very few men who do not play bridge. Indeed, I very rarely touch a card at all, my favourite recreations being golf and chess, to neither of which she could find any serious objection. She happened, to my secret satisfaction, to be out driving on the occasion of my visit; and as I gathered that her return was expected at five o'clock, I mentally resolved to make my adieux ten minutes earlier.

The time passed only too quickly. Several times in the course of the afternoon I had been on the point of confiding to Ethel my strange experiences of the previous day; but the fear of being disbelieved prevented me, and when I rose to go my tale was still untold. But my lack of moral courage brought a heavy punishment. I had brought my hat with me into the drawing-room, and placed it on a chair. When I took it up again to go, it struck me as being unusually heavy. Glancing down into it, I perceived that it was nearly filled by something or other loosely wrapped in a red cotton handkerchief with white spots. 'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, as I realised that I was in for some new embarrassment. 'What in the world have you got in your hat?' said my lady-love. 'Upon my word, I don't know,' I said desperately. 'There was nothing in it when I came in, I 'll take my'—I was going to say 'oath,' but professional instinct made me substitute 'affidavit.' 'You surely don't mean to suggest that anything has been put into it since? No one has come into the room but the parlour-maid, and I 'm sure she never went near your hat.'

Ethel's logic was unanswerable. Nothing could possibly have got into my hat, and yet something had certainly done so. 'We will see what it is, at any rate,' I said, assuming a confidence I was far from feeling. I untied the handkerchief. It was full of playing-cards, not in separate packs, but a mixed lot of all sorts and patterns, some of them fairly new, but the greater part more or less soiled and dog-eared. 'Oh Arthur!' exclaimed Ethel in tones of horror; 'and I thought you never played cards.' 'Nor do I; and if I did, you surely don't suppose I would use such a grubby lot as these?' 'Then why,' she sobbed—'*why* do you carry them in your hat?' I tried to explain that I had nothing to do with the matter—that various supernatural things happened to me without any volition of mine. Naturally, she didn't believe it. Her faith in me was shattered, and my attempts at exculpating myself only made the matter worse. 'Oh, never mind all that!' she said impatiently. 'Please put away the wretched things, and get away before Aunt Priscilla comes home, or it will be all over. I shall never be allowed to speak to you again.'

I felt that for the time there was nothing else to be done, and I forthwith began to stow away the cards again. They had been packed, I suppose, with some amount of system; for in my haste, and in their now more scattered condition, I found it impossible to get them back into the handkerchief. I filled every available pocket. My garments were distended in every direction by objectionable bulges. At last I succeeded in reducing the remainder to such a quantity as would just go into the handkerchief; but here a further difficulty presented itself. Nothing would induce the package thus made to go again into the hat; and I had finally to take my leave (happily just in time to escape Aunt Priscilla), carrying the distended handkerchief in my hand, as a navvy carries his dinner. And this in one of the most fashionable squares of the West End!

Luckily, there was a hansom in sight. I hailed it, keeping my objectionable parcel well behind me, and jumped in, stowing my burden under the seat. I was about to tell the man to drive me home, when a happy thought struck me. I would make him a present (without his knowledge) of the pocket-handkerchief and its contents. I accordingly told him to drive me to Gower Street Station. When I reached it I got out hurriedly, leaving the parcel behind me, gave him a liberal fare, and took a return ticket for Moorgate. I jumped into an empty compartment, and as soon as the train had started, opened the window and began to clear my pockets of their objectionable contents. There were

paragraphs in the papers the next day mentioning the curious fact that the permanent way from Gower Street to Moorgate had been found strewn with playing-cards, and propounding various theories, all equally wide of the mark, to account for the extraordinary phenomenon. But I did not contradict them.

Having completed my task, I started homeward, congratulating myself on having made a clean sweep of my encumbrances. But I reckoned without my host, or rather without my cabman. A hansom was standing before my door. It appeared that the Jehu knew me by sight, having driven me home once or twice from a theatre. Having found the parcel under the seat, he had come, with inconvenient honesty, to restore it to me. With a smile upon my countenance but imprecations in my heart, I gave him a liberal reward for his trouble, with a further allowance for the hour or so which he had lost in waiting for my arrival.

Fortunately there was a fire in my grate, and as soon as I had got fairly into my rooms and closed the door I set to work to burn those detestable cards. I could not have believed that it would be so difficult a task. The more I burnt the more there seemed to be left, and the smell was atrocious. Half-way through the operation there was an agitated knock at the door, and my landlady rushed in, carrying a pail of water. She justified her sudden entrance by a tremendous sniff, and the remark that she 'reely thought the 'ouse was afire.' 'It is all right, Mrs Jenkins,' I explained. 'I am merely burning some—some papers.' Unluckily, that villainous red handkerchief lay open on the hearth-rug. It still contained a goodly quantity of cards. Some were scattered over the carpet, and others in various stages of combustion choked the fireplace. 'An' a very noble thing on your part, if you 'll excuse me sayin' so, Mr Browne. I 'ope an' trust you 're a-givin' of 'em up for good, an' I only wish all young men 'ad the moral kerridge to do the same. If my poor 'usband'—— But I had already heard, on various occasions, of the weaknesses of the late Mr Jenkins, and I had no inclination that he should be further utilised to point a moral at my expense. I cut her short. 'You are quite mistaken, Mrs Jenkins,' I said. 'These cards do not belong to me. I am destroying them for—for quite a different reason.' 'Then you 're a-takin' temptation out of the way of some other young feller, an' I call it very noble; very noble on your part. I do, sir, indeed.'

This was the last straw. It is bad enough to be suspected of a vice of which you are not guilty, but to be credited in a grandmotherly sort of way with a virtue to which you have no claim is even more exasperating. 'Thank you,' I said. 'Now that you have satisfied yourself that there is no danger of fire, perhaps you will kindly leave me to my occupation. When I want anything I will ring.'

The good lady took up her pail. 'Ho, certinly!' she said, and left the room with an even louder sniff than that with which she had entered it. I returned to my abominable task. I could almost have imagined that those cards and that handkerchief had been chemically rendered incombustible. But they were at last reduced to ashes, and after a very necessary wash I was free to go to my dinner. I wavered between the Trocadero and the Benvenuto, but finally decided for the latter.

I was just looking over the *carte* when the head-waiter approached me. 'You were here the evening before last, Mr Browne. I suppose you didn't happen by mistake to take away another gent's hat?' 'Certainly not, to my knowledge. But the point is easily settled. Mine is a Lincoln and Bennett.' I took it down from the peg to show the makers' name. When I glanced into the crown, however, I perceived, to my surprise, that no name was visible. The spot where it should have been seen was occupied by a medallion representing the head of a demon or satyr wearing a cheerful grin, as if he were chuckling over the mistake that had been made. 'You are right; this is certainly not my own hat, though until this moment I had not noticed the difference. Who is the owner of this one?' 'Rather a distinguished party in his way, sir. It belongs to Herr Blitzen the conjurer, who is performing at the Empire, and this is the hat he uses in his famous trick of the *Chapeau du Diable*. To my mind, one tall hat 's very much like another; but he don't seem to think so. I 'm told he has had to cut out the trick for the last two nights for lack of this particular hat, and he 's been in five times to know if we had any tidings of it. I can't see anything very special about it myself'—and he turned it over in his hand—'but he says he wouldn't part with it for a hundred pounds. Ah! here he is.'

As he spoke a gentleman entered, whom I remembered to have seen seated near me on the occasion of my last visit. He was unmistakably a foreigner, presumably a German Jew. He was very dark, with an aquiline nose and unusually piercing eyes. His most noteworthy features, however, were the eyebrows, which, either by nature or art, were bent upwards at their outer ends. The ends of his moustache were bent upwards in the same manner, the combination giving him a Mephistophelean expression singularly appropriate to the nature of his profession. He caught sight of the hat in the waiter's hands, and seemed to know instinctively that it was his lost property. He almost rushed towards us. 'Aha! you find my hat?' 'Yes, sir,' said the waiter. 'This gentleman had took it by mistake.' Herr Blitzen bowed politely to me, and took the hat from the waiter's hands. 'I am much glad to find him once again;' and he smoothed it tenderly with his sleeve. 'I hope he give you no trouble, sare.' 'Oh dear, no,' I said. 'It 's no trouble at all, so far as I am concerned. The fault was mine. I am only sorry to have inconvenienced you by my mistake.'

He handed me back my own hat with another polite bow, and we sat down at different tables to our dinners. But half-way through my meal a startling idea struck me. When the magician expressed his hope that I had had no trouble with the hat, I had taken the remark to apply to the mere fact of the exchange, but I now perceived that it was capable of quite a different interpretation. Why, I had had nothing but trouble ever since it had been in my possession, and I now began to realise that that wretched hat, and nothing else, had been the cause of all my embarrassments. The mysterious sound of hand-clapping which had so worried me at intervals was doubtless its way of congratulating itself on the successful accomplishment of some new act of villainy.

I took a sudden resolve. As soon as I had finished my dinner I went round to the Empire Theatre and secured a stall to witness Herr Blitzen's performance. In due time his 'turn' came. He did sundry wonderful things, which, however, I have seen equalled by other conjurers. But at last came his special feat, the much-advertised *Chapeau du Diable*, and that was truly a marvel. Exhibiting a hat—*the* hat—he showed it empty, handing it round that there should be no mistake about its being so. Then, for some twenty minutes, he proceeded to take various articles from it. He began with such small matters as flowers, cards, and ribbons; but these were merely introductory. Soon, in rapid succession, came cannon-balls, rabbits, clocks, bird-cages, ladies' hats, lighted lanterns, and even soda-water tumblers and champagne bottles, till at the finish he had completely filled all the chairs and tables on the stage.

I heard two men behind me explaining to each other 'how it was done:' how the articles to be produced are stowed in the performer's pockets, and up his sleeves, and inside his collar, and down his back, and in all sorts of possible and impossible places, and how 'the quickness of the hand deceives the eye;' how the wizard puts them in the hat when you are not looking, and takes them out again when you are; and so on.

But I smile at such childish explanations. I know better! I have worn that hat!

A MEMORY OF AN OLD YOUNG AUTHOR.

By W. W. Fenn.

THERE came into my hands lately a new edition of an old book; and when I heard its name it gave me pause, for was it not an old friend and the work of an old friend? Full fifty years have passed since we met. This, then, was fame indeed—fame for a modern author, I mean. That a book should be sufficiently popular after the lapse of fifty years to make it worth a publisher's while to reprint it indicates great capacity in the writer for hitting the taste of the public, and great ability in the art of story-telling. I am glad that in this case this should be so, for the author of *Frank Fairlegh* was what I may call my first literary adviser. Moreover, he was a remarkable man, remarkable as an instance of what pluck and endurance can do in the face of the most direful physical obstacles.

There is a queer, haunting poem by Charles Lamb. It is well known, and is the very simplest thing in the world, and yet its plaintive sweetness re-echoes in one's mind after finer pieces have been forgotten:

> I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
> Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies.
> All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I had a friend, a kinder friend had no man.

But the rest of this last verse does not apply to me, for Frank Smedley was my friend until came the Terminator of Delights and the Separator of Friendships—my friend always. That he died young is not to be wondered at in the face of his physical infirmities. But he left his mark—an enduring mark too, it would seem, since the book I refer to has just been republished, and I have every reason to believe that Frank Smedley's other works, *Lewis Arundel* and *Harry Coverdale's Courtship*, are still read by the rising and risen generations. These strenuous, breezy books, full of gay, leaping life, potent to charm away melancholy and make one feel what a jolly fine country our Old England is after all, are only equalled and barely surpassed by Charles Lever's best romances. Don't we remember the lad who was turned from a milksop into a man by reading *Charles O'Malley*, and don't we remember the black horse's leap over the old pit and his wild gallop in *Frank Fairlegh?* I am pretty sure that every schoolboy of the last generation read Frank Smedley's books with joy and profit; and, as I say, I think they do still.

Doubtless they all picture the author as a powerful Guy Livingstone of a man, instead of the poor crippled, stunted specimen of humanity that he really was. How he acquired the knowledge which enabled him to depict with absolute veracity such events, situations, and characters as are to be found in his stories was a wonder to all who knew him. It must have been by the intuition of something very like genius; and naturally his family and intimates settled it so, and I entirely agree with the explanation.

To my memory he is one of the most wonderful triumphs of mind over matter. His head was firm, his brow broad and high, his eyes luminous with mental fire. But he had little or no chin, though this deficiency was partially hidden by a carefully

trimmed beard and moustache; his neck was so stiff and short that he could not turn his head; his arms so short and crippled, his poor fingers so cramped and deformed, that at meals he had to use a fork of unusual length made for him specially. He was always seen sitting upright in a wheeled chair, for his legs were perfectly useless; in fact, physically he was but half a man. But his brain was as clear as a bell; he was a most fascinating talker and very fond of society, especially that of pretty women.

His parents, of course, did much to lessen the hardness of his lot. His mother was a rich woman; and his father, a tall, handsome, sportsman-like man, was a lawyer of the old, high-class conveyancing set, holding the office of High Bailiff of Westminster. They lived in Jermyn Street when first I heard of them, in the old-fashioned way of the man of affairs, the office being on the ground-floor, and all the rest their private house. Afterwards they moved to Grove Lodge (now The Grove), near St John's Wood Chapel. It was a fine mansion, with its rear upon a lovely sloping garden which had a private gate leading on to the canal. My introduction to the family was through Edmund Yates, who was a very close intimate of theirs, and who had often felt the solid value of their friendship. My affliction was beginning to steal upon me at about that time, and I was thinking of taking to literature, since that can be done by proxy when the eye cannot guide the hand. I saw Frank clearly enough before that happened, as the daylight left me gradually. When the doctor's pronouncement had gone forth, and I was in very low spirits, Frank gave me that sort of counsel and help which puts fresh life into a man. He made suggestions of subjects; he made me write, or rather dictate, upon them; he criticised my efforts into printability. Later, I was introduced to Strahan the publisher through his cousin, Miss Menella Smedley. Thus appeared, among other *Good Words* articles, the paper called 'The White Umbrella,' notable because of the illustration drawn for it by G. J. Pinwell.

My first literary consultation with Frank was at Brighton on the Marine Parade, in 1864, some years after I first knew him. I dined with him, and it was then that he first broached the question of writing. I told him I had already thought of doing so. I was then in the first gloominess which the blind man must pass through before he can fit himself into his limitations. Frank had a very large organ of tact and a very keen sense of humour. I was laughing and talking freely with him before I remembered that I was a man with a great darkness hanging over my head; and I suppose that in this kindly manner was I drawn out for literary examination, so to speak. Anyhow, after a little while he said, 'Why don't you write? Try and write, and let me see what you produce.' He had that stimulative influence which some call magnetism and others call a warm heart, and took life with great zest for himself and great sympathy for others. Like Cardinal Newman, for all his delicate build he was a fine judge of wines, especially of port. At his father's house in St John's Wood I had my best of that class of experience. I dined there often.

Here is the sort of invitation I used to receive frequently, and I venture to give it as a specimen of my good friend the writer's humour and elasticity of mind, equalled only by the terrible rigidity of his body:

'Grove Lodge, Regent's Park,
May 28th, 1857.

'Dear Fenn,—The Yates's and Albert Smith partake of our domestic mutton on Saturday next (30th). Will you also make one of the eagles around the carcass of ye fleecy brute?

'The doors open at 6.45; beards not objected to except by my mother, who would shave you by force if she could get a quiet half-hour with you alone!—Yours always, Frank E. Smedley.'

After his father's death, which happened in the quite early sixties, he bought a beautiful country-place near Marlow, where he lived during the summer; but he was not destined to enjoy it very long. He had been bright and cheerful as usual the previous evening; but in the morning, when his servant came to call him, he found him comatose. This condition was followed by epileptic fits, in one of which he died.

Poor fellow! the bright fire and vigour of his spirit were suddenly quenched. Had its casket been of an enduring quality, and had his circumstances not made him more than independent, who can say what number of stirring stories we might have had from his pen? As it was, his existence, life, and death added another to the many marvellous mysteries which are the eternal wonder of mankind.

THE COCKLER.

He is withered and tanned by the sun and rain,
But his bright eye sees afar,
Over the sands, through driving mists,
The flash of the hungry bar.
Day or night, when the sands are dry,
He follows his creaking cart,
Silent and stern, no laugh in his eye,
But ever one in his heart:
For he would not change his home on the sand
For the gaudiest palace in all the land.

Somewhere there, on the wind-blown waste,
His father and mother sleep;
Often he fancies he hears them call
To warn him of quicksands deep.
And he knows that the tide will come some day,
Roaring up from the sea,
When the wind is wild and the surges play,
And a lonely man stands he.
Then the merry winds shall pipe in vain;
He'll ne'er go out on the sands again.

A. W. Howlett.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE REVOLUTION IN THE BRITISH NAVY.

By ARCHIBALD S. HURD, Author of *Naval Efficiency*, *The British Fleet*, &c.

THE work of reforming the Navy, not merely in detail but in a radical and almost revolutionary spirit, is proceeding. Because little opposition has been made in public, it would be a mistake to suppose that the service itself unanimously approves of every aspect of the movement. There is no such unity of opinion; but officers of the Fleet, and even those who have retired from active duty, are so imbued with a love of the Navy and so jealous of its *esprit de corps*, which stands higher than that of probably any service in the world, that they have kept silence rather than encourage clamour. The Fleet has faith in those who direct its destinies. Is it not known as 'the silent Navy,' a body of officers and men banded together by no ordinary bonds, and practically without spokesmen in either of the Houses of Parliament? The reforms are being carefully and intelligently watched, and it may be ten or twelve years before the time will be ripe for passing final judgment.

A new Fleet, propelled at least in part by oil, will be defending the flag, our commerce, our food-supplies, and the Empire by that date, and the ships will be manned by officers and men trained under quite novel conditions. They will be no longer sailors, but mechanicians, from the admiral on the bridge directing the men-of-war under his command as they move in and out in seemingly dangerous tactical exercises, down to the youngest boy on the lower deck. It is hoped that the new may be grafted on to what was best in the old; that the splendid devotion of the service, its clanship, its lofty traditions, its adaptability to deal with any situation, naval, military, or diplomatic, may be preserved; and that officers and men may be not less the 'handy men' they have shown themselves to be in national emergencies in the past. We need successors to Vice-Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, the diplomatist who settled the Cretan trouble when the Chancelleries of Europe were despairing; we need officers to fall into the places of such leaders and inspirers of men as Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, who organised with such marvellous rapidity and success a police-force at Alexandria in 1882; such sailor-generals as Admirals Sir Harry Rawson, Sir E. R. Fremantle, and Sir Edward Seymour, who led with such conspicuous success the Benin, Vitu, and Pekin expeditions; such administrators as Admiral Sir John Fisher, the initiator of the reform movement in the Navy; and such fleet-commanders, with a single eye to the efficiency of the squadrons in their charge, as Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, Rear-Admiral Sir Wilmot Fawkes, and others. The nation may well view the death-blow to a system which has produced such a long line of splendid officers and resourceful seamen with regret and some misgiving. The fiat has gone forth. The old order is even now passing away and giving place to the new. Everything is undergoing change, and even 'the man behind the gun' is ceasing to be the hero that he was a year or two ago, and in his place we must pay homage to the gunnery lieutenant 'above the gun,' who in future naval actions will be mounted on a station up the mast, with a range-finder by his side, and from this lofty position will 'control' by means of the telephone the whole artillery fire of the ship.

The personal is always the most interesting; and before referring to the changes which are being carried out in the organisation of the squadrons, the alterations in the systems of entry and training of officers and men may be briefly indicated. The Fleet is being rendered more aristocratic and at the same time more democratic. The two movements are proceeding side by side. While it was never so difficult for a lad of poor parentage to enter the commissioned ranks of the Navy direct, however unimpeachable his antecedents, the opportunities of rising from the lower to the quarter deck were never so numerous. The born organiser has nothing to do with appearances, and those who have initiated these twin movements have not stopped to inquire what the man in the street will think of the changes.

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They have considered only what they believe to be the best interests of the Navy. Apart from what may be regarded as domestic officers (doctors, chaplains, paymasters, and schoolmasters or instructors), the Navy has three lines of officers: the executive, the Marines, and the engineer. Under the old organisation each of these lines had a distinct entry, a distinct training, and consequently, though the officers spent their lives on the same ships in daily intercourse, they never became entirely one in sentiment—there was always a difference. The Marine officers received a purely military training, and were entered under conditions similar to those of the Army, and when not afloat were under the War Office. The conditions under which engineers joined the service were various. A certain proportion—the larger—went by open competition from middle-class schools to the Engineering College at Devonport, and thence qualified for their commissions; but a certain number were the sons of parents in humble positions who showed promise as shipwright apprentices in the dockyards, and by their own efforts, with the aid of the special dockyard schools—admirable institutions which have laid the foundations of the careers of practically all the distinguished ship-designers not only of the British Navy but of the mercantile marine — obtained entrance into the Engineering College. Others again joined as supplementary officers from workshops ashore or from merchant-ships in order to supply the needs of a growing Fleet. At this period, when the need for officers exceeded the supply, a number of young officers of the mercantile marine were also entered as executive officers. The result of these various methods of entry was not entirely satisfactory, and the engineers in particular complained of a number of grievances.

The Admiralty faced the situation, not by granting the concessions asked for, but by sweeping away the various regulations which had enabled practically any one of good character and ability to become a naval engineer, and made this line, like that of the fighting or executive officer, one to be entered only on the nomination of the First Lord of the Admiralty. In future all young officers—future admirals, generals of the Marine corps and engineers—will enter under the same conditions, and for the first seven years undergo a similar training, which will be largely mechanical. From the age of twelve or thirteen years until they attain the age of nineteen or twenty, the future officers will receive identical instruction and opportunities.

In no other service in the world can a parallel be found to the system which has now been introduced into the Navy. The Admiralty have decided that at the age of twelve or thirteen, when boys must enter the service, it is unfair to make them sit to a competitive examination, so they are requested merely to appear before a committee of admirals and others. The proceedings are quite informal, and are aimed to ascertain the mental quickness of the lads. The budding Nelsons are put at their ease, and are encouraged to talk by questions intended to test their smartness and powers of observation. They are asked about their hobbies, their studies at school, their sports, and their desire to enter the Navy. As a rule the lads lose all nervousness, and talk as freely as in their homes. Some of the questions have been of the quaintest character. One boy, on coming out of the room at the Admiralty, was asked by his tutor how he had got on, and he appeared a little depressed. 'You see, sir, one of the gentlemen asked me what colour my father's hair was.' 'Well,' responded the tutor, 'that was not a difficult question to answer.' 'Well, sir, father has none; but I could not tell the gentleman so.' Other boys have been required to tell how they had reached the Admiralty, what was paid to the cabman, and so on. This scheme has proved most successful. The lads who are recommended to the First Lord of the Admiralty by this committee have to satisfy a medical man as to their physical fitness, and then they must submit to a simple qualifying examination, which is not competitive. These preliminaries passed, the cadets enter the new naval college at Osborne for two years, and then spend another two years at the college for older cadets at Dartmouth. The curriculum is so balanced that a large proportion of the cadets' time is devoted to the study of practical engineering in the workshops and the flotilla of steamboats which are maintained for their benefit. For the rest, they are instructed in mathematics, with geometrical drawing, physics, and mechanics, with laboratory work, seamanship, navigation, French and German, English grammar, composition and literature, geography, and Bible study, and they are drilled frequently and encouraged to take full advantage of the gymnasium. In conjunction with this course, the cadets go to sea in a cruiser in order that they may become familiar with the actual conditions of the life for which they are being prepared; but even at sea their studies continue as usual. At the end of the second and fourth years of training the cadets are examined, and only those who give satisfaction are allowed to continue the course. Having passed out of the training establishments, the young officers are then sent to sea in ordinary men-of-war, and remain afloat for a period of three years.

At the end of this period the noviciate ends. By this time they will be embryo engineers, besides having acquired a good general and naval education. Then their careers diverge. They continue their training according to the line they are to follow, either as executive officers, engineers, or Royal Marines. By this means, by having one source of supply, one system of entry, and one mode of training, it is hoped to produce officers with a community of training and lifelong community of interest. Every officer of the Fleet of the future will be something of an engineer, from the admiral in command of a squadron to the lieutenant in charge of guns or torpedoes. The Marine officers, though they will keep watch at sea and carry out general executive duties, will retain their military titles, while the

executives and engineers will have the usual sea-ranks: lieutenant, commander, captain, rear-admiral. The engineering line will be differentiated merely by the letter (E) after the title, as is the case at present with specialists among executive officers, who have the initial letters of their line—(N) navigation, (G) gunnery, or (T) torpedoes—added after their names. If by mischance a future Nelson should get sorted when nineteen or twenty into the engineering line, the door is open by which the Lords of the Admiralty can remove him from beneath the armoured deck to the quarterdeck for executive duties. Between the three lines of officers there will be similar opportunities of promotion, and the pay will be much the same; but at present no engineer officer will be permitted to rise higher than the rank of rear-admiral (E).

It has been said that the new scheme, so far as it affects the officers of the Navy, is anti-democratic. This will be understood when it is stated that the parents of the cadet must on his entry find an outfit costing from thirty-five to forty pounds, and pay the Admiralty seventy-five pounds per annum during the period of training. In addition, pocket-money, travelling and personal expenses, and upkeep of kit will absorb not much less than forty pounds. In the United States cadets have everything found by the State, and in addition receive quite considerable pay. However suitable the boy, it does not necessarily follow that his parents can afford the outlay in starting him in life in the British Navy; but each year hundreds of lads are in this enviable position, and the Admiralty take the best of them.

Concurrently with this new scheme for the officering of the Navy in future, the Admiralty have reformed the system under which seamen are trained. It has been the custom to train them in sailing-ships; they have had to master all the mysteries of yards and arms, though for years past they have had nothing to do with such things when at sea, and they have been stored with an immense amount of lore which was most useful, and indeed essential, in Nelson's day, but is now completely out of date. The Navy has changed, and it was inevitable that the method of training the crews should also change. In the realisation of this need, the British authorities have been the pioneers among the Admiralties of the world. There is no alteration in the method of entry or in the care exercised so as to obtain only boys of good character and the best physique. Whatever may be the fact as regards the Army, the Navy has so many more applicants than it wants that the recruiting officers are able to pick and choose, and those who finally enter are the best mentally, morally, and physically. While still of comparatively tender age they are put into the naval mould, and in five or six years a disciplined, intelligent, and well-educated British blue-jacket is turned out. This period of training is not now more or less wasted in an attempt to turn out old-fashioned sailors prepared to shiver their timbers on the slightest provocation; the probationary course is aimed to produce the men which a mechanical Navy requires—the sailor-mechanics, with more of the mechanic and less of the sailor in the compromise between the old régime and the new. Training in masts and yards has been abolished, and will never appear again. In its place, in order to train the hands, eyes, and nerves of the blue-jackets, they are put through a course of physical drill and their characters are formed in the rough-and-tumble life of the training establishments. For the rest, the boys on board the training-ships are taught the use of simple tools, stoke-hole duties so that they may be able to take a shovel if necessary, and a great deal of elementary information with reference to mechanics. At the same time they continue to be taught all the essential lore of the sea and the use of the rifle, are initiated into the mysteries of gunnery, and go to sea for instructional cruises. In fact, in place of the knowledge which their predecessors had to acquire, the blue-jacket of the new school has to imbibe an immense mass of information having a direct bearing on the mechanical fighting-ship in which he must spend his days, and if need be fight; he is something of a scientist, and it is hoped will retain the splendid qualities of daring and resourcefulness which distinguished the seamen of the old Navy.

At the same time the horizon of the lower deck has changed, and every boy who joins the Navy can carve for himself a career. The list of warrant-officers has been increased, and promotion to the rank of lieutenant is now thrown open to young and promising men, who quickly pass through the lower ratings and reach the rank of commissioned warrant-officer at a sufficiently early age to render promotion practicable and desirable both for himself and the Navy. There are now over fifty lieutenants in the Navy who have come in 'through the hawse-hole,' as the saying is; and, in addition, there are artificer-engineers and carpenter-lieutenants, both classes holding the King's commission. Though a boy cannot rise to be an admiral yet—that may come in the dim future in exceptional cases—he may nurse the ambition of rising to a rank which is equivalent to a captain in the Army, carrying good pay and pension. One of these officers, who, by hard work and attention to duty, has risen to be a lieutenant, recently reduced the late concessions of the Admiralty to a financial statement. It is impossible to calculate the gain of commissioned rank in pounds, shillings, and pence; but in pay and allowances the concessions made to the warrant-officers of the Fleet have meant an addition of one thousand one hundred and fifty pounds to the total pay a lieutenant from the lower deck receives as an officer before he retires, and in the meantime he has the enjoyment of a rank, uniform, and authority which are above price as rewards for good service. In consequence of these changes, the lower deck is attracting in increasing numbers boys of good parentage and education. The concessions of pay and promotion have been accompanied by reforms in the victualling and in the meal-hours, and

by many other changes which have made life afloat far more comfortable. It is confidently hoped that the old spirit of devotion, daring, and obedience to orders may be encouraged and not weakened by the greater consideration shown to all classes on the lower deck, in the engine-rooms, and in the stoke-holes.

While this revolution in the personnel of the Fleet has been proceeding, most important reforms have been made in the composition and organisation of the fleets. Just as the training of officers had undergone little change for many years, so the disposition of ships had remained very much what it was in past decades. Now the motto of the Admiralty is concentration. The seas are all one in these days of swift men-of-war, battleships with speeds ranging up to nineteen knots, and powerful armoured cruisers capable of travelling at twenty-four knots an hour. The steam-engine has enabled these gun-platforms to be moved from one side of the world to the other in an astonishingly short time. Consequently the British Admiralty have been gradually drawing their ships nearer the strategetic centre of the Empire, so that they may be flung out in any direction desired as soon as the character of the warlike operations is known. A large number of small ships in far-off seas, too weak to fight any probable foe and too slow to run away, have been paid off into reserve or sold out of the service, and the officers and men forming the crews have been turned over to veritable fighting-ships. Thus, distant squadrons have been reduced, and three—stationed on the south-east coast of America, the North Pacific, and the South Atlantic—abolished; additional ships have been allotted to the main fighting forces—those in the Mediterranean, China, and home waters; and, by agreement with the Australians, a bigger squadron is now stationed in Australian waters. Two new squadrons have been created in home waters. In addition to the Atlantic Fleet—which has Gibraltar as its base, ready to reinforce the Mediterranean Fleet, steam into the English Channel or North Sea, or proceed into the Atlantic—we now have a new Channel Fleet, which has as its base Portland, where, if circumstances demand, the newly created First and Second Cruiser Squadrons, comprising twelve armoured cruisers, as distinct from cruisers protected only with a steel deck over the engines and vital portions, will also forgather.

The fighting value of the British Fleet has been trebled, partly by the construction of new ships, and partly by improvements in the war-training carried out and the better organisation of the forces at the command of the Admiralty. Never was the British Fleet at sea so immensely strong. Day and night it is always alert, always prepared for war. There is no need for hurried preparations when a crisis occurs, for each ship when she leaves the dock-yard, while as yet there is no thought of hostilities, carries with her all the stores, ammunition, and torpedoes she would require to go into action if war occurred a week later, while, maybe, anchored in the Tyne or crossing the Atlantic. At the same time, an immense improvement has been effected in the organisation of the ships in the reserves at the naval ports, so that in case of need little delay would occur in getting them to sea. The essential officers and men are on board the ships on the 'War List,' and the vessels lie ready coaled and stored, with the pennant flying, only needing certain unskilled hands to be ready in all respects for war. At each of the three home ports a rear-admiral is in command of these 'reserve ships in commission.'

The British Navy is divided up into eleven squadrons or fleets, of which the real battle-forces consist of the Mediterranean, Atlantic, and Channel Fleets, and the China and three Cruiser Squadrons, while in addition there are squadrons of less powerful ships for the protection of commerce and the showing of the flag in the East Indies, off the coast of Australia, in Canadian and West Indian waters, and off the Cape. These squadrons are on duty, winter and summer, on the particular portion of the ocean under their charge, and they are controlled by thirteen admirals.

The strength of these forces may be appreciated from the following brief summary:

Channel Fleet.—Twelve battleships, two protected cruisers, twenty-eight torpedo-boat destroyers, and a number of torpedo-boats, small cruisers, and gunboats that are attached to the command on occasion. The First Cruiser Squadron is attached to this force.

Atlantic Fleet.—Eight battleships and two protected cruisers. The Second Cruiser Squadron cruises with this fleet.

Mediterranean Fleet.—Eight battleships, several protected cruisers, three torpedo gunboats, twenty-seven torpedo-boat destroyers, and a number of torpedo-boats. Attached to this fleet is the Third Cruiser Squadron, comprising armoured and large protected cruisers.

China.—Five battleships, two armoured cruisers, seven protected cruisers, several sloops and gunboats, and ten torpedo-boat destroyers.

Australia.—One armoured cruiser and ten small cruisers and sloops, several of little fighting value.

Cape of Good Hope.—Five protected cruisers (one of the first class) and two sloops.

Particular Service Squadron.—Six protected cruisers, mostly used for training cadets and boys, but ready at short notice for war duty. This force cruises in the North Atlantic in summer and in West Indian waters in winter, thus enjoying model climatic conditions.

In the barest summary these forces make an imposing list, and give some indication of the value in actual defence for their liberties, territory, and trade which the British people are receiving for their money. Such a Fleet always in commission, and with reserves in the ports at home, cannot be provided save at great cost. The annual sum spent upon the Navy is the nation's insurance premium on its over-sea commerce, its huge mercantile marine, and indeed its food. While it is true that the burden of naval defence was never so heavy,

it is also true that never was the trade needing defence so large nor the jealousy with which it is regarded so apparent. At the same time, no one who has studied the present organisation of the British Navy and is acquainted with the work it does in rendering itself fit to stand the strain of war will doubt that every pound produces a better return in actual safety than ever before. The Navy is the nation's all in all. It is not a perfect organisation; but it is progressive and it is intelligent, and it is controlled by a department which has no superior in energy, forethought, and business capacity.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER VI.—BACK TO THE FRONT.

SIX-FOOT-THREE Brading's large soul was too large even for his tired body when Geoff walked in on him next morning. It was minutes before he could do more than wring the strong brown hand in his two knubbly, shaking ones, with glistening eyes and no words. His eyes were wonderfully bright and penetrating. His long gray beard fell over his breast. He had the look of an ancient seer.

'Just looked in to say how-d'ye-do and good-bye, Old Brading,' said Geoff cheerily. He had been Old Brading to Ellen and Geoff for twenty years past. 'I'm off at noon. I hope they'll keep a bit of the fighting against I get there. Any message to Tom, if I come across him? I've not seen him yet, but we're spread like a long snake—pretty thin snake, too, I can tell you—over five hundred miles of desert, you know.'

'Too long, too long,' said the old soldier, who knew by bitter experience what long thin lines of communication meant.

'Yes, it's a bit shaky in places and uncommonly hard work. But it can't be helped, you see.'

'Gives 'em chances, sir. If they're up to their business they'll cut you.'

'They've tried it a good many times in a small way, and got hurt. Now they're learning wisdom.'

'I'm going too, sir, thank God, and the General, and Miss Ellen! Tell him, sir, if you come across him—Tom, I mean—tell him I'll be looking out for him on last parade, and he's to meet me sure. I'm thinking likely it won't be long.'

'There'll be some warm work if we can corner them. They fight to die, Brading, and they don't know what fear is.'

'That makes good fighters, sir, and heavy lists. But a man dies when he's got to. You'll come through it, sir,' he said, gazing up at Geoff with those strange, bright eyes. 'You've come through worse, and you'll come through this. But I'm doubting if my boy will. We'll meet all the sooner, maybe. Good-bye, sir, and God bless you!'

And then Geoff wrung the horny hands again, and said 'Good-bye,' and went on to make another call, which, in his own mind, he had decided must be made, though it could not but be a painful one.

He went to see the Grand Duke of Saxe-Hohenburg-Eisenach.

All the blinds were down still in the great gloomy house in Park Lane. The final sorrow—the sorrow for which time held no alleviation—had fallen there. The blinds would be raised again in time, but the sorrow never.

A solemn footman in black ushered him into a library at the back, and carried away his card, and in a very few minutes His Highness came quietly in, a tall, soldierly man, with white hair and sternly, set face lined with many cares.

He came straight to Challis and took his hand.

'Mr Challis,' he said, with the slow emphasis of one who still thought in German while speaking English, 'I have never doubted you since I learned the full facts. But had I done so this would have dissipated my doubts. You come at your own instance?'

'Absolutely, sir. No one even knows of my coming. But'——

'So! I should have known it. Pardon the inadvertence. I need not wear any disguise. It has been a crushing blow. He was our final stay. Life holds nothing more for us but the hope of a speedy reunion. Life is a tragedy. The curtain falls too slowly when one's heart is already behind it.'

He was holding Geoff's hand as he spoke, and Challis's tightened lips barely kept his face in order. The profound grief of this prince of many sorrows touched him to the quick. He bent over the old white hand to hide the working of his face. Then he looked up quickly.

'If my own life would have saved his I would have given it many times over, if that had been possible.'

'I am sure of it. But it was not to be. And you—you have suffered much also. Is it not so?'

'I have envied him his gallant death, sir. I am leaving for the front again to-day. I do not think I am likely to return. I do not know that I wish to.'

'*Ach!* But you are young! Life is before you.'

'Pardon my speaking of myself at all, sir. I had no intention. The certainty that you bear no hard thoughts of me will be a very great comfort to me. I thank you with all my heart;' and he made as though to go.

But the old man took his hand and held it.

'Shall I be asking too much if I beg a few minutes more?' he said with quiet urgency. 'His mother, I know, would like to hear of her boy from the lips of his friend. May I?' and he drew him towards the door.

Challis followed him up the wide, noiseless staircase and along a soundless passage. The great house felt like a mausoleum. The shadow of death lay heavy on it. The Grand Duke tapped softly on a door and signed to Challis to follow him.

'Everhilde,' he said very gently, 'Lieutenant Challis has come of his own heart-goodness to see us. He was with our dear boy at the last. I knew you would like to speak with him.'

Such a sweet, white face, such a frail, worn body, lapsed in the big chair before the fire; such ineffable bereavement in the sad blue eyes, still heavy with weeping!

Geoffrey bent over the little marble-cold hand, and in spite of himself dropped on one knee and kissed it gently. The other hand hid her face for a moment, and then she said in a very soft voice, but with much more of an accent than the Grand Duke had, 'We have thought much of you, Mr Challis, and spoken much. I think we have done you no injustice. If we do not encroach too much upon your time, will you tell us all you can of him?'

And he sat with them for close on an hour telling them all he could remember of their boy's doings in camp and on that fatal day of the hunting-party. He told them of the high esteem and liking they had all had for him, of his gay spirits and camaraderie, and in minutest detail the last happenings of all.

The father nodded understandingly at times, and at times the mother's tears fell silently. But when all was told, and Geoffrey rose to go, because his time was getting short, there was the warmth of genuine kindliness in their farewells.

'Do not throw yourself away, Mr Challis. True men are always wanted,' was the grim old soldier's last word. 'We give you God-speed and safe return!' and Geoffrey was out in the street, in the life-giving air and brisk turmoil, stronger of heart and comforted somewhat by this wholesome contact with troubles infinitely greater than his own.

He never forgot his visit to the house of sorrows; and the remembrance of the lofty resignation with which those two, born to the highest estate, and ground small in God's mills, bore the utter desolation of their old age, braced him to a quiet face and calm bearing in the times that followed.

With similar 'God-speeds!' and 'Safe returns!' from Ellen, and the General, and Doone, and Colonel Trevor, his train ran out from Charing Cross at noon, and he was speeding back to the front, having been in England exactly seventy-two hours.

As he had promised them, he made record time. On the twelfth day he rode into advance headquarters' camp on the fastest dromedary money had been able to procure, and tumbled off, stiff but cheerful.

He reported at once for duty, and Colonel Everett's greeting was amusingly nonchalant and truly British.

'Hello, Challis!' he said, with a sudden smudge of brick-red in his sun-cracked face. 'Come back? Had a nice journey?'

'I've come as quickly as I could, sir, and I'm a bit stiff, otherwise fit.'

'Anything going on at home? You didn't waste much time there.'

'I had three whole days.'

'Gad! I wish I could get three days there—without missing anything here.'

'What are our prospects, sir?'

'They're reported making a stand about three days ahead. If they'd only root there till we come up we'd bless them.'

The news of Challis's arrival had spread, and Cameron and some of his fellows were waiting to get hold of him, and gave him a hearty welcome.

In the shelter of Cameron's tent they plied him with questions and aired their own opinions freely.

'Now, see here, boys,' said Challis, 'to-morrow night I'll talk to you all night if you like. To-night I'm going to sleep. I've had twelve days and nights on end, and I'm tired. Here, Evan, catch hold of that end'—of a mighty silk bandage which swathed him from chest to loins to stiffen him against the jolting of his fast camel—'there's about fifty yards of it, and I'm not sure that my ribs won't come away with the last folds.'

However, they got him stripped by degrees, and then he sat in a tub to soak and swill. And then he ate and drank, and fell on to Cameron's bed and slept for eighteen hours, and turned out at réveille next morning clean and trim, and bodily not an ounce the worse for his slow run home and his quick run out again. But his face was still a trifle leaner and harder than it had been, and they put it all down to the stress of what he had gone through.

He fell at once into the old routine, with labours increased in proportion to the increased distance from the base, but with the added exhilaration of prospective grips with the elusive enemy within a few days, and grateful above all things that he had arrived before it was too late.

Among his special friends among the subs—most of them, but not all—he found no lack of friendliness; on the contrary, a subdued sympathy which displayed itself rather in tone than words. But among the higher officials he was conscious of a certain coldness and aloofness which had not been there before, and which stung him somewhat. But, after all, it was only what the General and others had foretold, and he braced himself to sufferance without sign even of perception.

'A good hot fight would clear the air,' he said to himself more than once, and there was little doubt of that. If they could only close with the *jibbahs* the fight would be hot enough to satisfy the most exacting, and the chances were that the clearances would not be confined to the air.

So he went about his duty with an unmoved face; so unmoved, indeed, that the humorous creases never showed in those days, and there was a tight-set grimness about it which gave it a look of hardness, of harshness almost.

The trouble had told on him, and Una Devon's

defection more than all the rest. The other had been hard to bear, but an absolute unconsciousness of default had carried him through. Una's falling away, however, left a ragged wound in his life, which, he said to himself, would never heal.

He and Cameron drew very close to one another in those days, and Evan's warm friendship was balm to his wounded soul. It was not a matter of speech between them. They were very much alike in that respect. Of their deeper feelings they rarely spoke; but speech is the shallowest and crudest vehicle of expression, and they understood one another perfectly.

The others, even those who had heartily welcomed his return among them, drew off somewhat by degrees. Perhaps the blame was not wholly theirs. His pride was in arms, and he covered his wound with a silent reserve which permitted no sympathy and did not make for active good-fellowship.

Then, too, the others could not but perceive the strain of the relations between himself and the higher powers, and the trend of popular feeling runs inevitably in the direction of the powers that be, when individual well-being depends entirely upon them.

Challis perceived it all, though he gave no sign. After all, it was only what he had expected, and he longed the more for the strain and stress and wild emancipation of a fight.

He was picking his way through the maze of tiny shelter-tents to his own quarters one night, after a round of outpost duty, when he heard his own name under discussion, and could not but overhear something of what passed. He had been somewhat curious to know how the men regarded the matter. These men and he might any hour now be in the thick of it, dependent on one another for life and honour. He would be glad to know how far they believed they could rely upon him, and how far he could rely upon them, as between man and man. And the chance was given him to learn.

'Well, I d'n' know,' growled one. 'I'd 'a followed Left'nant Challis to the end. But I'm shook a bit with all this kick-up. You say 'e's all right, Tommy, an' I don't say 'e ain't. But if 'e is all right, what I say is: why 'd they send 'im 'ome to be shot, as they did—see?'

'Why 'd they send 'im back alive an' kickin' an' all as-you-were an' hunkadory, if th' was anythink wrong, you gumph?'

'Well, as to that, my son, you don't know everythink, not by any manner o' means. They do say, for instance, that if 'e 'adn't 'a been agoin' to marry old Red Tape's daughter things might 'a bin a bit different.'

'Rot an' tommy! Now, I puts it to you straight, old man: what would you 'a done yourself in Challis's place out there that day? What would you 'a done different from what 'e done?'

'Well, maybe I'd 'a stopped there.'

'An' what good would that 'a done, 'cept stop your growlin', for which the Lord would 'a made us truly thankful? Come, you tell me that! What good would it 'a done? Would your stoppin' 'ave saved them others? Not a bit of it, an' you knows it, an' the big bugs knows it. It was a disaster, an' there was no one to blame'——

'Then why 'd the court-martial send 'im 'ome to be shot? You tell me that, seein's 'ow you know everythink.'

'Oh, blame 'em! I don't suppose they knows themselves. Thought there 'd be a bit of a row, I suppose, an' sooner 'e got brimstone than them. That's 'ow I figure it up. I tell you, it's not many men would 'a come back at all. Old Red Tape could 'ave got 'im exchange as easy as winkin', you bet. Fact that 'e 'as come back, an' come back smilin', as you might say, though 'e don't smile as much as 'e used to, that proves that 'e's a man. You keep your eye on 'im when the fightin' comes, an' you'll see—unless you're a-sneakin' off to the rear to look for an ambulance for some one that don't want it.'

This remark was apparently followed by rebuttal of an active nature, and Challis went on to his own tent.

OUR MILK-SUPPLY.

By Mrs SANDERS.

A NEW form of powdered milk has lately been put on the market; and as it has received the silver medal of the Royal Agricultural Society, it may be taken as an indication that the claims made for it are well founded.

It is now fairly well understood that the conditions of our milk-supply are not satisfactory. There is no fluid so easily contaminated, and medical men of all ranks have come to the conclusion that the milk-supply of the people is more often than not a probable vehicle of infectious disease, and that the first care of all who have the preservation of public life and health at heart must be directed to the question of the purification of that supply.

But to learn whether that desirable end is to be found in the various forms of powdered milk—even those that have received the *imprimatur* of distinguished societies—we may turn to the opinions of various experts, opinions anything but favourable to such methods as have come under their notice.

The medical officer of health of one of our large towns condemns most emphatically the patent foods and condensed milk so widely advertised and puffed

up. 'Even indolent mothers,' he says, 'would hesitate to use them if they understood how unsuited they were to the digestive powers of a young infant, and that the pleasing plumpness they produce is a hollow mockery, leading to rickets and other infantile diseases, and undermining the child's power of resistance to infectious complaints.'

It may be that the above expert has not come across the 'Just-Hatmaker' process, as it is claimed for it that it absolutely destroys the myriads of bacteria that find their way into the best-kept dairies; and that it is not only more effectual than sterilising, but that whatever changes take place in the casein tend in the direction of making it more digestible. Messrs James Milne & Son, Milton House, Edinburgh, are the makers for this country of the Just-Hatmaker milk-drying machine, which has already been introduced in many dairies in England, America, Belgium, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Russia, New Zealand, and the Argentine Republic. The process is carried out in a machine of the simplest construction. Two polished metal cylinders, twenty-eight inches in diameter and five feet long, are mounted parallel in a solid framework, and separated from each other about an eighth of an inch. They are revolved inversely, making six turns per minute. Above them is placed a small box for holding the milk. Steam at a pressure of three atmospheres is introduced within the cylinders, the surfaces of which are thereby heated to a temperature of between two hundred and twenty degrees and two hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit. The liquid milk to be dried is allowed to fall in thin streams upon the heated revolving cylinders, and its water is rapidly evaporated. Each cylinder becomes covered with a thin layer of dry milk, which is removed by a knife as the cylinders revolve. The dry milk comes off in continuous sheets, and falls into the box made to receive it. It is passed through a sieve to reduce it to a uniform powder, which somewhat resembles flour. Galak is one of the names under which this is sold. The milk-powder offered to the public can be remade into milk by the sole addition of the water (boiled) that has been extracted from it.

The most remarkable thing about this process is its simplicity, the fact that milk is sterilised, and the gratifying results which have followed its use as a children's food. After being exposed to a temperature of two hundred and twenty degrees the milk is absolutely sterile. The casein in the milk, reconstituted from the dry milk, forms in the stomach in small granular particles like human milk, and not in large clots like ordinary cows' milk. This division of the casein into fine particles is said to aid digestion.

Thousands of tablets have been ordered by the German Emperor, and large quantities have also been sent for the use of the troops in Manchuria. We may add that Mr J. R. Hatmaker, who has originated many inventions, has set them all aside in the meantime to push this one. For some years he was secretary to Cornelius Vanderbilt, and now resides at 28 Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris.

Sir James Crichton Browne, an authority whose words no one will be disposed to dispute, lays great emphasis on the value of milk at all stages of life, while at the same time he admits its liability to contamination and adulteration. He says: 'A supply of good milk is of much consequence in many cases of sickness; especially in typhoid fever life itself depends on it; and at all times a freer use of milk would contribute to strength and vigour, providing, of course, the milk is good. I could point to many of my friends,' he adds, 'who would be better in health and pocket and temper if they would substitute a quart of milk for the bottles of champagne, at twelve and fifteen shillings, they absorb daily.'

Dr Andrew Wilson, another great authority on hygiene, points out that milk should not only be absolutely free from disease-germs and other impurities, but also that it should be of such quality as is required for the building up of the physical frame. Even where every attention is given to keeping the milk in the pure state in which it comes from the cow, an unbelievable quantity of deleterious matter is to be found in it, as every one knows who has had an opportunity of examining the residuum left in the separator after use. Dr Wilson describes a new method of treatment as practised by the Aerated Cream and Dairy Company at Battersea, which not only ensures these desirable results, but in addition enhances the keeping qualities of the milk and preserves it in the same state at the completion of the process as at the beginning, while many of the condensed and evaporated products show an excess of sugar or fat, or other objectionable matters. 'The milk, having been passed through a fine sieve and then a finer, is heated to one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit and passed through an ingenious mechanical contrivance which breaks up the fat globules into minute particles, and fixes the same in the milk so that there shall be no after separation of milk and cream.' It may be pointed out in passing that this is a great point gained, as when the cream rises to the top there is a danger of its being abstracted, the sufferers generally being the young children, who are supposed to be living on whole milk when in reality the most nourishing part of it has gone astray either by the intervention of some marauding cat, or more probably of those who are always ready to make a scapegoat of pussy. The further sterilising of the milk consists in passing it over coolers, which reduce the temperature to forty degrees Fahrenheit, and then it is aerated and forced into a receiver, which fills the bottles with the aerated milk and seals it hermetically. The bottles are placed in a tank full of water, and the milk again heated to one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, at which point it is kept for some time, after which it is understood to keep indefinitely, so long as it is protected from the air; and even after

being uncorked its keeping qualities have been found to be quite equal to those of ordinary milk under similarly favourable conditions. The system is undoubtedly elaborate, and could only be successfully carried out on a large scale; but what a revolution in the milk-trade may be created when the familiar cry of 'Milk-ho' is no longer heard in our streets, and, instead, paterfamilias orders in his case of milk as he does his wine, and the nervous mother can take down her bottled milk to her seaside lodgings without fear or foreboding as to possible infection!

MAJOR MELLORDYCE'S WIFE.

PART II.

'HERE get out here,' said Ackworth, opening the door; and while he was paying the cabman Mellordyce stood on the pavement and looked about him. They were in a street somewhat wider than the others, that seemed to be a main thoroughfare leading towards the docks. Numbers of oddly dressed men—seafaring and others—jostled each other with a rough exchange of banter on the pavements; women with baskets passed to and fro; ragged children played in the gutters; an organ-grinder farther on was surrounded by a troupe of hoydenish girls and youths dancing to his inspiriting strains; at intervals the garish flare of naphtha-torches marked the position of some street-vendor's booth. Much the same scene may be witnessed in London on any marketing night in the neighbourhood of New Cross, with the exclusion of the semi-nautical element.

Ackworth seemed quite at home in this forbidding quarter. In silence he led his friend down dingy side-streets and narrow alleys till, after five minutes' sharp walking, they paused in front of a leather-seller's shop, at the side of which a small private door fronted the street. Ackworth knocked three times on the panel of this door—three slow, single knocks—and almost immediately it was cautiously opened from within.

Ackworth whispered a word, and the door was opened a little wider—just wide enough to admit them. No sooner, however, had they crossed the threshold than it was quickly closed again and locked.

Mellordyce found himself in a narrow, dark passage, at the farther end of which a glimmer of light crept from beneath the chinks of a door.

'Follow me,' said Ackworth.

The man who had admitted them had already disappeared into some hidden apartment or alcove. At the end of the passage Ackworth stopped. Behind the door they could hear voices speaking. Ackworth turned sharply to his left, and now that his eyes were becoming accustomed to the darkness, Mellordyce could distinguish a small wooden staircase just beyond them.

'Our lives depend upon silence,' Ackworth whispered. 'Step softly. Don't stumble. There's a room at the head of these stairs into which we are going.'

Mellordyce nodded. Ackworth ascended the stairs with the Major at his heels, and opened the door of a small chamber. As soon as they had entered it he closed the door softly and struck a match.

'The window looks out upon a deserted yard,' he explained. 'The room, you see, is empty; also, not overclean. Now listen.'

Again Mellordyce heard the sound of voices talking, this time more plainly, and directly underneath them. The match had gone out. Ackworth stooped, and, groping on the floor, presently removed with great care a small piece of boarding.

'Look!' he whispered, rising to his feet.

Mellordyce knelt down. A small shaft of light shot up from the room below; there was a tiny hole in the rafters, scarcely more than a square inch in width, but through it Mellordyce could catch a restricted glimpse of the apartment beneath; and, by a singular chance, in this limited section of vision was framed the profile of one of the occupants of the room.

Mellordyce uttered a stifled exclamation; but in an instant Ackworth had gripped his arm.

'Not a sound!' he whispered.

'My wife!' groaned Mellordyce.

'Yes. Do not stir; do not speak.'

Mellordyce put his eye once more to the tiny square of light. The face of his wife no longer came within the radius of this minute visual arc, but only now and again the portion of some human figure restlessly moving. Now, however, the voices of the speakers were distinctly audible, and Mellordyce could hear without effort each word that was uttered by them. Ackworth was bending beside him. In this attitude the tones of a man, one who, from a certain authoritativeness in his delivery, appeared to be the leader or president of the party assembled, struck upon their ear. He spoke in French, and at his first sentence Mellordyce felt a dull pang smite upon his heart.

'We have read the minutes,' said this voice, 'and now, Vera Laramoff, it is you whom, in the name of the committee, I have to address. You are aware that the man Edward Mellordyce, your husband, is under sentence of death. You are also aware that, as the daughter, and therefore the rightful avenger, of the patriot Laramoff, you took the oath of the society, and by virtue of it were elected as the instrument proper for the carrying out of this particular sentence.'

'Yes, I know,' came the clear voice of a woman in response; and again involuntarily Mellordyce started, for it was the voice of his wife.

'We have given you six months,' went on the speaker. 'It was advisable, for reasons we know, that the sentence against Mellordyce should be carried out in England. There is no need of further delay, however, and it is the order of the committee, to be communicated to you through me, that you fulfil your duty, in obedience to your oath, within the next three days.'

A murmur of approval, a confused hum of voices, followed these words.

'Vera Laramoff,' continued the speaker, 'do you understand?'

'I understand,' said Mrs Mellordyce in a low tone.

'It is well. Within three days. We will proceed now to the other matters.' There came a pause and then again a hum of several voices speaking together.

Mellordyce had got on to his feet. 'Come,' he muttered hoarsely; 'I have heard enough. Let us go from this cursed den.'

Ackworth noiselessly replaced the small square boarding in the floor.

'We must let ourselves out quickly and quietly while they are still talking,' he said. 'I will go first. Follow close.'

Once more they reached the stairs, and descended them. The door at the end of the passage was still closed; the passage seemed dark; but as Ackworth turned into it and had already half-traversed its length, a light flashed suddenly out from an alcove, and a man holding a small lamp stepped forward to intercept them.

'Where have you come from, messieurs?' he demanded in bad French. 'Not out of the council chamber, for I should have seen you. Who are you, then, and what are you doing here?'

Ackworth calmly drew his revolver.

'One word—only one word more, my friend,' he said, holding the muzzle of the pistol within an inch of the man's face, 'and your wife is a widow!'

The man recoiled with an instinctive exclamation. Before he could utter another syllable, Ackworth's left arm shot out and the foreigner fell like a log at their feet.

'On the point of the jaw,' he explained to Mellordyce in an undertone. 'An excellent way to silence an obstinate obstructionist, and less noisy than a pistol-shot. Now, quick!' He stepped forward as he spoke, unbolted the side-door, and pushing Mellordyce through it, swiftly stepped after him. In three minutes, by plunging into the labyrinth of smaller streets, they had made themselves secure from pursuit.

'I told that cabman to wait,' said Ackworth, 'at the corner of the street where we left him. And there he is.'

The cabman, in obedience to his instructions, had for the past half-hour been walking his vehicle up and down the street at which his fares had alighted, and was pleased enough to see them at length approach him. The man was conscious of an uneasy isolation in this unregenerate quarter of London, where cabs are not greatly in request. He seemed to breathe a freer air when Billingsgate was safely left behind and the more familiar aspect of Cannon Street denoted a homelier locality.

Within the cab Ackworth and Mellordyce sat silent, each wrapped in his own meditation: Ackworth smoking a cigar, Mellordyce staring dully in front of him, for here was a situation created upon which words could fall only with a futile aggravation.

Ackworth never tendered advice unless it was asked for. Moreover, he knew that in such a juncture a man like Mellordyce was his own best adviser. Mellordyce only spoke once during the drive home.

'What was Colonel Laramoff's wife's maiden name?' he asked.

'Miss Lataler, an American,' replied Ackworth. 'She died several years ago—a beautiful woman.'

'Ah—Lataler!' said Mellordyce. 'I should have known that. Lataler—Lataille!' He laughed grimly. 'What a fool you must have thought me!' he added.

Ackworth shrugged his shoulders.

'Every man is a fool when he is in love.' He glanced at his companion. 'The folly of the gods,' he said. 'No, Mellordyce, I never thought you a fool; but I wish you could have proved me a liar.'

'You did the right thing,' said the Major slowly; and neither of them spoke again till the cab drew up at Mellordyce's door.

Ackworth got out too.

'I shall walk home,' he said. 'Good-night.'

Mellordyce took his hand, and for an instant the two men looked in each other's eyes.

'There is plenty of work to be done in the world yet, remember,' said Ackworth after a pause.

'Yes,' said Mellordyce. 'Good-bye.'

'Well, then, good-bye.'

He turned away and strode down the street. Mellordyce gazed after him a moment, then, with a sigh, mounted the steps and let himself into the house with his latch-key. The man-servant appeared to divest him of his overcoat.

'You can go to bed, James,' said his master. 'Tell the servants they need not wait up. I will let your mistress in.'

The house was quite silent when, half-an-hour later, the sound of carriage-wheels stopping outside caused Major Mellordyce to start from his reverie. The electric bell rang, and he walked slowly into the hall and opened the front-door. His wife, muffled in a light opera-cloak, stood on the threshold. A hansom was in the act of driving away.

'What, Ned!' remarked Mrs Mellordyce, with a little laugh, 'is it you? Where are the servants? I hope I am not very late?'

'No, Vera—not very late. I have just sent the servants to bed. Come in here; I want to speak to

you;' and he threw open the drawing-room door for his wife to pass through.

She entered the room, and, turning, stood with her head thrown back, confronting her husband in the bright electric light, her beautiful mouth curving into a smile, half-playful, half-wondering, and, as it seemed, full of gentle affection.

Mellordyce regarded her an instant silently. He had never seen her look more lovely, and he could not bring his mind to conceive that this dainty, girlish creature, so soft, so innocent, so lovable, might harbour against him thoughts of ill or treachery. She seemed so purely girlish, standing there in the light, with her sweet face framed in its hood of white, and her great dark eyes gazing at him so tender-womanly.

'You have had a pleasant evening,' he said at length, 'with your old friend, Madame Despard?'

'Pleasant enough,' she answered lightly. 'We talked.'

'I heard you,' said the Major quietly.

Vera Mellordyce started and a sudden strange expression passed over her face. She fixed her eyes on her husband with a startled look, and the colour rushed into her cheeks.

'You *heard* us?' she repeated slowly.

'Yes. I was there,' went on the Major, 'at the house of your friend, Madame Despard. She spoke with a strangely masculine voice.'

Mrs Mellordyce made a step forward, then swayed slightly and caught hold of the back of a chair.

'What do you mean?' she asked.

'I mean,' said Mellordyce, crossing his arms, 'that I know all, Vera. I know of your connection with the Anarchist society, of your meetings at a house in X—— Street, of your oath to avenge your father Colonel Laramoff, of your vow to kill me. This evening Ackworth and I went to that house. We secreted ourselves in a room over the one in which you and your—associates were assembled. We removed a piece of boarding. We saw and heard—enough.'

'Mr Ackworth!' gasped the girl.

'Yes. Ackworth is, as you say, a clever man. He knows everything. Within three days—those are your orders.'

Her fingers tightened on the back of the chair; her eyes were fastened with a terrified glance on her husband's face.

'No—do not speak. Hear me!' continued Mellordyce, as her lips parted. 'It is true I was the cause of your father's death. I acted, as I believed, in the fulfilment of my duty. I did not know you then. Nor till to-night did I know that you were the daughter of Colonel Laramoff. I thought you married me for—for other reasons than revenge. Vera, I have loved you very dearly. I would have trusted not only my life but my honour in your hands. It seems I have come near to losing the first. The last I have now no wish to keep. Ah, child, child! I have denied you nothing. I will not deny you what you now ask—my life is of no value to me without your love. I give it you freely. Take it!'

From his pocket Mellordyce drew the small revolver and placed it on the table.

'The pistol is loaded,' he said. 'You have only to point it at my heart and press the trigger.'

Mrs Mellordyce uttered a low cry. Mellordyce looked at her, and a curious smile passed over his face.

'I see,' he said. 'That would be murder, and you fear the consequences. Then'—he took up the pistol again—'I will save you from them, and yet you shall keep your oath.'

He turned the revolver towards his breast. His wife sprang towards him, and, catching the weapon, tore it wildly from his grasp.

'Ned! Ned!' she cried, 'for God's sake don't!'

He gave a short laugh.

'What!' he said in a chiding tone, 'is my little girl afraid?'

'I love you! I love you!' she moaned.

A sudden strange light leapt into the Major's eyes. He held her softly to him and looked down into her face.

'You do not *mean* that, Vera?' he said in a strained voice.

'I mean that I would die for you,' she murmured, her head falling on his breast.

'Vera!'

'It is true, Ned.'

Mellordyce drew a deep breath.

'Don't play with me,' he said sternly. 'My life is nothing; but your love is everything. Take the one if you like, but do not pretend to give the other.'

She looked up at him suddenly.

'How long did you stay at the meeting?' she asked.

'We left immediately you had received, and accepted, your instructions from the president,' said the Major.

A low, triumphant laugh escaped the girl.

'You should have stayed a little longer,' she said, nestling down into his arms. 'I have tried to protect you, dear, from them; now it is you who will have to protect *me*, if you think me worth it. When the meeting broke up, I lingered a moment to speak to the president. Well'—she produced from the folds of her dress another little revolver and held it laughingly up to the Major—'you see I am not *always* afraid. I spoke to him with this in my hand—for I know Monsieur le President—and I said, "Mr Mellordyce is my husband. You must absolve me from my oath, for I will not harm him." Ah! you should have seen the president start and glare at me. "You married him for that purpose, madame," he said; "you swore to kill him." "He was then my *future* husband," I retorted. "Afterwards I learnt—well, many things; and this, too—that to kill a man you love is not the part of a woman nor the duty of a wife; I abjure, therefore, my oath." He took one step, saw the revolver in my hand, and laughed. "Go, madame!" he said. "Your life

also is forfeit from this day. Go, then—and beware!" So I turned, and, still holding the revolver in my hand, walked out. All this you would have heard if you had stayed up there in that room—a little longer.'

Mellordyce's arms closed very tightly round his wife, so that her last words were almost whispered in his ear, and he could feel her heart beating against his own. Till that moment it seemed he had never known the meaning of perfect happiness, for the height of human happiness can be measured only by the depth of its misery, and both extremes his soul within the hour had tasted. Gently he released the girl from his arms, and, leading her to a chair, knelt down beside her and took her hand in his.

'God forgive me, little one,' he said, 'for doubting you! You were well named Vera—my true, true wife. To-night you have perilled your life to save mine. Yes, it is true we should have stayed in that room—a little longer.'

'And the Anarchists, Ned.' She looked down upon his upturned face with a grave smile. 'Will you protect me now—from them?'

Mellordyce gave a deep laugh.

'Ackworth and I, together,' he replied, 'are a match for all the Anarchists in Europe. There is only one thing in the world I fear—and that is not an Anarchist.'

'What is it?' she asked.

'It is that my wife may some day cease to love me.'

'Then you are the bravest man in the world, Ned,' she answered, smiling, 'for you fear—nothing.'

Mellordyce pressed her hand to his lips.

'I think,' she added reflectively, after a moment's pause, 'I rather like Mr Ackworth.'

THE END.

THE MOTORIST.

By Dr DAWSON TURNER.

THE title of Mr Filson Young's book, *The Complete Motorist* (Methuen), is ambitious; for, though motoring is one of the youngest of pastimes, the Motorists' Emancipation Act, or Act permitting their use and abuse of the highways, having been passed in November 1896, yet so great are the mysteries of the modern motor-car, and so many are the details to be mastered by those who would be conversant with the construction and management of the different types, that it would take a book some two or three times the size of Mr Filson Young's to justify the name of *The Complete Motorist*.

The progress of the self-propelled vehicle has been truly extraordinary. At the beginning of 1896 there were only three or four motor-cars in Great Britain, which had been imported by Mr Evelyn Ellis, Sir David Salomons, and Mr Thomas Elliott. These gentlemen were the pioneers of the new mode of progression; to Sir David Salomons in particular, who organised an exhibition of cars at Tunbridge Wells in October 1895, much credit is due.

It is only within the last two years that the sport of motoring has really caught on; but now its devotees may be numbered by thousands or tens of thousands, and the nation may be said to be divided into the two camps of the motorists and of the anti-motorists, for there is no half-way house or intermediate class. If you do not motor or drive in a friend's motor yourself, you are an anti-motorist. Not but that there are classes of anti-motorists: there are those who look upon motors as only one degree less evil than the devil's own carriage (they have been publicly dubbed by a reverend gentleman as such), and who would sweep them off the roads altogether; and there are those who would only further restrict their speed and reduce them to the level of the horse-drawn vehicles. Whichever class you belong to, you would find much to interest you in *The Complete Motorist*, for Mr Young writes both for the high-powered scorcher and for the low-powered, solid-tired anti-scorcher, who is content to use the roads in a reasonable way; and even the pedestrian will find crumbs of comfort here and there. Thus, 'There need be no disguise of the fact that motorists are not liked by the public at large; there is, indeed, no reason why they should be liked. We do not even like each other much; but we like ourselves immensely, and naturally we tend to become immensely selfish.'

One of the best chapters in the book is that 'On the Evolution of the Motor-Car.' Beginning with Heliodorus's reference to a self-moving chariot, we have recorded the sailing carriages of the Dutch (something similar was recently in vogue on the Southport sands), the steam carriages of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the road-making epochs of Telford and Macadam, the stupid opposition and open hostility to Gurney's and Hancock's attempts to establish regular services of steam carriages, and lastly the adaptation by Daimler of the internal-combustion or petrol motor to purposes of road locomotion. It may be stated broadly that the modern motor-car is founded upon the work of Gottlieb Daimler and of Tzerny.

Mr Young gives an amusing description of the difficulties a novice has in choosing a motor-car: how he consults his friends, each of whom recommends a different car; and how at last he falls a victim to the dapper exponent of a dainty and glittering car, only one model of which has ever been made. The present writer's advice to such a person would be to make a beginning with a second-hand

car of good make, which he can knock about in gaining experience, and he will then reach a better position for choosing a new one.

Again, there is a plain and lucid description of the petrol motor and of its connections. Still, there are many who drive, or think they can drive, a motor-car to whom all this will be Greek, either because they have, like most women, a non-mechanical mind, or else they have a soul above such matters, and don't want or think it necessary to understand them. And that reminds me of a true story.

A gentleman staying at a country house wished to dispose of a fine motor-car. A passing visitor with more money than brains inquired its price. 'Eight hundred pounds.' 'All right. I will take it, and drive it home [some twenty-five miles away] this afternoon.' On being asked if he had ever driven a car before, he said, 'No; but there is no difficulty about it. You have only got to turn the handles.' He was now pressed to have, at any rate, a short preliminary drive with the chauffeur, and very unwillingly he gave way. Returned from the drive, he announced his immediate intention of setting out for home, adding that he understood the car perfectly. His friends, however, would not hear of his going alone, and he at length set off, reluctantly taking the chauffeur with him. Late that night the chauffeur returned; he was not to have returned until the next day. His story was that the gentleman insisted upon driving; that they had been twice in a ditch, and had other hairbreadth escapes; that the gentleman, after a time, sent him home, saying that he could manage the car by himself; and that he (the chauffeur) was only too glad to escape with sound limbs. A telegram came the next morning to say that the car had turned over, had caught fire, and was no more. This was, I should imagine, the most expensive motor-drive on record.

Objection might be taken to Mr Young's statement that the most popular form of ignition, and that which is being adopted on nearly all but the very smallest petrol cars, is the low-tension magneto system. The objection to this system—that it involves another reciprocating motion through the combustion-chamber wall—is not stated. The high-tension magneto ignition, combined with accumulators, is probably at present the best.

No mention is made under 'Transmission' of a leather belt, one of the earliest, simplest, and for a man of modest means the most satisfactory mode of transmission. The reviewer has experience of a belt-driven car, which has been running for over five years, and which has covered more than fifty thousand miles, a distance equivalent to more than twice round the world, and it is for all practical purposes in as good condition now as it was when it left the makers; a result no doubt partly due to the care it has received, but principally to the flexible mode of transmission; for of this I am convinced, that had it been a gear-driven car it would have been on the scrap-heap long ago. A belt-transmission can be repaired or replaced by the owner on the road, whereas if anything goes wrong with the transmission by gearing or with the bevel wheel of a live-axle car, the motor is, for the time being, past help.

Descriptions are also given of different types of petrol, steam, and electric cars. The author describes, amongst petrol cars, the Crossley, Napier, Mercedes, Lanchester (of which he says 'there are few motor-cars better suited for the use of private travellers on our English roads'), Daimler, De Dietrich, Wolseley, and two or three others. The Serpollet, White, and S.M. steam cars, and the Electromobile and City and Suburban electric carriages, are likewise described. When the accumulator has been perfected (Mr Edison's does not appear to be catching on) the electric will be the ideal car: it is always ready, the control is simple, there is no smell, and there should be no noise; but the safe range is at present only about twenty-five to thirty miles, so that their radius of activity is limited. For town work, provided there are no steep hills, they have obvious advantages.

Mr Young gives good advice as to the selection of a motor-car. 'Go to a disinterested expert, tell him what you want and what you want it for, and let him advise you as to the make or type of car which you ought to get.' Then follow hints to the rich and to the poor man, and a whole chapter is devoted to certain light cars. For the millionaire the Mercedes is recommended. 'This so far represents the perfection of strength and endurance, silence and sweetness of running, ease of control and range of speed; it is one of the very fastest motor-cars in the world, and it is one of the most expensive whether to purchase or maintain. Its bill for tires alone would more than swallow up what most of us would care to spend on the upkeep of a car altogether.'

In my own opinion the Panhard car should have been ranked first and not second to the Mercedes; the Panhard has always been the A1 automobile. The Léon Bollée car, which has come into the very front rank, is not referred to.

For a doctor a steam car is recommended. This advice is open to question; for a country doctor I would recommend a one or two cylindered petrol car, and for a town practitioner an electric car. A country doctor's car should be of the strongest and simplest construction, and all delicate pieces of apparatus which might render it liable to break down on the road should be avoided. It should therefore be provided with solid tires, high-tension magneto ignition, with accumulators and plain bearings.

It is difficult to understand the craze for ball-bearings. Such bearings are almost essential to a machine driven by muscular power, such as a bicycle, but are unnecessary, and indeed are undesirable, when you are dealing with an engine of several horse-power. They are undesirable to such

a professional man as a doctor, who wants to get there, because under the violent strain of the engine they may break and cut up the bearing, and the car is at a hopeless standstill. They may add a mile or two an hour to your pace, but what is the advantage of that with the present legal limit?

The present craze for high-powered engines and for speed is indefensible. I was talking the other day to a young lady who arrived on a fine Mercedes car. 'We are having our sprocket wheels altered,' said she; 'we cannot get up a speed of more than forty-five miles an hour with our present sprockets.' I said nothing, but I felt that such people ought to be taken care of and not allowed loose on our highways.

Some people, especially young people of the female sex, seem to get intoxicated with the rush of a good car. 'Faster, faster, faster.' The chauffeur is often unjustly blamed, though there are some who care neither for man nor beast. It is difficult to suggest a remedy without unduly interfering with comfort and progress; but a solution may eventually be found either by prohibiting the use of pneumatic tires (one cannot run at much more than twenty miles an hour on solids) or by prohibiting the use of high-powered cars altogether except for drawing heavy weights. Thus, ten to twelve horse-power is ample for an ordinary touring car for four people; where much luggage or more passengers are to be carried the horse-power might be raised to sixteen. A writer to the *Times* suggests that were the wearing of motor-goggles prohibited the question of undue speed would be solved. The writer at any rate has never found it necessary to disfigure himself by donning goggles, although he has motored constantly for the last eight years.

Mr Young thus admonishes the scorcher: 'I am almost ashamed to have to add to this chapter a plea for common decency and humanity; and yet no one who uses the roads, whether with horse, bicycle, motor-car, or on foot, can pretend that it is not necessary, and that it has not been left to the motor-car to evolve the most blatant, the most cruel, the most revolting kind of selfishness that has probably ever been allowed to go unpunished. The motoring cad is the real enemy of motoring. Remember that if you whoop through a village at thirty miles an hour some Sunday morning, and meet a crowd of decent villagers going to church, the clouds of dust that you raise may spoil their Sunday clothes, fill their mouths with grit and their hearts with bitterness. And, above all, I am ashamed to have to say it, have mercy upon timid women, dogs, and little children.'

The cloud of dust that a motor-car too often raises is one of the most serious drawbacks to its use. Not that it is any really new grievance, to be associated with and appertaining solely to the new-fangled invention of the automobile; our forebears before the days of railways suffered from it just as much. Bob Acres, in the *Rivals* (written in 1774), on his arrival at Bath ejaculates, 'Warm work on the roads, Jack. Odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.' Though much may be done to diminish this nuisance by a reasonable rate of speed, by the use of solid tires, large wheels, and high carriage-bodies, yet the complete cure lies in the introduction of better methods of building the roads.

The road surface should be made of a material that does not yield dust; such surfaces are asphalt or tarred macadam. These are too expensive except for populous neighbourhoods; but Mr Hooley, the road surveyor of Nottingham, appears to have almost solved the problem of finding a dustless, a rainproof, and a cheap material by the employment of an iron-slag mixed with tar. This material he calls tarmac. Experiments have also been made by the *Car Illustrated* newspaper, by the Scottish Automobile Club, and by others on the use of certain dust-laying fluids, such as westrumite and heavy oils. The report of the committee of the western section of the Scottish Automobile Club contains the following remarks: 'Applications of westrumite and of crude oil were made at a cost of about twenty pounds per mile; in the case of the former, for a very considerable time after the application there was absolutely no dust raised by vehicles of any description passing over the road. The crude oil was also most effective, and one application of it suffices for a season, while with the westrumite several applications were necessary.'

Nor are motor-cars the only modern offenders in raising dust; the electric tram-car, in consequence of its high speed and low body, is almost as effective, and yet it has no pneumatic tires. With the disappearance of the dust-plague and the suppression of the motor hooligan, the present-day opposition to the motor-car would fade away, and the whole nation would enter into the enjoyment of the benefits that will accrue from the new method of rapid road-locomotion. Of these benefits, one of the most important will be the improved sanitary condition of our cities. It is not too much to anticipate that a marked reduction in the incidence of certain infectious diseases and in the death-rate would follow the substitution of the engine for the horse.

Mr Scott Montague, M.P., in a letter to the *Times*, says: 'As to the hygienic aspect of dust, I will not say more than to assert that were there no animals employed for haulage there would be practically no noxious bacilli in road detritus. Many undesirable organisms, such as the bacillus *coli communis*, which can nearly always be found in London street dust, breed in the refuse of the horse. One has only to compare the streets of a city where mechanically propelled tram-cars and vehicles are largely used with those where horse-drawn vehicles still predominate, to realise what an extraordinary

increase of cleanliness immediately results when the alteration to the newer mode of traction takes place.'

And what an incalculable amount of unnatural labour and suffering will be saved to the horse! In a city, a wilderness of brick and granite, a horse is quite out of the sphere intended for it by nature. A horse's hoofs were never intended to trot wearily all day on granite setts or on slippery asphalt or greasy wood. The horse should be relegated to springy turf and its native earth to help man to till the soil, or to bear its master on its back; for such purposes the horse is the best of all motors.

Farmers, who now look askance at horseless vehicles, will realise in due season that they are friendly spirits which will waft their produce from the orchards and the farmyards direct to the market without the costly transhipments and vexations delays of the railway.

All in good time it will be recognised that the worst use a road can be put to is to lay a light railway in the form of an electrical tramway along it; the rails handicap and even endanger the use of the road by other vehicles. Such railways should only be laid where land can be purchased for them at the sides of the road; but the motor omnibus, which requires no rails, and which is able to move freely about the road, and so pass other vehicles, will eventually be found to be the ideal mode of rapid local transit for the people. Nor need railway shareholders feel anxious at their advent; they will rather act as feeders than as competitors, a fact which has been already recognised by the directors of the North-Eastern and Great Western Railways.

The joys of driving along the open roads—'the nerves and sinews of the land'—are well described in *The Complete Motorist:*

'The true home of the motor-car is on the open road. There it comes to its own; there it justifies itself; there it fulfils its true and appointed destiny. The miles, once the tyrants of the road, the oppressors of the travellers, are now humbly subject to its triumphant empire, falling away before it, ranking themselves behind it. It flattens out the world, enlarges the horizon, loosens a little the bond of time, sets back a little the barriers of space. And man who created and endowed it, who sits and rides upon it as upon a whirlwind, moving a lever here, turning a wheel there, receives in his person the revenues of the vast kingdom it has conquered. Already on the great main roads the thrill of vitality has been felt. Old inns that had long slumbered in a kind of ruinous trance are beginning to wake up again; old men and women, keepers of shops left high and dry by the ebb of custom, who had thought to end their days in poverty or the workhouse, are here and there, to their profound astonishment, finding themselves afloat on the rising tide of prosperity. The spirit of Telford resides in his Holyhead road. Its daily history is an epitome of human life; daily it bears the physician to the bed of birth, and daily its dust is stirred by the tramp and shuffle of feet moving to an open grave.'

LOW LIVING AND HIGH THINKING:

A UNIQUE HOLIDAY.

IT would be difficult to say where the charm lay. I had been privileged to enjoy vegetarian diet before, had listened to all sorts of lectures on all sorts of subjects, and had indulged in Swedish drill and other exercises, without feeling specially elated. What was there, then, about the Vegetarian Summer School that gave it its unique charm?

The scene is Bowness, on Windermere. Here, in the Grammar School, some forty or fifty men and women, representing every type of mind and character, are met together on the common basis of vegetarianism, physical and mental culture, and hygiene. The adjoining park forms a sort of happy hunting-ground for the practical testing of all sorts of theories—educational, hygienic, humanitarian—and the discussion of all kinds of subjects, from Tolstoy's *View of Art* to astrology and French beans. On yonder bank a few enthusiasts have retired, to be initiated into the mysteries of the Berlitz method of teaching languages. Lively groups of philanthropic maidens are seen shelling peas and airing their views on art at the same time.

Hammocks slung on trees round the park mark the progress of the open-air treatment; but the great event of the morning is 'Gym!' At that magic word, as at a rallying-cry, a mixed company of men and women, varying in age from sixteen to sixty, trip into the park, and, discarding all unnecessary clothing, such as hats, shoes, stockings, coats, and skirts, prepare to enjoy a happy hygienic hour untrammelled by fashion—or much else. Off they go, single file, 'grave old plodders, gay young friskers,' and begin the performance by marching round their leaders, two fair damsels in white bloomers and floating sashes. The march breaks into a trot, the trot into a run, and the run into a hop, skip, and jump movement, with the right and left arm thrown up alternately. After this preliminary canter the *real* work begins: arms, legs, knees, elbows, ankles, wrist, head, throat, diaphragm, are all exercised in turn; not a muscle is overlooked. Then, at the word of command, the whole company suddenly throw themselves on their backs, and continue their evolutions with renewed vigour; and as a final wind-up they fling themselves on their faces, and with prostrate foreheads seem to

salute their mother-earth. I may mention in passing that this performance is appreciated as much by the spectators as the performers.

'Gym' over, the company betake themselves with unabated energy to cricket, net-ball, tennis, and other light pastimes till the one o'clock dinner. 'Dinner!' you exclaim. 'What kind of dinner can vegetarianism provide?' An excellent one, I assure you—savoury, nutritious, wholesome, and delightfully varied. The absence of meat is scarcely observed. Indeed, some of the dishes, such as protose and vejola, have a distinctly meaty flavour, due, I am told, to a clever combination of the pulses and cereals, which are subjected to certain processes of cooking. The following menus for two days' meals are a fair sample:

Breakfast.—Oatmeal porridge, rolls, brown and white bread, nuts, marmalade, butter, melon. Tea and coffee. *Dinner.*—Curried lentils and rice, walnut croquettes and brown sauce, baked apple-dumplings, sago-pudding. *Evening Meal.*—Savoury pie and salad, Scotch woodcock, sultana-cake, brown and white bread, jam. Tea and milk.

Breakfast.—Eggs, bread, rolls, butter, jam, wheatmeal porridge, fruit. Tea and coffee. *Dinner.*—German stew (brown beans and vegetables), protose cutlets, hydropathic pudding, steamed pudding with jam. *Evening Meal.*—Vejola rolls, salad, potted haricots, fruit, nut-cake. Tea and cocoa.

The exertions of the morning might seem to call for an 'hour's repose;' but our vegetarian friends are 'made of sterner stuff,' and the afternoon sees them scouring the countryside in search of 'bits' for their camera, new points of view, &c., or on lake or mountain testing the strength of their muscles.

A gong at a quarter to six is the signal for a general stampede, followed by a transformation-scene reminding one of youthful days at the pantomime. Can these graceful creatures in diaphonous blouses and trailing skirts be our hatless, shoeless, and stockingless friends of the morning? With the garments of civilisation we seem to have donned our mental dress-clothes too. There is to be a lecture, of course, and any one who talks to us now is sure of a hearing; for, like Rosalind, we are in a coming-on mood. Mind-culture, will-power, Beethoven, horoscopes, the ethics of physical culture—all subjects will be equally welcome; or, if the fare should prove rather heavy for the digestion of a weak brother, the antidote is at hand in the excellent concert that succeeds the lecture. Songs, stories, recitations, violin and piano solos follow each other in quick succession, and the climax is reached when the editor of the *Daily Bread-Basket*, clearing his throat, announces that he will now read the contents of his journal. A thrill runs through the assembly, for the *Daily Bread-Basket* is the very flower and fruit, the aroma and essence, so to speak, of the society. To it we confide all our little jokes, our maiden verses, our advice to new members, our pet grievances, our higher criticism—anonymously, of course. And as each letter is read out in turn, and received with bursts of applause from fifty throats strengthened by massage, a look of pride is seen on many a tell-tale face. In that moment of triumph the weary hour in the writing-room is forgotten.

But, hark! the strains of music; and every one who can or can *not* dance is up and whirling. Even the old folks who thought their dancing-days were done look on wistfully, and wonder if they could do 'just one turn;' they feel quite supple after the morning's exercise. 'What was that the lecturer said yesterday? "We are just as old as we feel."' 'Well, my dear, I feel just twenty to-night;' and, with a laugh at the little witticism, off they go.

Such are a few of the scenes which the Windermere Grammar School witnessed last August. Now all is changed; and when October woke the school to new echoes, little would the boys who met there have guessed what scenes those walls last witnessed, what stories they could tell if they could speak! And as I look at the boys in their orderly forms, it is not their faces I see. There, where the little fellow sits frowning over his slate, is a group of men and women listening eagerly to the glowing words of the eloquent exponent of Tolstoy. Their faces express appreciation, sympathy, comprehension—doubt too, and denial. Behind the blackboard, with its formidable array of figures, peeps the laughing face of our secretary's little daughter, as she listens with undisguised admiration to her own little joke read out by the editor of the *Daily Bread-Basket*. Yonder in the corner, where the boy is just rising to repeat his Latin verb, I see the blushing face and soft eyes of a maiden,

> Standing, with reluctant feet,
> Where the brook and river meet;

and the eyes grow very tender as she discovers her own true knight crossing the room to claim his waltz. '*Amo, amas, amat,*' drones Tommy. Yes, the walls could say something about that too!

THE PERFECT FRIENDSHIP.

Have you not seen the sun and gloaming meet,
And mingle in a mystery of hue,
Becoming perfect in the union sweet
Of rose and amber, purple, green, and blue—
Each tint the pearly grayness showing through?

Such is the spirit-tint that glows from love
Like unto that which links us heart to heart.
Incoming trust meets truth.—As lay of dove
Our duet-thoughts sound sadly when apart,
Though gay in unison as songs above.

Friendship thus born to touch both night and day,
Like sunset merging in the moonlit eve,
Glows in our sky, and will not pass away,
But grows more precious as it doth receive
Each gleam of joy into life's common gray.

Mary Hampden.

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TREASURE-SEEKING ON COCOS ISLAND.

TREASURE-SEEKERS there have been in all times; the hiders of treasure have been, for the most part, the buccaneers who sailed the high seas, capturing whatever of value came their way. In Elizabethan times there were few navigators who were not pirates; but with the waning of the seventeenth century buccaneering had become a discredited profession. The last of the great pirates was one Benito Bonito, a *nom de guerre* which concealed the identity of a broken-down Spanish gentleman of ancient family, whose career equalled that of any who had gone before him for daring, unscrupulousness, and the amount of booty he managed to seize.

Hiding-places were a necessary part of his equipment, and the preference was given by Benito Bonito to the rocky island of Cocos, lifting its lofty peak from the blue waters of the Pacific. It is known that he concealed eleven millions of dollars there, and ever since his death by his own hand, after the capture of his vessel, frequent attempts have been made to find them. One man alone, a Newfoundlander named Keating, found the treasure-cave. He had learned the secret from one of the two survivors of Bonito's crew, and went twice to Cocos, enriching himself on each occasion, but was unable, through fear of his companions' cupidity, to carry off the prize. He died without fully revealing the secret, though his wife had spent years in trying to worm it from him. To her Keating left a poor scrawl of a map and a statement which he advised her 'not to show to any man without first receiving from him a hundred pounds.'

Those who remember words let fall by Keating allege that the statement his widow received was false and misleading; but she had sufficient faith in it to make, despite her advanced years, an expedition to Cocos. She sailed in the *Aurora*, with Captain Halkett in command, in 1894; but it was not a propitious voyage. Bad weather prevailed, and with six ex-captains on board, all bent on treasure-seeking, it is scarcely to be wondered at that harmony did not prevail. The smallness of the boat unduly prolonged the voyage, and before their return, empty-handed, the adventurers suffered many hardships and were almost starved.

They came on traces of many predecessors in the search. Only two years before, a man named Von Bremer had been there, and spent the greater part of his fortune in making excavations and tunnelling the rocks, but he found nothing. Earlier still, in 1888, a German named Gissler obtained a concession and grant of land from the Costa Rican Government, and later was made Governor of the island; but though he has spent the last sixteen years on Cocos, a second Robinson Crusoe, making ceaseless search, all his efforts have been unavailing.

In 1902 a British Columbian brigantine, the *Blakeley*, took a party of sanguine treasure-seekers, among them the indefatigable Captain Halkett, to the island; but they returned, leaving their extensive borings and diggings as monuments of their vain search.

The latest expedition was made in 1903 by Captain Shrapnel, with Mr Hervey de Montmorency (who has written a graphic account of his adventures) and five other treasure-seekers.

It was not Captain Shrapnel's first visit to the island. In 1896 he was in command of Her Majesty's ship *Haughty* in the Pacific, and was thoroughly conversant with the numerous stories concerning Bonito's treasure current along the American coast. As he had an Irishman's love of adventure, it required little to inspire him with a determination to win the prize. His officers, also hearing the tales, begged him to allow them to steam to Cocos, and in less than three days the *Haughty* cast anchor there. Three hundred sailors and marines were landed; but though for two days they blasted and tunnelled, nothing was found. Captain Shrapnel was reprimanded by the Admiralty for his share in the enterprise, and orders were issued that no more warships should visit Cocos.

Captain Shrapnel did not, however, banish all thoughts of the lost treasure from his mind. When, two years later, he completed his term of command in the Pacific, he resolved to seek

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in some way to test the value of the various clues which had come into his hand from time to time. For a while an expedition seemed an impossibility. At last, in the autumn of 1902, he persuaded a party of gentlemen to subscribe sufficient money to charter a ship suitable for an expedition to the island. The sanction of the Costa Rican Government was obtained, and an agreement signed between the treasure-seekers and the republic whereby the former obtained the right to search Cocos for one year, and the latter to receive one-half the profits of the expedition. The fitting of the ship was set about without delay, and on 9th May 1903 the *Lytton* left Antwerp, with directions to pick up the adventurers at Salina Cruz, the Pacific terminus of the trans-continental railway which crosses the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

On the morning of the 9th of August they saw the lofty peak, the abrupt cliff-like shores, the rocks covered with thick tropical vegetation, of Cocos Island. So thick were the trees that they seemed like moss upon a stone, whilst here and there cascades of fresh-water shot off from the high ground and leapt a hundred feet into the sea. The sandy beach upon which the treasure-seekers landed is strewn with enormous boulders, on each of which is carved the name and business of some vessel which had called at the island. Some records go back to Nelson's days; men-of-war, whalers, and pirates alike left their mark there, while the whole stretch of shore tells the tale of former expeditions in search of Bonito's hoard.

Captain Shrapnel had in his hands the various clues upon which others had based their plans, and he had sifted their evidence so thoroughly and laid his own plans so carefully that he and his six companions were confident of success. Keating was known to have found his way to the cave on a dark night; surely they would find it by diligent search in light of day. It could not be far from the shore, for the pirates, pursued by British men-of-war, had been obliged to bury their treasure in haste; nor was it likely that men could carry a heavy weight for any considerable distance over ground so rough and tangled with undergrowth.

Twice the hopes of the party rose high and success seemed within their grasp. Once one of the searchers was seen balancing himself on the steep bank of a watercourse up which they were climbing, and signalling excitedly to his comrades to join him. 'I hardly dare say so; but I believe I have found something,' he cried as they reached him. He was lying on his face, peering under a great rock which covered the entrance to a small cavity. Every one took a peep, seeing without any doubt rows of sacks some ten or twelve feet inside the cave. The smallest of the party crawled in to investigate further, only to return covered with mud and an expression of disgust on his face. The supposed sacks had proved to be but lumps of clay, though he had to touch them to make sure that they were not veritable sacking.

A few days later an actual find was made, but it brought the adventurers no nearer the object of their voyage. Wading up a stream that flowed through a gorge identified with the watercourse climbed by Keating, one of the seekers came upon a decaying tree-trunk which, in falling across the watercourse, had effectually dammed the stream. He levered the log out of its position and released the water which had gathered in a pool, leaving the sand and the shingle which had silted down from the rocks dry and bare. Then he caught sight of something glittering, set fast in the sand. When he dragged it into the light of day it proved to be a portion of a silver crucifix which had doubtless once adorned the altar of some Peruvian church. With strong excitement and revived hopes, the treasure-seekers set to work with pick and shovel and crowbars, attacking first the spot on which the silver had been found, and working far up the watercourse. They worked till dark, and began again with the dawn, but nothing more was found; and, weary and dispirited, they at last gave up the quest.

The period for which they had chartered the *Lytton* had nearly expired. A council of war was therefore held, and Captain Shrapnel expressed his conviction that all within human power had been done, and wisdom lay in confessing themselves beaten. The information given by the clues was wholly insufficient, whilst the extraordinary richness of tropical vegetation, the frequent land disturbances, and the network of streams continually carrying débris down from the interior must in sixty years have altered the features of the island beyond recognition. With a certainty that it was hopeless to search longer, he gave the captain of the *Lytton* orders to steam away to Panamá.

They did not leave Cocos, however, without paying a visit to the extraordinary man who had made his home in its solitude for sixteen years. Set a little back from the beach of Wafer Bay were the corrugated huts Gissler had built during his residence, with the plantations and cultivated patches, proofs of his industry and patience, all about them. When he came first to Cocos he had been as poor and destitute as Robinson Crusoe, and only marvellous energy, invention, and resource had built up this little 'home in the wilderness.' He grows almost every product of tropical lands; he has captured the wild-pig and domesticated it; he has built a boat in which he voyages to the mainland. He owes everything to his own exertions, and values his independence and clings to his solitude as only a modern Crusoe could.

As the *Lytton* came within hail of the shore he waded out to meet her, and directed the captain towards a safe landing-place.

'My name is Gissler,' he said. 'I suppose you have come to find treasure.' Such visitors were not at all to his mind, as the watchful, suspicious look in his deep-set eyes told plainly. His experience of treasure-seekers had not made him desirous

of their company. They had shown but scant honesty, disregarding his rights of property, desecrating his home, and killing his live-stock without compunction. The crew of the *Lytton* managed to set such anxieties at rest, and he told them the wonderful story of his lonely life and the weird fascination which drew him to Cocos and still held him bound.

No one knows so much of Cocos and its hidden treasure as Gissler. It may be said to have moulded his whole life, for a man of such power and intelligence would surely have carved a niche for himself in the great workaday world. He has preferred to live a marooner's life, a second Crusoe, seeking for the hidden wealth, carefully sifting all he has heard about it, and never losing his belief that it is still possible to find it if any one with capital would give one whole year to the search.

Will any one be found to join him in this long search? Gissler hazards no reply and scarcely hopes, for he loves his solitary home and his daily fight with nature, and he wonders, perhaps, whether the acquisition of eleven millions of dollars would add materially to his happiness.

Meanwhile the treasure lies among the rocks, 'so guarded from human eyes as to be powerless till the end of time to cause the flow of blood or tears.'

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER VII.—WIPING IT OFF.

THE quarry was run to earth at last, or —to be exact—to water.

There could be no reasonable doubt about it. The report, indeed, came through diverse channels, any one of which in itself might have carried little conviction, but the general concensus of which hardly admitted of doubt. The reports also varied in degree, of course, according to the bearer's idea of what would be most acceptable to the particular white man who received it. An army reputed at three thousand at the outposts would rise to thirty thousand by the time the chief's tent was reached. No reliance was to be placed on the informants' figures. But they had all been under the harrow. They hated the oppressor to the extent of their wrongs, and with all their hearts and shrivelled souls they desired an end of the present state of things. All their interests lay in the truth, and so they told it—with variations.

The enemy the British forces had come so far to seek and found it so hard to come up with was lying in security at the wells of Tembé, three days' march across the desert, and these three waterless days rendered him, as he believed, impregnable. The Kafir dogs could fight, and they could march; but there was one thing they could not do, and that was go without water. And the tyrant laughed as he thought of the harvest of the thirsty land if they were so foolish as to try it—the harvest and the after-gleanings.

And the chief twisted his brows into cats' cradles till he saw his way, and then set to work to conquer that three days' barrier of waterless desert, and did it.

The fighting at the end of the three days was the smallest of his problems. He took that and the winning of the fight as matters of course. The desert was the first nut he had to crack. If he could crack that nut he had no doubts about cracking the next one. It would simply have to be done, and it would be done, for the wells were the kernel of the nut, and the wells meant life, though they would spell death to many a brave man on either side.

Three days of desert as dry as a limekiln meant much preparation. The troops could take no chances, every contingency must be provided for, and every man worked mightily, and prayed heartily one universal prayer—that the *jibbahs* might still be there to be beaten when they had beaten the desert. And as often as not the petition was strangely worded, and to ears unsympathetic it might have sounded more like cursing. But it was not meant that way, for every man was heartily sick of the abominable land, and desired most fervently to be through and done with it, and back to civilised parts, where you could think of something besides the sand in your throat and the flies on the back of your neck.

They formed a temporary base, and gave it such protection as time and equipment permitted; and then, having weeded the columns of every superfluous thing—human, animal, edible, comfortable—they went on into the desert stripped bare for the fight. And no man washed his face for many days, for it is better to drink with a dirty face than to die of thirst with a clean one. And some there were who, when the time came, washed clean their sinful souls—but not in water—and died doing noble deeds.

On the evening of the second day out, when the tired men were lying in the sand, waiting to wash the rest of it out of their throats, not caring much for food, with little talk, and only the nightly shiver to look forward to, a rider came galloping in from the far-away foremost feeler, the tremulous antennæ of the army, fluttering to and fro in the desert beyond.

He rode through them with a joyous wave of the hand, which oiled their rusty throats, and loosened their cracked lips, and set sparks in their dusty eyes, and so to headquarters, which consisted of a couple of blankets and four lances.

The chief was much too wise a man to keep the good news to himself. It was better than food and drink, and they had all been waiting for it as anxiously as himself. In five minutes the joyous wave of the galloper's hand had received the confirmation of words. The enemy was there, in force, and showed no signs of moving. They would have gone on again at once if he had said the word, but he was a wise man, as I have said. He knew that sometimes to hasten slowly is the surest progress, and that what lay before them would tax to the utmost all that the sun and sand had left in them.

Réveille sounded softly at midnight, and there were no laggards save the camels.

They pressed gaily on, and grudged the long, grizzling midday halt. But the chief was a wise man. The enemy was waiting, and there was no need to hurry. Then on again, and when the sun sank into the western desert they saw for a moment against the great red disc the filmy palm-feathers of the oasis of Tembé, the goal of all their long endeavour. The men gave a deep, rusty growl, a long, subdued roar; the young lions hungered for their prey.

A few hours' rest, foretaste of that which surely awaited some of them, and long before midnight they were pressing steadily through the darkness. Before daybreak they were well in hand, a mile from the wells. The lion was knitting his loins and gathering himself together for the spring.

They had had no expectation of accomplishing a surprise. The enemy's scouts were as supple and keen-eyed as their own. The tom-toms had been going all night long. It was to be a stand-up fight, and God help the loser!

The first glimmer of light showed them their work and found them ready — the hampering convoy well to the rear under a strong guard, the fighting-men stripped for the fight and only waiting the word. They had fed—swallowed food, at all events—in the dark, and every man had had a drink. The next meal would be at Tembé wells—for some of them.

And, to his bitter disappointment and most intense disgust—a disgust so profound that it could not be hidden—Lieutenant Challis found himself nominated to the command of the convoy-guard. For this had been all his record-breaking haste to the front! For this all his back-breaking days and his nights of laborious writing!—to be relegated to the rear and the charge of a mob of grousing camels and their loafing drivers. Some one had to do it, of course; but that the malignity of—shall we say fate, or the devil?—Challis, in his hot heart, called him Everett—should have marked him for the post was almost past bearing.

Duty was duty, however, so he stiffened his face and quietly prepared his little command for contingencies in case of need. He had two hundred men drawn from various regiments, and every man of them as grim-faced and dour over it as himself.

With mighty labours, and objurgations on the part of his sulky assistants sufficient to have blighted out of existence every dervish in the Soudan, he formed his shambling crowd of odorous beasts into a rough zariba, the rampart of laden camels, two-deep, with their fore-legs tied so that they could not rise, and their senseless heads snaking to and fro in ceaseless inquiry as to the meaning of it all. The smell inside the ring was almost overpowering, but the breastwork might prove effectual at a pinch.

The rest of the force was already formed in square, the only possible method of at once attacking and resisting the long, overlapping lines of the enemy's formation. At the first glimmer of dawn, with Venus shining like a lamp, the square set itself in motion, and advanced slowly towards the line of bristling black flags which blocked the way to the wells, and the sulky ones in the zariba watched it with gloomy interest and outspoken regret.

Challis's teeth ground bitterly inside his lean cheeks. It seemed impossible that so grim a face had ever smiled or would ever smile again, and his eyes smouldered like restless fires. Ay! it was bitter, bitter, bitter work, a crushing blow to all his hopes. It seemed to him that all his future had depended on this fight, and the fight was denied him. He did not swear, simply because, in the first place, that was not his way; in the second, because his men were doing all in that line that could be expected of them under the circumstances; and in the third place, because no luridest language ever coined could have expressed a tithe of what he was feeling.

Then, as he watched, he saw the bristling line of flags by the wells heave and swing forward. He heard a noise like the roar and rush of a hurricane, and the plain beyond the square was flooded suddenly with a whity-brown avalanche, so thick, so wide, so overwhelming that the square looked no more than a sand-castle on a seashore, with the wild waves rushing to eat it up.

The mighty phalanxes came sweeping on, in lines so long and widespread that the solid square block in front made hardly a break in them. They would halt for a moment to fire, then on again, leaping and shouting as though no death existed. And for them, truly, death was but a small thing, since he promised greater rewards than life could yield.

From the square came the short, quick rolls of company firing, and it was palled in white smoke spitted with venomous jags of flame. The sand between the convoy and the square rippled and spurted with the high-pitched shots from the attack.

And suddenly Challis's grim face broke joyfully, his smouldering eyes blazed with sudden fire.

The outermost wings of the phalanxes, sweeping round the square, had caught sight of the convoy, and, leaving the attack to be devoured by the main body, were coming down like wolves on the fold behind.

Challis threw up his hand with a gesture of delight.

'Hurrah, boys! We're to have our share after all!'

They answered him with a mighty shout, and their faces were all aglow with the joy of treasure-trove after anticipated loss.

'Now, boys—steady! Keep down there behind the camels! Reserve your fire for the hundred yards, and let every shot tell. I'll give you the word. These men are ours.'

He spoke quietly now; but there was a ring in his voice that strung the heart of every man there for mighty deeds. The bullets began to whistle past him, but he gave no heed to them. He stood quietly watching the foaming wave of intrepid heathendom that came rushing to overwhelm him. And as he waited he became unconsciously, though acutely, aware of several things:

First, that the fire of the square was losing the solid precision of its regulation volleying, and was becoming one long, quick rattle of Martini-Henrys discharged as fast as they could be loaded.

Next, that, in default of better material, camels answer uncommonly well as ramparts. The bullets were singing past his head like homing beetles on a summer evening, and now and again he heard the dull thud which told him they had found their billets. A camel on his left gave a sudden start, looked round at its side, from which the blood was running, and then went on coolly chewing its cud with its usual look of dissatisfied disgust. Another suddenly strained back its head over its hump with a groan and lay still. The rest mopped and mowed inquisitively at the oncoming wave, with its leaping white crest and puffs of smoke and spits of flame.

'Ready, men!'

The wave was nearing the spot he had fixed in his mind as its limit. Well in front came a man on a horse, an aged man with a long white beard, carrying a flag in one hand and a roll of paper in the other.

'Now!' and the men sprang up and gave them volley after volley, steadily, unflinchingly, irresistibly. The leaping white crest broke. Some of it lay prone and moved no more. Parts of it came on fragmentarily, as a sea-wave comes through a wooden groin, its force spent, its ambition lowered. But the grim-faced men behind the camels had no mercy. The empties rattled out like clockwork, the cartridges snapped in, and the hail of lead swept the sand bare of life and tossed up the garments of those who lay dead. A bunch here and there came leaping on, but they all reached their limits in time. Some few turned and sped back to their comrades round the square.

Only one man reached the camels, the old chief with the white eyebrows and long white beard. With his book in one hand and his flag in the other, his eyes glowing like coals, and shouting as he came, he paid no slightest heed to death-dealers or to dead. He kicked his heels energetically into his horse and set it boldly at the rampart. Challis would have saved him for his mighty pluck, but he knew it was useless. Horse and rider collapsed in the very act of leaping, and rolled in a heap against the outer line of camels.

From the square beyond, and its ring of leaping *jibbahs*, rose a mighty turmoil. The firing was worse than ever—continuous, but hurried and spasmodic. The very sound of it conveyed the impression of disorder and vital need—of men fighting wildly for their lives and in danger of losing their heads.

Challis strained towards the tumult and listened intently. The noise waxed louder. He scrambled over the camels and waved his men to follow.

'They're having trouble over there. We must help them. Form line! Open order! Not a word till you can touch them. Then fire, and then the bayonet. Forward! Double!' And they pounded away over the hot sand, over the bodies, some of which were not half as dead as they looked, and jabbed viciously up at them as they passed, and so on to the rear of the screeching legions of which the square formed the centre. Then a ripping volley, a hoarse yell from the long thin line, and the bayonets got in on the outer ring of the dervish attack.

The yeasty mob melted like snow under a steam-hose. That face of the square surged out to the position from which it had been dented in, and locked itself tight again. The faces of the men inside were strained and dripping with sweat; the ground was cumbered with dead. The men of the square ceased firing at sight of their comrades in the mêlée, and none too soon. Several of the rescue-party had gone down before their bullets already. The rest were making fine play with the bayonet. The attack at that side was at an end, but elsewhere the fight was still proceeding furiously.

It was impossible for Challis to collect his men. He did his best, gathered about half of them to the corner, and mutely set them to an enfilading fire along the attack on that side, for orders were impossible in so infernal a tumult.

A Homeric struggle was going on outside the square round a Gardner-gun, and in the thick of it he caught sight of Evan Cameron whirling a clubbed rifle furiously round his head and pulping everything that came within his reach. His fair hair dabbled suddenly with blood, which ran down over his face and got into his eyes. Challis gave a shout and dashed into the mob. Half-a-dozen of his men followed, and the gun was saved, but Cameron was lying beneath it by the time they got there.

A long, hoarse shout rang out from the square, and Challis looked up and saw the dervishes streaking away over the sand as fast as their legs could carry them. The day was won; but it had been touch and go, and it was Geoffrey Challis and his convoy-guard who turned the scale at the critical moment.

SEVEN.

HIPPOCRATES declared that the septenary number, by its occult virtues, 'lends to the accomplishment of all things, and is the dispenser of life and foundation of all its changes.'

Like the number three, seven has from time immemorial held a conspicuous and sacred place in the scheme of things. Just exactly why this should be so it is difficult to determine, because, although we find a definite reason in many cases, in others it would appear to be purely accidental. Human nature, moreover, when keenly set on establishing a theory, is ever prone to look around in all directions, picking up everything that seems to fit the mosaic. That the ancients considered uneven numbers to have special force and efficacy there is abundant proof. Shepherds of ancient Greece were especially enjoined to see that the number of their sheep 'be not even.' That there were seven sages of ancient Greece and just seven wonders of the ancient world savours very much of chance or coincidence. Although three was considered most acceptable to the gods, Aristotle tells how, because weakly infants commonly died before this date, the seventh day was therefore honoured with the solemn festival of naming a child. Even in this twentieth century the luck in odd numbers—thirteen alone excepted—is largely believed in—seven as frequently as three; and as recently as last year a 'wise woman' of the Emerald Isle seriously asserted that there was no cure for a certain child's complaint unless the seventh son of a seventh son could be discovered for the deed. But a curious old rhyme respecting magpies would seem to contradict this magic potency of seven:

> One for sorrow, two for truth,
> Three for a wedding, four for a birth,
> Five for heaven, six for hell,
> Seven for the deil's own sel'.

Mrs Hemans, in apostrophising ancient Rome, thus refers, it will be remembered, to her unique position:

> On thy seven hills of yore
> Thou sat'st a queen.

Another classic instance, similarly curious, may be recalled:

> Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

History records many more. One in evidence just now is that long secretly guarded Chapel of the Pyx, dedicated by Edward the Confessor to St Peter, and, on this account obviously, only entered, even in later years, by those stately officers of State when seven huge keys had unfastened its heavy double door.

It is to be regretted that little now remains of the original locality 'where famed St Giles's ancient limits spread,' and where 'an inrailed column reared its lofty head:'

> Here to seven streets seven dials count the day,
> And from each other catch the circling ray;

but the name of Seven Dials is in itself sufficient testimony to one more honour paid to this typical number.

That folks were in olden times occasionally 'scared out of their seven senses' clearly indicates the number of senses at one time recognised, supposedly under the influence of the seven planets. On this and other theories the ancient Hebrews, Egyptians, Persians, and Greeks founded their respect and reverence for the number seven. The seven bodies of alchemy may be appropriately referred to here.

One of the more prominent proofs of the original significance of seven in use at the present day is the 'seven years' lease,' instituted because life was supposed to be in danger and to undergo a change every seven years. Hence we have Shakespeare following up this supposition, and affirming in those oft-repeated lines:

> And one man in his time plays many parts,
> His acts being seven ages.

Closely allied, of course, is the 'seven years' apprenticeship,' and that dreaded 'seven years' penal servitude'—made so conspicuous in the case of Adolf Beck—which, when the sin merits such severity, becomes twice and three times seven.

It may be observed, in passing, that seven witnesses were required by the Hebrews to attest an oath. The one instance, probably, when seven judges were deputed to sit in judgment was that of those appointed by the justice-loving though unpardoning Maria-Caroline of Naples for the 'Junta of State' over persons accused of treason. The 'deadly' sins of the Catholic Church were, strange to say, formerly eight, until, somewhere in the Middle Ages, there dawned a happier day, and the monks, in a lenient mood and with a leaning towards the mystical number, elected that there should be only seven.

Dumas, in his *Isabel of Bavaria*, refers to an ancient privilege which authorised the deputies of the six merchant bodies to accompany the kings and queens of France upon their entry into Paris from the gate of St Denis to the palace, followed on this occasion by the representatives of the different manufacturing bodies clothed to represent the 'seven capital sins,' and, by way of contrast, the 'seven Christian virtues.' The recognised 'sins' and 'virtues' appear to have varied slightly at various periods of religious history, though in number usually 'seven.'

Kingsley, it will be remembered, says, 'Every duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.' The Mohammedans be-

lieve in an angel who, before recording man's ill deeds, waits 'seven hours, peradventure he may ask pardon.'

To be in the 'seventh heaven of delight' is a qualitative term still in use for superlative expression, and may be traced to the cabbalistic belief in seven heavens, although Ptolemy recognised only five, the Hebrews three, and other systems nine of these states. To refer again to Shakespeare, he on more than one occasion showed considerable preference for seven, convinced, seemingly, of the 'divinity in odd numbers.' He speaks of tears salted seven times. His prophetic wish that there shall be in England 'seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny' assuredly came from a kindly heart, as well as that thoughtful reflection of the potential good lurking in 'seven hundred pounds and possibilities.' In an age so greedy of gold as the present, the same could hardly be expressed in less than seven figures, while in the eyes of the extremest section of these money-minded mortals perhaps seven millions of pounds is barely adequate for their designation of bliss.

Space will not permit the enumeration of all the instances in which seven is pre-eminently set forth in the Scriptures. It is interwoven with almost every Biblical story. Beginning with the Creation, we find that the seventh day was consecrated to rest. Noah had seven days' warning of the Flood, and, by command, took fowls of the air and 'clean' beasts by sevens. The ark touched ground on the seventh month; and after seven days a dove was sent out, and again after seven days more. On the seventh day of the seventh month a holy observance was ordained to the Children of Israel. The seventh year was a sabbath of rest for all things. At the end of seven times seven began the grand jubilee. Every seventh year the land lay fallow. Every seventh year saw a general release from all debts. Jacob served seven and yet seven years for Rachel. Pharaoh's dream predicted seven years of plenty and seven of famine. When the sluggard is spoken of as wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason, the number would seem to be selected without any special purpose. The fiery furnace for Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego was heated seven times hotter than usual, with rather more significance; just as the old law bade man forgive his brother seven times seven, and the newer law seventy times seven. At the destruction of Jericho seven is curiously emphasised. Seven priests bore seven trumpets seven days, and on the seventh surrounded the walls seven times. Balaam when sacrificing prepared seven altars. Turning to Job, we see his friends sitting with him seven days and seven nights, and offering seven bullocks and seven rams as atonement. King Ahasuerus in the seventh year of his reign feasted seven days, and on the seventh directed seven chamberlains to find a queen, who was allowed seven maidens to attend her. For leprosy, seven dips in Jordan were enjoined upon Naaman. The lamps of the Tabernacle numbered seven. Seven different persons are brought back to life. Enoch was the seventh after Adam, and Christ (also 'translated') the seventy-seventh. From the Cross He spoke seven times. He appeared seven times. Another striking instance is when Christ cast out seven devils. Frequently seven appears to be typical of thoroughness and completeness.

The Apocalypse likewise revels in this revered number. It may also be noted that the apostles planted seven Churches in Asia, and that the sacred books or Bibles of the world are seven in number —namely, our Christian Bible, the Koran, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, the Vedas of the Hindus, and the Zend-Avesta of the Persians.

Continually as we contemplate the moon, seldom do we heed the fact that she has seven phases, and even sometimes forget that the rainbow, too, is septenary in character. Yet our ancestors gave serious, albeit possibly superstitious, regard to these circumstances. But in the mystic realm of music seven notes confront us far too constantly to be callously overlooked, and that dominant seventh is perpetually giving particular evidence of itself. Wynn Westcott points out that seven pipes are seen in the instrument played upon by the older deity Pan. Dice, though of ancient origin and found in very early Egyptian tombs, were not originally numbered. This evolution of a considerably later period obviously keeps the gambler also perpetually in mind of seven. Anciently, the symbol of the universe was a ship with seven pilots.

Conspicuous in the field of fiction is that attractive old Syrian legend which tells how those seven Christian youths of Ephesus fled from the rage of Decius and lived in a cave until discovered; then, when great stones were, by the enemy, rolled before its mouth, they fell asleep, the story says, for one hundred and ninety-six years, to waken once more living testimonies of a resurrection from the dead. The Island of the Seven Cities is another curious legend regarding a fabulous land of the Atlantic which gave refuge to a body of Christians in flight from the Saracen conquerors, who had, at the instigation of their seven bishops, committed themselves to the mercy of the sea. It is somewhat singular, considering the pre-eminent position this number has for ages occupied, that the bishops who at a memorable epoch of English ecclesiastical history so stoutly stood on their trial for freedom should have numbered neither more nor less than seven. Was this one of those cases one ought to set down to coincidence? Whether or not, wherever one turns one stumbles on seven. One more instance will suffice, of the poet who advocates:

> Seven hours to law,
> To soothing slumber seven,
> Ten to the world allot,
> And all to Heaven.

BETWEEN TWO.

By F. C. ARMSTRONG.

I.

'IT is becoming perfectly distracting.'

The aunt was bustling about her pretty room, armed with a feather-brush. The niece leaned over the piano, carelessly turning the leaves of a big portfolio. She was a tall, superbly built young woman, with brilliant dark eyes that could soften dangerously, a mobile, sensitive mouth with lips red as a June rose, and a very seductive dimple playing hide-and-seek in the rich colouring of her cheek.

The aunt was well on in middle-age, yet a very personable woman for all the accumulated years. Between aunt and niece there existed that strange resemblance we sometimes see in members of the same family, suggesting a likeness in character more than in outward form and colour.

'Distracting?' The girl's voice was soft and round. As she spoke her lips arched and curved prettily, while the dimple manifested itself. 'To whom?'

'To me, to them, to every one.' Miss Laura Shepperton spoke with some little irritation, flicking her brush over a range of very precious, little, old china shepherdesses. 'You can't marry both of them, child.'

'Do you know, I'm not at all sure that I want to marry either of them,' replied the niece, as she drew a song out of the portfolio.

'Well, make them understand that fact once for all,' cried Aunt Lulu, as she carefully adjusted one of her shepherdesses. She loved those quaint little figures, which were valuable ornaments, being all of them more than a century old.

'Do you really mean that the comings and goings of these young men worry you, aunty?' Beatrice Unwin demanded, as she settled herself upon her music-stool. 'I'll send them packing if it really fidgets you.'

'Fidgets me! How exactly the word expresses what it does do to me!' the aunt cried. 'I like both the young men. In fact, I don't know which I would prefer if I were in your place—which, happily, I am not.'

Beatrice laughed. Her laugh was pleasant to hear.

'Do you think my prospects run a risk of coming to grief between the two?' she asked, running her fingers lightly over the keyboard. 'I'm quite aware of the advantages possessed by both the dear boys who have honoured me by their attentions. Mr Seymour has the start of Captain Marker by exactly three days. I met him at the boat-race luncheon. Such a make-believe of a race as it was, aunty! He has a nice little voice of his own—a light tenor; but then, Captain Marker dances—oh, divinely! Mr Seymour is possessed of a soul, with a capital S written very large. His range of reading is simply prodigious;' and she flung her pretty hands wide. 'He poured out a whole volume of quotations from every known and unknown British poet the other day when he brought me that bunch of roses over there. By the way, they begin to look rather dilapidated, don't they? I'll bring some fresh flowers in from the garden presently. But as to the dear soldier, he just dumped down his bouquet with, "I thought you'd like some flowers, Miss Unwin. Your birthday, you know." Simple and straight, wasn't it?' She mimicked the man's voice and gesture to perfection.

Her aunt burst out laughing.

'My dear child, if you cared a pin about either of them you wouldn't make fun of them or their gifts,' she said, as she divested herself of her smart apron and put it away, together with the feather-brush and her soft duster. Then she threw herself into an easy-chair, and rested her comely head on the cushions thereof. The room was a very dainty apartment. There was all the appearance of ease and ample means about it, although the owner was not above dusting her pet Chelsea china.

'Beatrice,' she said, with some earnestness in her voice—'Beatrice, I want to say a few quiet words to you. No,' she cried, as the girl half-rose from her seat; 'stay where you are, but keep your fingers off the keys. It fidgets me, and I want your whole attention, only for a moment or two.'

'Dear aunty, there really isn't anything to be serious about,' cried the girl gaily.

'Dear Trixy, there is,' returned the aunt, with a vibration in her voice which startled the girl.

She whisked round upon her music-stool and listened with an unexpected expression of concentration on her beautiful face.

'I want you to marry,' said the elder woman, still with the deepened ring in her mellow voice. 'I don't want you to miss your woman's heritage of love and the joy of life. I want you to have a secure home of your own, not remain a hanger-on to the skirts of a whimsical old woman.'

'Which could never mean you, Aunt Lulu,' cried the girl.

'I don't know. One can never be sure of oneself. We are uncertain beings, we women; always breaking out into the unexpected. Remember, it was the unexpected vagary of a woman which placed me in my present position. Now, I want you to be above all such fluctuations. I want you to be happy, child.'

'I am very happy, Aunt Lulu.'

'Indeed, it is the aim of my life to make you so,' answered her aunt; 'but life is crammed with ups and downs. Suppose I were to lose my fortune; that it was to vanish as unexpectedly as it came?

It is not impossible. Dear child, if so, just think what it would mean to me to see you safely placed above all such chances! But I am far from wishing you to marry for the sake of being married; still less would I wish to see you tied to any one unworthy of you. Now, these young men are both deserving of better things than to be played with. They are both fine young fellows; but, necessarily, one must appeal more to you than the other.'

'Indeed, dearest auntie, I couldn't say there was a hair to choose between them,' cried the girl, flushing up. 'They are both upon exactly the same plane, so far as that goes—good to play with.'

'Have I not said I distinctly believe them worthy of better treatment at your hands, Trixy?' Miss Shepperton spoke with some heat. 'I should hate to think you capable of amusing yourself at their expense. A coquette is a detestable person—also, despicable. Surely, my sister's child is above such suspicion?'

Beatrice's bright eyes filled with tears. 'Indeed, auntie, I hope so,' she said. 'Although people think too little of—of such frivolities nowadays.'

'Is there any one else, Trixy?' asked the elder woman, with a quiver in her voice. 'Any one whom you met in the hard old times?'

'I—was very young,' Beatrice said hesitatingly, 'and very miserable.' Her voice sank low. 'It wasn't home at all with the step-mother.'

'I know.' Miss Shepperton nodded her comely head. 'You certainly had not much time to think of anything but your duties in the nursery, you poor child; but—there sometimes happens to be—a curate, for instance?'

'Oh auntie! No, no, there never was a curate; at least—there was—a dear, good man, too; but he had a wife and six small children—darling little things, not in the least like the step's.'

'Or a doctor? Sometimes there is a doctor.'

'So there was. An old darling, with such beautiful white hair and a most beloved old wife. They were very good to me. Indeed they were!' and the bright eyes were misty again. 'The step hated me to speak to any one,' she went on. 'Oh auntie, you took me out of a dreadful state of things!'

'Then I may safely conclude that there was no one?' said Miss Shepperton.

'No, no one to speak of,' answered her niece vaguely. 'They are coming round for croquet this afternoon,' she went on. 'The Driscols are bringing the American girl.'

'Croquet?' cried the aunt. 'I played it in a hat. Very smart it was then. It was poked up at the back by the great chignon I wore. What a guy I must have looked, judged by our present canons of style!' and she laughed, yet there was a sad little ring in her mirth. 'The Driscols and their American friend coming over in the afternoon?' she cried, starting to her feet. 'I must see that we have a respectable tea for them.'

Left to her own company, Trixy whisked round on her revolving music-stool and began to play. Her aunt's questioning had raised sundry ghosts in the secret places of her heart. She began to sing softly in a low, penetrating voice:

'I mind the day I'd wish to be a sea-gull flyin' far,
For then I'd fly an' find you in the West.
I'd wish to be a wee red rose, as sweet as roses are,
For then you'd maybe wear it on your breast,
Achray,
You'd maybe pluck an' wear it on your breast.'

Her voice fell to a sighing little note as the yearning refrain went whispering through the room. Only for a moment, because, striking out a thundering chord, she dashed into a brilliant waltz full of swing and spirit, which would have inspired the feet of a cripple. Then she shut the piano and whirled across the room to the open window; there she stood for some time, gazing out across the pretty garden and pleasure-ground which sloped down to the river. Her face saddened, softened; a vague, far-away expression came into her eyes. 'I mind the day,' she sang softly; 'I mind the day.' Then, flinging up her head, she went out into the sunshine and bright air with the air of a woman determined to banish care and defy all vain and wandering thoughts.

II.

UNDER the spreading trees a pretty tea-table was laid. Ripples of laughter and a pleasant sound of voices combined with the tinkle of silver upon china and the purr of the kettle over its flickering lamp. Miss Shepperton made an ideal hostess, and her guests looked happy. The elders abode under the shelter of the drooping limes, while the younger ones disported themselves on the smooth-shaven lawn, intent upon driving a long-suffering ball through sundry narrow hoops.

The two youths who had been discussed in the morning hours seemed quite at home. There were others who looked on as the quartet played the game; but those four players made the interest of the moment. The American girl, Miss Jaggers, was a study in frill and furbelow. Yards of trimming went to complete the perfection of her dress, while her hat was a study—quite up-to-date, if not a little before it. A very pretty girl for all that, even if Stephen Marker found her a little artificial. Trixy Unwin was more to his liking. Very tall and stately she looked in her simple white frock, with the big flapping hat which brought out the depth of her colouring to perfection. Seymour thought her a poem as she poised her malet for a decisive stroke; while, unknown to him, all the time her thoughts were slipping back to the wistful little refrain, 'I mind the day, I mind the day.' The two young men were decidedly above the average. The city youth, whose reading was of such an extensive character, had a fair share of good looks. The soldier, lean-flanked, flat-backed, erect, alert, with well-poised head and graceful carriage emphasised by careful training, made him-

self exceedingly pleasant to his partner in the game, the young American; but she noted how his eyes went involuntarily towards Beatrice, and she smiled. Perhaps it would be too much to say there was a sense of tension in the air; but, of a truth, three out of the four players understood that a change was impending. Matters could not go on upon the present lines very much longer. The girl who played such a steady stroke had touched the fancy of both these youths. As yet it was nothing but fancy with either of them. A turn of the wheel of fate might alter everything, and neither of them dared deny that Trixy Unwin occupied a most important place in his life.

Frederick Seymour was vaguely 'in business'—'Something to do with shipping,' Mr Driscol said; and it had been at Mr Driscol's house that Trixy encountered him. Whatever it was, it was a 'good thing,' and his family was rich. Marker was not poor. There was a brewery in the family, and an uncle who had a share in a well-known bank. Mrs Driscol, early in the day, had mentioned that Afra Jaggers, although not just a millionaire, was amply portioned. Indeed, the charming young stranger looked rich, and money is not to be despised.

The game played itself out. Marker could not help winning; but when another set formed up on the ground it was he who gravitated to Trixy's side. Seymour and the American heiress went to the tea-table together, the young man making himself very pleasant to the stranger, who liked it well; but Seymour's eyes followed the other pair as they wandered away to the riverside after tea. He was not sure; he had his doubts. Trixy had not been a shade less cordial in her greeting; she had been just her usual self, and yet—Marker was a dangerous rival.

But meantime here was this bright, brisk American anxious to please and be pleased: a girl worth any man's thoughts, if only that other were not within reach.

Miss Shepperton listened with half an ear to Mrs Driscol's renewed lament over her domestic miseries, but more seriously inclined to the talk of the elderly men, who were discussing Irish politics from a British point of view. She hated the twaddle about matters domestic which forms the mental fare of outer Suburbia.

'I'm rather struck with the quiet way you English take everything.' Miss Jaggers looked very sweet under the shade of the drooping ash. Her eyes were blue as a forget-me-not, her complexion delicate as an orchid; her wonderful frock fell in perfect folds round her feet. Seymour liked to see a girl well dressed. 'I do admire your national nerve; it's so steady,' she remarked.

Seymour quoted Kipling *à propos* of the excitable nature of her own country-people. She said a poet wrote many things; but acknowledged a vein of truth in the lines.

They also wandered away towards the river, while the elders talked in the shade, Miss Shepperton quietly guiding the conversation with great tact and skill. She was an admirable hostess, this woman who had battled sorely against adverse circumstances for the best years of her life. She had seen love pass her by; she had missed her woman's heritage; but the bitterness was gone, although the scars remained. When she had turned the half-century, the whim of an old friend had placed her at the head of an ample fortune. She had the satisfaction of knowing that her friend's will had wronged no one; she had been a lonely woman, with no claims upon her; therefore Laura Shepperton took the good of what fell to her without scruple. Her first step upon coming into this unexpected fortune had been to take home her only niece, the daughter of a dead sister, who was drudging as unpaid governess in the house of a harsh step-mother. She would make the girl happy, see that she did not spoil her young life, she thought, as she watched the couple moving slowly along the river-side in mingled sun and shade.

III.

'WELL, which of them is it to be?'

Aunt and niece were alone. The guests were all homeward-bound, and later it was probable they were to meet again, for a small dance was to be given in honour of the young American, and Miss Shepperton had an idea that the evening would end the matter. 'Which is it to be?' she asked.

'Oh dear! I don't in the least know,' Trixy laughed. 'I believe they both proposed to me; at any rate, they both said something that might be taken as an offer; and, upon my word, I shouldn't be surprised to hear that they both consider me engaged to them.'

'Child! have you made confusion worse confounded?' Miss Shepperton did not know whether the girl deserved a sharp scolding or not.

'I wasn't thinking of either of them,' Trixy cried. 'First it was Captain Steve. He talked so very incoherently that I didn't understand, you see; and I didn't want to offend him, because he's such a good fellow, auntie; not what you call brilliant, but so good!'

'Then you do like him best?' said Aunt Laura.

'Well, just at the moment I liked him very well, and he did stammer and stutter so, and was so frightened: that big, brave fellow, who has been through so many terrible battles, to be afraid of a bit of a girl! Indeed, Aunt Laura, he was in a mortal funk.'

'Beatrice,' said her aunt, 'you are not in love with Stephen Marker!'

'Oh, but I do like him very much,' she cried hastily. 'But when you come to put it solemnly like that'—— Her voice died away in a little quiver.

'Well, go on. What about the other?'

'It was after he had made himself so pleasant to Miss Jaggers; perhaps he thought he had given me cause for jealousy. Isn't she very handsome, auntie?'

'Remarkably handsome; but that isn't to the point. Tell me about Fritz Seymour.' There was a certain sternness in Miss Shepperton's voice.

'It was after Captain Marker had left. By the way, he can't be at the dance to-night. It 's such a pity, because he dances so well.' Trixy paused for a moment. 'He left quite happy and pleased with himself—and me, although I am positive I did not say one word he could take seriously. Then Mr Fritz had his innings. I asked him if he had had a pleasant afternoon, and—well, he talked a bit—pure nonsense, auntie—at which I laughed. Then I asked him if Miss Jaggers didn't look just like a flower. He said she did—like a fair exotic; but, for his part, he preferred the English rose; and—well, he got hold of my hand. No,' she cried hastily, 'I didn't let it stay; but he contrived to say there was one English rose he wished to wear all his life—which meant me.' And she laughed. 'He said it so neatly that I sent him away quite happy; but you needn't be afraid of my making myself in the least remarkable this evening. I'll contrive to give him only three dances. I'll not give occasion for any talk I can help, you see.'

'Beatrice, you don't care about him either. I know! I know!'

'Dearest auntie, it isn't so very serious, is it? I can manage to wriggle out of the whole affair—satisfy them both.'

'No, you can't marry them both. In a word, you don't mean to marry either.'

'You darling old thing, how in the world have you arrived at that conclusion?'

'Because you are not seriously attached to either, and you never must tie yourself to any one whom you do not love.' Miss Shepperton spoke with a sad ring in her voice. 'Ah, child! child!'

'Auntie, I have often wondered how it is that you never married—you who must have been such a pretty girl, who are so pretty still?' Trixy asked affectionately.

The elder woman looked out of the window across the lawn, where the summer twilight was settling down into soft shadows, leaving a vague, mysterious touch upon well-known objects that made them seem far off and unfamiliar. Like the view without, a certain veil of mysterious expression passed over the comely face—the shadow of a cloud. She turned her face away. 'It is just possible that I may tell you—if I think it will help you,' she said in a veiled voice. 'Now, isn't it time to dress for this dance? Unless you mean to marry Mr Seymour, don't make yourself remarkable with him.'

'Have I ever made myself remarkable with any one, auntie?' Trixy inquired.

Miss Shepperton did not proceed very rapidly with her toilet. Her hands shook as she rearranged her hair; her eyes had a far-away look in them. 'Is there any one else?' she thought, as her niece's perplexities flashed across her brain. 'Is there any one else?'

Of her niece's two admirers, she herself preferred the soldier. 'He is so straightforward,' she said; and then she thought straightforwardness may be only in seeming. Alas! alas! She sat down in her pretty black dress—she always wore black in the evening—and for a moment or two was lost in thought. What was going on round her had 'stirred the Hades of her heart.' She could remember when halting between two had spoilt more lives than one, spoilt one irrevocably. 'I did the right—I did the right,' she murmured, her hands clasping and unclasping feverishly. Oh, what an old fool I am to look back and regret, after all those weary years!'

Trixy came rustling into the room, radiant, sparkling, her eyes ashine, her colour high. Laura Shepperton came back to the present with a start. It was good to be young and fair. The sight of that face was good for eyes that had been dimmed with tears when she was about this girl's age, so dimmed as to blind their owner for ever to one side of life.

(To be continued.)

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

IF it be true that 'the proper study of mankind is man,' we should all be ardent students of human nature, and as a matter of fact most of us are; for although comparatively few trouble themselves about the philosophy of life, the majority delight in the daily newspaper, the play, or the novel; and each one of these is but a review of the doings of men and women, and a chronicle of the manner in which their lives are moulded by their environment. And the most trustworthy authority of all is the newspaper; for it is not the production of one mind, tinctured by what is known as the personal equation, but is made up of the thoughts of many. It affords, moreover, a picture of real life; and just as a child will always prefer a true story to one which is 'make-believe,' so we turn to the daily journal as a necessity, leaving other reading for what leisure we have to spare.

Although newspapers of a kind were published in this country as early as the seventeenth century, there are only two or three journals now in existence which are more than a century old, and one of these is the *Times*, which owns the proud position of being the leading organ of intelligence. And it is a matter of absorbing interest to turn for a moment from the bustle of life, as we know it to-day, and look back at some of the early issues of this paper in order to view the 'fleeting show' which the world afforded one hundred years ago. The proprietors of

the *Times* have recognised this natural craving of the present to peep into the past, and since the dawn of the twentieth century they have published daily short extracts from their columns of the same day one hundred years ago. These extracts are replete with interest, and many of them are as amusing as if they had been culled from the pages of a novel. We propose to select a few which have recently appeared.

It is abundantly evident that the *Times* in its infancy was far from being the sedate newspaper as we know it to-day. Some of the excerpts are of a frivolous nature; and occasionally the editor descends to the puerility of a pun! Sometimes, too, it waxes wroth as well as sarcastic at the expense of a contemporary. Thus, alluding to the *True Briton*, it says: 'Will it be credited that this official demi-official Ideot [*sic*] could add anything to his daily portion of absurdity?' and accuses the same journal of attempting to undermine the Ministry, 'by whom it has the baseness to affect to be employed or demi-employed. We shall not rake this dunghill.' On another occasion it quarrels with two morning papers on the ground that they 'tell their readers that a number of *dexterous* skaters crowded the ice on the Serpentine river the preceding day. This reminds us,' it continues, 'of an Hibernian dancing-master who boasted his professional agility by saying he was very *handy* with his *feet*.' And we find that we must also take the *Times* of 1803 to task for its want of politeness to the fair sex, for we find it publishing the following piece of rudeness: 'We have not heard that the unlucky Foreigner who teaches ladies to speak in their own houses has found a single scholar. Had the man taught them to hold their tongues he would have been employed by half the husbands in London, and adored by the servants!' In another extract we find that the ladies are rebuked for the way in which they follow the dictates of fashion in the matter of dress: 'It is certain that some of our travelling nudes of fashion intended to conquer the Conqueror of the Continent. What glory would it have brought to this country if it could have boasted of giving a wife to the First Consul! How pretty would sound Lady G—— (we mean Lady Godiva) Bonaparte!' Sarcasm at the expense of fashionable frivolity in another entry takes anecdotal form: 'A young lady who puts on a great deal too much *rouge* with too little care and art was lately boasting that she owed what little colour she had to her custom of washing her face in cold water; but perceiving some little hesitation or astonishment in the company, she said to a gentleman, "You don't seem to believe me." "Oh, madam!" said he, "I have not the least doubt; it is very clear your ladyship always washes in the Red Sea."'

There are many allusions to Bonaparte in these cuttings from 1803, for in that year, it will be remembered, France declared war against us; but space forbids us to enter here upon matters of mere history. We cannot, however, resist the temptation to quote the following: 'Many people imagine that there is something peculiarly menacing and hostile to our coasts in Bonaparte's project for teaching his armies to swim; but we will venture our credit that his army will never get more than *half-seas over*.'

Although war was actually declared in May of that year, it evidently came as a surprise to many, for two months earlier we find that 'all the passengers who have come over in the late packets from France affirm that not the least suspicion prevailed in the public mind at Paris that there was any probability of a rupture between the two countries.' But under the same date we note that 'two hundred Pensioners from Greenwich Hospital are gone to Chatham and Sheerness to assist in rigging such ships as are ordered into commission.' The idea of enlisting the services of Greenwich pensioners in preparing battleships for active service would nowadays be thought very quaint if introduced as an episode in a comic opera. Another extract shows that the authorities by no means considered the inmates of Greenwich Hospital as being unfit for further service: 'It is in contemplation to call in the out-pensioners of Greenwich Hospital, in order that such as are able may do duty on board of guard-ships lying at the different ports, and also to expedite the fitting out of ships as may be short of their complement.' One more entry referring to naval matters is of interest: '*Thursday, Apl.* 28 [1803].—The *Victory*, of 100 guns, will take her guns on board this day, and will be ready for sea on Saturday next.'

Here is an extract which shows that the smart society journal was not altogether unknown in the early days of last century: 'One of the dashing papers of last week gives the important intelligence that a certain family has *changed its cook*, and that a Taylor has made alterations in his House! This information is called *fashionable*—but God help us if it is!' Some of the extracts dealing with the social and domestic manners of the time are of great interest, and it is impossible not to feel that we have advanced somewhat in the matter of politeness. One cannot imagine such a scene in these days as that described in the *Times* of 18th April 1803: 'There was a shameful disturbance at the Opera House on Saturday night, in the middle of the first act of the ballet, owing to an attempt of a person in the dress of a gentleman to cross a scene in full view of the audience. One of the servants of the theatre, endeavouring to prevent him, was knocked down; but, immediately recovering, a ring was called for, and, both being joined by friends, a battle actually took place on the stage.' Is there a novelist so bold as to introduce an episode like this into his pages? And if he did so, would not the critics blame him for inventing such a preposterous situation? But truth was ever stranger than fiction. A few months before this strange pitched battle on the Opera House stage, we find an entry referring to 'that abominable nuisance Bartholomew Fair:' 'Among other novelties introduced at the fair

was a number of balloons, as if the shew itself were not sufficient to turn the heads of the people and cause dissipation without this addition to the other entertainments.' Bartholomew Fair, Smithfield, was originally instituted for the legitimate purposes of trade; but it gradually assumed the character of a rowdy and profligate assembly, and was abolished.

We may also congratulate ourselves upon the purity of our Civil Service as compared with that of a century ago. The following advertisement, which appeared in October 1802, shows that the sale of public appointments was not unknown: 'PLACE IN A PUBLIC OFFICE.—Any gentleman who can procure an appointment to a situation in any public office of which the income will not be less than three hundred pounds per annum, and if of considerably higher value it would be much preferred, may meet a gentleman who will be glad to purchase the same, by addressing to C. Warner, Esq., to be left at No. 77 High Holborn.'

There are many references to election matters and the rough-and-ready methods practised by the various candidates for parliamentary honours. Thus we read of a curious episode which occurred at a contested election in Huntingdonshire: 'Sir Robert Bernard had kept back a reserve of votes for the last day of the poll, who were to come in from a particular part of the county; but Lord Sandwich, who had opposed his son to him, opened a booth on the road by which they were to come in, under the colours of Sir Robert. Here he had placed several of his friends, who insisted upon the electors coming in and drinking success to their favourite candidate, a challenge which was willingly accepted. Here they were so well plied with wine and punch, with an infusion of laudanum, that they were soon put to rest; and the noble lord actually had them laid out on straw in piles by the side of the road, where they waked at last; but the booth had disappeared, with the host and all his merry companions.'

After an election at Norwich one of the electors happened to meet Mr Windham, who had contested the seat, and the man took the opportunity of stating in a very offensive manner why he had voted against him. 'Mr Windham replied very coolly, "You do this, sir, to put me off my guard, but I am collected; and though the laws of courtesy bid me knock you down, yet, as you have before voted for me, and as I think it will teach you how to behave in future, I shall only pull your nose"—which he did by *wringing it well*.'

The advertisements are not the least entertaining and interesting portion of these early issues of the *Times*, and they tell, among other things, how small was London as compared with what it is to-day. Houses are advertised for sale, and described as desirable residences only a mile or two from town, with so many acres of meadow-land, fruit-orchards, &c.; and we sigh as we remember that on that site now stands an insanitary slum, crowded with human beings, and without a fruit-tree within five miles of its dirty surroundings. Among the advertisements we, of course, find that of the plausible quack, who was as artful in baiting his hook as he is to-day. Witness the following: 'Those who wish to know that our great Creator is merciful as He is omnipotent, and that He never intended to torture mankind with disorders of extreme pain without putting it in their power to relieve themselves, are requested to attend at Copenhagen House on Monday next, at 2 o'clock, where a game of fives will be played by 10 men, all of whom have been cured by the Guestonian medicines after they had been returned from the London hospitals as being incurable. The attendance of any medical gentlemen belonging to these said hospitals will be esteemed a favour conferred on their most obedient servant, B. GUEST,' &c.

There are few references to art matters; but one there is of curious interest, reflecting as it does upon the *bonâ-fides* of the then president of the Royal Academy, Mr Benjamin West. There is a well-understood law that no picture which has been previously exhibited is to be sent in to the Academy. The president that year (1803) sent in a picture representing Hagar and Ishmael in the Wilderness, and one of the members of the council challenged its admission on the ground that it had been hung at a previous exhibition. The artist had written his name in the corner of the work, as is customary, with the date 1803, and on the faith of this inscription it was determined to hang the picture. But the doubting one examined that date more minutely, and discovered another beneath it imperfectly obliterated, showing the figures 1776. Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Back catalogues were consulted, and it became plain without the shadow of a doubt that 'Hagar and Ishmael' had made its public appearance at the Academy exhibition of twenty-seven years before. We read that 'the members of the council, indignant at the deception, regarded each other for some time in silent astonishment. At length it was resolved that the secretary should write to the president requesting him to withdraw the performance.' In the catalogue of the National Gallery of British Art, at South Kensington, appears the following entry among the pictures credited to Benjamin West, P.R.A. (*b.* 1738, *d.* 1820): 'Hagar and Ishmael. Signed (1776). Chalk. *Bought.*' This, presumably, is the picture above referred to.

What wonder is it that there is little mention of scientific matters or of inventions in these early pages of the *Times*? The steam-engine was as yet in its swaddling-clothes. Electricity was something of a magical nature which had no common interest, for it had not yet been applied to the service of man, although Galvani and Volta had made their names known. Most people were stay-at-homes, for means of travelling existed only to a very moderate extent: the railways had yet to come. Then, as now, such scientific advances as were made were wrongly described and grossly exaggerated. Let us take, for example, the following: 'Dr Galvani has discovered

a principle by which motion can be restored to dead bodies; and *Citizen Potel* of Paris has discovered a mode of employing *oxygenated muriatic acid gas* for the actual resuscitation of the dead. If thus death and disease are subject to the powers of human invention, what miracles are we not still to expect from the *age of wonders?*' We also read of 'M. Garnerin's flight into the aerial regions,' by which, of course, is meant a balloon ascent, and of the trial of an invention 'to enable persons to dive to a considerable depth, and fasten tackle to ships which may be sunk in order to hoist them.' Another reference to a flying-machine is evidently intended to be sarcastic: 'Mr Barrett, it is said, intends converting his balloon into a diving-machine, which has been suggested by its antipathy to mounting. The best Philosophers are of opinion it will dive with great alacrity, particularly if he attaches his cradle.' We are also informed that a Swedish captain 'has invented a machine for swimming and floating on the water without danger of drowning. As a reward for this discovery his SWEDISH MAJESTY has granted him a sum of 2000 rix-dollars.'

It is interesting to note that antiquarian research was not unknown at the beginning of the nineteenth century, for we read that 'the Pope has ordered a hundred galley-slaves to be employed in digging for antiquities in the old city of Ostia.'

But naturally the greater interest is found in paragraphs which refer to our own country. It is indeed difficult to realise the conditions of life when railways were unknown, and when before a journey by coach was contemplated, say, from Edinburgh to London, the prudent man made his will. For it was not alone accident by road that he risked. 'The different roads about town,' we are told in one entry, 'are much infested by Highwaymen. Thursday night a gentleman took a post-chaise from town to Edgware; and before he had proceeded more than four miles he was told by several persons that they had been robbed, and advised to return if he meant to avoid their fate.' There were no police; the streets were lighted with feeble lamps which went out if a high wind was blowing. Footpads lurked under the shadow of St Paul's. The jails were full, and executions for minor offences, as well as for murder, were terribly frequent; every man carried a cudgel to defend himself against possible assault; and, taking one thing with another, 'the good old times' were hardly so good as the present. We have lifted the curtain upon scenes which appear to us, in these days of orderly government, of rapid transit, rapid means of communication by telephone and telegraph, and general comforts of life, to belong to another planet rather than to our own. And we can only wonder whether, when another century has elapsed, our posterity will look back to the early days of the twentieth century with the same feelings of curiosity and amazement as those with which we regard the doings of the past.

IN CONDEMNED CELLS.

By EDWARD JOHN PRIOR.

HIDDEN away in remote recesses where people would never think of looking for them, and which are known only to the few, are bits of that old London which vividly recall the times commonly referred to with doubtful accuracy as 'the good old days.' I have recently come across some relics of this kind, and I think they are unique in interest. As far as I know there is no mention of them in any guide-book, and they obtain no honourable notice among the catalogued sights of the town. A friendly detective told me where they were. With a grin he assured me that I should enjoy myself there. Full of curiosity, I followed his directions, and after much wrestling with the topographical difficulties of London's byways, made the acquaintance of what are believed to be the oldest police-cells in London. The cells possess the distinction of being connected with the Tower of London by means of an underground passage. Anxious public authorities, well aware that this passage might encourage the curious to indulge in embarrassing adventures—for the very existence of such an entry to the historic Tower suggests all sorts of romantic possibilities—ordered a stout fence of wood to be placed across the entrance. This was several years ago, and the fence is still there. If, however, you are curious, as I was, you can obtain a glimpse of this dark and uncanny subway.

The locality is East London—hardly the place for the average sightseer, but alive with more real interest to the student of humanity and the man or woman thirsting for knowledge of life's realities than all the gilded thoroughfares of London or Paris. The neighbourhood is dull, seemingly unromantic, overcrowded with pitifully poor people of a dozen different nationalities, who fight the hard battle of life as best they can.

Any policeman east of London Bridge will tell you where to find Cable Street, E., for it is a thoroughfare which by some evil mischance has been associated at one time and another with a number of sensational crimes. Adjoining Cable Street and within a stone's-throw of the great London Docks are Wellclose Square and Neptune Street. The latter turns out of the square, and it is here, hidden behind bare walls, that the cells are situated. Without much difficulty you can obtain permission to see them by inquiring at a neighbouring hotel. Part of the hotel building consists of an original structure known as the Old Court-House, which includes the

cells, and in which justice of various degrees of merit was formerly administered.

The whole building was known as the High Court of Liberty. Certain local folk still refer to the place as the court-house; others, the 'sly house.' This latter description is a name handed down from long ago, and was applied in consequence of the fact that many people who went into the place were never seen alive again. In the building there was a court-room, a retiring-room for the judges, a jailer's apartment, and the cells of fearsome reputation.

The building is supposed to be about three hundred years old. It was in the latter days of the seventeenth century and in the earlier days of the eighteenth century that it played no unimportant part as a criminal court. Substantial portions of the court itself still remain. A dealer in furniture and curios carries on his business there now, using the bench on which the administrators of justice once sat as a convenient place upon which to deposit miscellaneous articles. The rail on the bench consists of hand-turned oak, and it is a noticeable fact that the woodwork of the building is of solid oak, tempered but unspoilt by age.

Our ancestors were very particular about their woodwork, and the unfortunate wretches whose lot it was to be cast into the cells at the rear of the court must have been keenly conscious of this. These cells are made of the most solid oak, and the walls and the doors are several inches in thickness. There was probably method in this thickness, for it hints significantly at the futility of trying to escape.

You approach the cells, which are some distance from the old court-room, with fear and trembling, through dark and devious ways. You are not quite sure of what is 'original' and what is modern around you; but, the darkness covering all, you presume it to be all 'original,' and in reality you are not far wrong. Now and again you stumble and perhaps bang a funny-bone somewhere, but you go on; the delicious sensation of the 'creepy' compels you to go on. The 'will o' the wisp' of a lantern may assist you as it dances fantastic capers ahead; shivering shadows pass you by; then you suddenly smell fresh air. You cross a small, a very small, yard—even the prisoners in the olden times were allowed this glimpse of free sky—and you commence the ascent of a narrow stone stairway. It is all dark, seemingly built for silent meditation on the difficulties of toiling upwards. Darkness and silence all round—all dark. You cannot forget the solid oak. It is unmistakably ominous. Thus you come to the door of Cell No. 1.

There is a sound like the report of a blunderbuss. You catch your breath, but there is no need for alarm. It is only the lock—a ponderous piece of mechanism about a foot in length. You wonder what it must have sounded like in the old days to the individuals who were sternly invited into the cell; but perhaps it was not so rusty then. The door is a wall of blackness, which falls back, disclosing a lofty apartment a little more spacious than the average suburban bathroom. You glance nervously around, and shiver when the grim cicerone with the lantern whispers that this is where 'they' used to find themselves. You do not envy 'they.' If the broad-arrowed unfortunates of the present day were afforded accommodation like this, the Prison Commissioners would have an anxious time in answering complaints.

There are two cells of equal size and identical design, if you can believe that such hovels were ever *designed* by any man in cold blood. The second cell opens out of the first. There is the same kind of massive big door—why big doors were used I cannot guess—and the same ponderous lock with the explosive-cracker voice. Each cell is lighted—very dimly—by a separate iron grating, to which sliding shutters are attached. The gratings are so high that the prisoners could not have the doubtful pleasure of looking through them. They could only look *at* them, and perhaps—who knows?—lull themselves to sleep by monotonously counting the iron bars which form the lattice. The shutters were instruments of torture or of punishment; it all depends on the point of view. They can be easily closed—with a bang; everything seems controlled by this ominous bang. When they are closed it is dark—how dark I cannot adequately explain. The darkness is quite Egyptian in its quality. It is an all-embracing, hopeless, suffocating blackness, of a solidity which seems to warrant the attentions of an axe if the fair light of this world is ever to be seen again.

Overhead, in apartments only a few degrees more comfortable, the jailers lived. You can dimly imagine the type of warder in such a place. He would be a burly, square-jawed, sallow man, with deep-set eyes and an ugly leer, carrying keys each as big as nine-pins. Some perhaps were men of humane disposition; one hopes so. The warders who controlled these shutters used them to pacify the troubled wretches below, or to goad them into a madness which may have been thought desirable.

At one end of the cells there are broad wooden ledges which served the inmates as beds. You test the resisting-power of these 'beds' with the toe of your boot, and form a hasty conclusion that the much-maligned plank-bedstead of many casual wards is a tremendous luxury by comparison. Certainly no dweller in Dartmoor would ever dream of recognising these structures as beds. The only thing which can be said in their favour is that they were not intended to be used by the same man for very long, for the inmates of these cells were mostly those who were marched off for execution on Tower Hill, which is conveniently near at hand.

After the bone-racking beds you view the ferocious iron clamps made to embrace the ankle or the arm or even the neck, and the more ordinary leg-irons with chains which are fastened to the wooden walls. There is a strait-jacket too—an uncomfortable garment, which, one fears, sadly lacks the qualities

insisted on by medical science in our asylums to-day.

You view these things and shudder; then you see the things which make you smile. The things of real human interest in these cells come before your eyes. By the light from the grating you appreciate that the strange men, most of them absolutely unknown, whose hard fate it was to be confined in these cells had a varying sense of humour, of sublime indifference to surroundings, or a fixity of mental purpose which you cannot but admire. The diabolically thoughtful people who designed the cells with the wooden beds and the iron grating had no scheme of decorations which they felt under the necessity of carrying out. The prisoners, who came later, valiantly sought to supply the deficiency: on the hard walls of wood they carved various designs, initials, names, and sundry dates. One can faintly picture the figure of some lonely rascal or much-wronged man under the shadow of death carving industriously with knife-blade to kill the dreary hours of torture between night and night.

Edward Burk, a notorious criminal in his day, carved his name on the walls. Edward Ray, who was taken away and hanged in the middle of the eighteenth century, is another name to be found there. Dick Turpin, the famous highwayman, is believed to have paid a visit to the cells, but he left no record on the walls as far as can be discovered. One William Thompson, who found his way into the cells, carved a really fine acorn on the wall, perhaps in appreciation of the toughness of the oak. He must have been proud of his work, for he took the trouble to endorse it 'By William Thompson.'

Some unknown prisoner, seeking to set an example, attempted an ambitious representation of the Tower of London. This man believed in a large canvas; but his design, though striking, is quite unconvincing. Much more success, however, attended the efforts of a man who carved a regulation-sized chess-board on the floor of his cell; the feet of the curious have helped to obliterate the pattern, but the white and black squares can still be plainly distinguished. Surely there is something pathetic in the thought of this man, a probable lover of chess, spending his awful solitude in perpetrating a design to remind him of his beloved game.

Various words and half-words speak significantly of interrupted labour or of the sudden lassitude which springs from only a half-hearted appreciation of artistic work (even with a knife on tough oak). But if you are at all impressionable you will value these fragments. When you think of what the men who attempted them may have been suffering in mind if not in body (the leg-irons are in suggestive proximity to some of the designs), the crude attempts are invested with an undeniable interest—wooden human documents!

The man who persevered sufficiently to write four lines of doggerel on the hard wall of his condemned cell must have smiled grimly. The writing, which is fairly clear, says:

> The cup is empty,
> To our sorrow;
> But hope it will
> Be filled to-morrow.

You wonder how many horse-stealers, assassins, and treasonmongers read this verse and echoed its sentiment before they commenced their gloomy march through the long, dark, silent passage.

The cells bear every evidence of having been well used. They are undeniably brutal places which were built to deal in a brutal way with crimes sometimes serious, often trifling. As objects of interest, one likes to inspect them; but as you go away there is a strong feeling of loathing in you. You are glad you do not live in an age when youths and men, after being confined in such places as these, were hanged for petty thefts.

The cell-door bangs behind you. You go down the narrow stairway, past the entrance to the underground passage, and through the same puzzling ways into the comparatively fresh air of East London.

You look behind at the curious collection of buildings which was once a court-house and prison, and feel just a little bit inclined to congratulate yourself that you have made a safe escape.

ANTICIPATION.

In that new earth where Faith is merged in sight,
And mortal mists have passed beyond the range,
Where Hope is clothed in everlasting light,
How shall we bear the bliss of that great change
When we reach home!

Those visions seen of old by holiest men,
Those Eden-dreams of earth's unsullied youth,
We too shall see, and shall not lose again,
Dreams now no more, but God's eternal truth,
When we reach home.

Our world is lovely: earth and sunny skies,
The play of light upon the sea and shore;
But yet beyond earth's utmost gate there lies
A splendour never man has seen before,
When we reach home.

When darkening doubts that blurred the light of day,
And stood between us and that fair, far land,
Shall disappear, and on our onward way
Leave nothing that we may not understand
When we reach home.

When friend meets friend once more, round that new hearth,
After long years of waiting, night and day,
When we have laid aside these bonds of earth,
There will be much for loving hearts to say
When we reach home.

For all in this sad earth that gave us pain
Shall fall away when we have crossed the river,
And all that's best shall still with us remain,
And all that's wrong be blotted out for ever,
When we reach home.

To be at rest: earth's sin and sorrow gone,
To hear at last the angelic host outpour
The mighty anthem, heard in heaven alone,
Of love that death can sunder nevermore,
When we reach home.

J. B. S.

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INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENTS.

By HARRY J. WILSON.

DURING the year 1903 four thousand one hundred and fifty-three workpeople were reported as 'killed in the United Kingdom by accidents that occurred in the course of their employment.' This is the bare official announcement; but it is somewhat surprising to learn that in the peaceful pursuits of industry such a number of fatalities should have occurred, a death-roll which even in an important campaign would strike one with dismay.

Shipping accounts for more than one-fourth of the total, mines and quarries claim about an equal proportion, and the remainder is shared between factories, docks, and the railway service.

Were all the casualties to occur simultaneously, or to be spread over a single week, the country would be thrown into consternation; but, as it happens, industrial accidents usually affect only one individual at a time, they are well distributed over the land (though certain important centres naturally claim more than agricultural areas), and almost every calling contributes its quota. Broadly speaking, each industry has its own particular type of accident, and this type varies as the processes, machinery, or tools employed are of a dangerous character or not. There is much greater probability that a railway-shunter or coal-miner, for instance, will in the course of his working period of life sustain some injury to his person than that the cabinetmaker or tailor will be mutilated. In most cases the remuneration is commensurate with the risk run, but this does not always follow.

The great industries of the country fall naturally into certain groups, and it may be advantageous to discuss first one of the most important—namely, mining.

In coal and metalliferous mines there were employed in 1903, above and below ground, almost a million of people, and during the year no less than one thousand and ninety-seven males lost their lives in this highly necessary calling. The underground worker runs vastly more risks than his mate on the surface in both coal and metalliferous mines, the deaths among the former being approximately eight times that of the latter. As in shipbuilding, so in mining, by far the largest proportion of serious and fatal accidents is occasioned by falls; but in this case falls of the roof and sides of the working. This is a risk to which the miner is constantly subjected; and although in these days catastrophes by explosion are happily rare, yet the number of men killed by falls of rocks and earth continues very heavy, in spite of elaborate precautions and careful timbering and propping of the roof. Where workmen have their safety largely in their own hands, it appears to be true of all trades that they will deliberately incur quite unnecessary risks in order to save themselves a very little trouble, and this is especially true of mining. Next in importance after falls follow accidents due to the movement of vehicles underground, such as trams and tubs, or to haulage-gear.

The quarryman's occupation, on the average, is almost as dangerous as the coal-miner's; he is liable to serious mutilation from blasting, and is frequently maimed by falls of earth or rock from the sides of the quarry or from the face of the working. Moreover, his hours of labour are longer than the miner's; but he escapes the disadvantage of having to walk underground perhaps miles in a cramped position to or from his work. He is invariably in the open air, and, though frequently prevented from following his calling by inclement weather, has not to endure the dirt and discomfort of the mine, nor is he prevented from indulging in a pipe when so disposed.

The great textile industries of our country, which, according to recent statistics, employ over a million men and women, the latter predominating, are chiefly located in Lancashire, Yorkshire, North Ireland, and Forfarshire. They include the manufacture of cotton articles, woollen and worsted goods, silk, flax, and jute fabrics, lace, shoddy, and the spinning and weaving of horsehair. The workers in each class are liable to accidents peculiar

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to the industry, due chiefly to the particular construction or design of the machines in use. With rapid-running looms, for instance, the shuttle occasionally flies—that is, leaves its accustomed path and shoots several yards from the machine. At times the attendant is struck about the body, when perhaps little harm is done, the corsets worn by the weavers protecting them; but if the shuttle rises, and the weaver happens to be stooping at the moment, a severe wound may be inflicted about the head or face. Many weavers have lost an eye in this way, and others have had their teeth knocked out. In the weaving of wide fabrics the loom runs slowly; the shuttle, however, is very heavy, and when it does fly, the attendant, if struck about the temple, may be felled senseless to the ground. These shuttle accidents are now happily becoming more rare, for it has been found that a simple protection attached to the loom prevents the shuttle from rising and doing damage. In the spinning and preparatory processes, lacerations of the fingers due to revolving pinion-wheels are common in all the textile industries; but children and young persons suffer, in proportion to their number, more than adults, owing of course to their inexperience and natural indiscretion. Accidents of this character, largely preventable, are being materially reduced in consequence of the general improvement in the protection and safeguarding of machinery. A careful examination of new textile machines, particularly those employed in cotton manufacture, will give one the impression that an accident is almost impossible, so beautifully is all the intricate mechanism covered over by cages and highly polished iron shields. The safeguarding of machinery and appliances is insisted on by statutory provision in manufacturing premises falling within the scope of the all-embracing Factory Act. This elaborate and intricate measure, the outcome of a century's labour-legislation, affects almost every conceivable trade in the United Kingdom, ranging in its scope and application from millinery workrooms to ordnance factories, and controls the humblest cobbler as well as the builder of battleships.

Workers in wood—joiners, mill-sawyers, cabinet-makers, and others—are largely immune from the graver forms of accident; but those attending circular-saws or planing-machines suffer greatly from mutilated fingers. The circular-saw, most useful of tools, plays sad havoc with the unwary hand thrust too near it, and has a nasty habit of pitching fragments of wood towards the operative with terrific force. The writer has known many fatal accidents due to this peculiarity. One in particular may be instanced where a piece of mahogany, accidentally brought into contact with the rapidly running teeth, was projected nearly thirty yards, smashing through a massive door and killing instantly an unfortunate man who stood in its path.

The knives of the wood-planing machine claim many victims, since a momentary slip of the hand in dressing narrow material may mean the loss of several fingers. The damage is done in an instant, and the unfortunate worker thus maimed is in the position of a trader who loses the bulk of his capital, for the artisan without his fingers must submit to a serious reduction in his earnings, and no money compensation can quite recompense him for the loss of a limb.

Shipbuilding must be reckoned amongst our most hazardous industries. True, as an accident-producing trade it falls behind certain railway occupations, such as shunting or plate-laying, and coal and iron mining; but it takes precedence of all others, with the exception perhaps of dock-labouring and metal-extraction. The great bulk of shipbuilding accidents are due to falls—falls of the workman from his staging outside or inside the ship, or of articles dropping upon him from above. It must be remembered that during the construction of a vessel gangs of men are constantly at work on staging running round the outside of the ship at various heights up to forty or fifty feet from the ground, and simultaneously others are busy inside the vessel, standing often on narrow planking at giddy heights above the bottom of the hold, or, as it is called technically, the tank-top. The steel plating forming the inner bottom of the ship makes with the outside shell the cellular space known as the tank, and is filled with water for ballast in merchant-ships. A momentary slip in descending a hold-ladder, a false step while on a staging or walking near an unprotected hatchway, and down the victim falls crash to the cruelly hard steel plates below. Usually the skull is fractured and the bones of some of the limbs broken as well. Extraordinary escapes are recorded, such as a fall being rendered almost harmless owing to the victim plunging head-foremost into a heap of snow or falling on a coil of rope which acted as a cushion. Boys, too, frequently suffer less from a serious fall than adults, their lighter bodies and more elastic bones proving of benefit under such circumstances. One lad of fifteen twice fell from a gangway nearly forty feet high—on soft ground, however—but escaped with minor injuries, and was appropriately named the 'india-rubber boy' afterwards by his comrades. Falls from staging outside the vessel, although too often fatal, yet are slightly less serious, the softness of the ground reducing the force of impact.

Riveters are not only particularly liable to eye-injuries from hot scale or splinters flying from the hot rivet while it is being hammered up, but they are also exposed to injury of another character, humorous were it not so painful. Before a rivet is placed in position, a tapered peg of steel known as a 'drift' is driven through the punched holes to bring them exactly in line; occasionally the operator will insert his finger to feel if the holes correspond, and the workman in the inside, mistaking the dirty finger thrust through for the drift, strikes it a smart blow with his hammer. It is well, perhaps, that stout steel plates separate the individuals under

such circumstances, otherwise the event would not terminate in uncomplimentary language only. At times a member of the black squad is unfortunate enough to receive a red-hot rivet inside his open shirt-collar; but there is a suspicion that the heater-boys are not guiltless of repaying a grudge by this method. The opportunity presents itself if the heater is at work on a stage immediately above his intended victim. Shipwrights, a class now decreasing owing to the superseding of wood by steel in ship-construction, rarely work more than a year or so without receiving the characteristic trade-mark of the craft, and it is invariably self-inflicted. A tool known as the adze is responsible for this type of accident. The operator in using the appliance, which may be described as an axe with the cutting edge at right angles to the shaft, always directs the stroke towards himself, usually towards his feet, and in the event of any object catching his arm, the blow may fall on the shin-bone or his toes, inflicting a serious gash which leaves its mark for life.

The dock-labourer's duties are popularly considered dangerous, and indeed they are, judging by the high percentage of fatal and serious accidents among this class. Dock-work may be classified essentially as unskilled labour. The ranks are mainly recruited from men who can secure nothing better; but a certain number find fairly regular employment in our large seaports, where they make the loading and discharging of steamers and small craft their profession. Falls are here again responsible for most of the accidents. When discharging general cargo the men in the hold are always liable to be struck by bales or packages which drop from slings when being hoisted out, while those on the deck or quay may be knocked into the docks or back into the ship's hold by articles swinging from the crane-jib. Loading and discharging is too often carried out with feverish haste, for woe betide the stevedore who causes the ship to miss a tide! At night, of course, with artificial lighting, the dangers are materially increased. The men who load coal from overhead staiths or hoist it on board from barges run risks of an analogous kind, and have many an involuntary cold plunge in the grimy water of our river estuaries or docks. Only a small proportion, however, lose their lives by drowning as compared with seamen who, attempting to gain access to their ship from the quay in the darkness, frequently fall between the vessel's side and the wall, making their rescue a difficult matter. The seaman, unfortunately, during his brief sojourn in port, has a marked partiality for strong drink and the convivial society of such licensed premises as always abound in the vicinity of docks for the convenience of mariners. Difficult as it is for one in command of all his faculties to board a craft at night by means of a horizontal ladder stretched from quay to ship's rail, it is small wonder that the muddled sailor, his eyes unaccustomed to the gloom after the brilliant light of the drinking-bar, not seldom misses his footing and drops into the water below. Where no helping hand is near, a man in circumstances like these has a fierce battle for his life. He may find himself wedged between the ship's hull and the quay, and have no means of climbing out; or, worse still, strike his head under the ship's bottom when rising after his first plunge. Even if he dives under the ship and swims back to the quay, he is still in difficulty if no convenient ladder is attached to the stonework by which to climb out. At the present time the State is arranging for the establishment of a series of regulations applicable to all docks and harbours, which, if strictly carried out, should save many a life and prevent unnecessary accidents. Adequate lighting, the protection of dangerous corners on quay walls, and the provision of life-belts at numerous points are only some of the recommendations.

The iron trades are responsible for a large proportion of the total industrial casualties; but the operations in certain branches are vastly more hazardous than in others. Persons engaged in small work—gunsmiths, bolt and nut makers, or wire-drawers—are exposed to only minor risks; but when a blast-furnaceman enters an infirmary it is usually for something more grave than a mere contusion. All workers in hot iron are exposed to those most painful of injuries, deep burns, and the damage done by molten metal is pitiful. While the liquid white-hot iron is being run into pigs at the furnaces the metal occasionally 'boils' and spurts over the person of any one unfortunately near, or a somewhat careless man may bring a fiery shower upon himself by introducing a damp tool into the running metal. The instantaneous generation of steam in such cases will scatter the material about, and the operator is fortunate if he escapes without some injury to his eyes or face.

In the heavier iron trades additional dangers are created by the network of railway lines which extends on all sides of the working premises. Here small locomotives ceaselessly fly about, with shrill whistles, dragging ladles of molten slag or pushing bogies bearing hot ingots; and it requires a steady head and quick eye to effectually evade them all on a dark or stormy night. Accidents due to these locomotives or the vehicles which they draw are usually serious and very frequently fatal. Their prevention is difficult, as footpaths cross and re-cross the rails, and the average workman, although provided with a subway or bridge for his safety, will still prefer to take the nearest route to or from his work, and incur the risks.

In tin-stamping—that is, stamping out lids and bottoms of canisters—the tips of the attendants' fingers are very apt to be nipped off by the descending punch; and a similar mishap is frequent at brick-presses, the plunger in its downward path catching the unwary hand.

For a boilermaker, hammerman, or man engaged in rolling steel to lose the sight of an eye through

flying splinters, scale, or hot metal is by no means uncommon; indeed, in the iron trades eye-injuries are distressingly numerous.

Persons working at paper and cloth calenders suffer largely from nips, the fingers being drawn between the rollers: a class of accident not unknown also in laundries, where the heat of the rollers not only adds to the pain, but, by searing the flesh, makes the healing process a tardy one.

Although the industrial death-roll is still very heavy, it is comforting to know that a wise legislature has provided a large staff of officials whose sole time is occupied in administering the statutes directly intended to safeguard the lives, limbs, and general health of the working population. One hundred and fifty-one inspectors supervise the great army of factory and workshop operatives, the welfare of miners and quarrymen has the unremitting attention of thirty-eight mine-inspectors, and the interests of seamen and railway workers are safeguarded by officers of the Board of Trade.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER VIII.—BELOW THE BELT.

WITH the assistance of a couple of his men, Geoff carried his friend into the square, the components of which showed very visible signs of wear and tear. The ground was thick with wounded, and the doctors were busy. As they bore the limp body along, Challis scanning its injuries searchingly, they ran up suddenly against Colonel Everett, whose face also showed what he had been coming through.

'Challis! What the—what are you doing here, sir? Where is your convoy?'

'All safe, sir. We came to help.'

'Came to help, sir? Came to help?' foamed the colonel. 'By ——, sir! I'll teach you to obey orders. Get back at once to your command, sir. I'll deal with you later;' and he hurried on his way, to see the damages with his own eyes and to start the square for the wells.

Challis handed his friend over to the doctors; heard briefly from them that casualties were very heavy, which he could see with his own eyes; that General Burleson was dead, shot through the head at the beginning of the fight; and that Colonel Everett was therefore in command. Then he hurried back to his convoy, calling to such of his men as he could see to follow. And as he went, in spite of himself there was that wild inclination to laughter in his heart which had been there that other day when he found himself riding between deaths—from the death behind to the death in front. God! life seemed impossible. Men had been broken before now for doing what he had done, and yet he had no regrets, for he could no more have stood quietly in the safety of his zariba, with the rear of the square crumbling to pieces under his eyes, than he could have turned tail and run before the enemy.

The colonel was in a breaking humour, however, and there was no doubt that he had got his opportunity if he chose to drive it home. And of that Challis had small doubt. He had disobeyed orders in the most flagrant fashion, and he had saved the square—deadly sins in the colonel's eyes beyond all question. Well, well! Life truly was a puzzle beyond any man's solving. So he gave orders to unbind the camels and prepare for a move, lit his pipe, and sat on a dead beast and waited developments. The square moved on to the wells, and presently Burleson's aide, young Levin, accompanied by a couple of sergeants, came stalking across to the convoy.

'Convoy to move up to the water,' he announced. 'And Challis, my boy, I'm to take your sword. What the deuce is the meaning of it? What's got up the old man's back now? He's shaping for a fit, from the looks of him. Has he got a touch of the sun, do you think?'

Challis smiled grimly and shook his head. 'Mustn't try and pump the prisoner. Anything he says will be taken down and may be used in evidence against him.'

'Well, I'm blessed if I understand it! No'—as Challis made to unbuckle his sword—'keep it till we get there, anyhow. Maybe he'll take another turn and think better of it.' And the tumultuous crowd set itself in motion towards the wells, Levin giving him some of the prominent details of the casualty list as they went.

Losses had been heavy on both sides. The stretcher-bearers were busy at work, and the surgeons and their assistants busier still. Burial-parties were already laying out their grim burdens in long lines ready for immediate interment—white men on one side, blacks on the other.

'Well, where's quad?' asked Challis grimly when they reached the vast confusion of the wells.

'Hanged if I know. I suppose I'll have to take your sword after all, as he's not sent any word back,' said Levin reluctantly. 'Suppose we make it open arrest, and then you'll be free of the camp. Just keep out of the old man's sight, though, or he'll be down on me too.'

'Thanks, Levin. Then I'll go and help to tie up some of the broken ones.'

Levin left him to his own devices, and he went off in search of Cameron. He found him at last, lying in a scrap of shade under a palm-tree, bandaged up but unconscious and barely breathing.

'He may go any minute,' said one of the surgeons, stopping his hurried course for a second and bending

over the quiet body. 'Two bullets through him, and his skull bashed in. It was hot work while it lasted;' and he sped away to checkmate the destroyer with some more hopeful case.

Challis sat down by his friend. He took the hand, that was chilling in spite of the heat, in his own hot one, and waited. It was sad to see him die there on the sand. Challis would have felt it sadder still if he had died there all alone. It was but a very few minutes when the cold hand moved gently in his own and then lay still. Geoff covered his friend's face to keep off the flies, and went to help with the others.

Late in the afternoon, Colonel Everett, having reduced chaos into something like order, was sitting in his temporary quarters when his friend Major Bax came hastily in to him. They were old school and college mates, and, though punctiliously ceremonious in public, kept up no pretences in private. Bax, at all events, did not.

'What's all this about Challis being under arrest, Everett?' burst out the major. 'Have you gone jumping crazy?'

'When I want your advice, Bax, I'll ask for it,' said the colonel grumpily.

'I'm hanged if you will! If you wait half that long it'll be too late. I hate to see a man digging pits for himself—that is, when he's a friend. You're making a mistake, my boy, and the sooner you mend it the better. Is that whisky? Thanks! Now, let's talk sensibly. What's your charge?'

'Disobedience to orders.'

'As how, for instance?'

'I appointed him to the convoy. Next thing I know he's in the square and the convoy is looking after itself. By deserting his post he imperilled the success of the whole expedition.'

'Do you happen to know where the remains of the expedition would be if he hadn't, as you call it, deserted his post? I'll tell you. You were in the front of the square. I was in the rear. And let me tell you that it's downright silly business to put cavalry-men on foot into a square. Never you do it again. In the first place, a cavalry-man is never handy on his feet; and, in the second place, he's been brought up from his cradle to believe that squares were made to be broken, and can and must be broken. So he's got nothing to stand on, so to speak. See? Then he's used to a carbine, and a Martini-Henry with a bayonet is a deuce of a handful to him. Things were very serious in the rear. The ranks were broken, we were dented in, the blacks were in among us, and the cavalry-men were poking one another's eyes out with their bayonets. They did their best; but they were fighting wild, and the blacks were waltzing round them and enjoying themselves immensely. You'll find that two-thirds of the casualties were in the rear. In another two minutes the square would have been turned inside out. Challis must have seen it from the convoy. He'd beaten off his own attack, I'm told. So he nipped over with his men and came down on the rear of the blacks just at the right moment and not a second to spare. If you find fault with that, Everett, you're more of a fool than I've ever thought you. And, by Gad, sir! the thing is known, and you'll have only yourself to thank if all the world whistles at you. I know you bear him a grudge over that last affair. If you'd taken my advice then'——

'What you have told me, of course, alters the case,' said the colonel sourly. 'He's been talking to you, I suppose.'

'I met him helping with the wounded and looking as grim as a death's-head. I asked him what was up, and he told me he was under arrest. I asked him why, and he said he had not yet been informed. That was the extent of our conversation.'

'Very well,' said the colonel. 'On the strength of what you've told me I'll countermand the order.'

'It'd have been a sight more sensible never to have given it.'

'I am the best judge of that. Levin is provost-marshal. Oblige me by asking him to step this way;' and Major Bax took another pull at the whisky, annexed one of the colonel's private cigars, and went on his way quite pleased with himself.

And so, in due course, young Levin came sauntering along to where Challis was still busy doing what he could for the comfort of the broken men, and whispered gaily into his ear that the old man had taken another turn and come to his senses again, and he was released from arrest.

'Quite so!' said Geoff grimly. 'You can return my compliments to Colonel Everett, and say that I request an inquiry into the matter. He has chosen to publicly place me under arrest. Now he's got to justify his action.'

'Oh, come, Challis! you know you can't insist on that. It's contrary to regulations.'

'Not more than his placing me under arrest was contrary to justice, my child. I'm getting a bit tired of playing worm to Everett. It's time it stopped. I must return to duty, of course; but I shall certainly not let the matter rest here. I believe I have the right to apply to the Commander-in-Chief. Isn't that so?'

'Yes, I suppose that's so. But—well—I don't think I would if I were you.'

'If you were me you'd probably do what I would do and intend to do, my boy, and you can go and tell Colonel Everett all about it.'

Leven chewed the matter over as he returned to headquarters, and finally decided to tell Colonel Everett just enough of what had passed to show him how the wind blew. Then it would rest with the colonel to do whatever his common-sense dictated. After a stormy five minutes with himself, Colonel Everett's common-sense dictated a short and extremely civil note, which by no means expressed the writer's real feelings, and which Challis read with a brief smile, and stowed away carefully in his pocket.

Thereafter relationships were strained to the utmost between them, which was perhaps only natural. Lieutenant Challis's name was never mentioned in the despatches. The correspondents' telegrams were severely censored, and it was not till weeks afterwards, when the public at home could not have told you for certain and without consideration whether Tembé was in South America or in Spain, that broken scraps of the details of the little fight up the Nile leaked out. Even then references were guarded, and Geoffrey Challis's only reward for saving the column at Tembé was the indignity of half a day's arrest and the consciousness of having done his duty.

Tembé, connected with the base by long wavering lines of camels and a bristling track of camels' bones, became a centre for further active operations against the discomfited enemy. In all these, but especially in the arduous work of keeping the communications, Challis bore his part silently, strenuously, and with never one single word of commendation from his chief.

He got very sick of it all. Now that Cameron was gone, the social atmosphere was distinctly uncongenial. The members of an autocracy inevitably take their cue from the head of the state. Their whole well-being is dependent on his favour. He smiles upon them, and their spirits and fortunes are in the sun. He frowns, and they are in the shade. To openly espouse the cause, or even to accept the friendship, of the man against whom the autocratic face is shut is to court equal shadow. Unless the friendship is a vital matter it is apt to shrivel under such circumstances, and Challis found himself a lonely shade.

He toiled incessantly. He made hard work his chosen friend and companion—that good friend who has saved many a sick soul alive. Others went stale and were invalided home; but nothing seemed to hurt him, and he never seemed weary, which was a good thing for all of them.

But time came at last when all had been done that could be done. The troops shook off the dust of their feet against Tembé and marched away to the north. The last convoy straggled away along the well-defined path between the desiccated bones, and the wells and palm-trees were left to their natural solitude and the chance visits of trading caravans. The withdrawal was child's-play after the hard labour of the advance; and when his chosen friend and companion failed him, Challis lapsed into low spirits and a taciturnity which was rarely broken. His future was in the hands of a man whom he had never wittingly offended, but who had twice done his best to ruin him—and failed, and who therefore detested him.

He might, of course, wait till Colonel Everett betook himself elsewhere. Or he could exchange. But, he said to himself, the same conditions might equally prevail elsewhere, and no man's future was secure where it depended on another, as it mostly did in every department of life. He got a bit sick of life itself.

Before he reached England he had quite made up his mind to send in his papers and have done with it. It might possibly be somewhat of a pill for Uncle Carrick; but when he understood the whole of the facts Challis doubted if he would find fault with him.

He would try the diplomatic service probably. He had brains and energy, and all the diplomats he had ever met had struck him as essentially broad-minded; a bit autocratic perhaps, but not in any small, mean way, and too much given to the handling of weighty affairs to have time for the secretion and indulgence of petty venom.

(To be continued.)

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

MR EDWARD MARSTON, of the firm of Sampson Low, Marston, & Company, who has been connected with bookselling and publishing for sixty-five years, fifty-eight of which have been spent in London, has written an interesting volume of recollections, entitled *After Work: Fragments from the Workshop of an Old Publisher* (Heinemann). As he has had dealings with between eight to ten thousand authors during his publishing experience, he has a story to tell which all who are interested in some of the best literature of the past half-century will be glad to listen to. Publishing he regards as one of the most interesting of all commercial occupations, when books sell and the balance comes out on the right side. He has had experience of losses and gains, and yet has not been soured or unduly uplifted. Mr Marston's dealings with authors seem to have been of the most agreeable kind, judging from the examples given. Lieutenant-General Sir W. F. Butler, like W. Clark Russell, stood in awe of him at first, and shadowed Mr Marston in Fleet Street ere he came to close quarters, believing that a producer of books must be a very high, solemn, and sacred personage. Sir H. M. Stanley, when the bargain, satisfactory to both parties, was struck at Paris for the publication of *Through the Dark Continent*, said to Marston, 'I speak to you as my friend, and not as my publisher, and I tell you that if —— [meaning another publisher] were to offer ten thousand pounds down I would not leave you.' And he did not; the connection was highly honourable and mutually advantageous to the end. This was equally the case in the association with R. D. Blackmore, whose *Lorna Doone* and other novels passed through

his hands; also with Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louisa Alcott, Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. Clark Russell, William Black, Jules Verne, and a host of others. Mr Marston might have spared a line or two for Josiah Gilbert Holland, whose *Timothy Titcomb's Letters*, *Kathrina*, and *Mistress of the Manse* appeared in Low's list. Mr Marston is known as the author of many delightful fishing-books by 'The Amateur Angler.' He is no amateur writer or publisher, however, and his recollections are worthy of a place beside the biographical records of the publishing houses of Murray, Macmillan, Chambers, Blackwood, Black, and Knight. The book should be an inspiration to all intending booksellers and publishers. A. K. H. B., who had not a little experience with publishers, authors, and editors, gave it as his opinion that 'a publisher makes the best editor. He is much less likely than a man of letters to fill a periodical with unreadable papers which echo his own crotchets. He is much more accurate. He is absolutely without jealousy. He knows nothing but the success of his magazine or review.' Mr Marston seems to have been an able and fair-minded publisher of this kind.

As an octogenarian who has passed into the twentieth century, the author has evidently no admiration for the American method lately introduced of selling books by means of bold, big, unscrupulous advertising, a method which puts money in the pocket of the advertiser but very little into that of the bookseller. The middleman, too, in the shape of the literary agent, has made the author less of a friend; the agent sells the author's wares to the highest bidder, and forces up the price by competition. He may be powerless with a new author; but when a writer has made a name it is not difficult to wring the guineas from a willing publisher. Mr Marston is no pessimist, and believes there is a great future for the higher class of literature and for the publishers of good books. Already the sales of certain books are beyond anything ever seen in the trade.

Edward Marston, who was born in Shropshire in 1835, spent the first fifteen years of his life on a farm, to which he attributes much of his after-health and longevity. Between 1840 and 1844, he tells us, he was an idle apprentice to a bookseller. The pretty girl with whom he then fell in love became Mrs Marston in 1851, after seven years of waiting. He came from the Liverpool newspaper business of Willmer & Smith straight to Sampson Low's in London. His new master, who was born in 1797, and died in 1886, bore one of the most highly esteemed names in bookselling and publishing, and he did much philanthropic work outside his profession. In 1836 he was appointed by a committee of leading London publishers to establish and conduct the well-known *Publishers' Circular*, which afterwards became his property. Marston was more or less connected with it for fifty-eight years, called on publishers, and spent hours in Stationers' Hall securing titles which had escaped notice. No book is better known to the trade and to literary folks than Low's invaluable *English Catalogue of Books*, which from 1835 until 1900 has recorded the titles of nearly four hundred and twenty-five thousand five hundred books. This has been an enduring service to the literary history of the nineteenth century, and of great value to the trade and all engaged in the business of literature. Low was also secretary of an association for putting down underselling. Lamb's Conduit Street was his first place of business.

It was in 1856 that Marston became a partner in the Sampson Low firm, which in 1849 had been established in Fleet Street, and in 1852 at 47 Ludgate Hill. For a few years Marston was away, and had started an export agency for shipping books to Australia and elsewhere. This colonial connection he took back with him on his return to Low's, and in the course of a busy life he believes that he must have written twenty thousand letters to foreign correspondents, one day a month being set apart for this purpose. Sir E. B. Lytton is the first author that flits across Mr Marston's pages. He is described as tall and slim, with a slight stoop; a high forehead, somewhat receding; shaggy eyebrows, and aquiline nose. He appealed to Low to assist in protecting him against Galignani of Paris, who was reprinting *My Novel* from *Blackwood's Magazine* without permission. Then the firm arranged to publish *A Strange Story*, the bargain being for fifteen hundred pounds. There was some competition for the succeeding book to Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that famous book which had been offered to and refused by Messrs Groombridge, and of which H. Vizetelly had an edition, as well as S. O. Beeton. Mr Low, junior, when returning from Mrs Stowe's residence at Hartford, after arranging for *Dred*, met S. O. Beeton coming up! He was less than a day late. All the English editions of Mrs Stowe's works came to the firm. The blind chaplain to the American Senate, Rev. W. H. Milburn, must have been an interesting man to meet. He was spare, with dark hair and a broad and thoughtful brow, and, like most blind men, was always cheerful. His *Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-bags* is a striking and entertaining book. Then George Catlin (author of *Life amongst the Indians*) and Miss Cummings (author of *The Lamplighter*) became clients of the firm, which won a lawsuit with Routledge over the English edition of *Haunted Hearts*. From the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* (1858) to *My Hundred Days in Europe* (1886), a considerable list of works by Oliver Wendell Holmes appeared in English editions. When Holmes called, on his last visit to Europe, he was as brisk and lively as a young man, and said he was delighted to grip the hand of Marston, a man with whose name he had been familiar for thirty years.

A tribute is paid to Joseph Whitaker, the son of a London silversmith (born in 1820, died in 1895), who founded the *Bookseller* in 1858 and *Whitaker's Almanack* in 1868, a book that has grown in use-

fulness and popularity ever since. Marston and Whitaker aided in the booksellers' contribution to the Paris relief fund of 1890. There is another tribute to Charles Edward Mudie, founder of Mudie's Library, who started with a small circulating library in Upper King Street, Southampton Row, at the age of twenty-two. He was of slender build, with a broad and thoughtful brow, and was an earnest thinker, endowed with much magnetic influence. There is an interesting reference to John Francis of the *Athenæum*, who did so much for the repeal of the advertisement duty, the abolition of the compulsory-stamp, and the repeal of the paper duty. Wilkie Collins's *Woman in White* (1860) had been so successful that when Low published his *No Name* the bargain was for three thousand pounds, and the firm did not lose by it. Charles Reade, according to Mr Marston, was an excellent man of business, and drove a hard bargain for *Hard Cash* (1863). He is described as tall and stout, of a fine florid complexion, with large, wide-open eyes and husky voice. Mrs Gaskell was another of the firm's novelists; and in 1864 James Payn treated for the publication of *Lost Sir Massingberd*, which had run a successful course in *Chambers's Journal*. Marston thinks Payn made a mistake in issuing this novel anonymously, and in his *Literary Recollections* the author is of the same opinion. Payn made Marston believe he was only a go-between for another author; but the publisher guessed the truth at once. The arrangements with the French publishers of Victor Hugo's works were troublesome. *Toilers of the Sea* ran through ten or twelve editions; but there was little profit left upon his *Ninety-Three*, for the English rights of which fifteen hundred pounds were paid. Of Louisa Alcott's *Little Women* and its successors, Marston says that 'children all the world over are the best judges of children's books, and Miss Alcott's books have as much vitality in them now as ever; they bid fair to stand in the same rank as *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Vicar of Wakefield*.' The authoress said of *Little Women*: 'We really lived most of it, and if it succeeds that will be the reason.' She died at fifty-six, having made her family independent by her writings.

Of all the novelists Mr Marston had dealings with, R. D. Blackmore lent most lustre and profit to the firm. He turned up at 47 Ludgate Hill more than forty years ago, wanting a translation published of the first part of Virgil's *Georgics*, which appeared under the title of *Farm and Fruit of Old*. Blackmore was born at Longworth, Berkshire, in 1825, and died in 1900 at Teddington-on-Thames, where he had a fruit-farm. In appearance he was tall and muscular, dressed very plainly, and 'altogether looked very much like what he actually was by choice, a gardener and a vine-grower. His voice was gentle, deliberate, almost timid, and yet manly.' There was something very characteristic—some phrase or turn of a sentence—about everything he wrote, even his private letters. He wrote on tiny sheets of note-paper, in blue ink usually. How small his writing was may be judged from the fact that his one page of manuscript a day might make six pages of type. There are delightful little asides like the following in all Blackmore's letters to Marston, which add to their charm: 'But for you, *Lorna Doone* might never have seen the light. All the magazines rejected her, and Smith & Elder refused to give two hundred pounds for the copyright. . . . I have plenty of self-confidence simply because I know good work when I see it. . . . My vines are going on gloriously; white bunches hang like waterspouts, and black ones like far thunder-clouds. All things know my hand, and say (not without self-seeking) how much better is the grape than the gall, the fruit of the vine than the famine of the pen. . . . Any one looking at my vines would say, "This is your rôle, my good fellow; stick to it. Any ass can write novels (at least in the opinion of the publishers); but to make a vine needs intellect."' While he could pour an avalanche of abuse upon the setting up, punctuation, or lack of punctuation in a title-page, he was one of the most delightful of men to visit at Teddington when his fruit-trees were laden with apples and pears, and the strawberries, apricots, peaches, and cherries were in abundance; and he was proud of certain standard peaches. Just as delightful was Blackmore on an angling excursion, and on one of these outings he seems to have been saved from a fatal accident once by Mr Marston, junior. *Lorna Doone* came out in three volumes in 1869, but did not catch on until after it was issued in a one-volume edition in 1872. By 1882 Blackmore was called upon to pen the whimsical and delightful preface to a twentieth edition. *Alice Lorraine* was the author's favourite amongst his works, all of which have a large and continuous sale. No man better deserved the memorial tribute in Exeter Cathedral or the kind and true words uttered by Mr Eden Philpotts at the unveiling ceremony.

William Black came to the firm in 1871 with *A Daughter of Heth*, which ran through eleven editions in the three-volume form, and in a cheaper form has been going steadily ever since. The next best selling book of Black's was *A Princess of Thule*. It must have been a severe blow to Marston when Mr Thomas Hardy placed his novels with J. R. Osgood. Large sums were paid for novels published by George MacDonald, and the firm had no cause to regret having done so. It was a curious circumstance that MacDonald should sell the firm a novel, *Mary Marston*, a good and beautiful story, when that was the name of Edward Marston's wife, of his eldest daughter, and one of his daughters-in-law. The author knew nothing of this, and when he did know would not change the title! One regrets to hear that MacDonald's books grew to be 'too good, too pure, too honest for the growing frivolity of the times, and the sale fell off. . . . There is humour, sterling worth, and vitality in all that George MacDonald has written, and his work will live when much that has since obtained a flash of

popularity will be forgotten.' Not a few of G. A. Henty's books were issued by Low, and Marston calls Henty a 'rough diamond of the first water, hearty, sometimes boisterous, genial, generous, sympathetic, and simple-minded as a child. In him was no guile; he was always outspoken and honest.' W. Clark Russell's tribute to the firm and Mr Marston is one of the best things in the book; while Harrison Weir, Captain Mahan, James Hain Friswell (whose *Gentle Life* essays were a great success), Elihu Burritt, Sir W. H. Russell, J. A. Froude, Lieutenant-General Sir W. F. Butler of *The Great Lone Land*, and Captain Fred Burnaby, with others, are all passed in review. By arrangement with M. Hetzel of Paris, the firm have published one and frequently two books annually for Jules Verne since 1871, or fifty-five in all. They fascinated the boys of thirty years ago, we are told, and they still continue to do so, notwithstanding the continuous output of literature for young folks.

The firm has always been strong in travel books; and of all the authors with whom Marston has had to do, it is easy to see that he is proudest of his association for over thirty years with Sir Henry M. Stanley, who liked his publisher, and was in turn beloved. In fact, Marston does not think it has often happened in English publishing that the relations between publisher and author have been more congenial or more unique. Stanley's exploits, as recorded, have been seldom excelled in the literature of travel. John Camden Hotten the publisher had offered one thousand pounds for *How I Found Livingstone*. Marston was at Weymouth when he had a wire from the firm regarding a call from Stanley and the offer of that book. Marston never did a better day's work than when he cabled back, 'Secure Stanley at any price.' The critics and the public were grudging in their appreciation of Stanley at first; but his magnificent record of travel, *Through the Dark Continent*, of 1878 fairly took the world by storm. Sir Edwin Arnold said: 'The work itself is an Odyssey of travel, admirable, gallant, unique, with a style *sui generis* like the swing of a traveller's stride.' Marston once met Stanley at Cairo, and afterwards related in a booklet how the traveller wrote *In Darkest Africa*. He also arranged for the publication of the book in America, Italy, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Hungary. The firm issued all Stanley's other books, and Marston sums up his character by saying: 'I certainly can speak no ill of him, for I know nothing but good. Scrupulously true and just, he was tender-hearted, gentle, and kind, and most generous and open-handed when any charitable object was presented to him.' Stanley, on his part, used to bless the hour when he became acquainted with such an amiable friend. Mr Marston has done a good day's work, of which he may well be proud.

In conclusion, it is interesting to note that Mr Marston condemns the practice of paying authors large or small sums in advance on account of profits which may never be realised. He thinks this is due to the gambling competition which is the spirit of the age. The true principle, he believes, is not to advance any money, but to allow every book to stand on its own merit. Let the book earn its original outlay first, and then the profits that follow should be divided between author and publisher according to agreement. An equally satisfactory arrangement would be, he thinks, to pay the author a royalty on all copies sold as may be agreed. In this case the publisher usually takes the risk of the cost of production.

Whatever method is taken, the groaning shelves of our circulating libraries show that, for one reason or another, there is a vast over-production of books, many of which are forgotten in less than a single season. Some of the books for which Mr Marston has acted as introducer to the world will live on well into the twentieth century.

BETWEEN TWO.

IV.

RS LAUGHTON'S dance was a success, and mainly owing to the fact that she had two such charming girls in her rooms as Trixy and the fair American. It was very odd how Trixy contrived to make Frederick Seymour dance so frequently with Miss Jaggers, who wore a still more wonderful garment than the afternoon frock which she had trailed across Miss Shepperton's lawn. This evening-dress was a marvel of beauty, costliness, and simplicity. Beside it Trixy's pretty gown, white and sheeny as it was, looked absolutely plain. Yet her radiant eyes, her vivid colouring, made the other's flower-like face seem more than a thought too pale.

But, despite the 'understanding' at which Seymour imagined they had arrived that afternoon, Trixy contrived to divide her dances with absolute impartiality. Two waltzes and one polka 'sat out' was all she allowed her devoted slave to claim; whereas she so managed matters as to make him dance at least three times with the American. 'You look such a distinguished pair,' she told him, as she herself flitted about the room with anybody and everybody. Sometimes he fancied that her gaiety had a forced ring in it, but that might have been imagination. As they parted he whispered softly that he was coming to-morrow.

Miss Shepperton never allowed her niece to remain until the dregs of a party wore themselves out; therefore there were still two or three dances

left in the programme when she drove away in the summer moonlight.

'Did I behave well, and like a good little girl, to-night, auntie?' Trixy demanded when they reached home.

'I think you did. You managed cleverly enough,' Laura replied. 'No one could imagine there was anything between you and that nice boy; because he is a nice boy.'

'Yes, very.' Trixy was almost enthusiastic. 'But Captain Steve could teach him to dance.'

'My child, you don't want to dance through life; and, after all, what if *he* only fancies you?' Miss Shepperton turned so swiftly upon her niece with the question that Trixy started back.

'Fancies?' she faltered. 'Oh, but, auntie'——

'Ah! I know.' Her aunt sank into a chair. 'Listen to me, child. Once on a time, before you were born, there was a girl young and bright as you are. Just as young and as bright, heigho! She had lived a rather restricted life, had not met many people of her own age or class, until, in a somewhat unusual way, she was thrown into close intimacy with a man to whom nature had been unusually generous.' She paused and beat her fingers upon the table before her. 'Yes, unusually generous. He was handsome, and gifted with a beautiful voice, a ready wit, and that nameless thing called fascination. The girl had had many admirers, fancied herself in love with one of them, and—well, it was only fancy—the fancy born of propinquity—and the moment she met this man she knew that all her previous life was as nothing. And he—well, it was mutual; and for three months—ah! just three months—she lived and walked in paradise. Then came the awakening. The man—mind you, I neither blame nor praise him—had cast a chain round his neck, a bitter, galling chain. He had plighted troth with a woman whom he fancied, pretty, winsome, an accomplished coquette, older than himself; but he had given his word, and—and—as usual, it was the second woman who bore the burden. She sent him back to his betrothed.'

She was silent for a moment, and then: 'It broke her heart and spoilt her life,' she said slowly. 'She never married, because she never loved afterwards. That one passion swept her life bare. But she took up her burden bravely after a while, faced the world with it, worked hard—nothing like work to cure a heart-ache—and she came through it all.'

'Aunty, you—you were the girl?' Trixy gasped.

'I was the girl—I am the woman who now warns you. Take care. For my own part, I don't think you have more than a fancy for either of these men. Just think what it would be to find that out when it was too late! And then the man's side. If you could be sure that it was no fancy, but a real, true passion!' She paused and looked her niece straight in the face. 'I never heard whether that man's after-life was happy or the reverse. I made it a point of honour never to hear. I suppose he forgot me. I am quite ready to believe that I gave gold for spurious coin, poured out my life as a sacrifice, and for nothing; but then—— Ah! even now I cannot bring myself to look at the other side of the question.'

'He married her?'

'Yes, he married within the year. I know nothing more. Now go to bed and sleep.'

The girl did not obey her aunt's order until the early dawn was revealing the fair landscape in silvery tones round the quiet house. Possibly she too was remembering, although her stretch of memory only reached back a little space.

V.

FORTUNATELY it was only Stephen Marker who appeared at Miss Shepperton's on the day after Mrs Laughton's dance. It would have been awkward had the two men arrived together.

Beatrice met the young soldier with wreathed smiles, and yet he was not happy, for undoubtedly she made him keep his distance. She gracefully negatived his request to speak to her aunt. 'Ah! not yet.' After all, what had he to say to the good lady? She fenced gaily with him. How sweet it was to be here by the river-side while those graceful little boats went gaily up and down! For to-day they could sit and watch the scene.

Marker wanted something more. Truly, it was delightful to sit here beside this lovely woman; but he could not get away from the aching uncertainty. She was bright, fascinating, talking so brilliantly about the small party. What a pleasant dance it must have been, according to her description! But she had enjoyed it all in spite of his absence, and that imparted a certain sting. And he had so much to say to her, while time was passing. He was due at the barracks, because he was mess-president, and there was a tiresome dinner on. 'It's in honour of a fine old chap who once belonged to the regiment,' he said; 'but it's a horrid bore.'

Trixy was perfectly sympathetic. She seemed inclined to soften to the youth; yet, impetuous as he was, he felt she had hedged herself in by some mysterious icy barrier over which he could not pass. She watched him go, feeling honestly angry with herself because she cared so little.

'He is far—far too good for me,' she murmured as he passed out of sight. 'I wish I could care! Oh, I wish I could care!' and she sighed a weary sigh. 'Have I lost the capability to care about any one?' she asked herself, as with slow and heavy steps she turned away.

She stood looking down upon the river which flowed bright and clear below the wall that fenced her aunt's lawn. On the opposite shore the grounds of another and much more important place sloped to the water's edge. Trixy had heard some rumour of a new tenant at The Chase. She rather thought it was a person of consequence; but at the present moment local news had small weight with her.

Curious how her aunt's romance hung in her memory, even while she had so much to think about on her own account! 'She threw away her life "for a dream's sake,"' she murmured. 'Am I on the high-road towards making a like mistake, or was it a mistake? From a worldly point of view, decidedly yes; but otherwise'—— The beautiful eyes grew misty; the smile faded from her lips. 'I mind the day, I mind the day,' she sang softly, as the wistful strain beat about in her brain and drove her back into a Past which had become very real within these last days.

'After all, he didn't behave well,' she murmured, 'to leave me as he did—to drop out of my life. Beatrice Unwin, you are making a fool of yourself. Decide to put the whole thing out of your mind once and for ever, or else let everything slide, and remain faithful to a memory like Aunt Lulu.'

She drew a willow-wand slowly through her fingers as she mused; the long, delicate leaves seemed to have a message for her. 'Aunt Lulu is a noble, loyal-souled woman,' she thought. 'Could I do better than follow her example?' Then, with a hasty gesture, she snatched at the leafy rod. 'It shall be the Wand of Fate,' she cried aloud, and began to pluck off the slim green leaves, whispering to herself, 'Aunt Lulu—and fidelity; Stephen Marker—and forgetfulness.'

One by one she let the leaves drop from between her fingers into the water. One by one she saw them glide away on the languid current. Her thoughts seemed to drift along with them as they passed out of sight. Slower and slower became the slender fingers as the leaves lessened on the stem. She lingered over each green flake as if it indeed were a leaf from the Book of Fate. Only a few remained now. She would be honest with herself, and not count them, just let Fortune have her way; and, strange girl, she had made up her mind to abide by the decision.

She bent lower over the wall, her face pale in the reflected light from the waters. 'Fidelity! forgetfulness!' She had the words on her lips when, with a start, the willow-wand fell from her hand. She drew back with a choking cry, for a punt had shot from the opposite landing-place, and a face looked up at her: a face—the face—unseen for six long, weary years.

'I thought I could not be mistaken. It could be no one but you,' said a voice that had echoed in her heart so long that she had never hoped to hear it again.

She recovered herself by an effort. 'Mr Palmer!' she said. 'I never dreamed of seeing you here.'

'Perhaps as little I expected to find you,' he cried. 'I have been watching you through my glasses for ever so long, until I knew I was not mistaken.' He brought his boat skilfully under the wall, and, standing up in her, steadied himself by an arm thrown round the willow whose leaves had been acting the part of Fate. 'You have not forgotten me?' he asked, and his eyes were eloquent in the telling her *he* had not forgotten anything.

'No,' she said briefly.

'It is like coming back from the grave,' he murmured, his eyes feasting on her face. 'Why did you hide yourself from me?'

'It was you who went away,' she answered, her heart throbbing in her throat.

'I was compelled to go. My father'——

'I did not know your father was alive,' she rejoined. 'You never spoke of him.'

'I did not know him when I was at Hildon. My mother—— Ah! it is a sad story; but we are devoted to each other now. You will love my dear old dad, and he will love you. He knows all about—that summer-time.'

She was trembling from head to foot; her lips quivered. Surely life had taken itself out of her hands now, for weal or woe.

'May I hitch up my boat yonder at the slip? I can't go away until I tell you everything,' he said, never moving his eyes from her face.

'You may,' she answered steadily.

In a few moments he was at her side.

'I looked for you everywhere, and now, by the apparent chance of my father having taken a place on the river, I find you.' His eyes added, 'And I will never lose you again.'

Controlling herself, she told him she was no longer the unpaid nursery-governess of old days, but living with her aunt in ease and luxury.

'It 's like a dream to be beside you once again,' he said, bending towards her. Oh! all the old emotions came back like a swelling tide; and now it was no longer swaying between two. It was the taking up the old threads, the renewing of everything—joy, hope, first-love, the sweetest, tenderest renewal life has to offer. But she was not one to let herself go at a word. 'Why did you leave without making a sign?' she said, by a great effort keeping her voice at its usual level.

'I couldn't help myself; I was forced to go to my father at a moment's notice, straight from Cannes, where my mother died suddenly. It was to carry her last message to my father, of whom I had only heard, and the report was coloured by—by prejudice. But I did write. I told you as much as I could, and I went back the moment I reached England. Mrs Unwin led me to believe you were living abroad. She would tell me nothing.'

'She always hated me,' Beatrice said slowly, 'and she was jealous of dear Aunt Laura. Tell me about your father.'

'He had lived apart from my mother for years. It was altogether a sad tragedy; but I think my father was not so much to blame. You will love him, Beatrice, as I said before.'

There was a quiet way of taking things for granted with this masterful young man which Trixy felt there was no gainsaying. Nevertheless, she held back. 'Come and see Aunt Laura,' she said, and led the way to the house.

Miss Shepperton had been reading; she was so absorbed in her book that the new, radiant Beatrice was standing before her when she said in a voice with an entirely new note in it:

'Aunt Laura, I want to—I mean here is an old friend; I have not told you about him, but'—— She blushed and faltered. It was a new, transformed, transfigured Beatrice who drew the young man forward, and who said softly, 'Jack, tell Aunt Lulu. You must love each other, you two.'

Miss Shepperton stood up, her eyes on the young man's glowing face. Her lips parted slowly; her breath came in hasty pants. Just for a moment; then, controlling herself, she said:

'I know you by your likeness to your father; you bear his name, John Palmer. I knew him before you were born.'

He took the hand which she held out to him, and bent over it. 'I have heard of you, although your name was quite unknown,' he said. She made an effort to speak, but failed, because her heart beat so loud. Then she looked at the girl's face, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

After the man had left, Laura Shepperton put her hands upon her niece's shoulders and looked straight into her eyes.

'I can give you my blessing without the shadow of an after-thought,' she said. 'You have found the right man.'

'Oh auntie, you knew his father?'

'Yes,' she said steadily. 'I knew his father well.'

Captain Marker was rather taken aback by a nice little note from Miss Shepperton announcing her niece's engagement. 'An old affection renewed,' she told him; adding that she hoped all her acquaintances would like her new nephew. She sent an exact copy of the polite little epistle to Mr Seymour, adding that Mr Palmer was son to the celebrated General Palmer, who had recently settled in the neighbourhood.

That ended it; but as Stephen Marker soon afterwards joined the battalion of his regiment which was under orders for Burma, it was understood that he took the news somewhat to heart. Frederick Seymour was more philosophic; he married the beautiful young American, and whether he lived happy ever afterwards remains still to be proved.

. . . . . .

Four people walk by the river-side. The younger pair are going down to the boat-house; the elders watch them.

'How the tangle has smoothed itself out!' the man was saying with a quiver in his voice. 'It has been all a muddle and a misery since the night when we parted in the wind and the rain. Forgive me for speaking of it, Laura. I can't go on keeping at a distance from you. It isn't natural. I know you haven't forgotten. You remember what you said?'

'I told you I had forgiven you from the first,' the woman replied, 'and the darkness took you out of my life.' Her voice was level and steady. She could be friendly with this man now—for Beatrice's sake. 'I "dreed my weird." It is all over.'

'The darkness took me indeed,' the man returned; 'darkness such as you could never have known. There was the daily, the hourly strain—the strain that half-maddened me. At last I put half the world between me and'——

'Hush!' she broke out impetuously. 'There are things which must never be named between you and me—not if we are to remain friends, John Palmer.'

The man looked at her with hungry eyes. Verily, the years had dealt well with her—the woman whose life he had despoiled of its inheritance. For himself, he was still a fine-looking old warrior; but, as he had told her, life had been hard to live, for the chain galled sorely and the wound ached still. Was it to ache all his life long?

The woman's eyes were far away, following the two young figures moving on the landing-stage. She was silent until a little skiff shot out into the river, and the ring of happy voices reached them from the water.

'Life promises well for those two,' she said slowly. 'Yet it went very near shipwreck with my girl—the worst shipwreck of all. I guessed her secret, even while she seemed to hesitate between two men for whom she had only a passing fancy; but I had no idea that your son was the man.'

'Happily he did not wait too long,' the man said. 'Dear, is it too late to take up the broken link once more?'

He laid his hand upon her arm and compelled her to look into his face. Across the water came the wistful melody of which the niece was so fond. The aunt listened, and the man drew back, because the girl was singing the last verse of the song:

'And now I wish no wishes, nor ever fall a tear,
Nor take a thought beyond the way I'm led.
I mind the day that's over by—I bless the day that's here,
There be to come a day when we'll be dead,
Achray;
A longer, brighter day when we'll be dead.'

Laura Shepperton turned and faced the man who had spoiled her life.

'It is too late,' she said steadily—'too late for anything but the friendship that should exist between two old people whose young folks are knit together by the gracious bond they themselves have lost.' She stopped short, and pointed to the river. 'The river of years flows between you and me,' she said. 'Love is for the young.'

The man hung his head and went his way. Yet Beatrice Palmer has a faint foreshadowing in her heart that some day her aunt will cross the stream.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE BACILLUS OF CANCER.

RUMOURS have again and again been promulgated that a cure for cancer has been discovered, and the hopes of sufferers have been raised only to be disappointed. The X-rays and radium were both credited with being specifics in the treatment of this terrible disease, and the newspapers, ever eager for sensational paragraphs, lent their aid to the reports. It is to be hoped that the alleged discovery by Dr Doyen of the bacillus of cancer, and the preparation from it of a serum which has proved effective in the alleviation of the malady, have firmer foundations; and from the report of the committee appointed to deal with this important matter this would seem to be the case. Professor Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, who may be regarded as the leading member of the committee, reports on behalf of his colleagues that the bacillus discovered by Dr Doyen is found habitually in cancerous tumours. And as regards treatment with the serum, it is stated that it always produces in cancerous tumours alterations of a favourable character sufficiently rapid to diminish their volume and to render operation possible two or three weeks after the beginning of the treatment. It may be asked why, if a distinct bacillus is always associated with cancerous tumours, it has not been discovered before. Twelve years back Dr W. Russell claimed to have made this same discovery while attached to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and papers were read by him before the medical societies on the subject.

OFFICIAL ATTITUDE TOWARDS SCIENCE.

Sir W. Huggins, President of the Royal Society, at the annual dinner of that body, in calling attention to the constant lack of funds for carrying out important scientific investigations in this country, asserted that the expenditure by Government on scientific research and scientific institutions, on which its commercial and industrial prosperity so largely depend, is wholly inadequate in view of the present state of international competition. This he considered due to the absence in the leaders of public opinion of a sufficiently intelligent appreciation of the supreme importance of scientific knowledge in all industrial enterprises and national undertakings. He compared the small response made in this country to any appeal for scientific objects with the liberal endowments made in the United States. He attributed this scientific deadness of the nation in great measure to the too exclusively medieval and classical methods of our higher public schools. The President of the Royal Society gave no specific instance of official parsimony in matters scientific, but there was certainly one ready to his hand in the recent closing of the Ben Nevis Observatories. After doing excellent work for more than twenty years, these institutions, built by public subscription, have to cease work for want of a few hundred pounds per annum, for which the Treasury of the richest country in the world has been appealed to in vain.

UNBREAKABLE CHINA AND GLASS.

Much interest was excited a couple of decades ago by the introduction of a toughened or tempered glass which refused to break under ordinary blows and shocks. Whether the material possessed some inherent defects we do not know, but it seems to have died a natural death. The subject is in a manner revived by the manufacture at Liége in Belgium of a kind of table-ware of fine transparent china which does not number brittleness among its faults. It is of sufficient importance to form the subject of a recent report by the United States Consul, by whom we are informed that the material will withstand all ordinary shocks, can be thrown about on a stone floor without fracture, and can actually be used as a hammer to drive nails in wood. These advantages are brought about by a special hardening process, and have much to do with the nature of the crystallised body used in the manufacture. In appearance the china is blue-white, not the pure white of ordinary porcelain. Glass-ware which possesses corresponding qualities is also being made by the same firm of manufacturers.

THE HIGHEST TUNNEL.

The highest European tunnel is that of the electric railway now in progress which is designed to reach the summit of the Jungfrau. This tunnel commences at an altitude of more than a mile above sea-level, and the working face is now nearly a mile higher than that. The work has been in progress for more than ten years, and the slowness of the advance is attributed to the very hard nature of the rock to be pierced, which precludes the employment of quick-working drills. But the workmen have had no difficulties to contend with in the way of water incursions, as in the case of the Simplon tunnel, and hitherto they have not in any way suffered from mountain sickness, a malady which will be a constant menace and source of anxiety as the summit of the Jungfrau is approached.

PRINTING PHOTOGRAPHS IN OIL.

In the early fifties Poitevin, a well-known photographic experimentalist, patented a process by which a photographic image could be printed in a pigment mixed with oil. It seems to have been entirely neglected by the photographers of that time, and has long been forgotten. But it has, quite recently, been rediscovered, and the method has been seized

upon by advanced amateurs as one peculiarly fitted to give them that control over the light and shade of the print which they consider indispensable. The process is briefly this: Good stiff cartridge-paper is coated with gelatine, dried, and subsequently sensitised in a 2½ per cent. bath of potassic bichromate. Once more dried, it is exposed to light beneath a negative in the ordinary manner. Soaked in water, those portions of the picture which have received most light have become insoluble, and do not retain moisture, while the 'lights' swell up and absorb much water. It is proverbial that oil and water will not mix, and when a roller charged with oil-colour is applied to the print only the insoluble shadows will have anything to do with the colour; they receive it, while the lights of the picture repel it. The process is an interesting one, and although of such ancient date, may be regarded as still in an experimental stage.

A NEW EGG-TEST.

The purchaser of an egg has no ready guide by which he may judge of its age; and as the term 'new-laid,' as employed commercially, has such elasticity that it may mean anything from a few days to many weeks, he is always at a disadvantage. A new and simple test has, however, been recently published in the German papers, by which the age of even a shop-egg can be correctly gauged, the method being based upon its floating-powers in brine. Every one knows that at the end of an egg there is an air-space, and that while this is represented by a mere dimple in a really fresh specimen, the space increases with age, and that extremity of the egg naturally becomes more and more buoyant. A perfectly fresh egg will assume a horizontal position in the brine; when it is from three to five days old the end tips up and its long axis forms an angle of twenty degrees; at eight days old it will assume an angle of forty-five degrees, at fourteen days sixty degrees, at three weeks seventy-five degrees, and when a month old it will stand vertically upon its pointed end. A scale is attached to the glass vessel in which the brine is held, so that the angle assumed by the floating egg can be easily read off.

COLOURED WOODS.

The use of coloured woods in the construction of furniture has long been known, the material being stained after the necessary seasoning process. A method has, however, recently been introduced by an Austrian inventor by which the wood is coloured when in a green state. By means of heavy pressure in a closed vessel the sap is driven out of the wood and is replaced by the colouring fluid, which may consist of a solution of the more permanent aniline dyes. The best kinds of wood for treatment are found to be birch, beech, alder, plane, elm, and lime; oak, fir, and pine being unsuitable, because they do not take the colour uniformly. The coloured wood is used not only for furniture-making, but for the manufacture of doors and window-frames. It can also be employed for outdoor purposes, in which case no painting is necessary, although a coating of varnish would seem to be a necessity. For the fittings of ships, railway-carriages, and tram-cars this stained wood appears to be eminently adapted. Of late factories for the working of the process have been established in Sweden.

ROLLER-BEARINGS ON RAILWAYS.

Ball-bearings, which did so much for the cyclist, are found to be impracticable for the heavy loads associated with railway traffic; but rollers of great hardness throughout their length have been proved to materially add to the efficiency of the heaviest vehicles. For two years past a carriage fitted with these roller-bearings has been running between London and Brighton, and has altogether covered a distance of eighty thousand miles. The axle-boxes of this carriage have recently been opened, and the bearings show hardly any signs of wear. This hopeful result has determined the Brighton Railway Company to have an entire train fitted with roller-bearings, and to have it placed in competition with a train not so fitted, so that the advantages of the new system may be carefully noted. By reducing friction, these bearings greatly lessen the expenditure of power in traction, while the load carried can be increased. The patentees of the system claim that as a result of their use there is a saving in coal of ten pounds per train mile.

THE DISAPPEARING BLONDE.

Some time ago a German savant carried out some investigations which went to show that blue eyes were so much scarcer than they used to be as to lead to the deduction that eventually Europe would have no more blue-eyed inhabitants. Possibly he would have come to a different conclusion had he visited some of our British seaports and fishing-villages, where blue eyes, for some unexplained reason, are extremely common. Blue eyes and golden hair often go together, and we are now told by Professor Mason, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, that girls with fair hair are disappearing so rapidly that he anticipates that in about six centuries they will become extinct. He accounts for this lamentable result by the circumstance that blondes possess a lower vitality, are shorter-lived, and are more susceptible to the evil effects of urban life. Admirers of the blonde type of womanhood, who can be numbered by the million, may take comfort in the thought that before another century has passed facilities may be found for changing the colour of the eyes according to taste. The problem has already been solved with regard to the hair.

TUBERCULOSIS RESEARCH.

At a recent meeting of the Imperial Commission appointed by the German Government to investigate the relations existing between human and bovine tuberculosis bacilli, some very important

statements were made in the course of a report by Dr Weber on the work that had already been done by that body of experts. The results of investigation point to the belief that bovine and human bacilli are biologically absolutely distinct from one another. Examination of the bodies of fifty-six persons who had died from the disease showed that in six cases the bovine bacillus was detected, while in the fifty only human bacilli could be found. Of the six cases three were children, and it is presumed that they received infection from the milk of a diseased cow. In two other cases bovine bacilli appeared in the glands and human bacilli in all other parts of the body. These are regarded as distinct cases of double infection. One other most important discovery was that of the two kinds of bacillus in one lung. The conclusions so far arrived at by the commission are that consumption in human beings is caused by the human bacillus, but that infection by bovine bacillus is possible, and that all precautions should be taken to guard against it.

ANTS AS PETS.

A few years ago, when the study of natural history was regarded as the hobby of a few enthusiasts rather than as a necessary branch of education, the gift of an ants' nest as a Christmas present would have been regarded by the average recipient with something akin to dismay, if not disgust. But times and manners change, and during the recent festive season ants' nests have in many cases been presented instead of the ordinary knick-knacks. The nest takes the form of a case somewhat like a picture-frame, about one square foot in area, and the space between the glass front and back is little more than a quarter of an inch. This is filled in with carefully prepared earth in which no fungus can find a foothold; and the earth being populated with about two hundred ants, the operations of the sagacious insects can be studied through the glass. All the food required is a morsel of honey and a little water about every six months, and the colony is calculated to last for at least six years. As a means of inculcating a taste for the study of nature, such a gift as that of one of these ants' nests must be highly commended.

THE ENERGY OF OCEAN WAVES.

Much has been written concerning the height of ocean waves, and upon no subject do observers differ in their estimates as on this. It has been recently stated that at the Dover Harbour works, where occasionally tremendous destruction has been wrought by the stormy waters, no wave of a greater height than fifteen feet has been recorded. At other places on our coasts the measurement of waves has run to forty feet. There is a great discrepancy here, which may very probably be due to want of uniformity in the methods of record. There seems to be little doubt that the depth to which wave-action extends is much greater than has hitherto been supposed, and the *Scientific American* has recently given proofs of this. Lobster-pots placed in from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty feet of water have been found after a heavy gale to be filled with sand and shingle. Sand has also been found in the gallery of the Bishop's Rock Lighthouse, one hundred and twenty feet above the water, while the depth of the water at the same spot is one hundred and fifty feet. A further proof that the water must be moving with great momentum during a gale is afforded by the fact that at the Peterhead breakwater blocks of concrete weighing forty-one tons and lying at a depth of thirty-six feet below spring-tide low-water have been displaced during a storm. Upon one notable occasion a section of this breakwater weighing three thousand three hundred tons was bodily moved for a few inches without dislocation of the brickwork.

A DRAUGHT-EXCLUDER.

Among the minor inventions which contribute towards comfort in the home may be favourably mentioned Smith's patent draught-excluder, which is easy to adapt to doors and windows and has a neat appearance. By its aid a strip of felt can be secured over a draughty crack without the necessity of nailing, and the said strip can be removed with ease for cleaning or renewal. This is brought about by the use of spring rosettes constructed of brass, which are affixed with a single pin to the woodwork at intervals of about nine inches. The felt strip slides into these little fixtures and closes the aperture from which the unwelcome draught comes.

WOODEN WATER-PIPES.

It is by no means uncommon in the city of London when a street is 'up' to see lying along the curb a few lengths of wooden water-pipes which have been unearthed by the excavators. These are simply trunks of trees, generally about nine inches in external diameter, with the rough bark still visible on their surface, and with a bore of about four inches diameter. One end of each trunk is hollowed out, while the other is pointed, so that they can be fitted into one another in a continuous length. These pipes date back to the seventeenth century, when a water-supply was first brought to the Metropolis from Hertfordshire by the New River Company. It is interesting to note that wooden pipes for the conveyance of water on a very large scale are in use to-day, not in our own country but on the Pacific slope. These pipes, some of which are many feet in diameter, are made of Californian redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*), and are constructed with staves and hoops like an ordinary barrel. Where sharp turns are necessary, an elbow-joint of cast-iron, or of steel in the case of the larger pipes, is introduced. These pipes serve many important industries, and one of their most valued features is that they can be transported piecemeal and put together when they reach their destination.

The wood is of very light weight, and is exceedingly durable.

A COSTER ANTIQUARY.

In the course of a lecture delivered to the London Topographical Society by Mr F. H. Price, it was stated that the greatest collector of metropolitan antiquities was the late James Smith, a Whitechapel costermonger, who could neither read nor write. He was the buyer of unconsidered trifles in every place where old buildings were in course of demolition, and from the habit of parting with his 'finds' to collectors he became an ardent collector himself, and in course of time filled his premises with relics of Roman, Anglo-Saxon, and medieval times which were of great antiquarian value. He had a wonderful memory, and could recount the history of any specimen in his collection. Moreover, he knew the localities which were most likely to yield specimens of Roman origin.

THE COLUMBIA BOTTLE-STOPPER.

It would seem difficult to find a better substitute for cork as a stopper for bottles, although the glass-marble stopper, rubber, and paper-cork are used to some extent. Mr F. W. Menzies, Edinburgh, has given a demonstration with an American machine which cuts metal corks from prepared strips of tin, inserts a tiny ring of rubber, and by a swift process on another machine, fastens the tin stopper over the neck of the bottle so that all air is excluded, and it cannot be removed by hand. The inventors are Mr Lewis Kalling and Mr Albert Jones, and the machine is made in Baltimore, U.S.A. Strips of prepared tin are fed below a punch, which stamps out the discs. These travel round and receive a tiny ring of rubber inside, and are dropped out ready for insertion on the neck of the bottle. It is said that these stoppers will be sold at one shilling a gross, and that with the patent stopping-machine it will be possible to close from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred bottles per hour.

TO PURIFY WATER.

Dr George T. Moore, director of the United States Laboratory of Plant Physiology, has made known (Bulletin No. 64, Bureau of Plant Industry) a method of using copper sulphate or blue vitriol in water so as to be non-injurious to human life and yet so active that it will destroy virulent cholera and typhoid bacilli in a few hours. In an article upon the subject in the *Century* for December 1904, examples are given of how many American reservoirs have been purified and cleared of algæ by this process without danger to human life. It is never intended, however, to supersede slow sand or other methods of filtration. Copper money is looked upon as the dirtiest coinage. The Health Board of New York made experiments to find out if currency spreads disease. A microscopic examination of coins and paper showed that almost every silver and gold coin and paper bill carried from hand to hand swarmed with germs. Not a single disease-germ was found on any copper coins. Diphtheric germs were smeared over copper cents, and the effect was watched. The germs were dead in a few hours. Dr Moore issues the warning that no inexperienced person should use the copper treatment. A microscopic analysis of the water is first necessary in order to learn the number and character of the organisms, and whether the water is hard or soft.

A NEW TIDE AND RIVER MOTOR.

A patent has lately been granted to Mr Arthur Oates of Bradford for a new kind of water-motor of the endless-chain class, but working under a guided head of water and in connection with an iron or timber dam. Owing to its simplicity and the great capacity which can be given it, it is claimed that it will enable low river-falls to be utilised with profit. The chief aim of the inventor, however, has been to devise means by which power may be profitably obtained from the fall of tide-water into and out of coastal inlets with such motor-dams constructed across their entrances. It is stated that the power would be available for about three hours together, with similar intervals, which would give twelve hours of work per lunar day. Although not so convenient as steam-power for many purposes, there are many others, such as pumping, and some of the new electro-chemical and metallurgical processes, requiring large amounts of power, to which intermittent action will be no objection, or none but which would be more than counterbalanced by its lower cost; being computed to cost less than a quarter that of steam-power. The patentee, who has studied the subject for over twenty-five years, gives some interesting original tables showing the amount of power latent in and available from tidal action.

SLEEP!

Sleep! Though the winter winds are sadly moaning,
And hungry waves beat ever on the rock-bound shore,
A gray-robed Dawn is coming, though she tarries
Till Night's grim orgy with the deep is o'er.

Sleep! Though thy loving heart grow faint with watching,
And Night broods ever on Life's troubled deep;
Far through the clouds another Dawn is stealing.
God, in His love and mercy, send thee sleep!

MURIEL RAIKES BROMAGE.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SIXTH SERIES.

A STORY OF THE BASQUE COUNTRY.

By Cecil North.

CHAPTER I.

On a lovely September morning in 1891 a man and a woman sat out in the glorious air beside the débris of their lately finished breakfast.

The table, bearing on its snowy bosom a pleasant load of such good things as the country afforded—including the remains of a dish of fresh-caught trout—was placed under a vine-clad *pergola* built of chestnut poles, which were clinging to the eastern side of a little red-roofed cottage facing the rising sun. The cottage crowned the summit of a low and rocky hill.

The little eminence rose in solitary state from a green and level stretch of cultivated ground formed by the sudden widening of a length of one of the rugged valleys which are to be found everywhere along the French, or northern side, of the Pyrenees, and which, beginning amid the foothills, run a tortuous expanding and contracting course far up into the fastnesses of the range.

Overhead, dangling within easy reach of the pair, hung luscious bunches of fast-purpling grapes, while in the valley below a gleaming silvery ribbon wound its graceful way through fields of yellow Indian corn and rich green pasture, now softly losing itself in the leafy depths of a wood, now noisily rattling over some pebbly stretch with true Gallic vivacity.

Completely enclosing this beautiful scene, great mountains towered up into the brilliant blue, their weather-worn scalps emerging from the wooded lower slopes in scarred, fantastic shapes. The little hill itself, so closely did it resemble them, might have passed for one of these proud, defiant summits shed during the throes of some mighty, long-past convulsion, to find a resting-place in its present lowly position.

Not a breath stirred the air, which was already beginning to warm up after the freshness of the autumn night, while sombre bees and brilliant beetles hummed and pried about, carrying on with their wonted fussiness the absorbing business of their lives. A pair of still wet wading-trousers hung in a shady corner slowly drying, and against the wall there leaned a slender fishing-rod, whose smooth and glistening length was being industriously explored from butt to top-ring by a string of inquisitive ants. Of all the palpitating life about, man alone was idle.

Presently the woman sighed deeply. 'Heigh-ho!' she said, 'I wonder what the answer will be. Do you think that we shall get it to-day, Jack? Do you think that there has been time for your letter to reach London and for us to get an answer already, if they wrote at once?'

'Don't know, dear,' replied John Foster gloomily between the puffs of his cigarette; 'but we shall soon see, for there comes Jean;' and he nodded his head towards the farther end of the valley, where the blue-smocked, red-collared figure of the village postman had just come into view.

Slowly sauntering along, his handkerchief spread over his cap as a protection against the sun's rays, this easy-going official was absorbed in a flimsy newspaper which he had deliberately abstracted from its wrapper and meant to study from end to end ere replacing it and delivering it to its rightful owner, the curé. In this illicit manner he was wont to gather the news of the day, which he then retailed to the outlying farms as he went his long and toilsome round, getting in exchange cigarettes innumerable and so many glasses of strong country wine that his wobbling steps as he made his way homeward in the late afternoon unequivocally supported the testimony of his brilliantly coloured nose.

An important personage was Jean, who knew more about the inner lives of the inhabitants of the valley than even 'Monsieur le Curé' himself, in spite of the pull which the latter's profession gave him. Three-fourths of the rough Basque

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farmers were illiterate, and it was Jean's congenial task not only to read but to answer their rare correspondence for them, he thus becoming the receptacle into which they were obliged to pour the histories of their most private affairs.

So, although the worthy old curé knew that 'Gros Pierre' had told many lies and got hopelessly drunk last market-day in the big town in the plain—and had given him a fitting penance accordingly—the postman knew that the bibulous one's daughter, who was in service in Bordeaux, had written to tell her father that she had lost her place and was without any money to go on with, because the valet had given her a kiss or two on the staircase, quite unaware that her mistress was looking at them from above. And I ask you, which was the most interesting item of news? Gros Pierre was always drunk on market-days, and at no time was remarkable for his veracity; but kisses on staircases entailing such dire and unreasonable consequences were something to talk about indeed. Oh yes, there could be no doubt about it whatever, Jean was the most important person in the valley.

But his slow and literary progress, however acceptable to the easy-going Southerns, was distinctly irritating to the impatient Anglo-Saxon, and presently there rolled down the valley what at first sounded to Jean like the roaring of an infuriated bull. But as he approached nearer to the hill these weird sounds resolved themselves into shouts of 'Now then, you lazy beggar, hurry up, will you? Do you think I mean to wait all day while you read other people's papers?' and much more to the same effect, issuing from the white-walled cottage.

The scandalised and astounded man could hardly believe his ears; never had such an outrageous thing happened to him before in his long and bibulous career, and for one wild, mad moment he felt almost as if he could find courage to punish its author by not going near him until he passed again on his return. 'But then,' he reflected, 'the English, if all mad, and apt to do more with their hands than gesticulate, are also all millionaires, and are currently reported to give large and generous tips—even as much as two francs—on New Year's Day;' so he hurriedly thrust the curé's paper into his bag and made towards the roaring almost faster than he had moved since '70,' and he had moved very fast indeed on one or two occasions in that dreadful year, he still remembered with a shudder.

Puffing and blowing, he scrambled up the rough path that led to the top of the hill, and, shaking in his rope-soled shoes, gave up his papers and letters. But, instead of the terrible reception he fully expected, he was presented with a rank but much-appreciated black cigar; and, filled with astonishment, he bundled down again on to the level, more firmly convinced than ever that the Anglais were the most incomprehensible race in the world, and that the stories that he had heard about their selling their wives by auction and always living in a black fog were far short of the truth.

Among the correspondence was the letter so eagerly expected, and John Foster read it with a scowling face; his wife, in her anxiety to know its contents, looking over his shoulder as he did so. It came from a firm of solicitors in London, and was couched in the usual curt style generally affected by legal gentlemen, except when announcing the falling in of a legacy or some other equally pleasant business, the pickings of which they hope to handle. It ran:

'Sir,—In answer to yours of the 10th instant, we beg to inform you that our clients, Messrs Samuel Moses & Company, decline to accede to your request for delay in payment of the bill held by them for one thousand pounds, drawn by Captain Rookam and accepted by you. Unless, therefore, we receive your cheque by return we shall at once issue process against you for that amount and costs, without further notice.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants, Pract, Sharp, Ise, & Son.'

'Brutes!' said Foster.

'Oh dear, what's to be done?' wailed his wife. 'Why, oh, why were you so weak as to believe such a man as Rookam? You might have known that he was a horrid cheat. I felt sure that there was something wrong about him the very first time I ever set eyes upon him. Trust a woman's instincts; men are such fools that they never see an inch before their noses. How can we send a cheque when we haven't got any money to speak of? What will they do, do you think?'

'Bring an action against me—which, of course, I can't defend—get judgment, and put a bailiff into our house at home, and sell all the furniture and things, I suppose,' answered Foster disgustedly. 'A nice thing to happen when it is so well let, and a nice thing for our tenants as well; they will have to get out, and I shall have to repay them the rent they paid in advance, and how I am to do it licks me. But,' he continued, changing to a lighter tone, 'I don't think you can reproach me with being taken in by Rookam, little woman. If I remember rightly, you once said that he was one of the nicest of my friends, and the type of an honest English gentleman. Your woman's instinct seems to have been in abeyance for a while—eh?—or else you have a very bad memory.'

'That's nothing whatever to do with it,' cried Mrs John wrathfully. 'You always twist and turn my words so as to make me out inconsistent;' and the little lady flounced out of the room in a highly indignant and explosive state, and presently the maid-of-all-work was loudly weeping.

After his wife's departure Foster became very grave. His position was a serious one. His income came entirely from his pen, which of late seemed to have lost its cunning, to judge by the increasingly frequent return of manuscripts sent in by him with-

out a doubt of their acceptance. As he had a couple of sons at public schools, money had been getting scarcer and scarcer every month, and at last he had been obliged to let his house at home—the furniture alone was his—and retire with his wife to the little mountain cottage where he now was, to live as economically as possible, free from the expenses attached to life in his position in England.

Unfortunately for him, he had been led, before leaving, to listen to the glowing accounts of a certain enterprise under the fostering care of his friend Rookam—an enterprise free from risk, and certain to lead to large profits, according to the noble captain. No money was required of him. His name on a bill—a mere formality, he was assured—was all that was necessary. So, tempted by the hope of relieving his financial embarrassments, and with perfect belief in Rookam's sincerity, he succumbed to the latter's wiles, with the painful result already described. He turned the matter over in his mind in every direction, but could see no way out of his scrape. The furniture must go, and even then he feared that it would not fetch enough to pay the debt. Besides that, there was the question of his tenants. How could he repay them the rent advanced to him? Why, they might even sue him for damages for being turned out! It was a terrible prospect for an honourable man, whichever way he looked at it.

Thus, in gloomy thoughts, Foster passed the long, hot day, his brow remaining clouded, though his wife Nellie had long since got over her little tantrums.

Towards evening a farmer's son, a bright, cheery lad of thirteen or fourteen, came up to the house with a basket of peaches to sell. He was a great favourite of Nellie's, and she often gave him a few halfpence for himself over and above the price of his fruit, and, what he almost liked better, any old picture-papers that she might happen to have received from England. On this occasion he had one hand, which seemed to be causing him much pain, roughly bound up in a dirty rag; and, on inquiry, Mrs Foster found that he had severely hurt a finger while doing some job on the farm.

'Poor Bertrand! let me arrange it for you,' she said; and presently her deft fingers had properly dressed the injury and relieved the aching digit. Full of real gratitude—which he was shortly to prove in a marvellous manner—the little lad, with empty basket but with a fistful of sous, trotted away to his friends in the village, proudly exhibiting his clean bandage and loud in his praise of the gentle Anglaise.

'You spoil the boy, Nell,' grumbled poor, worried Foster; 'and, besides, we cannot afford to give away a single sou now. We shall want every one of them soon to buy bread and butter if I cannot get more of my work taken than at present.'

'They shall be the last, darling,' answered his wife, bending down and kissing him. 'Cheer up. I feel certain that we shall get out of the wood all right. Something is sure to turn up presently to help us—you see if it doesn't.'

'You little female Micawber!' smilingly answered John, patting her sunny head. 'That's the way: never say die; and now suppose we take a stroll in the cool before dinner, and afterwards I think I'll go down, if you don't mind, to the river and try those new night-flies I tied yesterday. The white-fellow that I am going to call the "Nellie F." should do well about ten o'clock, for after such a hot day the fish will feed until very late, I expect.'

Following out this idea, Foster, duly arrayed in brogues and waders, took his rod, and going down the hill about eight o'clock, struck the winding road that more or less followed the course of the river from end to end of the valley. His intention was to go up-stream into the mountains, and make for a long and deep pool which, owing to its position between almost perpendicular walls, where the river flowed far below the road, which was carried over the shoulder high above, was seldom fished, and was consequently well stocked with trout. It was a most difficult place to reach at any time; but Foster was an expert fisherman, and knew every yard of the river for a long way both above and below his house, and he felt confident that, in spite of the darkness, he could easily reach and leave the narrow strip of shingle on the edge of the pool that afforded the only place from which a fly could be cast or a trout landed. He had several times fished the pool during the daytime, and he was sure that he could do it equally well at night. The river was now extremely low, and there was no danger; and if by any chance a long and heavy thunderstorm caused it to rise, there would, he knew, be plenty of warning and time given him in which to make his way out of the gorge. So, pipe alight and busy with his thoughts, he made his way along, happily unconscious of the dreadful ordeal that awaited him, and which was to lead to such momentous consequences.

His wife, of course, stayed at home. She detested these night-fishing expeditions of her husband's, although the latter seldom indulged in them. He knew that she disliked being left alone, though not actually nervous; and she, on her side, knowing how dearly he loved his sport, and recognising the value of mutual tolerance of each other's foibles, made no objection when he did once and again propose an evening raid. He always told her the exact locality that he had selected for his operations; but on this occasion he unaccountably forgot to do so, an oversight to be deeply regretted later on.

It must have been past nine o'clock when—after much rough walking and endless scrambling over rocks and slippery boulders, which he could never have successfully negotiated without the help of the light from a tiny lantern he always took with him on these expeditions—he at last arrived at the pool, and, wading in knee-deep where the water shallowed on the strip of gravel, got to work with

his new white fly. He had not made many casts into the darkness with a line little longer than his rod before he felt—he could not, of course, see the rise—a heavy tug, and found himself holding hard on to a fish that was evidently above the average weight. But a stout grilse-cast which he had expressly mounted for this kind of work enabled him to give his captive little law, and in a couple of minutes or so to drag out on to the shingle, *nolens volens*, a lusty two-pounder. And so the merry game went on. Never moving from his position except when landing a fish, he allowed the gentle current in the pool to do what it liked with his fly, and carry it where it willed, and every now and again the welcome tug would come, and another (though not on every occasion) fat trout would find its way into his basket.

It was rather weird work this night-fishing in the lonely gorge buried away deep in the heart of the mountains, for the silence was oppressive to a degree. A young and watery moon caused fantastic and grotesque shadows to spread themselves about, and by their deep-black stains intensify the uncanniness of the chasm. Strange thoughts persisted on crowding into his brain, and the distant hoot of an owl or sullen flop of a feeding fish came almost as a relief to the tension.

But by eleven o'clock the owl had gone to bed, or at all events had ceased to utter its plaintive and melancholy note; and the trout also seemed to have satisfied their appetite, for such rises as he could hear were growing rarer and rarer, and the sudden pulls, that never failed to make him start in spite of his preparedness, were now few and far between.

With an uneasy feeling that he ought really to be going, and yet reluctant to do so while a single fish remained feeding and there was a chance of feeling another of those fascinating tugs, Foster at length tore himself away, and coming out of the water, shouldered his heavy basket and prepared to begin his difficult journey back again down the gorge until he could once more reach the open and quit the river-bed, cross the fields, and strike his homeward road. But at that moment a strange and distant sound caught his ear. At first he completely failed to make it out; but presently, listening intently, he felt certain that it was caused by people coming towards him, splashing and scrambling along the very path that he was about to take.

'What on earth could this mean?' he asked himself. 'What was bringing men to this inaccessible spot at such an hour?' His first idea was poachers intent on dragging the pool; but then he remembered the time of night it was, and that these individuals never deprived themselves of sleep in order to carry out their nefarious practices. It was not necessary. Nobody troubled their heads about the fishery-laws in this remote corner of France, and the netsmen had only to wait until the dusk tempted the trout to leave their rocky sanctuaries and come into the open pools to feed to carry out their poaching work successfully. They had no fear of being interrupted. The gendarmes and the solitary *garde pêche*, the people charged by the State to look after the river, discreetly kept the high-roads, or, better still, the village café, after dark. What would you? The fish were put into the river by the *bon Dieu* to be caught somehow or other. A worm in the light, or a net in the dark, it was all the same to them; and, besides, the fish were very good to eat, especially on Fridays. So, as long as somebody or other was always ready to make them a present of some of the bright little fish, they neither asked any questions as to the catching of them nor troubled the river with their attentions. No; poachers the approaching men certainly were not.

Could they be *douaniers*? Of course, that's what they were. How stupid of him not to have thought of it before! Why, the land swarmed with them, and they patrolled the mountains night and day along the frontier, and the thousand rough paths that led to it, in vain efforts to suppress the smuggling carried on in vast proportions between their own country and Spain. But then, again, they always hunted in couples, and the sounds that had so startled him emanated from several persons at the very least. Perhaps it was a large force of them about to raid a band of smugglers? And then there flashed upon him the true solution of the mystery. He had not to do with anything so pleasant as either poachers or *douaniers*, but with a gang of determined smugglers plying their exciting trade.

Foster had heard a good deal about these gentry. Indeed, it would be difficult for anybody, whatever his nationality, to live for any length of time in a remote Pyrenean valley such as this without coming into almost daily contact with them. Nearly every able-bodied man took a hand in the game—the dangerous part of it—that is to say, the getting the stuff over the frontier and safely hiding it in cellars and lofts; while the women and children carried out the work in its less arduous stages, distributing the goods piecemeal by means of a thousand little tricks and devices to their customers and receivers of all sorts in the bigger towns in the plains. The chances were, therefore, that the approaching men were from his own village, and in consequence, knowing who he was, and aware that they had nothing to fear from him either directly or indirectly, would not, he hoped, molest him in any way. Still, he felt that if he could avoid a rencontre and let them get past and go higher up the river without seeing him, it would be quite as well. Civil as they usually were, and friendly even, in their cottages and fields, they were at best but a rough lot of fellows; and out here, in this wild and lonely spot, far removed from any restraining influence, goodness only knew what their French excitability might not lead them to do in the first blush of such an unlooked-for meeting.

With these ideas in his head, our friend, therefore, at once sought about for a likely place of

concealment; and noticing that in the steep wall of rock behind him there appeared a place that, in the uncertain light, seemed climbable, for a short distance up at all events, he determined to try it, trusting that he might discover some ledge or hollow wherein he could stow his long length out of sight.

(*To be continued.*)

TARAPACÁ AND THE NITRATE INDUSTRY.

By W. J. KIRKCALDIE, Iquique.

'EVER heard of the place' will probably be the first thought of most readers of the title of this article; it may therefore be well to mention that the province of Tarapacá forms the most northerly part of Chili, and is bounded on the north and east by the republics of Peru and Bolivia respectively.

The chief and practically only circumstance which gives the Desert of Tarapacá any claim to the interest of the outside world is the fact that it is the centre of the nitrate of soda industry, which business has led to the investment of many millions of pounds, and attracts numbers of Europeans who have an interest in or come out to work for the numerous companies engaged in this occupation.

Chili is, I believe, the only spot where deposits of nitrate of soda exist in workable quantities and conditions, and whence large quantities of the prepared nitrate are shipped yearly to all parts of the world.

As one nears the shore from the sea, the general impression is that of a rocky and absolutely barren coast, rising abruptly out of the sea to a height of about two thousand feet. Sailing up the coast, one sees here and there what look at first sight to be a few sheds on the beach, but which on closer inspection prove to be small townships of varying sizes, the ports from which are shipped the nitrate sent down from the interior.

The capital of the province, and the most important town connected with the nitrate business, is Iquique. As the harbour is approached, a smoky haze proclaims to the new-comer that a town of some size is built on the foreshore; and as the ship drops anchor one witnesses such a scene as might inspire a painter of Christmas pantomime scenery, or be the embodiment of some nightmare landscape.

Iquique is a town of about thirty thousand inhabitants, and is built on the shore between the ocean and the *pampa*, which latter rises abruptly to an altitude of about two thousand feet, some two miles from high-water mark.

The streets are fairly well kept, and as a rule run at right angles to each other and at regular intervals. The houses are mostly built of wood, with no pretence to symmetry, and are often painted in fantastic colours, giving one the impression of a tumble-down and chronic Earl's Court.

Like all Chilian towns, Iquique has its *plaza* or square. Here the fashionable—and otherwise—members of the native community promenade in the evenings to hear the band play and to meet and be seen of each other. The centre of the *plaza* is laid out in ornamental gardens, and many of the inhabitants of this part of the world have never seen any vegetation other than is grown here.

Walking down the principal street, which is well made and about a mile long, one sees little or no evidence of comfort. Inside the houses, however, the display of wealth comes as a surprise, as much of the furniture and most of the fittings are in European style, and frequently of European manufacture. The majority of the houses have a balcony or veranda, from which vantage-point the fair *Chilenas* show themselves off on holidays or other suitable occasions.

There is a large British colony in the province, and an English church and English club furnish evidence of the desire to hold our own out here; while on special occasions a glimpse of H.B.M.'s consul in uniform brings 'England, home, and beauty' vividly to mind. The municipality own a very good theatre, in which Spanish and Italian companies perform from time to time. The Chilian has small use for a theatre in darkness, and it is curious to see the actors on the stage while the auditorium is a blaze of light. What is the use of clothes, jewels, and cosmetics if they are hidden from the public gaze?

The English club is the focus of the Britons in the province, and there is a regular supply of current newspapers and periodicals, with special cablegrams on occasion.

Business goes on much the same as in London, though the hours are different. Most houses open at 8 A.M., and work till 5 P.M., with a break of an hour for breakfast at midday. The trade and commerce is dependent upon the production and output of nitrate of soda, sent down from the interior; but everything necessary for life has to be imported into the province, as there are no natural supplies of food, or, indeed, anything except air. At one time water was brought in boats from Peru; but in recent years a system of pipes from the Cordillera provides the port with fresh-water.

There is little or no domestic life in Tarapacá, the climate and artificial conditions of life operating against such a thing. The hotels are bad, and unless a new-comer can arrange to join a mess—of which there are several—there is small comfort in life for a bachelor, as 'board and lodgings' are practically unknown; and even if by good luck a furnished room or rooms are obtained, no meals will be served, and a hotel is the only resource.

The cost of living is very great, as everything has to be imported, and the duties on most articles are extremely high—so much so that, though salaries are good and incomes as a rule large, fifty pounds a month does not go very far.

After business hours the usual places of fashionable resort are the Sports Club and an *al fresco* restaurant situated on a small bay about a mile from the town. The former place has tennis-courts and skittle-alleys, with a racecourse and polo, football, and cricket grounds adjoining. In the afternoons there is usually tennis or bathing, and later, when the electric light is turned on, skittles are played—with intervals for refreshment—until dinner-time.

The ladies dress extravagantly, and it is curious to see costumes which would not disgrace church-parade in Hyde Park in a place which is nothing more nor less than a small town built on a sandbank. The shops are good, but the prices are correspondingly high, and one is tempted to get as much as possible direct from home. There are one or two private motor-cars; and, wonderful to relate, one sportsman (a Scotsman) has a dogcart, in which he drives tandem. There is only one decent road, of about two miles in length, so these vehicles seem superfluous, and are an evidence of the desire to make the most of things.

The backbone of the province, some even say of Chili, are the nitrate deposits on the *pampa* between the Cordillera of the Andes and the coast. A railway provides the means of communication between the nitrate works (or *oficinas*) and the port. The first thing which strikes a stranger on arriving at the station *en route* for the *pampa* is the number and appearance of the passengers. The third-class carriages, which are large and roomy, are generally full of a hot, dirty, and odoriferous mixture of humanity, comprising Chilians, Bolivians, and Peruvians, with a fair sprinkling of Chinese and Japanese. The majority are workmen employed by the various *oficinas*, who, with their families, seem always able to find sufficient money to come down to the coast for a holiday. Fortunately the management provides a reserved carriage for the benefit of supersensitive Europeans or others, and the charge of five dollars (or six shillings and tenpence extra) is not excessive, meaning as it does freedom from close quarters with undesirable people who too often exude fumes of garlic. The usual journey occupies about five hours; and this being across a hot, sandy plain, any small comfort is cheap at almost any price.

On leaving Iquique the train climbs diagonally up the face of the coast hills, and after about two hours one finds one's self well up on the *pampa*, with the Andes in the far distance. The whole landscape is one which prompts the inquiry as to whether the country was made before the creation commissariat turned up, or whether it was left till all supplies had been exhausted. For thousands of square miles there is no trace of either animal or vegetable life, the only creatures which appear to live in a natural state being flies—in millions—and a species of buzzard, which feeds off the carcasses of such mules and oxen as die and are left unburied on the *pampa*. The general impression is that of a desolate waste of rocks and sand, with a blazing sun and relentless glare all the year. There is no weather in Tarapacá, there being neither rain, wind, nor cold. The only change is an increase of heat in summer (December to February) and the presence of occasional clouds (or *camanchacas*) on the high grounds in winter (June to August).

As the train speeds along at the rate of about ten miles an hour, a fine, flour-like dust envelops it, penetrating into everything. Here and there can be seen the various nitrate works, spread about at distances of from one to ten miles from each other. They are uninviting in general appearance, as the workmen's camps give a squalid look to the whole place.

Many of the administration houses, where the manager and clerks live, are, however, very comfortable, and as far as possible the well-being of the employés is carefully looked after. The usual style of a *pampa* house is that of a one-storied building arrranged in a square, with an open court (or *patio*) in the centre. They are mostly built of wood, in order to withstand the frequent shocks of earthquake to which the residents of the province are treated.

Each *oficina* has to depend upon itself as regards the working, as there are no factories or stores where repairs can be made or provisions obtained; the majority of *oficinas* having their own shop (or *pulperia*), in which the workmen can buy the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life. In fact, an *oficina* is in reality a small village, where from five hundred to fifteen hundred souls live, move, and have their being.

There is little variety in the daily life on the *pampa*, there being nothing to do but work, eat, and sleep all the year. Sundays are not observed as official holidays; but there is usually a slackness both in the office and out on the grounds. The work in most places goes on day and night; but in the office the hours are from 8 A.M. till as soon after 5 P.M. as the clerks are able to finish. Breakfast is at 11 A.M., lunch at 3 P.M., and dinner about 7.30 P.M. Of recreation there is very little, the isolation and nature of the country preventing much pleasant intercourse with neighbouring works. Riding and tennis can sometimes be indulged in; but the scarcity of new faces and the unattractiveness of the surroundings do not conduce to much activity in search of amusement. Indeed, one of the worst features of life on the *pampa* is the terrible depression which comes on when one realises the loneliness of his position and the stagnation, or worse, of intellect. Even nature appears to have deserted the place, and were it not for the splendid climate, life would be little better than that of a convict settlement.

Poverty, as met with in a great city, is unknown

on the Tarapacá *pampa*. Food—of a kind—is always obtainable, and the absence of wet or cold makes housekeeping (?) a small affair to the working-man. A few skins or sacks keep him warm at night; and as his family grows, and he wishes to add a new wing to his residence, he merely puts up a rough scaffolding and nails a quantity of sacks to it. Filth and dirt seem to find willing hosts in the ordinary *oficina* camp; and children, dogs, pigs, and goats are mixed up in an unassorted living jumble.

Amidst it all, one is struck with the superficial politeness to be met with. It is quite usual to hear the poorest people, when meeting, say, '*Buenos dias, señor*,' or '*Como le va, señorita?*' which in literal English mean, 'Good-day, sir,' and 'How do you do, miss?'

In the administration houses there is a strict observance of precedence, and visitors are treated with the respect which their relative positions appear to warrant. On rising from table nobody moves until the honoured guest has first passed out, and it is odd to see the employés lined up, waiting for the manager and visitors to leave the room.

All the same, in spite of this deferential behaviour, a native will clear his throat and—well, a strong stomach and familiarity with such customs alone enable one to continue eating.

The making of nitrate itself is a comparatively simple process. The raw material (or *caliche*) is taken out of the ground at depths varying from five to twenty feet, and has to the unskilled eye the appearance of dirty limestone rock. This is carted to the machinery (or *maquina*), where it is crushed to a small size; it is then carried to the boiling-tanks, and steam and hot-water are turned on until the tank is full. After some hours of boiling, the solution is drawn off and run into cooling-tanks (or *bateas*), in which the liquid is allowed to remain for some days. At the end of the requisite time the surface water is drawn off, and a white deposit of nitrate of soda is left. This is thrown on to the drying-yards (or *canchas*), and exposed to the sun till most of the moisture has evaporated. The nitrate is then ready for putting into bags and sending to port for shipment.

It is a curious freak of nature that in the place from which one of the richest and best-known of fertilisers is taken there is not so much as a blade of grass. Some day it is possible that the Chilian or some other Government, or some enterprising company, may start a scheme for irrigating the *pampas* in the north of Chili, in which case I can scarcely picture a more delightful spot to live in; for, with vegetation and animal life, the Desert of Tarapacá would be transformed into a veritable Garden of Eden.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of *Barbe of Grand Bayou, Bondman Free, John of Gerisau*, &c.

CHAPTER IX.—BROKEN LINKS.

IT was a golden afternoon in May when the leisurely transport nosed its way up the muddy estuary, and finally landed Geoff in Southampton; but it was late in the evening before his work was done and he was free to run up to town.

He hammered joyfully on the well-known door in Portman Square, and greeted the man who opened it with more joviality than he would have believed possible.

'Hello, Bourne! How's everybody?'

He felt like a schoolboy home for the holidays, or, better still, done with school, and home for good and all.

The man's eyes lightened at sight of him, but he looked so solemn that Geoff's face fell involuntarily, and he felt a chill of foreboding.

'Miss Ellen and Lord Exmoor are in the library, Mr Geoffrey,' said Bourne, and Geoff hurried along the passage.

Ellen sprang up to meet him as he entered, and gave a little cry. She was in deep black, as was Charles Doone, who stood behind her. Geoff looked anxiously from one to the other. Exmoor, he knew, was dead, and Charlie reigned in his stead.

'Oh Geoff!' said Ellen, with her arms round his neck, 'you have not heard? Dear Uncle Carrick died last Thursday. We buried him to-day;' and her tears fell afresh at thought of it all.

Geoff sat down suddenly and gazed at them hollow-eyed and speechless. Was he in any way responsible for this fresh disaster? Verily, he began to fear that misfortune dogged his heels.

Charlie Doone, to whom we may now accord his proper title, caught a glimpse of something of the kind in his face, and said quietly, 'It was at his club, Geoff. Sudden heart-failure, instantaneous and perfectly painless, and not unexpected either by himself or his doctor. Old Pargiter says he might have gone off any moment of the last six months, although he always looked so hale and well. The Crimea has its revenge at last.'

Geoff nodded, and then said quietly, 'All the same, I shall always fear that the trouble I brought on him helped to break him down.'

'You need not, my boy,' said Exmoor, with quiet emphasis which carried conviction. 'On the contrary, your little affairs quite gave a fillip to his regular enjoyment of a grievance against the Jacks-in-office. It was a very genuine grievance, and he made the most of it.'

'I'm beginning to think I must have been born under an unlucky star. See what a difference this last six months has made: Eisenach, Cameron, Uncle Carrick, Exmoor;' and, though he did not say it, they knew that he thought of Una Devon.

'Don't get morbid, my boy,' said Exmoor cheerily. 'You were not responsible for either Exmoor or Uncle Carrick or Cameron or Eisenach. You've been having difficult times, and been working too hard, I expect, as an alterative. If you'll take my advice, you'll go and play for a spell now.'

'Yes'—with a weary stretch of the arms—'I want a rest, and to feel myself a free man. I had decided to send in my papers, unless the General set himself against it, and now'—— And a spasm of painful thought flitted across the lean face. 'Do you know, Charles, that the authority which makes one man the arbiter of other men's fortunes is a very terrible responsibility.' And he gave them briefly the facts of the fight at Tembé.

'We got garbled scraps of the matter at the clubs,' said Exmoor, 'and could make neither head nor tail of it. According to the strict letter of the law, I suppose you were in the wrong. But if Everett had pushed it home he'd have run his head against the wall. He was well advised to drop it. When a small-minded man gets to the top there is absolutely no end to the mischief he may make. What are your plans, Geoff?'

'I want to feel my freedom for a time. Then I had some idea of trying the diplomatic service.'

'I wouldn't decide to throw up your present hand too hastily, if I were you. Take a good off-spell, anyway, and think it over. You've deserved a rest, if any man ever did.'

'And you two? What about you?' asked Geoff.—'Nell dear, you are looking worse than I ever remember seeing you. You are wanting a change too.'

'I was trying to persuade her to *the* change when you came in,' said Exmoor. 'Join forces, my boy, and we'll prevail over her. A quiet wedding, as soon as possible—it's what Uncle Carrick would have advised if he'd been here, I know—and then I'll take her away to any paradise she chooses. What do you say?'

'I say yes, most decidedly, and the sooner the better.'

'I am quite content now that I've got you both here again,' said Ellen. 'The rest can very well wait.'

'Charlie is right, Nell. Life is not long enough to be wasted in waiting when you can pluck your fruit at once. Get married and get away.'

'Will you come with us?'

'As far as the church, my dear, and then to the station to see you safely off, but not a step farther. Three on a wedding-trip would never do.'

After dinner an adjournment was made to the cosy little smoking-room which had been General Carrick's sanctum, and Challis found himself constantly listening for the well-known footstep outside the door, and caught himself looking round every now and again for the cheerful face and familiar figure, and each time the fact that he was gone came upon him like a fresh blow. He could not quite realise it yet, for to him the news had come like a clap, whereas the others had seen the end, and the subsequent mournful ceremonies had ruled a broad black mark between the past and the present.

The evenings were chilly yet, and the fragrance of the peat-fire in the low open hearth mingled soothingly with that of their cigars as they sat and talked, discursively and with long silences, of the past and the future, of the dear old man who was gone, and of what lay immediately before them.

And one result of it was that they prevailed on Ellen to consent to a quiet wedding a fortnight later, and Exmoor made formal entry of the date in his pocket-book, lest, as he said, he should forget it or she should attempt to go back on it.

That important matter finally settled, he did his best to detach himself from his own concerns by taking Geoff's vigorously in hand.

'Now see here, Geoff, my boy; here's an idea for you. It's always as well to go slow when you're contemplating a new start in life.'

'Such as getting married?' suggested Geoff.

'That's a different thing altogether. When once your mind is made up and the other party's also, you can't be too quick about it. But about chucking the army. Don't be too hasty. You meet Everetts in every walk in life—even in the navy, though naturally less there than in any of the other services. And it's no light thing to jettison ten years of one's life. What you want is a big rest and time to tone up. You've gone through more than most the last few months. Now, here's a suggestion. The *Seamew* is eating her head off down at Gosport. Why not take her out for a month's run—Norway, or the Western Isles, or the Mediterranean, or wherever you like? Bannatyne would bless you. He's a good chap, and he's never quite happy when he's not on the move.'

'Why don't you go honeymooning in her yourself?'

'Nell wants the Tyrol and some secret place she knows of on Garda. She's pilot now. I'm only plain captain.'

'Well,' said Challis thoughtfully, 'I'm inclined to accept your offer, Charlie. I want to get away from everything for a time. I'll be pretty poor company for Bannatyne.'

'Ban'll be all right as long as he's moving. He's cultivated a most marvellous power of silence, through being so much alone, I suppose. Wouldn't you take one or two fellows with you? Maybe you'll'——

'Not this time, old man. Myself won't be over good company, I'm thinking; but it'll be quite as much as I can stand.'

Exmoor found it difficult that night to transfer himself from the snug little room and its pleasant company to his great lonely house in Hyde Park

Terrace. For though they were in the shadow of their loss, there was no bitterness in them. Uncle Carrick's life had been a long and strenuous one, blamelessly lived, willingly laid down when the time came. There was no cause for over-sorrow. Their grateful recollections of his unvarying kindness and unlimited goodness were their prayers for the repose of his soul.

When Ellen came back into the room she found Geoff smoking thoughtfully, with his eyes fixed on the crumbling peats. She knelt on the rug and built up the ruins, and laid a fresh coping on top, and then drew up a hassock and sat with her arm on his knees.

'It is such a joy to have you back safe and sound, Geoff. My heart is completely at rest for the first time in very many months.'

'It is good to be back, dear; it is very good to be back. You and Charlie will be very happy. He is a fine fellow. I do not know any other man I would have thought quite worthy of you, Nell. I have only one regret, and that is that I can't help fearing that the dear old man who is gone cannot have felt quite satisfied with me.'

'You are quite wrong, Geoff. If you had heard him speak of you, you would not have a shadow of any such feeling.'

'I am very glad of that. Anyway, he knows the rights and wrongs of it all now, and he will know that in all things I did the very best that was in me.'

'Do you think you will give up the army?' She was avoiding an inevitable question, and they were both fully aware of it.

'I feel like it at present. It galls one to rags to feel that all one's hopes and efforts may be blocked by the petty venom of any narrow mind. It is hard, you know,' he said bitterly. 'It is not the loss of position, and all that, that one has rightfully won. It is just the rank injustice of it all.'

'I know,' she said. 'It must be dreadfully hard to bear. In some it must poison and embitter all their lives. In your case there are alleviations.'

'Yes,' he said, patting the arm that lay across his knees. 'In my case there are alleviations; but, all the same, I feel like getting out of it and being my own man. Now, tell me, what news have you of Una Devon?'

Ellen's lips pinched a trifle, and if Miss Devon's eyes could, by any possibility, have looked out of the burning peats she would have found it difficult to meet the withering scorn that glowed in her old friend's face.

'You are well quit of her, Geoff,' she said quietly. 'I have never met her to speak to since you left. They say she is going to marry Belturbet.'

And the big top-peat burned through and fell apart before he spoke, and then it was very quietly.

'I am sorry to hear that. And I am very sorry for her. Belturbet will never make any woman happy.'

'Except Lady Eugénie,' said Ellen with unaccustomed viciousness. 'His father is not expected to last the year out, and Una will be Duchess of Cashel, and miserable for the rest of her life. But I think Lady Eugénie will be happy. Of course it is not she who is going to marry Belturbet.'

'The pity of it! What does Mr Devon say about it?'

'He has never said anything about it to me. I like Mr Devon, and I am sorry for him. He looks fagged and worried. Lady Eugénie can play the Tartar, I believe, when she is set on getting her own way.'

'It's horrible to think of Una marrying that fellow. He is simply an unutterable blackguard.'

'Charlie puts it even stronger; but then he's a sailor-man, and they have a natural gift that way.'

'Well,' said Geoff after a long silence, 'if you have any idea of getting to bed before to-morrow morning, my dear, we'd better be moving;' and she kissed him and went off, grateful for the sight of his quiet face.

But for five months he had been assured in his own mind that all was over between himself and Una, and he had been quietly putting all thoughts of her away from him.

All the same, it was something of a blow to hear that she was to mate with such a one as Lord Belturbet.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A LONDON MERCHANT.

By JOHN B. DRAYTON.

PART I.

WHILE I retain my memory unimpaired I will note some of the more remarkable incidents which occurred in a long business career.

ANIMAL CHARCOAL.

About the year 1858 it came to our knowledge that sugar-refiners in the United States, instead of revivifying the animal charcoal they used, sold it for manure purposes after using it once only. This animal charcoal was of very fine quality; we therefore employed an agent in the States to purchase and collect this article from the refiners. It was then packed in good hogsheads and shipped in fifty-ton parcels by sailing-vessel to London. At that time there were several sugar-refiners in London; and

although they were difficult of access to strangers, it so happened that we were well in with some of them, and we readily sold the parcels of charcoal, as they came to hand, to these firms. We obtained a price about double the first cost; so that, although the expenses were considerable, it was a good business. But large quantities were not obtainable. Of course we could always have sold it at a price for manure purposes, in case of need.

A DEAL IN WHEAT.

In 1868 the price of English wheat exceeded seventy shillings per quarter. In April of that year the representatives of a banking firm at Naples offered us three thousand quarters of white Barletta wheat at the price of fifty shillings per quarter f.o.b. Barletta; shipment in June, as soon as it was harvested. This is a fine and heavy quality, and in that climate, provided the weather was good, the wheat was in condition to be threshed as soon as cut. This seemed a tempting transaction, although somewhat speculative, and we bought the wheat. The point was to get the wheat to England before the English harvest.

When the time came we sought for a steamer to bring the wheat to London. We applied to the Austrian Lloyd's, and they offered us a steamer at six shillings per quarter, which we accepted. It turned out that this was an English steamer, with an English captain; the boat being under charter to the Austrian Lloyd's. The wheat was harvested in splendid weather, and the steamer arrived at Barletta at the right time. Then a curious thing happened. We knew, and we thought everybody knew, that Barletta was an open roadstead; but neither the Austrian Lloyd's agent here nor the captain realised this. When the captain got to Barletta, and discovered this, he seems to have lost his head; for although, of course, he had to wait till he could get his cargo on board, it being shipped by craft according to the custom of the port—and there was no undue delay, as the weather was perfect—the moment he had the last boatload on board he sailed *without signing bills of lading*. This rendered him and his steamer subject to arrest; and also it made the Naples bankers very angry. They threatened all kinds of disagreeable action if we did not hand the cash to their correspondents in London at once. This, of course, was impossible, as we had *nothing* to show that the wheat had been shipped. However, the Austrian Lloyd's representative (who was a bank director), the Naples bankers' correspondents, and ourselves agreed that the arrival of the steamer should be awaited, we handing over the cash as soon as it could be ascertained that she had the wheat on board; meanwhile, the policy of insurance being handed over to the bankers' correspondents.

In a few days the steamer arrived all in order, the money was paid, and the captain got a good wigging. Though this was well before the English harvest, we told our factors not to warehouse any of the wheat, but to sell *ex* ship as fast as it had to be discharged. We obtained from sixty-three shillings and sixpence to sixty-two shillings and sixpence at the last—an average of over sixty-three shillings, and so brought a nice little speculation to a happy conclusion. This transaction was unique. Such a thing had never been done before, and I am sure it has not been done since.

BICHROMATE OF POTASH.

About the year 1856 there was only one manufactory of this article in Great Britain and one in France. There was a good demand for it, and the price was ninepence per pound. The French manufacturer had an entire monopoly of the French market, as there was an import duty equal to about elevenpence per pound. Cobden's treaty was only negotiated some years later. The sales of the French make were made by two important houses, one in Paris and the other at Rouen; and we had business relations with both these houses. The manufactory was at Havre. We were often pressed to take up the article, but the difficulty was that it was, in the English Customs tariff, subject to a duty of 10 per cent. *ad valorem*.

At last it occurred to me that we might get this duty removed. We imported a ton to London, and employed a Custom-House agent to try and get the Board of Customs to admit it duty free. We had our own idea of the grounds on which we might succeed; but the agent thought he knew best, and went his own way to work, and failed. So we had to pay the duty. Feeling that this was due to the agent's obstinacy, we brought a second ton to London, petitioned the Customs ourselves, and ultimately obtained a Customs order admitting the article duty free. This order was addressed to us, and, as far as we knew, was not brought to the notice of others. We then made arrangements for a monthly supply of ten tons, had it shipped from Havre to Southampton as 'chemicals,' and naturally sent down the Customs' order to Southampton. To avoid letting the Scotch makers know of this competition, we sold the article in London to a large drysaltery house whose headquarters were at Leeds, but who had a warehouse in London, where the railway company delivered it. Curiously enough, the French make was so exactly like the Scotch—the identical *nuance*—that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other.

The discovery of the magenta aniline colour ended this business. Bichromate of potash was largely used for that, and the price advanced to thirteenpence per pound. The demand in France took all the French make at high prices, and no more was to be had for England. When we went to see the manufacturer at Havre about this he was greatly grieved, and actually shed tears. Some time before, he had intended to enlarge his manufactory, and with that object in view had instructed his agents to propose to us to enter into a contract for several years to take fifteen to twenty tons a month,

the price we were then paying to be the maximum, a *pro rata* reduction to be made whenever the English price was below ninepence. The agents, thinking that they knew their principal's business better than he knew it himself, and considering this a one-sided proposal, merely made us the offer at the fixed price, which of course we declined. The manufacturer, therefore, did not enlarge his manufactory, and now could not supply the home demand; and, in fact, through this mistake of the agents both he and we missed the chance of making a large sum of money.

A BROKER'S ADVANCE.

A produce broker in a large way of business in the City of London, who was believed to be not only honest and honourable, but in fact rather strait-laced, made an advance to a brother-in-law upon a parcel of iodine. This brother-in-law became incapacitated, and had to relinquish business; and when the iodine came to be sold there was a deficiency, including interest, of about three hundred pounds, which the debtor was quite unable to pay. A considerable time afterwards the father-in-law of this brother-in-law died, and *then* the broker claimed of the executor payment of this amount as due to him by the father-in-law! The executor was a physician, who knew nothing of business, and he was astounded at this claim, because, as he said, his father would never have bought anything he could not pay for. If he had owed money he would have paid it at once, and certainly would not have rendered himself liable to pay interest at the rate of 8 per cent. and 10 per cent. per annum, which was charged in the account for part of the time when the bank rate stood at these rates. Ultimately the broker agreed to submit the question to my decision. It happened that I knew more about the matter than he supposed.

Imagine, then, the meeting at the broker's office. Present—the broker, his old bookkeeper, the executor, and I. The broker's partner was there, but he maintained a detached position, and stood on the rug with his back to the fire. The first question was, could they produce any authority from the father-in-law to debit him with the account? They could not, and so they were forced to maintain that the original transaction had been with him! To establish this they could produce nothing but a page in their ledger with his name at the top, under which was the entry to his debit, 'From Ledger C,' or whatever letter it was. Having solemnly looked at that entry, I said, 'Now, then, for Ledger C,' and they could only absolutely refuse to produce it—talking about a slur upon their honour. Pressure on my part led to no further results, so I turned to the executor and said, 'This is evidently a fraudulent claim, and you should refuse to pay it.' The broker said nothing, but the old bookkeeper lifted up his hands to heaven and wondered how I dared say such things about one whose character stood so high as his revered master. I told him his opinion was not asked, and came away with the executor.

The executor, however, paid the money, and for this reason: The wife of the broker's brother-in-law was his sister; and as she had means, and the brother-in-law had none, the broker allowed him fifty pounds a year in order that he should not be wholly dependent upon his wife. So the broker told the executor that unless his claim was paid he would stop the allowance. This broker left one hundred thousand pounds at his death, and he had no family. I never spoke to him afterwards.

Perhaps the most remarkable part of this story remains to be told.

Several years afterwards, long after the broker had retired from business, I was staying at Eastbourne. The broker was staying there also. Having caught sight of me, he sent an ambassador in the person of a common friend, not once, but four times, to endeavour to induce me to withdraw what I had said; he had felt it most keenly all those years, said my friend. My repeated reply was, 'Let him produce that preceding ledger, and then we shall see.' Here was a rich man, probably thinking of the hereafter, desiring absolution at my hands without showing any sign of repentance and without restitution of that which he had dishonestly taken. A truly remarkable state of mind.

BANKING MORALITY.

One day a young man, whom I recognised as having been a clerk in the office of one of my business friends, came to me and said that he knew of some bills which were in the hands of a London bank, and which were forged—'fabricated' would, I believe, have been more exact. He personally had nothing to do with them, but he was ready to give evidence if called upon, as, knowing about them, he did not know what he ought to do; and, having given me the particulars and his address, he left the matter in my hands.

I went to the bank in question, at that time a private one, taking with me one of their old customers. I told them what I had been told, and offered to produce the young man. The banker said they did hold the bills, to the amount of about nine hundred pounds, and they had already come to the conclusion that they were forged or fabricated. They were very much annoyed, because the man who had fabricated them and discounted them at this bank was introduced by a valued customer; and it turned out that he had only opened the account with the bank *in order to discount these bills*. In the result, the bank took no steps whatever against the forger, but worried the old customer who introduced him till, in a fit of extreme irritation, he paid them the money they had lost through his introduction.

TROUBLE ABOUT A BALTIC CARGO.

We once had a cargo from the Baltic by a Danish vessel. By the charter-party there were twelve

days for discharging. The captain was cantankerous, and first demanded full payment of the freight before commencing to discharge. We agreed to pay half, and the balance on completion of the discharge. When he had delivered half, he wasted a day in trying to get us to pay the balance of freight. In the end he claimed one day's demurrage; and as we refused to pay he took out a summons, which came before Commissioner Kerr. Our broker entered the goods, and the action was brought against him. I dealt with the case in person, the court of course supposing *I* was the broker, as when the case was called on I said, 'Here.' I took a preliminary objection that the merchant, not the broker, should have been sued. The judge took note of this; but as he found we were ready to fight on the merits, the case went on. The captain had sailed, but the ship-brokers, a solicitor, and a young counsel in wig and gown were there. First the charter-party was put in, with a translation of the Danish (which cost quite a guinea), and the judge read out, 'Twelve running days for discharge, counting from the day that the consignee has notice of the vessel's arrival.' 'What was the date of your giving notice to the consignee?' asked the judge. 'We could not give notice, because the bill of lading was consigned "to order,"' replied counsel. 'Then what fools you must be,' said Commissioner Kerr, 'to sign a document the terms of which you could not carry out!' Then I said, 'We will admit receiving notice the *day after* the vessel's arrival, when we saw her in the Customs List.' This pleased the judge, and won our case by giving us the extra day. Counsel made great efforts to overcome this, but the judge sat upon him, and gave judgment with costs. I said as a last word, 'We don't claim any costs.'

A PLEASANT MEETING.

In 1856 or 1857 I met a well-known carpet manufacturer in the north, at Paris. He was on his wedding journey. He told me that they paid a young man a large sum—two thousand pounds a year, I think—to design *only* for them. This was *very* high pay for the designs he drew for them; but his talent was so extraordinary that it paid them to keep him wholly to themselves. I went with the gentleman and his bride to see this young man, who was the son of a confectioner in the Rue de Rivoli, and he drew a very large and complete design or pattern without taking any measurements, just to show us what he could do. Every day at the *table-d'hôte* the waiter was sent to fill my glass with their champagne, that we might raise our glasses together; though their seats were a long way off, I could see them. One day, just as I was saluting them, a gentleman on the other side of the bride somehow turned a siphon full on to her dress—a very pale-blue silk—and, I believe, ruined it. But both bride and bridegroom showed the utmost *sang-froid*, and treated it as an incident of no consequence.

CONTINENTAL BUSINESS DURING THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

The Franco-Prussian war of 1870 caused us very heavy losses, directly and indirectly. For example, on one parcel of finest currants, in London a sudden fall in price took place which made a difference of one thousand pounds. We had a contract running with a Lyons manufacturer for his make of citric acid and tartaric acid. This contract was faithfully carried out; but as the workmen were called to the war, the production was diminished and the time of delivery prolonged, so that some was delivered after the close of the war, when the price rose considerably. Our principal market for these articles was in Paris, which, as the war progressed, was closed to us. We were obliged to sell in Lyons and in Switzerland, or bring them to London. To pay for the goods we were generally able to buy notes of the Bank of France in London—they were at a premium throughout the war. But once or twice we were compelled to send sovereigns *vid* Bordeaux. When Paris was invested we had a large number of bills running there, in the hands of our Paris banker. We found afterwards that every one of these bills was paid at maturity, without advantage being taken of the prolongation allowed by law.

One day a Paris correspondent advised us that he was sending us from Havre the sheep he had on his farm near Rouen, as he was determined those Prussians should not have them. The sheep never arrived. Probably the Prussians intercepted them.

We used to sell cargoes of arsenic to a firm having works in French territory, but close to Bâle. We shipped by sailing-vessel from Plymouth to Dunkirk; thence a special train of some fifteen or twenty trucks took the arsenic to Bâle, by *tarif international*, Bâle being in Switzerland. From Bâle our buyer carted it to his works. When the war broke out we had a cargo afloat, which arrived at Dunkirk just when the French army, with the Emperor and the Prince Imperial, was being despatched to the frontier by the Eastern Railway. The railway authorities therefore telegraphed to the station-master at Dunkirk that he must not forward any goods for their line. Consequently, in accordance with the Code Napoléon (the goods belonging to a foreigner), the cargo was placed in the Custom-House warehouse at Dunkirk.

As soon as the French army had been wholly sent forward, and the Prince Imperial had received his 'baptism of fire,' the Eastern Railway telegraphed to the stationmaster at Dunkirk (without any communication with us) to send the goods forward. A train was made up and despatched, and from that time till the close of the war we could get no intelligence as to what had become of our arsenic. As will be remembered, the Eastern Railway was again wholly taken up by the military.

I went to Paris as soon as it was open, to see about this and other matters. What a city of the dead it appeared to be! Few people about, no

waiters, very few cabs for want of horses, and such heat that one was afraid to walk in the sun or to prolong his stay. I remember that there were no cabs at the Eastern Railway, and I waited there a long time hoping a cab would turn up. At last one came bringing a lady. I secured the cab in haste lest some one else should get it, and driving off, had got some little way before I discovered that I was driving away with the lady's bonnet, which she had taken off because of the great heat, and placed on the opposite seat.

To return to the arsenic. I went to the Eastern Railway. They found by reference to their books that the greater part of it—for there were several tons short, for which they could not account—had reached Paris, and as they could not send it forward, they had, in accordance with the Code Napoléon, placed the arsenic in the warehouse of the *douane*. This, being Government property, had been burnt by the Commune. Thus had our arsenic disappeared! As the Eastern Railway people said, if it had remained in their warehouse it would have been safe, but being owned by foreigners, they were compelled to put it in charge of the Government for greater safety.

The missing quantity was found at a station between Dunkirk and Paris, the trucks having been somehow detached. There they had remained all through the war, the Germans happily not having found them, or having mistaken them for flour. We sent them on to Paris and obtained a good price, as Paris was bare of the article.

I may mention here that the very first thought of the authorities was to efface all sign of the damage done by the Commune. Workmen were everywhere effacing the marks of bullets upon buildings of stone. I particularly noticed this at the Madeleine, where the fluted pillars were badly chipped.

As regards our arsenic burnt by the Commune: first, I told the Eastern Railway people that I thought they could be made responsible, as they had ordered the goods to be sent on from Dunkirk on their own responsibility, and without consulting us. When the goods arrived in Paris, it was clear that they were bound to put them in the *douane*. Their answer was that we *might* succeed; but if we went to law with them they would naturally do all they could to defeat us; whereas, if we claimed from the Government they would do all they could to help us; and, to begin with, they could establish without doubt that the arsenic was placed in the *douane*, which was burnt with all it contained.

I went to our *avocat*, a first-rate man, and he took the same view; so we left the matter in his hands. There were, of course, others who had similar claims. These cases were never tried in the courts. They were the subject of long negotiations, chiefly between the Government and the city of Paris. By the Code Napoléon, in such case the city was liable unless it were the seat of the Government, in which case, as the insurrection or riot causing the loss might have been occasioned by some act of the Government, the Government was liable to make good the loss. As the Government at that time was at Versailles, the city of Paris was liable; but it was determined not to place it on legal record that the seat of Government was away from Paris, and consequently a compromise was arranged between the Government and the city. We were paid in bonds, which we sold for cash, and realised about 65 per cent. of our claim. There was no question from the first of disputing the liability to compensate us, either by the Government or by the city.

ONLY SAILING-SHIPS.

A most striking example of the advance made in all ways during the last half-century or so is to go back to the time when there were virtually no steamers and no telegraph. When I first came to the City we were shipping cargoes of Welsh rails to the United States to make their railroads. This business came into our hands in a curious way. A retail house just commencing business, having good credit but not too much capital, bought these cargoes on long credit, and the house I was with, having credits on Brown, Shipley, & Co., and other houses, advanced them cash, and sent the goods forward for sale on commission, charging our 2 per cent. This business was brought to us by a very respectable Jew, who had ⅛th per cent. for introducing it. As I had to pass his account and get him a cheque, and as the Covent Garden Opera was at that time in the hands of the money-lenders, I could always have a couple of amphitheatre stalls by asking for them, and I used this opportunity freely. I should add that the retail house became a large and flourishing concern.

It is strange to remember that at the time of the gold discoveries in Australia the only mail was one of Green's sailing-vessels once a month. Ship-letters were also taken by another line sailing monthly. These vessels were about ninety days on the passage. Thus it took more than six months to get a reply to a letter, and a further three to four months to execute an order and get the goods out. Shippers, therefore, needed the gift of intelligent anticipation. I remember a vessel being chartered in New York, and loaded with a very large quantity of tobacco, other goods in requisition by miners, and a lot of American 'notions,' which turned out very well indeed. A shipment from London of gorgeous brass coffin-ornaments sold almost for its weight in gold, as no one else had thought of it. When a miner died (as many did) his mates gave him a grand funeral, and these ornaments were in great request.

Some shipowners here made their fortunes. There were so comparatively few vessels about, and North American vessels which could be bought for two thousand pounds or so paid their cost in the outward freight on the first voyage. There was one drawback: the sailors were apt to go off to the

goldfields when the vessel reached the Australian port.

AS ARBITRATOR.

In the early sixties a Spanish merchant called on me and said he had an action pending with regard to bichromate of potash, and he asked me if I would be a witness in the case, as he looked upon me as an expert. I assented, and in due course received a subpœna, with three pounds three shillings. The case was tried before Chief-Justice Sir W. Erle and a special jury. The merchant had purchased and shipped some of the article, and claimed damages for unmerchantable quality. It appeared this was a remanufactured article, recovered after it had been used in the production of magenta, and it was not a success, at all events at first. My evidence was to the effect that it was not merchantable. The defendant's counsel, after trying to bully me, found that I knew a great deal more about the matter than he did, and at last the judge, addressing the jury, said, 'I think, gentlemen, the witness knows a good deal more than we shall get to know about this matter, and I think it had better be referred to him.' The jury, of course, assented. The judge then asked me if I would consent to arbitrate. I said it would depend upon who would represent the other side. After consultation, the defendant named Mr Perkins (the inventor of magenta), who was present, and as I knew him to be a first-rate man, I consented. We had a long document, signed by the judge, referring the matter to us, and we thrashed the question out, calling several witnesses. Ultimately, I am pleased to say, Mr Perkins came to my view, and my solicitor drew up our decision, and we claimed fifteen pounds fifteen shillings each. This was paid; but, as is often the case, the wrong side took up the award. At all events I cleared eighteen pounds eighteen shillings out of the business.

(To be continued.)

THE SCOTTS OF ETTRICK FOREST IN OLDEN TIMES.

By Rev. J. SHARPE.

IN days bygone Ettrick Forest was the home of the Scotts. There were Scotts almost everywhere: in Thirlestane, Tushielaw, Oakwood, Sinton, and Bowhill; kinsmen all, whether near or more remote, but, alas! very often at deadly feud with each other. It is said that one at least of our Border ballads owes its origin to these feuds: that of the 'Dowie Dens of Yarrow,' which is supposed by Sir Walter Scott to refer to a duel fought at Deuchar Swire, in the vicinity of Yarrow Kirk, betwixt John Scott of Tushielaw and Walter Scott of Thirlestane, in which the latter lost his life. The duel took place in 1609, but there is no positive information as to the place where it was fought, the Presbytery records merely stating that John Scott is ordered to be summoned by the minister of the Forest to compear before the Presbytery to see and hear himself decerned to be excommunicated for the slaughter of Walter Scott of Thirlestane. Sir Walter's theory as to the origin of the 'Dowie Dens of Yarrow' is disputed on the ground that the duellists were not brothers-in-law, as is stated in the ballad, and also that in the Presbytery records there is no implication of treachery or unfairness on the part of the survivor. The ballad is, therefore, supposed to refer to a later incident in the history of the families: to the elopement of a Walter Scott of Tushielaw with Grizel Scott of Thirlestane 'without the consent of her father and the order of the Kirk,' and his marriage to her in the kirk of Bellingham in Northumberland by the minister of that parish. In the month of July 1616, on their return to the Forest, the runaways were ordered to compear in the parish kirk of St Mary of the Lowes, and there publicly 'to confess their sin in omitting the order of the Kirk, and crave God's pardon, and desire the people in time coming to count them as married folks.' At the same time the Presbytery instructed their moderator to write to the 'guidman of Thirlestane,' and request him to absent himself from the kirk of the Forest on the day of the said Walter Scott's compearance, because of the deadly feud which exists betwixt the two families. On 22nd October 1616 there occurs the following entry in the records of Melrose Presbytery: 'Simeon Scott of Bonitoun, and his brothers John and Adam Scott, and Simeon Scott in Thirlestane, summoned at the Kirk of the Forest to compear at Melrose to hear themselves decerned to be excommunicated for the horrible slaughter of Walter Scott. Compeared not, whereupon Mr James Scott is ordained to proceed against them.' Professor Veitch and others have assumed that the Walter Scott who was slain was the Walter Scott who eloped with young Grizel of Thirlestane; and doubtless, if the assumption could be proved and the identity of the two established, the fact of the elopement, coupled with the deadly feud which existed betwixt the families, would afford an intelligible motive for the slaughter. It is significant that in Motherwell's version of the ballad there is a reference to the reaving of the lady. But in the Presbytery records, in the minute of meeting which precedes the one from which we have quoted, it is distinctly stated that the Walter Scott who was slain was of Easter Essenside, and not of Tushielaw. This only shows how extremely

difficult it is to localise the poem, or to find any incident in Border history where all the circumstances will fit into the story of the ballad. It is just as probable that the ballad may refer to a daughter of the House of Dryhope as to Grizel Scott of Thirlestane. Who knows but what Mary Scott of Dryhope, traditionally known as the 'Flower of Yarrow,' may have had a love affair previous to her marriage with Walter Scott of Harden in 1576?

There is a widespread tradition that Oakwood Tower, the property of the Scotts of Harden, was the residence for a time of the famous Michael Scott, astrologer and philosopher, but better known as the Wizard, who came south from his castle of Balwearie, in the vicinity of the Forth, and astonished the inhabitants of the Border district by

> Cleaving the Eildon Hills in three,
> And bridling the Tweed with a curb of stone.

Sir Walter Scott readily appropriated the tradition, and turned it to good account in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel;* but how much of it, or how little, he believed is quite another matter, for presumably he must have known that the tower was not built until three hundred years at least after the death of the 'Magician.' If we might venture a supposition as to the origin of the tradition which seeks to identify the Wizard with the gray and sombre tower in the heart of the Forest, we would say that very probably it arose from the confounding of the Wizard's name with that of a later Michael Scott, who obtained by Royal Charter in 1517 a gift of the lands of Oakwood. A stone above a window in the east wall of the tower gives 1602 as the date of its erection; and its builder was Robert Scott, laird of Oakwood at that time, the same who compeared before the Presbytery of Melrose in November 1607 for probation of the crime of perjury whereof he accused Mr Patrick Shaw, then minister of the kirk at Selkirk. Oakwood's charge against the minister was found not proven by the Presbytery; and for the slanderous words he had uttered the laird was ordered to appear in his 'paroch' kirk and be rebuked in face of the congregation. Alexander Justice, minister at Ashkirk, was ordained to preach in Selkirk Church and administer the rebuke; but on the day appointed Justice failed to appear, for which he was taken to task by the Presbytery and sharply censured by the moderator. In his absence, Patrick Shaw had to officiate himself, and the result of Shaw's interference was that 'the guidman of Oakwood,' instead of making his confession, 'railit on the minister and called him opprobrious names.' It may be interesting to know that Patrick Shaw was the immediate successor in the kirk at Selkirk of John Welsh, son-in-law of the Reformer Knox, and that he was an ancestor of the great Sir Walter Scott; his great granddaughter, Christian Shaw, having been married to John Rutherford, minister of the parish of Yarrow, whose son, Professor Rutherford, was the maternal grandfather of 'the Shirra,' the familiar name by which Scott was known to the people in Ettrick Forest. There is abundant evidence that Patrick Shaw and his parishioner of Oakwood Tower did not get on well together. There was constant friction between the two. In March 1614 the laird of Oakwood was, at the instance of the minister, called to account by the Presbytery for profanation of the Sabbath by 'drinking during the time of sermon;' and again in the month of August following, 'for not repairing to the kirk on the afternoon of the Sabbath preceding the Communion,' his excuse being that 'he abode at home, not in contempt of the Word, but because he had to seek out letters to send to Edinburgh on the morrow.' The last time the 'guidman of Oakwood' is referred to in the records of Melrose Presbytery is in the month of June 1618, when, along with the 'guidman of Hartwoodmyers' and George Scott of Castleside, he appears before the assembled brethren and desires the process of excommunication to be stayed against his kinsmen in Newark for the horrible slaughter of Adam Dalgleish in Whithope on the ground that they are penitent.

The House of Sinton was represented in those days by Isobel Douglas, widow of Walter Scott, who, as the Presbytery records show, was of much the same turbulent type as Robert of Oakwood Tower and Walter of Thirlestane. Isobel was the 'guidwyf of Sinton,' whom the Presbytery ordained to be summoned on 4th July 1615 'for abusing of her minister publicly by words and countenance on the Sabbath betwixt the sermons in the audience of the congregation.' In the month of January 1616 there appears the following entry in the records of the Presbytery: 'Compeirit Isobel Douglas, guidwyf of South Sinton; and being chargeit quhy she repairit not to her awin paroch kirk to heir the Word, answerit she would not repair to her kirk all the dayes of her lyf.' It is recorded that 'she haunted for a brief space' the neighbouring kirk of Lilliesleaf, and that when the door there was closed against her by the order of the Presbytery, she betook herself on the Sabbath to the parish of Hassendean for the hearing of the Word. On 19th September 1615 Thomas Wilkie of Lilliesleaf was censured by his brethren 'for admitting the guidwyf of Sinton to the Sacrament of the Supper, she being a contemner of her awen minister and of her awin kirk;' and he was strictly warned that 'should he ever do the lyk again he would be suspendit of his office.' The moderator was at the same time instructed to write to the Presbytery of Jedburgh and acquaint the brethren there with the doings of the minister of Hassendean, how that he encouraged the guidwyf of Sinton to repair to his kirk notwithstanding that he understood she despised her own minister and the Word out of his mouth, and had been advised by them not to receive her in respect of her contempt. Eventually Isobel made ample amends to her minister for her abuse of him, 'which she had done in her passion,' and was readmitted to communion in her own parish kirk, having given a promise to the Presbytery that never

again would she upbraid the minister in the hearing of the people. James Scott was then minister of the Forest Kirk, or St Mary of the Lowes, and the probability is that he was a younger son of one of the families in the district. It cannot be said that Scott was an ideal pastor like the minister of Lindean and Boldside (now the parish of Galashiels), for he is described in the Presbytery records as 'careless and easy-going, as negligent in discipline, in the using of his buik, and in preparing his people for communion.' He was even suspected to be 'ane player at cairdis,' and too fond of 'beiring companie' both at Edinburgh and at home, for which he was called to account by the Presbytery and warned to behave himself better in time coming, else they would proceed against him. When questioned by the Presbytery as to why he did not teach on the Sabbath afternoon, he answered that 'he could not get an auditorie;' and when interrogated as to whether he had a session, he replied, 'He had a session every Sabbath afternoon, but the elders do not frequentlie convein in respect of deadlie feud.'

It was an extensive parish which Scott had to minister to. It included, in addition to Yarrow and Ettrick vales, the whole of Rankleburn and Buccleuch. There had been no minister in Ettrick valley from the time of the Reformation until 1618, when Mr Robert Martin was nominated by the Bishop of Glasgow, and admitted by the Synod, after trial by the Presbytery, to the new kirk of Ettrick. In September 1615 the minister of the Forest Kirk is admonished by the Presbytery, 'in respect of the largeness of his congregation and their ignorance, to be more diligent in examining and catechising his people;' and again, in the month of August 1617, 'he is forbidden to take caution for any faults, but to discipline the offenders, and exact diligently the penalties.' It would appear that for several years at least the minister of St Mary's Kirk did not reside in his parish. He excused his absence on the ground 'that he could not get a place in which to reside.' Both manse and glebe in those days were in the upper part of Yarrow, quite close to St Mary's Loch, on what is now known as the farm of Kirkstead; but the manse, which had been the vicar's house previous to the Reformation, was in Scott's time in such a state of disrepair that no one could live in it. As his non-residence was 'a great impediment to the faithful discharge of his ministrie,' and as 'the minister could not travel weil in winter to his kirk because of storms and waters,' it was deemed advisable 'to speak to my lord of Buccleuch to see whether he will make excambion with the minister of his manse and glebe, or else admit the minister as his tenant; for it is a lamentable thing that the minister should not be resident among his people, and that his life should be endangered, especially in time of winter, while travelling to his kirk.' Nothing came of the negotiations with my lord of Buccleuch. We read in a subsequent minute of the Presbytery that James Scott of St Mary of the Lowes 'is charged by his brethren, seeing his non-residence cannot be mended, to use diligence and to find the nearest roume for remaining among his people.'

Not a vestige now remains of the ancient kirk of the Forest. Where it exactly stood is still a matter of dispute. But the old churchyard remains, an enclosure on a bleak hillside, with no human habitation near, and accessible from the public road only by a steep, rough bridle-path. Within this lonely burying-ground of St Mary of the Lowes, where the bones of innumerable Scotts have been laid, a service is conducted once a year, on the fourth Sunday in July, by the minister of Yarrow parish—a fitting and appropriate tribute to the memory of the past. On that occasion the opening psalm is always that which begins, 'I to the hills will lift mine eyes,' and it is invariably sung to the grand old tune of 'French.' What memories are awakened by the sight of those graves! What thoughts crowd into our mind as we reflect on the past!

> Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,
> And rear again the chaplain's cell,
> Like that same peaceful hermitage
> Where Milton long'd to spend his age.
> 'Twere sweet to mark the setting day
> On Bourhope's lonely top decay;
> And, as it faint and feeble died
> On the broad lake and mountain's side,
> To say, 'Thus pleasures fade away,
> Youth, talents, beauty thus decay,
> And leave us dark, forlorn, and gray.'

THE OLD RESIDENT.

A DARK, entangling wood, a shadowed stream—
A tree stupendous, dwarfing all around,
Whose head like morning mountain-top would gleam
Long ere the slanting sunshafts struck the ground;
Whose fadeless boughs, by autumn never browned,
Sheltered the prowling panther and its young—
And in and out the Indian deftly wound
From camp to camp, along the current strong,
Bound for Arcadian meres where fearless fowl did throng.

Crashed on primeval calm the stormy clang
Of hard-swung steel, which down in thunder bore
The giant's comrades all; anon they sprang
On wings of flame, and vanished evermore.
And Nature's face another aspect wore,
And herds and flocks usurped the panther's range,
Homes opulent replaced the camps of yore,
And the dusk rover now finds all things strange,
All strange and new save thee, thou enemy of change!

Green be thy boughs, and sound thy mighty heart,
Steadfast thy roots, deep anchored in the clay;
Withered the arm whose sacrilegious part
Would be to hew thy girdle of decay.
O thou, to whom man's age is but a day!
Oldest of living things, secure from harm
By transient dwellers here be thou for aye;
Be the sole hazards to thine august form
The earthquake's dizzying roll, the lightning, and the storm.

ERIC DUNCAN.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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LOUGH NEAGH AND CONEY ISLAND.

IT is a remarkable fact that when, recently, two tragic cases of boating fatality occurred on the treacherous and ever-promising yet seldom faithful waters of Lough Neagh, half the world was in ignorance as to its whereabouts; and yet Lough Neagh is the largest lake in the British Isles. Fifteen miles long and eleven miles broad, it is surrounded by five counties —Antrim, Down, Armagh, Tyrone, and Londonderry—and is in the very heart of the most romantic lands of Ulster—the country of the O'Connors and the O'Neills of ancient and modern days, the scene of centuries of blood and strife, and the changing vicissitudes of these great families.

It was on Lough Neagh, as tradition has it, between Derrywara and St Columkill, past the holy Island of Coney, that the race was run between The O'Connor and The O'Neill for the lordship not only of the shores of Lough Neagh but of the whole of Ulster. All other means of settling disputes and solving the problem of sovereignty having failed, it was agreed that the two disputants should, in their respective galleys, sail from one side of the lough to the other, and that the hand that touched the shore opposite to the starting-point first should be judged the sovereign lord.

Over the storm-tossed waters of the lake, then, sailed The O'Connor and The O'Neill, their dependants, as they went, reciting again the ancient sagas and chanting once more the songs of bygone scalds. As the race proceeded, it was seen that fortune favoured The O'Connor; and as they drew near to the goal his chances of victory seemed certain. But the tables were turned in a tragic and picturesque manner; for, seeing The O'Connor on the point of touching the shore, The O'Neill raised his axe and with one blow severed his own left hand from his arm, and, seizing the dissevered member, flung it over the head of The O'Connor on to the land. The race was for The O'Neill, and this deed, shimmering between history and tradition, is recalled by the fact that the 'Blood-red Hand' is proudly cherished in the heraldic blazonry of the family of O'Neill, still residing, though not as sovereign lords, in the historic castle of Shane's, on the shores of Lough Neagh. Some authorities have it that O'Neill was a Highlander, and that the race took place in the channel dividing Ireland from Scotland between a whole fleet of galleys manned by Celts. The Lough Neagh version of the story is, however, regarded as nearer gospel.

Of the few islands on Lough Neagh, the Island of Coney possesses the most romantic associations, and the mainland, off which it stands, has been probably less affected by civilisation, as far as it is represented by the decay of myth and superstition, than any other spot in the British Isles. For though it is only some five or six miles from a railway station, it is entirely out of the beaten track of commercial and tourist life. The village of Maghery, from which one reaches Coney Island, is quite isolated from the world, and has no importance except to a few fisherfolk and to Lord Charlemont (the owner of Coney) and his friends. To this day the belief in spirits and banshees, in fairies and witches, in curses and invocations, remains fresh and uncorrected by the prose of experience. The present writer was told only the other day by a fisherman at Maghery that he had seen a woman rise out of the water and sail away on a small cloud in the direction of Antrim. A boatman told him that he had seen a strange woman pass down to the ferry at Maghery and suddenly rise in the air and disappear in a mist. Such stories are common enough, and are thoroughly and sincerely believed in. Scepticism is regarded as a form of ignorance or blindness, and is despised as such by people who are conscious of their powers as seers and soothsayers. One cannot help being struck by the attitude of the inhabitants to the outside world in general. They seem to stand aloof, as if in possession of some mysterious power that keeps them free from partaking in the gross disbelief of the stranger who may hail them within their gates. These strangers, indeed, are so rare as to be entirely discounted as a factor in their existence. They chiefly consist of occasional visitors who are to enjoy the hospitality of Lord Charlemont on

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Coney Island: either the intimate hospitality accorded to personal friends or the general hospitality accorded on occasion to the public. Life moves along in a quaint, old world, dreamy way. The time of day is not regulated by any railway system, nor corrected even by any attempt at stage-coach precision, both of which are only known by hearsay to the majority of the inhabitants. Their talk is of fishing-trawls and the weather, of tokens and manifestations, of fairies and banshees, and of their own domestic records and traditions. Wars and rumours of wars, science and art, sport, and the pleasures of towns have neither meaning nor interest to them, and are mysterious vanities spoken in a foreign tongue. But if you would speak of ancient myth and tradition, treating it as gospel; if you would echo again the sagas and songs of old, you might be able to add not a little to your storehouse of picturesque narrative.

Chiefly they may tell you of the varied history of Coney Island, and recall the times long before the present popular holder of the Charlemont estates had converted it into one of his places of residence. From them we learn that it was a frequent resort of St Patrick, and that at one time it was accessible by road from the Armagh coast. At present it is a mile and a half from the mainland, separated by a changeful and treacherous water. The tradition of the road is backed by the fact that the remains of a road coming down to the lake are found under the heather and bog on the Armagh side, and a wedge of shallow water (except where it has been deepened to admit of boats passing) runs from this towards the island, which still goes by the name of St Patrick's Road. The name of Coney was given to the island at a later date. The generally accepted story is that, some time in the fourteenth century, some hostile clans under the lordship of The O'Neill were advancing from the Derry side to displace the O'Connors, who held possession of the southern coast of Lough Neagh. When they reached Moneymore, Dermot, the chief under whom the O'Neills were advancing, was taken seriously ill. At that time a woman, round whose name many strange and mysterious stories had collected, lived in a lonely cell in the woods of Tyrone, in a district now named Kilconey, forming part of Lord Charlemont's demesne of Drumcairne. Her name was Coney. She seems to have practised the arts of leechcraft and medicine with so much success as to inspire respect and awe in the minds of the natives. The chiefs accompanying the invalided Dermot urged him strongly to send for her and ask her advice; but Coney would only consent to give it on the condition that Dermot was brought to her cell. Thither, then, the O'Neills carried their sickly chief, who submitted to the therapeutic skill of the woman. Whatever was the nature of her success in the past, it need only be stated that in the present case the consequences were of a very effective nature, for after the administration of the first prescription Dermot promptly died! It was not surprising, therefore, that the suspicion of the O'Neills was aroused, and that they openly charged Coney with being a tool in the hands of the O'Connors to rid them of the chief of the O'Neills. The whole clan swore vengeance, which would probably have sooner or later descended upon the active offender if the O'Connors, hearing of the danger in which Coney was placed, had not carried her off and deposited her on the island henceforth to bear her name, and on which she practised her profession for many years. At her death the O'Connors erected a tower to her memory, the ruins of which still remain, and which has been selected as the final resting-place of the present owner of the island. Coney was subsequently beatified by the Pope.

It may be remarked that the Island of Coney at the mouth of New York Harbour was named by emigrants from the district of Maghery after the saint and the island round which their memories lingered.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and again in the Rebellions of 1641 and 1798, Coney Island became a Government penal settlement, and executions took place on a mound that is now used to support the flagstaff on which fly Lord Charlemont's colours.

Of other traditions of Coney is the one held stubbornly by every man within a radius of ten miles of Maghery: that it is the healthiest spot in all the earth. Those who are sick or depressed seek its shores, and return avowing that a miracle has been worked, though at night they give it a wide berth, so that St Coney, the fairies, and the spirits of departed patriots and criminals may enjoy themselves unmolested.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER X.—THE HAND OF A FRIEND.

GENERAL CARRICK'S lawyers claimed as much of Geoff's spare time as they could capture during the next few days.

When the business had all been got through he found himself a wealthy man and a man with a new name. Uncle Carrick had left him practically the whole of his fortune, on the one sole condition that he should enjoy it under the name to which it had always been attached. To Ellen, seeing that her marriage with Exmoor and the settlements he had proposed would more than amply provide for her, he left a simple two thousand pounds a year, which, as he jovially put it in his will, might come in useful for some of her younger sons. Geoff was

for increasing the amount, but the others would not hear of it.

So Ellen and Charlie were quietly married one fine morning in St George's, Hanover Square, and two hours later were speeding away to the Tyrol.

Geoff was still captive to the slow routine of the law. He had got extended leave, the *Seamew* was chafing her anchor-chains at Gosport, and Bannatyne was counting the hours till he should have a free sea under his counter; but, until the lawyers said the word, Geoff lived in the old house in Portman Square, and chafed at his chains like the *Seamew*.

He went to his club once or twice, and then went no more. He made several calls, but found no pleasure in them. It may have been hypersensitiveness on his part. It is quite possible that what he found was what he feared to find, and that it really existed only in his imagination; but it seemed to him that the atmosphere was a trifle frosty, and his spirit was up in arms at once.

Two matters, however, enlivened this dull interregnum for him and gave him much satisfaction.

He wanted a personal attendant, and bethought him to look up young Tom Brading and offer him a post to which, in the inherent fitness of things, he had some sort of hereditary claim. Old Brading had slipped quietly away, in answer to his final call, a week after Geoff saw him in January. In spite of his father's forebodings, young Tom had pulled through the heat and fevers and flying bullets and whirling blades of the Soudan, with no worse casualties than a smashed shoulder, which was very slow of healing, and a slashed head, of both of which honourable wounds he was not a little proud. Sometime or other he was also to get a medal, if he lived till they were distributed.

So Geoff sought him out, was pleased at the way he jumped at the suggestion, purchased his discharge, and made a good man one of the happiest men on earth. To serve Mr Geoff, as his father had served General Carrick, had been young Brading's highest hope, and happiness comes of the rare realisation of one's ideals. From such a combination comes faithful service.

'I'll serve you, Mr Geoff, as my father served the General,' said he quietly, but with a deep ring in his voice.

'Then I count myself a fortunate man, Tom, for my uncle always said Old Brading was one of the finest men he ever knew.'

And Challis never regretted that little piece of business.

The other matter surprised him somewhat, but gave him very deep pleasure.

When he got home from a protracted sitting with the lawyers one day, old Bourne handed him a card which had been left during his absence:

'The Duke of Saxe-Hohenburg-Eisenach.'

'Left it himself, Mr Geoff, and a very fine old gentleman he is, sir. Seemed kind of disappointed, too, at not finding you in, I thought,' said Bourne, with an evident suggestion that the family prestige would not suffer by the following up of so very desirable an acquaintance.

Geoff had heard from Ellen that the Eisenachs had withdrawn almost entirely from society since their son's death. There was, therefore, in the very fact of the call so plain an intimation of friendliness that he returned it the next day.

The great house still wore that air of sombre melancholy which would never leave it again until it passed into other hands.

He was shown into the same gloomy library; but presently the ancient footman came softly in and begged Geoff to follow him, and, to his surprise, led him upstairs to the very top of the house. There, at the end of a long passage, he tapped on a door, bent to catch the required permission, and quietly ushered him into the room—a great apartment lined with shelves containing bottles, retorts, and glasses of every shape and size, long tables, some similarly crowded, some waiting for their loads, long flexible gas-tubes with Bunsen-burners attached, everywhere the bright June sunshine—an ideal workshop for a student of unlimited means. His Highness was bending over a table at the far end of the room, but straightened up and came to meet his visitor at once, with outstretched hand and a grave smile of welcome.

'I hoped you would come to see me, Mr Challis,' he said. 'Now, may I crave your indulgence for just two minutes. You catch me at work, you see. —Max!'—to a tall young man who had turned from the embrasure of a window as Geoff came in—'Mr Challis will join you in a cigar perhaps. The box is on the mantelpiece there. I shall have done in a moment or two;' and he turned again to the table he had been leaning over, and was instantly absorbed in his work. He took a test-tube from its stand, carefully added a few drops from a bottle, and stood watching it keenly.

'Try one of these, Mr Challis,' said the young man; 'they are quite decent,' and drew him away towards the window out of which he had been looking. Outside was the dappled greenery of the Park, a beneficent blue sky, and soft sunshine. From below came the rumble of passing carriages and omnibuses and the subdued hum of human traffic. In the quiet room behind them the occasional gentle click of glass on glass alone broke the silence.

'In his absorption in more important matters, my uncle has overlooked the usual formalities, Mr Challis. Permit me to supply the deficiency. I am Max of Gunsberg-Gerisau. You had pretty rough times out there in the Soudan?'

And Challis regarded him with new interest, for this was a man of moment in the world just then. He was tall and well built, straight as a pine and very muscular, and carried himself with an air of distinction so assured that he could afford to be perfectly at his ease with it all. His brown hair was clipped to military brevity. His pointed beard and curling moustache were trimmed to a nice exactitude of military precision, and served to enhance

the masterfulness of his bearing. A decidedly handsome man, with a frank, strong face and bold blue eyes which regarded Challis with a look that was at once searching and friendly.

'Yes,' said Geoff; 'the distances and the desert are powerful foes. However, we got there eventually.'

'Much as usual,' smiled the other.

'I'm afraid we can't deny it. Do you think you'd have done it much better?'

'Yes, I think so. With less waste, at all events. Our machine is more highly organised than yours. We've reduced it as nearly as possible to an exact science. You—haven't.'

'We have unbounded faith in Providence, you see—in certain quarters, at all events.'

'Which makes condemnably rough work for those in the field. I prefer the machine built on experience and kept always in good running order.'

'So do I,' said Geoff quietly. 'Faith in one's star is good, but blind faith and leaps in the dark prove costly at times.'

'Ah, ha!' laughed Prince Max. 'So you, too, would urge me to caution, Mr Challis? My good uncle here has done his utmost to dissuade me from it. But the temptation to play kinglet is too strong. It's the chance of a lifetime.'

'It is a great adventure and a bold undertaking. I can at all events wish your Highness every possible success and a safe deliverance.'

'I can't get any one else to see it quite as I see it. Even Bismarck, who has played bolder games and taken greater odds than any man of his time, showed no enthusiasm. He was pleasant about it, but as non-committal as a sphinx.'

'So that, however it turns out, it will be exactly what he expected, and none to say him nay,' said Geoff, with a smile.

'Exactly! Still, it is something—everything, one might say—not to have him in opposition.'

'Yes; he doesn't brook much opposition. If he had thought badly of your chances one would have expected him to put a stop to it.'

''M—yes. The trouble is you never quite know where you are with that very astute old gentleman. He takes long, long views, and we're just pawns in his big games. However, I count on nothing from him but neutrality. If he leaves me free-handed, I'll make or break on the venture.—Well, uncle mine,' as the Grand Duke came to join them with a big pipe in his hand, into which he was thoughtfully ramming tobacco, 'have you settled him?'

'I'm afraid so, my boy. There is undoubtedly cyanide of potassium there.'

'It's a queer pastime, isn't it, Mr Challis,' said Prince Max, 'helping to knit nooses round men's necks?'

'Necks that need nooses should have them,' said Geoff.

'*Jawohl!* That is well said, Mr Challis,' said the old man. 'Besides, this is only an incident in my work. My very good friend Bevil Ray now and again sends me down something to test, without a hint of what I may expect to find. The experiment is absorbing, since I know as a rule that upon our conclusions a man's life may hang.'

'And what happens if you disagree?' asked Max.

'We never disagree,' said the Grand Duke. 'Chemical analysis is an exact science, and Bevil Ray is one of the cleverest analysts of the day.'

'Whereby we imply high compliment to ourselves,' laughed his nephew gaily. 'Well, it's the finest thing in the world to have a hobby and to be able to ride it full stretch.'

'Hobbies are good so long as you ride them on the curb,' said the old man, eying him weightily. 'If you let them run away with you it may end in a cropper.'

'One for me!' laughed Max. 'But there's a certain excitement even in a cropper. I'd sooner have the ride and the cropper than plod the common round all my days. Now, if you will excuse me, uncle, I will run away. I have a large amount of good advice to receive in other quarters, and I want to get through with it and feel myself again. I do hope Aunt Everhilde will soon be better. I will look in again before I go.—Good-bye, Mr Challis. If good fortune ever brings you into Dacia don't fail to knock on my front-door—if they have doors out there. I'm not very sure.'

'When do you mount your hobby, if all the good advice has no effect?' asked the Grand Duke

'In September, if the saddle is ready. Now, I'll trot away to the next dose.'

The Grand Duke pressed a button in the wall and accompanied him to the door.

'He is a fine lad,' he said quietly when he came back, 'but apt to be headstrong. And I do not know that the colonelcy of a Prussian regiment is the best qualification for rulership of a kingdom, even such a kingdom as Dacia.'

'I should say his Highness had many qualifications. He is bold and clear-headed, and his personality will probably grip the imaginations even of the Dacians.

'It will be a very difficult post,' with a doubtful shake of the head. 'There are so many warring interests all round. He is somewhat *entêté* yet with it all, and does not look past the glamour. However, he has chosen his saddle, and he must sit in it. And now, how have things been faring with yourself, my friend? I was very sorry to hear of General Carrick's death. He was a fine old soldier. And your sister is married to Lord Exmoor! It leaves you lonely. What are you thinking of doing yourself?'

'I am somewhat undecided, your Highness'——

'Are you thinking of quitting the army?'

'I have had thoughts of it.'

'Why? Disappointed?'

'Not with the army, nor with myself. I have done my duty as I saw it; but'——

'But due recognition has not followed?'

'Well, rightly or wrongly, I have the feeling that I am hardly likely to get justice there. It is unfor-

tunate, for it takes the heart out of one. Perhaps I have no reason'——

'I think you have, Mr Challis, every reason. I have been watching matters carefully, for I was interested on your account, and I consider the treatment you have had little short of a scandal. I told you things would probably be difficult. Unfortunately you seem to have run up against a unique specimen of pig-head. What would have happened at Tembé had you not broken bounds?'

'We should have lost a few more men, I suppose.'

'You would probably have been wiped out as completely as Hicks was, and you know it. Your action turned the day. Is it true that that woodenhead placed you under arrest?'

'I cannot deny it, your Highness; but he cancelled it afterwards and apologised, so there is no more to be said about it.'

'It is extraordinary what a fool a man can make of himself when he tries his hardest,' said the Grand Duke, puffing thoughtfully at his big pipe. 'But I should think many times before throwing it all up, my boy. You can live it down. Why not exchange?'

'I really think I would sooner quit altogether than exchange. It would feel like turning tail.'

'More so than quitting entirely?'

'Yes, I think so. I would feel it so, anyway. But I am taking a couple of months' leave, and I shall have time to think it all over. Exmoor has lent me his yacht, and I am going up to Norway.'

'Alone?'

'All alone, sir. I want to get away from everything for a time. Then I shall feel more myself again. These last six months have been fairly wasteful.'

'Ay!' said the old man quietly. They had been still more wasteful for him. 'Your trip will do you good, and after the Soudan the northern snows and mists will be refreshing. But I should think many times before giving up the army. You have proved your fitness. Your opportunities will come.'

'Meanwhile, my colonel and I are barely on speaking terms, and the idea of hanging on till more light is vouchsafed him does not greatly attract me.'

'I wonder,' began the Grand Duke thoughtfully, 'if I could not'——

'Pray, don't think of it, your Highness,' Challis broke in hastily. 'I must fight my own battle. I am none the less grateful to you for your thought of me. Did I understand that her Highness is unwell?'

'She has never recovered from our great loss,' said the old man sadly. 'I fear sometimes that she never will. It was a very grievous blow, and her thoughts dwell on it continually.'

'I grieve with you still. And I cannot yet understand why'——

'Ah, that is beyond us. We can only bow and wait. Sometime we shall understand. Must you go?' He touched the button in the wall and accompanied his guest to the door, holding his hand still, as though it were a link with him who was gone.

'Don't decide this matter too hastily, Mr Challis,' he said once more. 'Believe me, life without definite work of some kind is very flavourless, and you are not one, I imagine, to be satisfied with a life of pleasure.'

'No. I will find work of some kind, but it would be rather a satisfaction to be my own man, and subject to no one's humours and caprices.'

'The chance is not given to very many. Once more—don't decide too hastily. I shall be grateful if you will drop in on me occasionally, when you have nothing better to do;' and he shook the hand he held very cordially, and Geoff followed the footman down through the silent house.

(To be continued.)

NEW METHODS OF LIGHTING.

THE metallic showers of incandescent particles thrown off by the sun, acting on our atmosphere, give us the most suitable light for our vision, and all we can ask for in an artificial illuminant is a near copy of it; we can hardly hope to get its healthful and hygienic qualities. When our chemists discover a substance that will store sunlight and be capable of giving it off by radiation the problem will be near solution.

Many substances non-conductors of electricity at ordinary temperatures become good ones when heated. Pencils of lime, magnesia, &c. will allow a current at commercial voltages to pass sufficient to maintain them in a vivid state of incandescence, though when cold their resistance is several hundred times as much; possibly a mixture of the rare earths may give far-reaching results. What is needed is some method, chemical or electrical, of passing by the slow vibrations that characterise radiant heat, and stirring directly vibrations of the frequency corresponding to light. As in waves of sound striking the tympanum with differences of pitch, so the varying wave-lengths of light are sensible to us as colour; the variations from the primary colours—red, yellowish-green, and blue-violet—being due to the reception or reflection of the substance viewed, every opaque object assuming a hue due to the sum of the colours which it reflects; and as artificial illuminants give various colours, articles should be matched by the kind of light they are intended to be viewed in. The vitiation of the atmosphere of living-rooms by artificial light is a matter for serious consideration. A common gas-

burner will alter the chemical composition of the air as much as four persons. Light for light, candles consume more oxygen than oil-lamps and give off more carbonic acid gas; there are also other elements of danger varying with the class of illuminant, whether candles, oil, gas, acetylene, or electric light, which must be taken into consideration, circumstances governing cases. A detached villa standing by itself in the country has Hobson's choice of evils.

The points of economy and efficiency require attention. With the intensely powerful luminants now available, care must be taken not to overdo the lighting and pitch it at too high a key. Visual usefulness is the point to consider. A tallow candle placed where required is better than a misplaced arc light. What are needed for household use are lights of moderate brilliancy and good colour; these, with good judgment in the artistic arrangement for diffusion, will give better effect than double the amount badly arranged. An intelligent use of shaded light gives a sense of repose.

Sunlight, when full, is white, changing to orange-red when near the horizon; acetylene gas gives nearly a white light, ordinary gas and paraffin are yellowish, the incandescent method a yellowish-white, Welsbach mantles a greenish-white, candles orange-yellow; therefore each kind requires a shade to correct its defects, but coloured shades intelligently used are valuable in decorative effect.

The luminosity of clear glass, taken as 100, gives canary as 82; bright-green, 20; ruby, 13; cobalt-blue, barely 4—the last having a very low effect. No brilliant point of light should be left unshaded; it is injurious to the eyesight. Shades should be such as to soften and diffuse the light; it is difficult so to arrange light as to be wholly out of the power of vision, hence the necessity of shading and consequent loss of efficiency.

A yellow-orange tinge gives a warm glow and cheering effect in a room, blue or green a cold, hard hue; therefore, if using, say, a Welsbach mantle, have a rose-pink shade: it is a good selective to absorb the green rays, giving a fairly white light and not a ghastly effect.

Vacuum tubes, where a gas is rendered incandescent by an electric discharge, if improved on, have a future for interior lighting. Possibly a combination of phosphorescent substances may be discovered that will aid artificial illumination. We are a very long way off a perfect light at present.

All the practical illuminants are composed of solid particles, usually carbon, brought to a state of incandescence. In candles, lamps, and ordinary gas, the luminous flames are heated by their own combustion; electric lights and incandescent gas are rendered incandescent by outside means.

A cheap and fairly powerful radiant of low intrinsic brilliancy, capable of modification in delicate colour-tones, is required. The progress at the present time seems to be in the direction of high temperature, implying high intrinsic brilliancy.

In globes for diffusion the drawback is the absolute necessity of always keeping the grooved surfaces perfectly clean, as they collect the dust. A holophane shade causes about 12 per cent. absorption.

Regarding cost, the order is about as follows: candles, animal and vegetable oils, gas in ordinary burners, paraffin, acetylene, Welsbach incandescent; in quality of illumination, regenerative gas-burners and acetylene beat Welsbach by reason of its colour.

The old-fashioned candle, being self-contained, always ready for use, and perfectly mobile, has advantages. Putting the light where it is most useful, and concentrating it only where needed, gives good effect and reduces the cost of illumination. Although candles give a poor light and are expensive, still sixteen of them distributed subdivide the light more efficiently than a sixteen-candle-power lamp would, and look more effective.

Oil-lamps have been used almost from the dawn of civilisation. Sperm, colza, lard, olive, and whale oils, tallow, spermaceti, beeswax, and vegetable waxes, are all rich in carbon, 70 to 80 per cent. Although Pliny mentions a mineral oil in use for lighting, it is practically only within the last half-century, when the American and Russian fields were developed, and the crude, evil-smelling liquid was properly distilled for lighting purposes to render it not too volatile to be dangerous, that the enormous demand has arisen. The lamps are usually designed to give twenty to sixty candle-power; the consumption of oil is about fifty grains per candle-power per hour; and as the oil weighs about 6·6 pounds per gallon, the light is about eight hundred candle-hours per gallon. The open-air lucigen lamps—using the heavier kinds of oil, with compressed heated air-supply, spraying-nozzle, and vaporiser—burn about two gallons an hour, giving a flame three feet high and six or eight inches broad, and are about two thousand candle-power. Commercial arc lamps worked in the open generally run at forty-five to fifty volts and from six to ten ampères.

For scenic purposes, the old-fashioned limelight (oxyhydrogen), the mixed gases impinging on a pencil of lime (that had to be kept in motion), is rapidly being replaced by the electric arc.

Ordinary gas, obtained by the destructive distillation of coal in closed retorts (good coal giving about ten thousand cubic feet per ton of coal), at present is largely diluted with water-gas, which is produced by passing steam through incandescent coal or coke to break it up into hydrogen and oxygen. This is then enriched by admixture with hydrocarbons, thereby acquiring an odour very necessary considering its deadly nature. Air-gas or carburetted air (saturated with hydrocarbon vapour) is convenient under certain circumstances, as in outlying places.

Acetylene gives an intense white light, and is the latest advance in flame illuminants. Volume for volume, it gives the largest commercial yield of light. It is extremely convenient for detached country mansions, but requires proper supervision

and care. The insurance companies' regulations respecting it are stringent. It is prepared from calcic-carbide, a product produced by subjecting a mixture of powdered lime and carbon (coke) to the heat of the electric furnace. The acetylene gas is evolved from this by treating it with water, lime and acetylene resulting. It is a heavy gas, with a strong garlic odour, very rich in carbon, and when burnt as an illuminant, requires a large supply of air for the necessary quantity of oxygen; it is extremely hygroscopic, and as it forms compounds with certain metals, notably copper, this metal should not be used in connection. It is decidedly explosive, and requires careful attention. Its illuminative power is thirty-five to forty-five candle-power per cubic foot—nearly fifteen times that of gas in ordinary burners. A ton of calcic-carbide produces about ten thousand feet of acetylene.

In electric lighting we are still a very, very long way from getting an equivalent to the theoretical value of the coal burnt in the generating plant. Regarding electric lamps, it always pays to use good lamps of as high efficiency as is compatible with proper life, and to *see that you get them.* The life of a lamp depends practically on the temperature at which it is worked, other things being equal.

As regards metal reflectors: metals are exceedingly opaque to light, the velocity in them being in close relation to their electrical conductivity; but at the same time they reflect a large proportion. Highly polished silver is considered the best for reflecting purposes, and is therefore used as a facing for commoner metals.

There is an immense field open to the inventor to improve on the present forms available, or give us a new method of artificial illumination.

A STORY OF THE BASQUE COUNTRY.

CHAPTER II.

ASTILY laying down his rod in the deep shadow where cliff and shingle met, confident that it would there escape notice, and slinging his basket round to his back, where it would be least likely to embarrass his movements—for he dared not leave it below—Foster took his courage in both hands, as the French say, and began the difficult ascent.

After the first few feet, however, he was glad to discover that it became easier than his hasty and imperfect inspection from below had led him to expect, and he was able to climb on until, some fifty feet or so above the river, he came upon a narrow ledge or shelf. Here his progress was stopped, for from this point upwards—how far it was impossible for him to tell—the cliff rose smooth and perpendicular, if not, as he almost fancied, overhanging. But he felt that he might now consider himself quite out of range of any inquisitive eyes; so, slipping off his basket with a sigh of relief, he lay down at full length in comfort and fancied security, and congratulating himself on his escape from an awkward predicament, peered carefully over into the gloomy depths from which he had so successfully emerged.

He found that he could just distinguish the lighter-coloured strip of shingle from its dark surroundings, and that from his elevated position the sounds made by the advancing men were becoming distinctly more audible. The deep Basque oaths and hoarse exclamations, as one or other slipped on the smooth boulders or splashed into a deeper hole than usual, left no doubt in his mind as to the character of the midnight wanderers; and presently a thrill of excitement, if not quite of fear, ran through him as first one black figure, and then another, and yet another stepped on to the gray patch below him, followed by so many more that he could easily have imagined that he was looking down upon an immense domino, a double-six at the very least.

Their proceedings caused him much uneasiness. Instead of continuing their difficult route as he had expected, they one and all, with carefully shaded match, lit up the rubbishy little cigarettes which the foreigner so constantly and yet so badly rolls, and without which few of them can exist for more than ten consecutive minutes. They squatted about, puffing complacently and talking in low tones, but every now and then an upward glance, accompanied by a gesture of the hand in the direction of the hidden fisherman, caused the latter no little perturbation of spirit and much speculation as to its *raison d'être.*

'I wish they would go on,' he muttered. 'It must be awfully late, and Nellie will be alarmed if I don't turn up presently. As it is, I sha'n't be home until long past midnight, and that's a good deal later than I have ever been before. Bother the fellows! when are they going to make a move?'

The question had hardly left his lips than it was answered. The smugglers, if such they were, rose with one accord to their feet, and proceeding to take off their coats, piled them in little heaps here and there. Then one, a great strapping ruffian, strode, to the watcher's intense surprise and consternation, to the base of the cliff, and began to climb it exactly in the same place and in the same careful manner as the latter had just done.

Another prepared to follow, and it became perfectly evident to Foster that he had but a few short minutes ere the whole crew would be upon him!

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Unpleasant as it would have been to encounter the men below, to be discovered in his present position was

ten times worse. In the first case, his occupation and the wherefore of his presence would have been perfectly self-evident. Whereas now—— Well, there was no saying what would happen; and how explain his reasons for being upon the ledge? He had no doubt whatever that he had stumbled—unwittingly, it is true—upon a dangerous secret, and that the shelf on which he lay, and which had at first appeared such a desirable haven of refuge, was the store-place, or, what was more likely, led to the store-place, wherein were hidden the smuggled goods that the gang had now come to fetch down to their homes in the village.

On first reaching his sanctuary he had been quite content, and had not dreamed of exploring it either way. He must at once repair the omission. There might be a chance of escape yet.

These thoughts, though long in the telling, had flashed through his brain the moment that he saw the men begin their upward movement, and he at once acted upon them while there was yet time. Raising himself cautiously into a crouching position, he proceeded to creep along the ledge towards its lower end; but after a few yards he saw that it was rapidly getting narrower, and was hardly astonished when, a little farther on, it dwindled away to nothing. He had expected as much. Quickly retracing his steps, he made in the other direction, and presently came to the mouth of a low cave which appeared to run back far into the heart of the rock. With a sinking heart he passed the opening, which told its own tale, and found, as he had expected, that at this end also the ledge came to an abrupt stop. There was no doubt about it now: he was cornered, fairly caught in a very tight place.

However, when all was considered, he said to himself he might be alarming himself unnecessarily. He was no *douanier*, no spy, not even a Frenchman. Surely the smugglers would understand that he took no interest in their operations, and that they might indulge in their little amusements until doomsday, as far as he was concerned, without fear of his divulging his discovery. But would they? Although he had unwillingly become possessed of their secret, would they trust him to keep silence? he wondered. A moment more would decide, and his heart began to beat with an unwonted and excusable rapidity when, silhouetted against the sky, the leader's head came slowly into view as he drew himself up above the edge.

When first Foster had passed the mouth of the cave, the natural impulse had been to go into it; but on second thoughts he had resisted the temptation. He felt sure that it would have no other means of access, or the smugglers would not have taken their present laborious path. It, therefore, would do him no good, and might enrage the men. The less he knew about their hoards the better chance he had of propitiating them. So he leaned up against the cliff, a strange figure in his long waders, and quietly awaited the unpleasant moment of his discovery. This, however, was not to be immediately, for the first man up waited to give a helping hand to the second, who in his turn helped the next, and there must have been half-a-dozen of them at least congregated on the ledge before they began to make a move in the direction of the cave's mouth. Suddenly their leader caught sight of the odd and unexpected apparition in front of him, and halted in fear and amazement, then with a muffled curse turned and fled, knocking down the man behind him and throwing the others into confusion; and I verily believe the whole crew of them would have fallen over the edge in their panic, and probably broken their necks in their mad flight from that most terrible of all things, the 'unknown,' had not one of them, sharper or more quick-sighted than the rest, recognised the tell-tale waders, and with a loud cry of '*C'est l'Anglais*,' stopped the rush and halted his frightened companions just in the nick of time.

'*Oui, c'est moi, messieurs*,' was all that Foster found time to say as he stepped forward; the next moment he was roughly seized and violently pushed through the opening behind him.

Inside all was dark. 'Put up the curtain,' growled a voice, adding after a moment's interval, 'and now show a light;' and in quick obedience to the latter order a lantern was immediately uncovered. By its feeble light Foster perceived that he stood in the midst of a band of some dozen scowling peasants, whose numbers were being constantly augmented by others as they made their way into the cave.

He was relieved, however, to notice amongst them several from the village with whom he had more than a nodding acquaintance; but these appeared to be somewhat ill at ease and anxious to avoid his would-be friendly gaze. Indeed, the majority of the men seemed more uncomfortable than really angry; and, auguring well from these signs, their prisoner began to hope that the matter was nothing very serious after all.

The cavern in which he found himself was low and dry, its symmetrical shape showing that it had been cut out of the rock by the agency of man, probably for the express purpose for which it was now used. And what that purpose was it required no expert to discover: the neat packages of Spanish tobacco, and long cylindrical tin cases—*bidons*, as they are called—of cheap and potent potato-spirit, made in Germany and passed through Iberian ports, telling their own tale. He had, as he had all along feared, stumbled on to an important smugglers' *cache*. A heavy blanket hung over the entrance, thus preventing the smallest glimmer of light from showing outside which possibly might attract the attention of any roving *douaniers* on the other side of the gorge. But this was an unlikely contingency. The opposite cliff was so close and of such a height that even had a ray or two of light escaped, it could hardly have been seen by anybody though he stood close to the rugged edge.

It was a most secure retreat, and no doubt had served the smugglers for many a generation.

While Foster was taking in these details the men were discussing the unusual situation in low but excited tones. Although they spoke in the barbarous Basque tongue, which bears no similarity to any known language whatever, and of which, of course, their prisoner understood not a word, he could see by their manner and gesticulations that there was some serious difference of opinion between them.

The men that he knew were evidently all of the same mind, but they were in a decided minority; the others, amongst whom was the big man, who appeared to be the leader of the gang and a man of a much superior class to the rest, outnumbering them by nearly two to one.

Foster tried once or twice to speak, but was sternly told to be silent; and, seeing that he could do nothing to help himself at this stage of the proceedings, he wisely obeyed and held his tongue, contenting himself for the present with keeping a watchful eye on the disputants. Presently the argument grew more and more animated, the two parties drawing away from each other and apparently getting ready to settle the question by an appeal to arms—for Foster saw more than one sinewy brown hand steal to red worsted waistband where nestled the deadly *navaja*, or Spanish knife, without which no Basque stirs abroad, and passion was fast rising to boiling-point—when the captain, although he belonged to the majority, suddenly appeared to give way, and in a moment everybody had calmed down; and the leader, turning towards the relieved Foster, addressed him in the following words:

'Englishman,' he said, in French of course, 'it does not need any explanation from you as to why you are here to-night. We know your mad fishing habits, and we acquit you of any intention of interfering in what does not concern you in the least. If you had stayed below—where we have found your rod, one of my men tells me—we should not have bothered our heads about you beyond telling you to go home and keep your mouth shut. But you foolishly chose to climb up here and discover our secret, and thus you not only hold us all at your mercy should you inform the *douaniers* of what you have seen to-night, but even if you refrained from doing so we could never again use the cave with the same feelings of security as we and our fathers and our grandfathers have hitherto done. In this trade we dare not take any outside risks; we have enough to do with our legitimate opponents. Dead men tell no tales; and, could I have my way, I tell you frankly that your body would be found in the river to-morrow, "drowned while fishing alone at night:" such would be the verdict. But it appears that many of my men know you, and that you and your wife have done the children many kindnesses; consequently they will not agree to your death. They are foolish, but as I desire no divisions amongst us, I have given in to them against my better judgment, and have decided to keep you a prisoner for a day or two until we can safely remove the contents of this cave to the village, which was the object of our expedition to-night. The time lost, however, thanks to you, has now made this impossible. Dawn will be here too quickly for our work, and we must therefore wait for another favourable opportunity. When this may occur I do not know; our movements depend on those of our friend the enemy. It would not, however, be safe to keep you here; there will be a search for you presently, and if this cave should be discovered we do not want you to be found in it, for you would be compelled to divulge all you know. I would let you go to-night on certain conditions, only I am afraid that the search may have already commenced, for it is very late, and you might be encountered too near here to be safe. I have, therefore, decided to put you into other quarters, where situated only I and two others know; but we have given our words to those opposed to your death that we will do you no harm, and will liberate you on the first opportunity. But you must swear to us, not on the Sacred Book, but on your word as an English gentleman—which I know will bind you—that you will, when you return, make out some excellent excuse for your absence to the officials who will question you, and then leave the country immediately. Quick. We have little time; will you swear, or will you swim?'

Foster grasped the situation at once. Unpleasant as the prospect of imprisonment was, he knew that these wild folk would not hesitate to drown him should he refuse the terms they offered. So, facing the men boldly and holding his head high, he answered in quiet but firm tones:

'As you justly say, I am quite innocent of any intention of prying into your secrets, and I regret as much as you do the ill chance that brought me here to-night. I recognise the difficulties of your position, and assent to your proposals, only asking one boon. Find means, I beg of you, to let my wife know—without any danger to yourselves—that I am safe, and will return unharmed in a day or two. Think of your own womenfolk, and grant it.'

These manly words and the manner of their delivery at once made a good impression on the band. A general murmur of assent rose from the crowd, and the captain, seeing how the land lay, after a moment's hesitation curtly nodded his head. 'It shall be done,' he cried. 'Now promise, and we will move at once.'

'I promise on my word as an Englishman,' solemnly announced Foster, and with relief clearly depicted on most of the swarthy faces, and many a muttered '*Bien*,' the men, at a word from their leader, quietly lifted a corner of the blanket, and one by one stole out in their noiseless rope-soled shoes, and silently disappeared into the night.

The captain and two of his men remained behind; and presently one of the latter slipped away also, and returning after a short absence, said something

to the other two evidently of a satisfactory nature, for, turning to Foster, the chief at once said that they were ready to conduct him to his new quarters.

'As they are farther up the river,' he continued, 'and we shall have to go down the way we came up, the descent (if we are compelled to tie your hands) will be not only very painful to you but exceeding onerous to us. Therefore, if you will give me your word not to attempt to escape we need not resort to any such unpleasant measures, and I am sure that, as you seem to fully realise your position, you will not hesitate to do as I ask.'

The man's remarks were so obviously true that Foster had no choice but to agree. So he gave his promise, and the lantern being covered with its dark cloth, and the blanket taken down, the little party proceeded to follow the others, and with considerable difficulty on Foster's part, handicapped as he was by his waders, they accomplished the descent in safety, finding themselves on the strip of shingle safe and with whole skins.

With a sign to his prisoner to follow, the captain led the way along the river-bed up-stream where Foster had hitherto considered it was quite impossible to pass. The road they took, indeed, quite justified this belief, for by nobody but the initiated could it ever have been successfully negotiated even in daylight. But his guards were not to be denied; and with one dragging him and another pushing, scrambling and crawling now up to his waist in water, now poised on the sharp edge of a huge rock, they slowly made their way along until, after some two or three hundred yards of this trying work, they reached a strip of gravel similar to but smaller than the first one. The river was now at its lowest summer level, and lay in still, deep, rocky pools divided by short lengths of shallow, with now and again a small waterfall where the stream tumbled merrily. It was all very pretty now, doubtless; but Foster saw that in winter or when the river was in flood, the narrow chasm—for at this point the gorge was nothing else, with its lofty perpendicular sides—must become a very maelstrom of tearing waters, quite irresistible in their mighty rush. Above the gravel strip there was such a deep pool that it was evident they had perforce come to the end of their journey; and Foster, looking at the apparent *impasse*, speculated as to what would be his captors' next move.

He was not long left in doubt.

Suddenly, without the least warning, they all three threw themselves upon him, and getting him down easily owing to the unexpectedness of the attack, they quickly and cleverly tied him up like a trussed fowl with the long red worsted sashes they wore. So astonished was their victim that he quite forgot to make a struggle, futile though it would have been against such odds, and he lay quite still, lost in amazement, and wondering what was going to happen next. But the proceedings of the precious trio speedily brought him back from his dreams, causing his heart to thump against his ribs and filling him with feelings of very real alarm. Lighting the lantern, which the leader had brought with him, the ruffian held it aloft against the smooth, water-worn cliff, disclosing by its dim light a small opening in the rock slightly above his head. It looked little more than a wide crack, hardly bigger, in fact, than a good-sized fox's earth; yet this was to be poor Foster's new prison. It looked more fitted for a sepulchre.

As the captain pointed this dreadful hole out to him, he smilingly remarked that it would be a nice and cool place for the Anglais to pass the hot day in. 'And you will not be troubled with visitors either,' the brute mockingly continued, 'for the most reckless *douanier* or gendarme could never penetrate so far as this up the gorge. And besides,' he added, 'as, when you are packed into it, your face will be within a few inches of the roof, any cries for help that you may be tempted to utter will be so softened and tempered in their passage to the air that they will mingle nicely with the babble of the water as it falls over the little cascade above.'

Then, picking him up, they hoisted him into the air, and putting his head into the opening, pushed him up into it as cheerfully as they would have rammed a conical shell into the muzzle of an eighty-one-ton gun.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A LONDON MERCHANT.

PART II.

LITIGATION MORE COSTLY TO-DAY.

I DON'T think it is realised how much more costly litigation is nowadays in consequence of the shorter hours of the sittings, the very leisurely way in which the proceedings are conducted, and the often intolerable length of the judge's summing-up. I have had a very large experience of juries, having been liable for special juries both in the City and at Westminster for many years. In the old days we sat from 9.45 till 5 or half-past 5 if necessary to finish a case, with only half-an-hour for lunch. Now the hours are 10.30 (11 on Monday) to 4 sharp, with, I think, a full half-hour for lunch. I have a delightful memory of the pointed and terse summing-up of many of the old judges. My impression is that in later times—I can give some instances in my own time—the judges

are such very clever men that they think the jury are, comparatively speaking, fools; and so the judge labours away through the whole case so that the jury may give a verdict in accordance with *his* opinion, *theirs* being of little value.

There is a point, too, about special juries. Formerly these juries really consisted of merchants and bankers—no, I withdraw the 'bankers:' I have heard them called, but I don't think they ever answered; but the jurymen were good men, merchants and men of business. Lord Coleridge when Attorney-General altered that. By his Act of Parliament, intelligence and business knowledge are assumed to vary in direct ratio with rateable value. So one meets on special juries one or two men who have to try an important mercantile case and yet don't know what a bill of lading is. This has occurred in my own experience.

INSURANCE DIRECTORS BEATEN.

A good many years ago I had a policy in a certain mutual life office. A wealthy old gentleman who was a policy-holder had given notice of a motion at the annual meeting to considerably increase the remuneration of the directors. I determined to prevent this. I first applied to a prominent banker, whose father had been one of the founders of the company. He was entirely with me, he said, but he could do nothing to help me, as he had relinquished his policy. I then applied to the son of another of the founders, whom I knew very well. He also wished me success, but asked me if I was going to canvass for support. I replied, 'Certainly not.' He then said I had no chance of success, and that he could not associate himself with such a forlorn hope. All he would do was to promise to attend the meeting. The day came, and I found the room crowded with supporters of the directors, as my friend said it would be. The appearance of these well-to-do gentlemen led me to suppose that a small percentage, more or less, on their policies was of no consequence to *them*. I saw at once that if I moved a direct negative to the motion there was no chance for me; but I determined, all the same, to defeat it.

When the adoption of the report was moved I rose, and in answer to calls for 'name,' I gave my name, said that I was personally known to most of the directors, and that I should not detain the meeting many minutes. I should say that I am a practised and a fluent speaker, and have a good memory, especially for figures, so that I scarcely use notes. My remarks were to this effect: that economy of management was one of the fundamental features of the society; and although I did not complain of the ratio of expenses, I gave the ratio of some four or five other societies to five figures of decimals, and compared them with this society, and then concluded by saying that if the proposal to increase the remuneration of the directors were carried, the ratio of expenses would be increased by such and such a decimal.

When the old gentleman rose later on to move his proposal he gave himself away by saying that he was afraid I had taken the wind out of his sails, and that when he gave notice of his proposal he supposed it would be adopted unanimously. My business was done. I had no need to say a word more.

There were a good many speeches; even my friend spoke out; and ultimately there was a wrangle, as the directors persisted in the proposal though their friends urged them to withdraw it. They were handsomely beaten, and thus I have been the means of saving many thousands of pounds to the policy-holders.

A CORNISH MINING SWINDLE.

One of the most ludicrous and extraordinary swindles ever perpetrated in Cornish mining occurred a good many years ago. A certain very clever gentleman, finding that he must stop payment, converted himself into a limited company and went into liquidation. The assets consisted mainly or in part of three Cornish mines. One was a large, old mine, the others not of much importance. The large mine had been worked by a good company many years before, and was only closed when they had taken all the copper out of it. There was nothing left but arsenic, and for this article it had been subsequently worked with unimportant results.

This mine no longer belonged to the clever gentleman, whom we will call Mr X.; it was, of course, in the hands of the liquidator of the X. limited company. But Mr X. registered three companies for the three mines, all with the same directors, who were merely clerks of no position whatever, and began operations. These companies *never had the mines in their possession;* but the liquidator had an understanding with Mr X. by which they could have them upon payment of such a sum or sums of money.

One good man in the Channel Islands took two thousand one pound shares. The balance of the shares were allotted to Mr X. and one or two others, neither his nor their names appearing anywhere except in the list of shareholders. The directors held the statutory one share each and no more.

The first step was to pay a dividend of 2½ per cent. a month, and then open an office in London for the sale of the shares at a premium. Of course it took little money at first to pay the dividend, because the only *bonâ-fide* allotment was that of the two thousand shares. I could never find out whether this gentleman was ultimately in the swim. I am sure that at first he went in innocently. Incredible as it may seem, the shares began to find buyers—chiefly widows, governesses, and other persons of limited income, and clergymen. As the shares were placed they were transferred from the blocks in the names of X. and the others. For a few months things went merrily, and meetings of each

company were held on the mines, at which no outsider was present. The shares were issued to bearer, and by the articles of association holders of shares to bearer were not allowed to attend the meetings! The reports presented at the meetings, giving the results of four months' working, were of a very rosy character. This result was arrived at by a very simple method, for Mr X. was a genius. A great part of the outlay was charged to 'Development Account,' whilst the receipts were put to the credit of revenue.

Being so much connected with Cornwall and arsenic, I knew what a swindle this was, and was seeking advice as to the course I ought to take, when my attention was called to the fact that the *London Figaro* had written of these wonderful companies, and had asked for information concerning them. I therefore wrote to the editor, suggesting an interview. The manager called upon me, and we agreed upon a plan, which we pledged ourselves to pursue till we had put an end to this swindle and to Mr X. I was to write letters, as from various persons, giving information, and a barrister was to write leading articles from time to time, based upon these letters. We had no communication with each other, and I don't think he knew my name till afterwards.

It was really a capital amusement. Some of my letters were written by a Mr Ezra Buggins, supposed to reside in Cornwall, but occasionally in London, when he would visit Somerset House and inspect the share registers. I thought this name a good one, and over this signature I furnished a large amount of genuine information. I also 'wrote sarcastic.' As a poor parson I wrote from Newcastle blaming the editor for attacking these companies, and saying 'how useful the monthly dividends were, with my large family.' I added that Mr Buggins had pointed out that the accounts were not audited; but it was due to the economical management that the company was able to pay the monthly dividend. If there were an auditor there might be no dividend.

Mr X.'s policy had been to coax the editor of the *Figaro* to leave him alone; and with reference to the poor parson's letter, he wrote to the editor to tell him that his correspondents were imposing on him, as they had no shareholder at Newcastle who was a clergyman. Some genuine letters came to hand from Cornwall, and were inserted. This went on for some time, till Mr X. felt he must give in. He then sent a very lengthy document to the editor; said, curiously enough, that he felt sure I was at the back of it; and threatened an action for libel unless the charges were withdrawn and an apology inserted. After consulting me, the *Figaro* had a *very* strong article, recapitulating all the charges, and expressing their readiness to meet Mr X. in any court of law. This finished the companies. I heard a sad tale of poor women applying for dividends, and coming away from the office in tears.

FRENCH GREASE-RECOVERY PROCESS.

At the time of Napoleon's *coup d'état* two French gentlemen found it desirable to flee and take refuge in England. They were not Parisians, but they were men of some importance in the provinces, one being a mayor. They had invented a process for recovering the grease from the washings of woollen-mills. As these Frenchmen had good introductions, they found no difficulty in meeting with a private gentleman who found the money first to try and then to work the process, which was a simple one. The business was established in Yorkshire, the Frenchmen attending to the manufacture, and the business being managed by a gentleman sent down from London by the capitalist to look after his interest. This gentleman, as it happened, was a friend of mine.

The business was a paying one. I believe the washings, which had hitherto been allowed to run away, were at first obtained without payment, being brought to the works in large barrels on wheels, like water-carts. I have seen long strings of these carts coming into the works, where the washings were tilted into tanks. The washings contained not only the grease washed out of the wool, but the grease and fatty matter in the soap used in scouring the wool. After some time the Frenchmen had notice from their friends that they might safely return to France, and they hastily departed with great glee, especially at the prospect of rejoining their families. Strange to say, they were not heard of again! The capitalist afterwards sold the business, and it was worked on an extensive scale. Miles upon miles of piping were laid down, which brought the washings from the different mills into the works. The washings, however, had to be paid for, and became a considerable source of revenue to the mills. My friend the manager was retained by the new firm, and I bought from time to time hundreds of tons of the recovered grease, finding a ready market for it in Germany.

Petroleum and the consequent reduction in price of oils, tallow, &c., ultimately knocked this business on the head.

One of my visits to Yorkshire on this business took place at the time of a war between the Great Northern (not long opened) and the London and North-Western Railways. I travelled to Leeds first class for five shillings.

BOGUS SHIPMENT OF COTTON FROM INDIA.

A London firm with a capital of ten thousand pounds, which had not been long established, was doing a considerable business with a native house at Bombay when the Mutiny of 1857 occurred. There were considerable quantities of cotton, here and afloat, shipped from Bombay on consignment, on which the London firm had made advances. This cotton they held all through the crisis, and thus saved the Bombay house a heavy loss.

The native gentlemen expressed the most lively

gratitude, and asked for the portraits of the partners in the London firm. One of the partners had a hare-lip, and the other was rather insignificant in appearance, and they asked me what they should do. I suggested that they should send out a good portrait of Lord Palmerston and one of the Lord Derby of that day. What they did I know not.

The business went on some time longer, cotton being continuously shipped by sailing-vessels. At last one of these shipments, upon being landed at the docks, was found to consist of bales made up with some cotton outside, but only stones and rubbish in the interior. Following shipments were similar; and, in fact, a total amount of twenty thousand pounds had been advanced by acceptances against shipments of this character, the value of which was, of course, comparatively trifling. The banks who held the bills admitted that there had been laxity on the part of their Bombay managers, and the whole matter was amicably compromised. Every effort was made to find the partners in the native house, but in vain. They had gone up-country, where their identity was lost. One result followed, I believe. The Indian Government appointed inspectors to examine the parcels of cotton before shipment, so that a similar swindle should be impossible in future.

JURYMEN.

Every experienced juryman has sat in cases where the judge has done his best to impress the jury with *his* view of the way the verdict ought to go. Lord Coleridge sometimes adopted this method, and in such cases he was almost imperative. With the air of a superior person, and with a blandness which rarely forsook him, he impressed the jury with the idea that they, as men of intelligence, must take the same view as he, as a man of superior intelligence, took.

I was one of the jury in a case tried at the Guildhall before Chief-Justice Coleridge and a special jury. A young woman standing in Cheapside to view the Lord Mayor's Show was hurt, through one of the horses of a common councilman's carriage becoming restive and treading on her foot. We learnt that the job-master who horsed a large number of these carriages undertook to supply horses that would be quiet under all circumstances, and that he was liable for any damage that might arise through an accident. It was explained that this particular horse was perfectly quiet; but it so happened that the bells of Bow Church and a military band both broke out at the same moment, and the most thoroughly broken horse could not be expected to stand that.

The case was simple enough. The facts were not disputed. The plaintiff was hardly cross-examined; and, most important of all, counsel for the defendant only addressed the jury on the question of damages, asking them to give only moderate and reasonable damages. Notwithstanding this, the judge most emphatically summed up against the young woman. When the jury retired we found ten were in favour of the plaintiff and two against her. In all such cases I have found it the best way to ask the minority to give their reasons. In this case they said that the judge so evidently wanted the jury to give a verdict against the plaintiff that they did not like to go against him. To this the ten replied that it was for the jury, not for the judge, to give the verdict; and as ten were for the plaintiff they were probably right. The two did not dispute this, and we agreed upon a verdict for the plaintiff with forty pounds damages. Now comes the fun.

In the chief court at the Guildhall a short staircase led direct from the jury-box to their retiring-room. When we informed the usher that we had agreed upon our verdict, we found another jury in the box; but the judge and counsel in the next case were entirely absorbed in a discussion, and the jury had not been sworn. The usher, therefore, turned them out of the box and put us in. The discussion terminated in a settlement; and it was agreed that a certain verdict was to be given by the jury. The jury must be sworn, said the judge. We were sworn, gave the verdict agreed upon, and pocketed a guinea apiece, much to the disgust of the jurymen who had been turned out of the box. As we stayed in the box the judge said, 'You can go, gentlemen.' When we explained that we were the jury in the preceding case, and gave our verdict for the plaintiff, blandness entirely forsook the countenance of the judge but spread over the countenances of the jury as each one pocketed a second guinea. That is not all. As I went off to lunch with another juryman a gentleman ran after us. He said that he was defendant, and although it was irregular to speak to us, he wished to *thank us* for our verdict, because forty pounds was the exact sum he had offered the plaintiff! The litigation had arisen solely through her solicitor.

ABOUT ARSENIC.

When the Franco-German war broke out we had contracts running with different chemical works on the Rhine for a total quantity of between one thousand five hundred and two thousand tons of arsenic. As these contracts were all made c.i.f. Antwerp, there was no difficulty whatever in carrying them out, as far as we were concerned. The buyers, however, as they were unable to continue their business during the war, simply advised us not to ship the arsenic, as they could not receive it during the continuance of the war.

One great inconvenience, and the chief expense to us, was that we had to find and to rent warehouses at Plymouth and elsewhere to store the arsenic. At that time there was no storage at the mine where the arsenic was produced, and we practically had to take it away as it was made. Our buyers refused to compensate us for these expenses, loss of interest, &c., and we did not care to have lawsuits with them in the German courts. They did not repudiate the contracts, but readily took the arsenic when the

war was over. After the war I visited these buyers, hoping to induce them to let us ship some arsenic at once. They were anxious to have it, but they would not take the risk of getting it to their works. Everything was so disorganised by the war, they said. If we would deliver it to their works they would be glad to have it, and would pay the cost of transport from Antwerp. I then went to a capital firm at Bâle who undertook all kinds of forwarding business, and arranged with them to ship three hundred tons of arsenic to Antwerp, which they would take charge of and send by steamer through the canal and up the river, delivering one hundred tons each to three of our buyers.

The German Government and the German police were always making trouble about arsenic, especially when it was in single barrels only. At that time they did not interfere so long as it was being conveyed by water; but as soon as it touched land they could stop it, and either impose a fine or compel you to case it. Of course, if they got wind of its going up the river they would be on the watch, and interfere with the landing.

I therefore arranged with the forwarding agents that the steamer taking the arsenic should carry also a sufficient quantity of bales of cotton to completely conceal the arsenic, and by this means we successfully ran the blockade and safely delivered one hundred tons to each of the three works. It was, however, a very narrow shave. The police got to hear of it, and in less than an hour after the last hundred tons had been delivered at the works they appeared on the scene, wanting to know all about it, and threatening proceedings. Of course they could *do* nothing, as they had not caught the arsenic *in transit*.

AN UNEQUAL FIGHT.

A large parcel of chrome ore which had belonged to a company in liquidation was in our hands, and we had given the offer of it to a London colour manufacturer, who was engaged in trying some experiments with it. Meanwhile the secretary to the company came to us with a telegram in his hand, saying that he could take the parcel at a certain price. As our buyer could not yet decide, and as he said he could not ask us to hold it longer for him, we accepted the offer of the secretary, and the ore was shipped to Glasgow, where his buyers carried on business. These buyers, who were very rich, at once remitted a large part of the amount, but kept back some three hundred pounds, which the poor secretary was unable to get, though the grounds of their refusal to pay were rather vague. The secretary was worried about this, and feared very much having to sue them in Scotland; so we told him to tell his solicitor that we always owed the Glasgow manufacturers money. We were buying from them every week. The solicitor consequently attached the money we owed in the Lord Mayor's Court, as this would cause the case to be tried in London; and the secretary forthwith began his action against the Glasgow manufacturers.

As the proceedings went on it appeared that the Glasgow people were refusing to pay because they thought the secretary was a gentleman who had been with us, and had been formerly to see them on our behalf, and so they chose to assume that we had combined to make them pay more than they need have done, and they determined to see if they could not get some reduction in the price. They had simply found a mare's nest. The secretary and our agent were two distinct gentlemen, having nothing whatever in common excepting their surname, and they had never even met.

The case came on for trial at the Guildhall before Sir A. Cockburn. On the morning of the trial Sir G. Honeyman, who led for the plaintiff, said he had been reading his brief, and it seemed to him Sir A. Cockburn would take a strong view against the plaintiff. A consultation was held, and I suggested that Sir George should be requested to keep out of the way, and that the conduct of the case should be left to the junior counsel, Mr W. G. Harrison, afterwards Q.C. This course was adopted.

The first witness was the plaintiff, and a very bad witness he was. He was very nervous, constantly on the move, and the defendant's counsel worried him till he hardly knew what he said. Sir A. Cockburn evidently became strongly prejudiced against his case. It came out that one point of the defendant's case was that they were the *only* buyers, and that, knowing this, we had combined with the plaintiff against them. As soon as this came out I took a cab and brought our other buyer to the court. He was a gentleman of position, and was put in the box at once. He stated that he had not only been in treaty for the ore, but having completed his trials, he was now ready to buy the whole parcel, and at a higher price than the Glasgow people had paid for it. This completely demolished one important point of the defence.

When my turn came to enter the witness-box Serjeant Parry was sent for, and sat facing me with his eyes fixed upon me. We had heard through counsel that he was briefed with fifty guineas. Simply to cross-examine me! Other counsel had conducted the case. My evidence was simple enough, and showed that there was no mystery in the case. It had a surprising influence on Sir A. Cockburn, who evidently came round to the side of the plaintiff. After my examination-in-chief he put some questions to me quite in a conversational way, to have everything quite clear, and then said, 'Brother Parry, have you any evidence to contradict this gentleman? Because if not, I don't see what defence you have.' After a hurried few words with his clients the Serjeant said, 'My lord, if the defendants had known what the evidence of this witness would have been they would not have contested the case.' He asked me one question, *sotto voce*, 'Have you the invoice from the liquidator with you?' 'Yes,' I said, 'receipted;' and I handed it to him for his inspec-

tion; but he scarcely looked at it. He felt bound to do something for the fifty guineas. Some of the jury said they thought it was a most unjustifiable attempt on the part of the Glasgow people to get out of a bargain they had entered into; but Sir A. Cockburn, smiling, said, 'Gentlemen, you must not say anything.' He also warmly complimented Mr Harrison upon the way in which he had conducted the case.

Three points I should mention:

(1) The defendants absolutely knew beforehand what my evidence would be, because *they had seen the draft of it;* the plaintiff's solicitor, to avoid litigation, having asked my permission to send it to them. They little thought that the judge and Serjeant Parry would accept it without question.

(2) There was one point which I thought might be raised, and which I preferred to bring out myself, and I did this by way of an addition to or explanation of one of my answers in my examination-in-chief. Mr Harrison told me afterwards he thought I was going to wreck the case, but he saw at once that I had acted wisely.

(3) We had been doing a good business with the Glasgow people for years. They refused to continue to have any relations with us. No doubt they felt that unless I had come to the plaintiff's assistance they might have succeeded in defeating him.

ARTIFICIAL STONE-PAVING.

A NEW SCOTTISH INDUSTRY.

By W. DIACK.

A REMARKABLE change has taken place in the methods of street paving within the past few years. Wood, concrete, and tar-macadam are giving place to 'adamant' and 'granolithic;' even granite and sandstone slabs are falling into disuse, and the manufacture of various kinds of artificial paving is becoming an industry of considerable national importance. A recent return shows that in over sixty of the principal towns of Britain experiments have been made with artificial granite paving; and in these its use is (with two solitary exceptions) being steadily extended. Even in Lancashire and Yorkshire, the home of the natural flagstone, the use of granite concrete is increasing.

The older forms of paving have certain peculiar disadvantages. Concrete supplies a firm foothold for pedestrians; but in these days when pavements have to be taken up every other day for the repair of gas and water mains and electric conduits, its continued use has become impracticable. Concrete can never be repatched so as to retain its original strength; and, apart from this, the cost of taking it up and relaying it is all but prohibitive. Granite slabs are free from these drawbacks, and even on streets where the traffic is busiest will last for generations. Unfortunately, however, after they have been in use for a few months, these slabs rapidly assume a smooth and glossy surface, and soon become positively dangerous to foot-passengers. In wet weather especially, the unwary pedestrian who chances to tread on a piece of paper or peel may not infrequently find himself precipitated on the pavement in a rather undignified fashion.

Something was required which would combine the durability of granite with the firm foothold supplied by cement, and which would at the same time be furnished in blocks of convenient size. It is such slabs of artificial stone that are now being supplied in increasing quantities from the various granite centres throughout the country.

The Adamant and Stone-Paving Company were the pioneers in the manufacture of artificial stone by pressure, and their extensive works in the suburbs of Aberdeen now employ a considerable staff of workmen, who every week despatch by railway and steamboat about two hundred tons of artificial paving. The busy factory is situated among the great hills of waste granite beside the Dancing Cairns quarries—a picturesque spot in the valley of Don about three miles from Aberdeen.

At the farther end of the buildings are three powerful steam crushing-machines. Into these are wheeled the waste chips and stones from the neighbouring quarry, and soon these powerful appliances are heard crunching the shapeless chips and boulders into fine granite dust. As it rushes forth, this dust passes through a revolving sieve which separates the rougher-grained from the finer material. It is this crushed granite which forms the foundation of artificial paving. In some other districts destructor refuse has been used for this purpose, but has not been found by any means so durable as granite. To this granite dust is added a specific quantity of Portland cement and a liberal supply of water, the whole mass being thoroughly mixed by machinery specially designed for the purpose. This semi-liquid mass is then placed in a strong cast-steel mould of the size and shape required for the slab to be made, the sizes more generally used being two feet square and two feet by three feet six inches. Tight-fitting pieces of fibrous material are placed in the mould both under and above the mixture, so that when pressure is applied to it, while the superfluous water is expelled, none of the cement is lost. When the wet concrete in the mould has been carefully levelled, it is placed under the ram of a powerful hydraulic press capable of applying to the mixture a pressure of

five hundred tons. There are no air-holes or voids left in the slab after it has been subjected to a spell of such treatment; and it is just in this that the superiority of pressed flags consists.

Two styles of hydraulic press are used in the manufacture of slabs, and the latest and most improved is in some respects the simpler of the two. A set of three rotating moulds revolves round the central column of the press. The wet concrete is filled into the mould at a point we shall designate A. Then the table containing the three moulds—all of which are equidistant from one another—is made to revolve exactly one-third of a circle. This brings the wet concrete immediately under the hydraulic ram, a point which we may term B. The ram descends, and the superfluous water is expelled. While this is being done the second mould of the series is being rapidly filled with wet concrete and carefully levelled. Again the table makes one-third of a revolution. The liquid mass has again reached the point directly under the ram of the press, and the pressed slab has been carried forward one stage farther—namely, to the point C—where it is removed from the mould. Here a hydraulic lift pushes up the newly pressed slab until it is clear of the mould, when it is immediately seized by the vacuum discharge-gear and transferred to a trolly, which, when loaded, is at once wheeled off to the drying-shed.

Immediately the pressed slab leaves the mould the table again makes a one-third revolution; the empty mould returns to the point A, where it was first loaded, and thus the cycle goes on indefinitely. It will be seen that three operations are always being conducted simultaneously. At A the mould is being filled with semi-liquid concrete, at B the concrete in the second mould is being subjected to hydraulic pressure, and at C the finished slab is being discharged from the third mould.

To work this press only two attendants are required—one to fill the moulds and operate the levers, and the second to remove the finished slabs. By means of this press an output of from thirty to forty slabs per hour can be readily obtained—a considerable improvement on the earlier style of press, which is at work in another part of the building, and where the massive steel moulds have to be conveyed backwards from the discharging-bench to the loading-bench by means of a hydraulic crane.

Before the slabs are ready for use they must, of course, undergo a period of seasoning and maturing. When the specially built trollies have been loaded with slabs they are wheeled into the spacious drying-shed already referred to, where the 'adamant,' resting slab above slab, undergoes the first stage of the maturing process. The drying, however, must not proceed too rapidly, for the quality of the stone is greatly improved if the concrete retains its moisture for several days. For this reason it is desirable to prevent as far as possible the free circulation of air by keeping the slabs indoors for a time. After remaining for several days in the drying compartment, the slabs are taken into the open air and piled in huge stacks, where they remain until thoroughly matured and ready for use.

The artificial stone thus produced not only forms a dense, non-porous, non-slippery paving, but is as easily worked as the finest York stone. Its remarkable power of resistance to crushing force was shown by a test made recently by Messrs D. Kirkcaldy & Sons, the well-known London experts, who found that a slab one foot square and two and one-eighth inches thick was crushed at 413·1 tons.

The growing popularity of this form of artificial paving is shown by the statistics furnished by the Aberdeen Harbour Board. In 1896 only nine hundred and forty-eight tons were despatched by steamboat from the Granite City. Gradually the figures mounted up until in 1903 the quantity despatched had reached five thousand one hundred and fifty-seven tons. To these figures must, of course, be added the amount used locally and the quantities despatched by rail to inland centres.

The success of the Aberdeen experiment has led to the establishment of plant for the manufacture of artificial paving in various other granite districts throughout the country—at Shap, Greenwich, and Leicester, as well as at Cambridge, Fulham, Wigan, Newport, and other important centres; and all the present indications point to yet greater developments in this newly established industry.

TAPESTRIES.

This, beloved, is the chamber—so the guide-book doth affirm us—
That a queen did once inhabit in the dim, forgotten days;
And the tapestries around us by her royal hand were woven,
All these verdant orchard alleys, little Cupid-gods, and fays.

Deep and narrow gleams the casement, like an eye by age ensunken,
Yet its light, though scantly measured, not less surely hath prevailed;
And the colours on the arras, so voluptuously splendid,
Have through fleeting generations to a sober sadness failed.

Only here and thither glancing, through the maze of sombre stitches,
Runs a thread of gold untarnished by the circling of the years;
All invincible it speaketh, by a dusty sunbeam challenged,
Of the gallant souls before us, of their passion, of their tears.

And my thoughts and fancies, dearest, that a moment's wistful gazing
On these melancholy relics seemed to render most forlorn,
Change to gladsomeness and courage when I see thee, sweet, beside me,
For I whisper, Love the golden doth each age, undimmed, adorn.

Marie Bayne.

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AN EDINBURGH RAT-CATCHER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

By Major-General TWEEDIE, C.S.I.

WHEN I was a student at the Edinburgh University some fifty years ago, a familiar object on the sunny side of the Grassmarket was old Jamie Gordon the rat-catcher. Even now, in walking down the Bow or the Candlemaker Row I sometimes wonder why no one in the least resembling Jamie ever comes in sight. Is it because his kind is extinct, and the rats are electrocuted nowadays, or is it that only the young have eyes for oddities, while to the old all things seem alike? The reader will please pardon this piece of moralising. I was talking of James Gordon, rat-catcher, the shambling, shuffling, blue-bonneted Jamie, the weak-kneed and dilapidated Jamie, whose clothes were only fit to be hung up in a potato-field, and who cared so little for appearances that he would not have bartered away a glass of whisky for the best suit that ever hung at a shop-door. Jamie at home and Jamie abroad were two different fellows. 'Bosom of the family' he had none to speak of, all his children being out in the world; but he lived, when I knew him, in a one-roomed 'house,' so called by courtesy only, at the end of a long dark passage which burrowed its way into one of the much-divided and subdivided blocks of building then separating the West Port from Laurieston. Inside of his crib his normal state was that of slumber after his nocturnal labours of snaring rats in slaughter-houses and tanneries, picking up 'orra duds' which had been left out too late in bleaching-greens, filling a mysterious basket with vegetables from market-gardens, and otherwise looking after property. Out of doors, with two or three terriers at his heels, there never was any one more wide awake and cheerful. If the police winked at him as he winked at the police—that is, with ineffable good-humour and drollery—that explains the comparative immunity which he enjoyed from oakum-picking! Even M'Levy the thief-catcher, when spoken to about him, would say good-naturedly, 'Jamie 's been long about; never mind him.' The terriers were more of a make-believe than anything else. The war against the rodents was carried on chiefly by means of traps, poison, and other devices; and the terriers were merely kept for sale to those who jumped to the conclusion that a rat-catcher's canine aides-de-camp were bound to be 'fell chiels at the vermin,' as Dandie Dinmont said to Brown. And so it may be with the one or two terriers which a rat-catcher in a rural district keeps for his own proper use; but those which the rat-catcher buys or steals one day and sells the next belong to a different category. Jamie's features were so villainous, and yet withal so comical and so typically Scottish, that he was in some request with artists; and indeed it was in the studio of one of the great group-painters of the period, the late Mr Erskine Nicol, that I made his acquaintance. Following up the introduction, I occasionally visited Jamie in his den, which was light enough once it was entered, owing to its window opening on a ropewalk—that is, a strip of ground used for rope-twisting. By favour of the rope-maker, the terriers had the run of this convenient space instead of being put on the chain. Jamie's sayings were neither many nor original; but when he was asked one day how it was that his doggies needed no tying up, his answer was worth remembering. 'I tie them by the teeth,' said he; which, being interpreted, meant, 'I feed them so well and treat them so civilly that they never think of leaving me.' The writer of this little sketch has held since those days many diplomatic situations in many countries. He has had to do with Indians, Afghans, Ethiopians, Persians, Arabs, and others; and Jamie's plan of 'tying them by the teeth' he has simply found invaluable. Indeed, it has hardly ever failed him; and he hereby hands it over free, gratis, or the next thing to it, to the readers of *Chambers's Journal*. The interior of the old man's dwelling was more like rat-fancying than rat-killing. Cagefuls of the hateful vermin were stowed away under the bed, and other cagefuls hung from hooks on the wall.

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Sometimes the inmates of a cage would fall foul of one another, and join battle like human beings, the slaughter ending in cannibalism. The rats in the cages were not always of Jamie's own catching. His great purveyors were the brood of gamins and street-arabs who in these advanced days attach themselves to literature. At that time Edinburgh had no evening newspapers or newspaper-boys. The ancestral stock of the ragged urchins who nowadays sell the specials on Princes Street found its vocation in the fifties in fishing for rats at street-corners. A string with a running noose at one end of it would be let down through the grating in the gutter into the sewer below. A slight enough bait would serve to bring the rats forward one after the other. And then a jerk and a pull, and up would come a sleek creature, with a piece of tight-lacing round its middle, squealing with terror like a snared leveret. A little ragamuffin who had filled his pockets, or, if he had no pockets, his bosom, with rats in this manner had only to carry his live-stock to Jamie in order to obtain the market price for it, which ranged from a penny to threepence a head according to the demand. 'Demand? What could anyone want with such loathsome cargo?' may here exclaim some puzzled reader. But, in sober truth, the captured rats formed, as I suppose their remote descendants do at this day, important figures in a great educational system. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that the education even of the most thoroughbred terrier can no more proceed apart from rats than can that of the young doctor proceed apart from anatomical subjects!

Considering what a very great seat of learning the Modern Athens has always been, it is probable that schools of ratting—'extramural' schools, of course—have a place at this day among its institutions, though of this I know nothing. But in Jamie's time the university city was uncommonly well equipped in this respect. Honest James himself, indeed, was the keeper of a modest grove in which the question was put to terriers in Socratic fashion. *Petits maîtres* from George Square and its vicinity frequently gave him a call with terrier puppies which were candidates for honours, but as yet unentered. With enviable *sang-froid* Jamie would then introduce his hand into a cage of wriggling, squirming vermin, take one cannily by the scruff of the neck, tie a long string to its tail, and set it on the run in the ropewalk. 'Beast or body,' said Dandie Dinmont, 'education should aye be minded;' and this is readily granted. But a very sad pity it is when, owing to the force of circumstances, our boys have to be brought up too exclusively in a town. What youth having any practical acquaintance with the stackyard and the barn, the hillside ferreting-match and the otter-hunt, would so far demean himself as to set a terrier a-yammering at the tail of a tethered rat in the West Port of Edinburgh? But this by the way.

The Grassmarket seminary of polite learning was only for beginners. 'Little fishes are sweet' was what Jamie said when very young gentlemen brought their terriers and paid their fees at sixpence a rat into his grimy hand; but his real harvests came to him when a great *exposition* was being given at a regular rat-pit, and perhaps a hundred rats had to be delivered all in prime fighting fettle, and punctually to the minute. A rat-pit, it should perhaps be mentioned, was not a 'pit,' any more than a cock-pit was a 'pit'—I trust that both structures may now be spoken of in the past tense—but a circular space enclosed with palisading; and a hundred rats turned out together in so tight a place made work for a 'senior wrangler.' About the time of which I am writing a really eminent man came to Edinburgh, an Irishman of the name of M'Fadyen, who in his own select circle enjoyed undying fame in connection with a high-class piece of London ratting. With bated breath it was told of him that he had actually presided on a certain historic occasion when a monkey was backed to destroy a hundred rats in a rat-pit in an incredibly short space of time. Only those who were in the secret, and M'Fadyen among the number, backed Jacko, who, however, at the appointed moment jumped into the arena armed with a little hammer. In the articles of the match there was nothing to forbid the use of such a weapon. *Rap, rap, rap* from the hairy one's hammer, every rap on a rat's cranium, and the bets were won. With the spoils of this masterstroke, M'Fadyen, as I was saying, had started an exceedingly high-class canine college, mostly subterranean, within a short distance of the Tron Kirk. Through the appointment of a badger as one of the resident professors, the curriculum was carried to the highest point which the law, as it was in those days, tolerated. In the rat and cat department James Gordon was the purveyor both in ordinary and extraordinary. In short, the institution was one of which any city in the world might have been proud. But unfortunately the police took a different view. M'Fadyen was found to be 'wanted' in some other place; Edinburgh fell behind again, and Jamie's business as an educationist was thrown back on his private pupils, the smaller rat-pits, and the canine repositories.

If modern Edinburgh can boast of a canine repository I do not know of it; but in Jamie's day there were several dealers whose yards and kennels the most fastidious might visit with pleasure. Foremost among these was Wullie Carlyle, a Roxburghshire man, and one of the greatest authorities then living on the points of the Dandie Dinmont. Carlyle's premises were in the Lothian Road, which as yet abounded in unreclaimed spaces. Never do I pass what was once the entrance, at a spot about opposite the middle of the present Caledonian Railway goods station, without recalling the image of Jamie, as I have so often seen him, squatted there on his hunkers, with a mysterious poke beside him. His errand at such times was plain enough to the initiated: some one who was about to pick a terrier had trysted him to be there 'in the hour of cause' with

a few live rats, or, sad to relate, perhaps a pussy cat, for it was all one to Jamie. Practical tests and trials of this sort were, however, the very things that Carlyle detested. He kept a spring-cart and a mule for carrying him twice a year over the Border country. From these trips he would return with puppies packed under a net as thickly as little pigs on a market-day in Dumfriesshire; after which he expected his customers to take the 'game' or pluck of his selections for granted, and be thankful. A high-handed man, and a big one to boot, was Wullie; and woe betide the rat-catcher daring to enter his precincts otherwise than closely following a patron from whom good prices were in prospect!

These glimpses into bygone times are perhaps too trivial to be worth opening. But the old cannot help recalling the scenes which were once familiar, and it is but natural if they indulge the opinion that others will like to read of them in leisure moments.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER XI.—MEDICAMENT.

AS Challis was going along Park Lane he overtook Colonel Trevor sauntering slowly towards the Marble Arch at a pace that became a wooden leg and a certain regard for appearances.

'Ah, Geoff, dear lad, you're the very man I want. I've got a most infernal fit of the blues. Come along with me and cheer me up.'

'Where to?'

'The club.'

'Which club? You patronise so many.'

'Retired Services—Old Fogeys.'

'All right. I'll go there with you. I feel a bit that way myself.'

'I see. Does it strike you, my boy, that you may be a trifle thin-skinned in patches?'

'Shouldn't be a bit surprised, colonel. Circumstances have tended somewhat that way. How have you been keeping yourself?'

'Fairly. I miss your uncle sadly.'

'Dear old chap! I can't get used to it. I'm always expecting him to turn up.'

Geoff took his arm and assisted him into a hansom at the corner, and they jogged on in silence till Trevor broke out, 'I'm inclined to think I'd exchange if I were in your place, you know, Geoff.'

'No, you wouldn't. If you were in my place you'd cut it and go farming.'

'Gad! I believe I would. I've wanted to be a farmer all my life, but I never had the chance, and now I can't afford it. It's a costly business, I believe.'

They had a comfortable little dinner, and several of the old fogeys came up to Geoff and shook him warmly by the hand, gruffly expressing their sense of loss in his own. They clung to one another, these old fellows, you see, and the call that summoned one of their number pealed a warning for the rest. They were short-tempered at times, and quick and hot of speech as a rule, but very warm-hearted; upholders of the older ideas and of a high code of manners and morals, which made them look somewhat askance at some of the doings of the younger folk. For them the past was mellowed and refined, since they remembered only its outstanding glories. The smaller things, which had irked them at the time, were forgotten, and in the light of the past the present seemed crude and wanting.

As Geoff and the colonel were travelling slowly towards the latter's chambers in the Albany they were brought to a stand by a sudden turmoil in a dark little street opening off Piccadilly, a smothered turmoil of battle—deep-drawn breathings, subdued curses, blows, and the spasmodic tread and shuffle of many feet, and a writhing mass of ragged urchins whirled into view beneath a lamp. There might be a score or so, but they were bunched in such a coil that all that was visible was a bristle of arms and legs, and occasional strenuous faces bobbing up to the light and dipping quickly out of sight again. Then the bunch disintegrated suddenly. Several small figures lay upon the ground, and the victors proceeded to kick them up again.

'Stop that!' shouted Challis, striding forward, and at sound of him they were gone like a scurry of fighting sparrows, all except one who lay still.

The two men bent over the prostrate one. The fact that he was there proved him insensible; item, considerable flow of blood from several nasty cuts in the head; item, one leg twisted beneath him in a way a small boy's leg has no right to be unless it is broken.

'Hospital. I'll see to him, colonel,' said Geoff, and picked the small figure up and walked off with it into Piccadilly. A policeman strolled up inquiringly.

'It's all right, constable. A set of young rascals fighting, and this one seems to have got some kicks. I'll take him to St George's and see him strapped up.'

'Right you are, sir! Just little divvles they are up some o' them side-streets. Never happy unless they're plugging one another.'

'Boys will be boys,' said Geoff.

'Just little divvles,' said the constable oracularly. 'And not content with their fistises, but they must go belting and kicking.'

Trevor saw Geoff and the boy into a cab, the constable sauntering off on a fruitless investigation of

the street out of which they had come. A minute later several small figures stole silently out of dark corners and sped away after the cab to learn where their chum should be landed, and Colonel Trevor walked slowly towards the Albany.

The small boy came to himself before the hospital was reached. Possibly the unusual experience of riding inside a hansom tended thereto.

'Now then, wot 's this?' he demanded imperatively. 'W'ere you a-takin' me to? I ain't done nothin'.'

'Yes, you have. You've got your head cut open in half-a-dozen places and broken your leg. I'm going to get you patched up.'

'I don' need no patchin' up. Jes' you le' me—le' me—le'—me'—— and he went, and remained away till the doctor had cut away some of his tangles, and washed and stitched up some of his cuts, and plastered the rest, and strapped up the broken leg.

As soon as he opened his eyes again he tried to get off the bed with 'bolt' in his face.

Geoff caught hold of him. 'Now, sonny, just you lie quietly there. Your leg 's broken and you 've lost blood.'

The small boy looked down at his strapped leg and felt over the unusual condition of his head, and then lay staring at Geoff.

'Well, I'm blessed!' was his brief summing-up of the situation.

'You'll be all right in a day or two, except the leg. That will take longer,' said Geoff, with a nod. 'Any one you'd like to send your present address to?'

'Naw!' And presently, in a tone of hopeful anxiety, 'Say, mister, did I come 'ere in a keb?'

'You did. Hansom.'

'Aw!' and he blinked hard at Geoff. 'Army man?' he inquired, as the result of careful investigation.

'Yes. Artillery,' said Challis, humouring his patient's bent. 'Just back from Soudan.'

'You 'll le' me go soon 's I 'm all right, capting?'

'Certainly!'

'Right-ho! Then I—think—I 'll go—to—sleep;' and he turned over and was asleep in a moment.

As Challis left the hospital he became aware of sundry small black figures dodging corners behind him, and of shrill whispers.

'That 's 'im!' 'That 's the cove wot took 'im.' 'Arsk 'im, Jimmy!' and so on.

'Ask away, Jimmy, my man. Don't be frightened,' said Geoff, stopping and speaking into the surrounding darkness. 'Is that one of your mates that got hurt?'

'That 's it, guv'nor. 'E ain't dead, is 'e?'

'Dead? Not a bit of it. Leg broken and head knocked about a bit. He 'll be all right in a week or two. How did it happen?'

'Aw! We was jist 'avin' a scrum wi' some o' 'em Proossia Street chaps, an' the capting 'e got downed.'

'An' they kicked 'im w'en 'e was down. They allus kicks, does them Proossians,' said a shrill little pipe.

'Ah! kicking 's bad,' said Geoff. 'Kicking 's not in the game.'

'Naw, 'tain't. But they kicks all the same.'

'Will you tell his people where he is—his father and mother, or whoever it is he lives with?'

'Ain't got any people, capting ain't. 'E 's all on 'is own.'

'What does he do?'

'Aw—lots.'

'And where does he live?'

'Anyw'eres.' 'Now'eres.'

'And do you all live anywheres, nowheres?'

'No; we 've got 'omes, most on us. An' some 'f us 'as got fathers an'——

'An' some 'f us wishes we 'adn't,' piped the shrill-voiced one.

'That 's a bad lookout,' said Challis. 'I shall come across to-morrow morning at eleven to see the captain. If you 're here I 'll tell you how he 's going on.'

'Thank 'e, sir! 'Night, sir!' and they were gone, and Geoff went thoughtfully home to his big, lonely house; and as he looked up at it, and thought of the few heads it sheltered, he thought also of the rough little heads that had no homes to go to—or if homes, of such a character that they would have preferred being without them.

When he walked round in the morning he was amused to find Colonel Trevor there before him.

'Well, captain?' said Geoff to the small boy, with a military salute. 'How goes it?'

'I 'm all right 'cep' for this 'ere bloomin' leg and this 'ere bloomin' 'ead. 'Ad to stitch it up, the old bloke says. Three stitches an' two stitches. 'Ow long 'll I 'ave to be 'ere?'

'You must get that leg well, you know, or you might break it again and have trouble with it.'

''Ow long?'

'Maybe a week or two.'

'Not in this 'ere bed?' in a tone of alarmed remonstrance.

'No; they 'll let you get up in a day or two, I expect, when your head 's better.'

''Ead 's better now.'

'Is it? Then we 'll have a chat, you and I; and Colonel Trevor can stay and listen if he wants to.'

'Old bloke a colonel?'

'That is Colonel Trevor, V.C. He fought in the Crimea and left one leg there.'

'My! I 'd jolly well leave both mine for a V.C.'

'Good boy!' said Trevor, with a benignant smile.

'Now, captain, never mind the colonel 's leg. Lend me your ears!'

'Garn! Wot d' yer'——

'I 'm not going to take them off. I want to talk to you, and I want you to listen.'

'Talk so 's I can understand, then. Is it a preach?'

'No, it isn't a preach. What 's your name, and where do you live?'

'Name's Dick. They calls me Bantam. Don't live anyw'eres in partic'lar. Coving Gawden 'Otel might find me, an', ag'in, it mightn't.'

'Got any relations—fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, uncles, cousins, aunts?'

''Ow yer does reel it off! Naw! Ain't got any of 'em, an' don't know 's I wants 'em.'

'Quite on your own, eh!'

'Rather!'

'Like it?'

'Like it better 'n some wot I sees.'

'How would you like to have a place you could always go to at nights?'

''Pends on the place. None o' yer 'omes for me, so don't you'——

'No, I didn't mean that. Just a little home for yourself.'

'Garn! Think I'm a millinaire?'

'Can you read and write?'

'Yus.'

'Who taught you?'

'Never you mind! When I'm big enough I'm goin' to be a soger too. An' you gets on best if you kin read an' write, so I learnt 'em. Sums too.'

'Good boy!' said Trevor.

'Well now, captain,' said Geoff, 'here's an idea that has come into my head during the night, and I want your opinion on it. Suppose I took a room in your neighbourhood, and put in tables and chairs and things, would you and the other fellows care to use it as a kind of club all for yourselves, where you could always meet and talk and have games if you wanted? Kind of headquarters, you know.'

'Smoke?'

'Do anything you wanted so long as it was on the straight. But if you want to be a soldier, I advise you not to smoke just yet.'

'An' why?'

'Because it will keep you small and puny. Smoke as much as you like when you've got your height. You don't want to be just a drummer-boy or bugler, I suppose?'

'Not me! I'm goin' to be a sarjint.'

'Then you want to grow. We might perhaps have some drilling and gymnastics at that room I was speaking of.'

'Any preachin' t' make yer sick o' yerself?'

'No preaching to make you sick of yourself. Perhaps we could manage a bit of a band later on.'

'Fifes an' drums?' with great accession of interest.

'Fifes and drums, by all means.'

'And a uniform for marchin' out?'

'A uniform for marching out, by all means; and in summer a fortnight under canvas at the seaside somewhere.'

'Real guns?'

'Real guns.'

'I'm on! Say! you ain't dotty, be you? An' you ain't gammonin' a chap wot 's down?'

'I'm not dotty and I'm not gammoning a chap what 's down. I'll do my part if you and the rest will do yours. You're quite sure of the rest?'

'You bet! I'll see to 'em. They does wot I tells 'em.'

'All right! You get that leg better as quick as you can, and we'll see to it between us.'

'Right-ho!' And they left him lying with visions in his eyes.

When they came out of the big front-door they became aware of a warm discussion going on behind one of the pillars.

''E won't care for fl'ars, yer Johnnie!'

'Yus, 'e will. Yer does w'en yer in 'orspital, even if yer doesn't w'en yer not. Wus in 'orspital myself wunst, an' I knows.'

'Packet o' ceegrettes would be more in capting's line.'

'Won't let yer smoke in 'orspital.'

Then a tously head and two sharp eyes peered round the pillar and caught sight of the two men, and silence fell on the ragged group.

'Good-morning, boys!' said Challis. 'Come to ask after the captain? He's going on all right. Five stitches in his head and his leg in splints.'

'W'en 'll 'e be out, capting?'

'Not for a week or two perhaps. That leg will take time, you know. Like to see him, some of you?'

'Yus, sir,' very eagerly from every man of them.

So he got permission, and the awe-stricken company filed in on their toes, with deprecatory sniffles and quick side-glances at everything within range; and when they came to the captain's bedside the shame-faced grins which shot to and fro set the nurses smiling in company.

The flower-bearer bashfully tendered his offering, which the captain received characteristically.

'Thank 'e, Squeaker. Sneak 'em?'

'Naw, I didn't. Kerried a fat wife's barskit to Waterloo, an' she give me them an' tuppence.' Then, with a face like the setting sun, and voice all squeaks and jerks, 'Bought yer some smokes wi' ther tuppence;' and he shoved a dilapidated packet of cigarettes at his leader.

'Yer a good sort, Squeaker. But they won't let me smoke w'ile I'm 'ere. 'Sides, I've stopped off smokin'.'

'Aw, capting!' with a smothered guffaw and an admiring glance, under the belief that this sudden face-about was assumed for the temporary benefit of the higher powers.

'Fac'! An' you chaps 'ave got to stop it off too, or yer'll never grow big, an' yer'll be buglers and drummer-boys all yer lives.'

A shuffle of discomfort was the only response to this exordium.

'That old bloke's got a wooden leg. 'E's V.C., an' 'is leg's in ther Crimea;' and all the beady eyes turned on Trevor and Challis, who stood at a discreet distance to give them fair-play. 'T' other 's artillery,

an' 'e's goin' to take us a room for 'eadquarters, an' give us drills, *an'* uniforms, *an'* real guns, *an'* drums an' fifes, *an'* a camp at seaside, an'—oh, my blessed buttons—ain't we goin' to 'ave a glory 'allelujah time w'en I gits out! Blame this leg!'

''Ow's yer 'ead, capting?' asked spokesman Squeaker with pointed delicacy.

''Ead's all right. Got five stitches in'—with a touch of pride. 'I ain't dotty, Squeaker. Neither's 'e. I arsked 'im straight. Yer kin arsk 'im yerselves.'

'Now, you mustn't get excited, captain,' said a pleasant-faced nurse, 'or your head will suffer;' and Challis came forward to marshal the ragged brigade out.

'Proossia Bob's bunked it, capting,' was the Squeaker's parting news in a delighted whisper. 'Thought 'e'd done fer yer.'

'Chump!' said the captain. 'I ain't killed so easy's all that.'

'So you're going into the ragged school business, my boy?' said Trevor as they crossed into the Park.

'I'm going to give a waste product a chance of turning itself to good account. It's too valuable to run loose in the gutters, and it'll give me something to think about. I can see great possibilities in it.'

'So can I, if you'll let me bear a hand.'

'Your leg and your V.C. will be a famous draw. Now let's go and search for a house for our lion-cubs.'

(To be continued.)

IDLE HOURS IN CÆSAR'S CITY.

By G. G. Chatterton.

WHERE but in Cæsar's City may one so satisfactorily welcome idle hours? Where else spend them with such rich results for mind and eye as in this centre of contrasts and contradictions alike in its buildings and its inhabitants? The passing visitor is denied these idle hours because of the enormous pressure upon time its sights demand; but for those who may tarry awhile, how fascinatingly can they slip by apart from any special end in this catholic, cosmopolitan Rome, where class jostles class, and the modern elbows the antique, and the sordid runs parallel with the splendid more than in any other town the world contains! Close round the Vatican—greatest of palaces, which covers thirteen and a half acres of ground and contains eleven thousand apartments—run narrow, evil-smelling streets, each one, however, marked proudly with the fine white marble slab bearing its name in large, clear-chiselled letters with which every street in Rome is practically and decoratively labelled; and straight off such slums the great bridge across the Tiber, adorned with splendid antique statuary, conducts to the old Castel San Angelo, crowned with its beautiful Destroying Angel and forming one of the most picturesque parts of Rome.

But with none of these objects have we to do at present, out this short winter afternoon to idle merely; not to seek things, but to let things come to us with the piquant contrasts which Rome seems almost to plan to lay before its visitors. We stroll down the Corso (the gay and fashionable street so called because in former times during Carnival horse-races were run in it), past Prince Doria's magnificent Palazzo and the rows of large modern shops, making slow progress on the narrow footway, thronged like the street with all varieties of humanity: soldiers in light-blue and in dark-blue uniforms, and those of the Bersaglieri with their full dark cloaks and wide hats with the wonderful sweeping plumes of glistening dark-green feathers; barefoot Franciscan monks in brown cassocks with knotted-rope girdles, and Carthusian monks in white with red and blue crosses. Priests and tourists swarm equally; and the street is thick with the open landaus of fashionable ladies driving up and down to see and to be seen, with the traffic of the hired carriages and the long carts of the overladen, gaily-tasselled mules; whilst anon comes the sombre chariot, all black without and within, of some cardinal on his way to his affairs. We turn off by the Via Condotti (so named because beneath it is the conduit of the rushing waters of Rome), to arrive at the Piazza di Spagna, the great central square bordered by shops of jewellery and *bric-à-brac*, hotels, tea-rooms, and the most picturesque of all the flower-markets, held formerly round the basin of Bernini's pretty fountain, but from whence, perhaps with advantage, ousted when the electric tram-lines were laid, and the merchants were permitted to retire to the foot of the noble *scalinata* ascending to the Trinità Dei Monti. Here in a long range they bank their lovely flowers, backed according to the season by tall mimosa, eucalyptus, and pink almond-blossom, forming even in winter a blaze of colour in roses and violets, irises and carnations; narcissus and snowdrops nestle in white tufts among green ferns, and the penetrating scent of mignonette adds to the perfume in the air.

Flitting up and down the steps, or basking on them gossiping and eating their favourite burnt nuts out of paper horns, are the artists' models, who congregate here for selection; whole families from one generation to another pursuing this calling so eminently to the fancy of the indolent Italian, the beauty it demands inheritedly descending. The peasant costume is scrupulously maintained, the women wearing the curious, but to them becoming, square head-gear, snowy shirt-bodice laced in by the

wide velvet corslet, and gay-coloured, short, full skirts; men and boys with soft Tyrolean-shaped hats, short coats and breeches in soft-toned russet blue and green velveteen, and blue stockings cross-gartered—all adding a charming effect to the region of the Piazza di Spagna. Groups of the boys are gambling with the *soldi* their parents have given them back out of their earnings; some small urchins, eagerly engrossed, who can stake but in *centesimi*. We must pause to admire the pretty little faces before, retracing our way down the flight of steps, we pass along the Piazza by the Hôtel de Londres to take the road which slopes up to the Pincian Hill.

It is a pleasant way, edged on one side with pepper and ivy and ilex trees, and on the other the high wall of the Pincian terraces, tufted with fern and creeper and cactus. In front of us are winding round, a long file two and two abreast, of the scholars of the Jesuit order, the *prêti rossi*, in their brilliant crimson coats, commonly introduced with excellent effect by Roman artists into their landscapes, and showing well now in the living picture; and as we pause to admire a shrine let into the wall, a white marble Madonna and Child standing out in high relief, with a little votive lamp burning brightly by them, a peasant woman comes toiling up the slope. By the hand she leads a tiny boy, a tinier one is in her arms, and she halts to cross herself before the shrine and to mutter a prayer; the tiny boy likewise crossing himself whilst taking off his hat. The baby's head must be uncovered too, his hat untied beneath his little chin, and he is placed upon the ground to stand, and taught to sign the cross. So waveringly his small fat fingers stray in his attempts, whilst his brother, in pride of age, signs it glibly many times in example for him. It is a charming incident in our way before we are on the Pincio, the centre of the public drives and gardens on the ground where once stood the sumptuous palace of the Acilii Glabriones, before it lapsed into a desert waste where in the Middle Ages the ghost of the tyrant Nero was believed to wander, and which to-day is to the Eternal City as is Hyde Park to London.

Here in one end of the circular sweep, where the date-palms tower high, the band plays in the afternoon and the Roman world drives round and round the limited circle of the carriage-drive, or the fashionables pull up to take the air and receive the visits of their friends on foot. Handsome equipages, coroneted, with well-bred, well-groomed horses, there are in numbers; the footmen, who descend immediately the carriage halts, standing at its back behind the mistress until she orders it to proceed again. Mounted gendarmes command the traffic, and present an imposing effect with their shining helmets and long dark cloaks, covering to their horses' quarters, flung aside, displaying rich-toned orange lining. In London Hyde Park, far away, how chill and misty is it in this hour of the December day! But here the scene is bright and gay. True, the flowers have still to wait their beauty. The roses are yet sparing of their bloom, and the camellias but in bud; but the length of the terrace-gardens of the hill the orange-trees glow golden with their fruit, and its high grounds are verdant with palms and bananas and pepper-trees and the deep green of the ilex; and the sun, shining down brilliantly, as in Rome it will even in midwinter, glints on colour everywhere. For who need wear sombre garb? Not the ladies in their carriages, whose dark wrap waits in the fur to throw across their shoulders when the sun goes down. Not the children: neither the little *donnas* in white and ostrich-feathered hats, who play and toss their gay striped balls, nor the youthful Romans of the poorer class, who play here too in their bright red or blue frocks. And extra gay figures in the crowd are the nurses who carry the infants of the aristocracy on white satin pillows covered with fine lace. Their full skirts, always of some brilliant colour, are trimmed round with a broad band in a contrasting tone; round their heads a thick quilling of gay ribbon finishes in a bow at the nape of the neck, and falls in wide sash-like ends to their feet; whilst the coil of their dark hair glitters with adornments: large gilt combs with balls, and pins of gold and silver filigree flowers a good inch in diameter. They wear filigree ear-rings to match, and altogether are most picturesquely striking figures.

The seats are all full, the penny chairs all taken. Men who in lands different from this easy-going one would be busy at some occupation, sit reading the papers or chatting with their friends as they watch the shifting crowd; and the students from the priests' training colleges stroll by to get the air and listen to the band, they too subscribing largely to the colour in the motley with their long coats of crimson, of blue with orange slashings, and purple with red.

Then by degrees will fade the warmth from the sun and the glow out of its shine; the last blare from the band rolls out, and the throng breaks up. From the churches in the town below ring the Ave Maria bells, and we walk along the Pincio to the Trinità Dei Monti, where at the Ave of each day the unseen nuns in choir so sweetly sing the Vespers. Tunefully swells and sinks the simple cadence with an indescribably restful, soothing influence, making us wish that its service could be twice as long before we turn out again among the beggars gathered round the door to catch the visitors emerging. Hurrying up comes the one-legged man who earlier posts himself for the gay folk on the Pincio, his little dog with its absurd little high hat with feather plume begging at his side. Its hat is now thrust hastily upon its head again, and it resumes its begging posture, and we drop some *soldi* in its little tin before we cross to the wall opposite, over the long steps down to the Piazza di Spagna, to see the afterglow of the sunset behind St Peter's, framing in a flame of saffron streaked with tongues of fiery red the great dome which so majestically dominates

the dome of every other church in Rome. Magnificent always behind it are the sunsets, and they linger long, as though, like ourselves, loath to quit the scene.

But the day is done. The last of the artists' models come straggling up the flight of steps: a family, the father fiercely handsome, after a wild, typical bandit fashion, dark and bearded, leading by the hand his small, quaint replica in costume, a tiny boy of quite perfect child-like beauty, with cherub face and large, soft gray eyes, gray with the blue shadows that only Italy provides; and the mother, a mild walking Madonna, carrying a rosy, black-eyed infant. The beggars have finished gossiping and are all dispersing; the little dog, knowing that now comes the time of an uncovered head and the uninterrupted enjoyment of all four feet, frisking along gladly on them. And so we too must turn homewards with pleasant and abiding memories of our idle hours in Cæsar's City.

A STORY OF THE BASQUE COUNTRY.

CHAPTER III.

LUCKILY for the poor fellow, the lower surface of his prison was quite smooth, and the hole itself sloped upwards, and was not so very small, after all, inside. Indeed, if he had not been bound he might have lain almost comfortably in it. And he reflected, 'It might have been worse. The men that saved my life in the cave, the men that know me, will see that I get out of this before long.'

Presently he felt something pressing against the soles of his feet, and again he heard the cultivated, mocking voice. 'Just a little pebble, my friend,' it said, 'to keep you snug and tight, and prevent you from slipping down into the river—which would be a deplorable thing to happen, would it not? True, it will perhaps deprive you of a little extra light and air; still, it does not fit too closely, and will make you so very much safer that I am sure you will appreciate it. And now I must say adieu, or, let us hope, rather *au revoir*. I see that the weather is changing, and I fear that we shall shortly have a storm, and that I shall get a ducking; you, however, have nothing to fear from the rain—ah! ah! And now, once again, *au revoir, monsieur l'Anglais; dormez bien.*' And then the voice ceased for good and all, and a deep silence reigned, broken only by the murmur of the tumbling waters and the pumping of the lonely prisoner's heart.

But the latter soon resumed its normal beat as Foster reflected that, outrageous and uncomfortable as his position was, he had really very little to fear beyond a certain amount of cramp and possible want of food. He did not doubt but that he would be released in a day or two, for the smugglers were not savages, and he had done them no harm; or, if he was not released soon, they would at least bring him food and drink and loosen his bonds, which, though soft and broad, were rather too tight to be pleasant. As he thus reasoned, his spirit rose again. He knew that, by some means or other, his wife would be assured of his safety, for the Basques always keep their word; and as she was a brave little woman, she would understand how matters stood, and patiently make the best of them. As he lay thus thinking, tired with his recent rough experience, a pleasant drowsiness stole over him, and presently, lulled by the soft murmur of the stream, he slept as calmly and peacefully as a child.

When he awoke, for some moments he could not imagine what was the matter with him, or on what strange bed he was lying, but soon the recollection of his strange adventures crowded back into his brain. He could see now; not very distinctly indeed, but still quite well enough to tell him that it was day, but whether morning or afternoon it was impossible to say. In his slanting position he could make out the big stone at his feet almost blocking the entrance to the hole, though not quite, for its upper part did not touch the roof, but left a space of some few inches through which came the comforting, welcome light. Above him, the jagged rock descended within a foot of his head, and he noticed immediately over his eyes a deep crack which glistened with what appeared to him to be wet. Doubtless, he told himself, water found its way down this fissure in bad weather, and he wished it would rain now, so that some of it—not too much—might drip into his mouth and assuage the thirst that was already beginning to worry him. Yes, the more he thought about it the thirstier he became. Rain would be a godsend. Perhaps it was raining; it was impossible for him to tell. His captor of the previous night had prophesied it, certainly; and, now that he paid attention to it, the noise made by the river did seem louder than it was before he slept. Yes, it was decidedly much louder; there must have been a storm, although not in his neighbourhood perhaps.

In these mountainous regions heavy local disturbances often occurred in the higher plateaus that sent the river down in a roaring flood, sometimes, he remembered remarking, as much as twelve hours before the actual rain—if it came at all—reached the lower parts of the valley.

Suddenly a terrible thought struck him. Suppose the river did come down? In this narrow chasm, he knew that the water would rise with appalling rapidity to a height—well, he had often noticed the débris of floods, bits of stick and such-like flotsam caught in some root or rocky projection far above his head where the banks were high. His present

miserable quarters were not more than six or seven feet above the level of the water; continued rain or even a severe storm would assuredly bring down such a spate as would in a few hours reach the level of his prison, and he would be drowned like a crippled rat wedged into a crack in a sewer.

Heavens, what a fate! His flesh crept at the thought of it. He could almost feel the water at his feet now! Merciful powers, save him from such a death! Then he remembered the smugglers' promise that no harm should happen to him. Surely they would rescue him should the river be really rising. But could they, even if they desired it? Ah! that was another question. Very little rain, a rise of a couple of feet, would render an ascent against the stream by the path up which he had come an absolutely impossible feat, he thought; and as to any hope of aid from the top, goodness only knew where the top was, or if it was sufficiently retired and screened from possible observation from the road to allow of men in the smugglers' position attempting it. He doubted it. The idea of rain now was horrible, abominable. His thirst had fled before the notion of how appallingly it might be quenched.

With straining ears he strove to gather by its sound some idea of the volume of water now descending, but his efforts brought him little comfort. On the contrary, they convinced him of the correctness of his surmise; there was no doubt about it, the river had already risen considerably. And then he heard another faint and moaning sound, which, rapidly increasing, soon developed into the rush of a strong wind, followed by the lashing of such a fierce storm as to completely smother in its wild embrace the heavy rumbling of the water.

A prey to the liveliest fear, Foster lay and waited, and as the hours slowly dragged along, and the ever-increasing roar of a tearing flood became continuous and insistent, the miserable man knew that his death was only a matter of time. Nobody could get to his rescue now, and even were he not by some extraordinary chance drowned, he would certainly be starved. It would be days before the water sank low enough for the bed of the river to be practicable.

Still the rain poured down, and still the roar of the flood grew louder and louder, and then all at once the hideous fancies of a few hours before became still more hideous realities. He felt, and shortly saw, the thin line of scum and yellow water creeping past the edge of the big stone, and rising in playful eddies round his red-bound legs and ankles!

Slowly but surely it rose, now advancing with a little spurt half-way up his calves, only to drop back again, but never quite so far as before. Luckily he had his strong, thick waders on, and at first did not feel the cold; but the creeping flood lapped him higher and higher, inch by inch, until there remained little more than the upper part of his body free from its chilly embrace. As it rose above his waist much of it found its way down the inside of his waders, and Foster, lying with agonised face slowly waiting for a dreadful death, could feel it numbing his bound limbs and crushing the heat out of him as the ice-pack drives the fever from the blood of the raving sick.

And at last only his pallid upturned face is clear. The stealthy turgid flood gurgles round his neck and in and out of his ears, singing its song of death. And then, as he gives a despairing cry to his God for mercy to his wife and boys, his tortured senses leave him, and his troubles end at last.

. . . . . .

Mrs Foster put down her novel with a yawn and looked at her watch.

'Nearly eleven!' she exclaimed. No wonder that I am getting sleepy. It's too bad of Jack to stay out so late as this, especially as he knows that I am always anxious when he is on one of those idiotic night expeditions. I'm sure he'll break his neck or drown himself one of these days, or nights rather; and what pleasure he can find in it passes my comprehension. I don't think it right, either, that two women should be left alone at night in this outlandish part of the world. Not that there is anything to fear from these good mountain folk; but some of the wandering tramps that are for ever crossing over from Spain might take it into their heads to pay the house a visit, and I don't think I should relish that particularly. I'll get the girl in. I want to see her about to-morrow's dinner. Marie!' she called sharply, rising and going to the door. 'Marie, I want to speak to you.'

The maid entered the room rubbing her eyes—she evidently had been taking a nap—and then a long half-hour passed in discussions of a domestic character before her mistress again consulted her watch.

The result seriously annoyed her.

'Half-past!' she cried in a startled tone. 'I never knew your master to stay out so late before. What can have kept him? I hope nothing has happened.'

The note of alarm in her mistress's voice quickly communicated itself to Marie, who at once began to suggest all sorts of horrible reasons, each one more impossible than the other, to account for the delay in Foster's return. With the true love of her class for such things, she poured into her mistress's unwilling ears a flood of gruesome pictures about the accidents that had happened to people who had stayed out too late in the mountains, and suggested with much volubility and relish that her master had fallen a victim to one and all of them.

Although Nellie was a plucky woman, and knew that the servant was a romancer of the first order, the recital of these horrors could not fail to exercise a disturbing effect upon her; and after another half-hour had sped, spent outside on the terrace listening for the longed-for footsteps, she became seriously alarmed and convinced that something untoward had happened to her husband.

And when the cracked bell of the distant village church boomed out the solemn twelve strokes of midnight, she determined to go down, late as it was, to the gendarmerie or the *douaniers'* barracks, and get them to make a search along the river's banks to find her missing husband.

Loading Foster's revolver—though no shot, she was not afraid of it—she announced her intention to Marie, who immediately broke out into wild ravings and wailings. Nothing, she declared, would induce her to leave the shelter of the house at that hour, and wild horses would not keep her inside it alone and without madame.

But madame was obdurate. Marie might come with her or Marie might stay, she herself was going to the gendarmerie, without a shadow of a doubt; and so, the frightened girl choosing the lesser evil, the two women made their way down on to the dusty road, and, with hearts in their mouths at every strange sound and shadow, set off on their lonely walk.

Nothing happened to them, and in due time they arrived at the *douaniers'* barracks. Here there was a man on watch, to whom they told their story, and who was rather inclined at first to make light of their fears. Luckily, he was young and susceptible, and had long cast sheep's-eyes at Marie's rosy cheeks and trim figure, set off by the, to him, novel but becoming dress of the English parlour-maid. So, after much shrugging of his broad shoulders and scratching of his black bullet-head, he agreed to awaken his sergeant and take the risk of a wigging for his pains. But the sergeant was all attention. Foster was well known to him, and many a dish of fried trout had he and his family enjoyed owing to the Englishman's liberality with his catches. He was also a man of action; and being quite of opinion, on hearing Nellie's story, that something had happened to his fisherman-friend, he quickly roused some of his men, and then ran down to the gendarmerie to alarm the brigadier there.

At all frontier villages there is no lack of these fine men. They act more or less as frontier guards, and with the *douaniers*, who are armed also with rifle and revolver—though they only carry the latter on patrol—constitute a very excellent force for this particular work. Hence a large party of both arms was soon afoot, half going up and half down the river. Nellie accompanied the latter as far as the house, to which she thought it best to return, so that she might have hot water and some food ready in case—well, 'in case that poor, dear, stupid old Jack of hers had sprained an ankle,' she told herself, 'or had fallen into the river and got half-drowned.'

But I need hardly say that the search was unavailing. With the fixed idea in their heads that Foster had met with an accident, and was lying helpless somewhere or other, they shouted loudly as they hunted along down the banks of the river and their vicinity, thus warning the smugglers that danger was abroad, and effectually by their noise preventing the chance of meeting with any of these gentry.

How the members of the band that had captured Foster evaded their hereditary foes is only known to the daring individuals themselves: probably by dispersing over the fields and gaining their homes by unfrequented paths and the useful back-window in the yard; but not one of them was seen by the searchers, who returned to their quarters soon after daylight, fully convinced that the man they sought was lying at the bottom of one of the numerous deep pools which at frequent intervals studded the river's course.

Racked with suspense, Nellie had, after preparing the necessary food and water, again left the house, unable to longer bear the drear inaction, and was awaiting the return of the men in the village; and it was almost a relief to her to see, as they straggled in in twos and threes, that none of them bore the limp and sodden burden she so dreaded. But after hearing their reports, and learning that they proposed dragging the pools later on, when they could get outside help so as to release the men for day duty, her heart sank within her. Drag the pools! Oh, ominous words! At the sound of them the tears sprang to her eyes.

The two sergeants—brigadiers, as they are called in France—were kindly old men, and did their best to comfort her.

'Take courage, madame,' one of them exclaimed; 'we still have the gorge to search—though I don't think it likely that even such a daring fisherman as monsieur would have ventured to wade it in the dark. We did not, of course, attempt it, but we shall presently unless—*tiens!*' He broke off suddenly and anxiously scanned the heavens, for a raindrop had just fallen on his face. He had grown gray in the mountain preventive service, and knew what that drop portended, and for a moment he hesitated, but only for a moment. He was hungry and tired, but his finer feelings triumphed, and calling to a couple of fresh men who had not been out previously, he hurried off with them towards the higher end of the valley. But it was a long way off, and when at last he reached the point where the river left the rocky gorge it was too late; *the water was already coming down!*

So, with a heart full of pity for the woman who, he felt certain, was about to be so sorely tried, he slowly wended his way homeward, convinced that it would be many days ere the bruised and battered body, recognisable only by some familiar mark, would be deposited in some quiet corner or on some bright shingly bar far down in the lower valley. He had seen what the wrathful river could do once or twice before.

But the pools were not to be dragged that day. The rain descended with tropical force, and the swollen yellow waters forbade anything of the kind being carried out.

Strange to say, however, this unexpected delay did not seem to affect Mrs Foster adversely. Indeed,

her behaviour since her second return to the cottage in the morning had undergone an extraordinary change. Instead of being torn with grief and fear as before, she was now calm and collected. Most of her anxiety seemed dispelled, and there was almost an air of suppressed relief about her that was most puzzling to the few people she saw. The village mayor, a worthy butcher, had gone away from the short visit he had felt it his duty to pay shocked and shaking his fat head. 'They are barbarians these English,' he said to his wife over his cabbage-soup. 'Madame has no grief at all. *C'est épatant.*'

'All the better,' was the canny remark of the lady, 'for she will be thus enabled to pay our bill on Saturday as usual; she will not have the excuses such as our people use.'

But could the worthy couple have seen the scrap of dirty paper snugly hidden in the bosom of her dress, and which the lady under discussion had found mysteriously lying on her table, they would not have been so ready to criticise, for on it was written in a crabbed and illiterate hand these wonderful words: 'Monsieur is safe. For our sakes he must remain away for a while. As you value his life, say no word to the *douaniers*.—CONTRABAND.'

It was not so odd, therefore, that she bore up under her affliction so well, and could call out almost cheerfully when, dripping with the rain and carrying the usual basket on his arm, the slim figure of the little patient of the day before appeared, 'Well, Bertrand, and what have you got to sell me to-day?'

The lad made no reply, but glanced nervously about him, and then, apparently satisfied that Mrs Foster was alone, drew close to her and almost inaudibly whispered, 'Where's Marie?' Much wondering, Nellie answered that the girl was far away in the kitchen; and, seeing that he had something weighing on his mind, she hastened to ask him what was the matter. But Bertrand found it difficult to begin, whatever it was that he wanted to say; and it was only after he had shifted himself from one leg to the other a dozen times, and twiddled his wet blue *béret*, or Basque bonnet, round and round in his nervous fingers until it had become a shapeless mass, that he found courage to ask, 'Did you get the paper?'

Nellie's heart gave a bound; but, fearful of any display of over-anxiety alarming the boy, she merely nodded her head, and patting the little chap's shoulder encouragingly, answered, 'Yes, Bertrand; and I felt at once that it was you who had left it on my table. I know you are my friend, as I am yours, and I have not told a soul about it. I believe what it says, and that no harm will come to monsieur; but I should like to hear more if you can tell me anything, dear boy.'

The lad's eyes glistened. He was evidently torn with some conflicting emotions; but when Nellie, with ready tact, said, 'And how is the poor finger, and what did you buy with the sous I gave you? Monsieur will have a whole pocketful for you for bringing the paper, when he returns,' his feelings quite overcame him, and bursting into tears, he cried wildly, 'Oh madame! he will never return again unless we can get him at once, for he is tied up in a hole in the river-bank somewhere in the great gorge, and the water is rising so fast that he will be drowned.'

Stunned by this terrible revelation, Nellie's first impulse was to give way to despair; but her plucky Irish blood coming to the rescue, she mastered her emotion, and quickly calming the excited lad, soon by a series of adroit questions discovered all that he knew about the matter, which amounted to this: while searching for hens' eggs in the straw above the bullock-stable he had overheard his father and uncle, both of whom had been out with the *chef* on a smuggling expedition the previous night, talking about the Anglais. He gathered from their words that, for some reason or other which they did not allude to, they had helped the *chef* to tie Foster up, and had put him in a hole somewhere in the gorge, meaning to let him out when something to do with the contraband had been accomplished. But the rain had made the river rise, and the *douaniers* being about when they first perceived it, they could not safely go and fetch him, and now it was too late. His father had suggested that they might get down to the hole from the top of the cliff by means of a rope, because he knew just exactly where it was; but his uncle had replied that it would be sheer madness to try it now when everybody was buzzing about, for they would be stopped with the rope and questioned before they had gone a hundred yards from the village. Nor could they hope to work undisturbed with the road running as it did not much farther away than was the edge of the cliff above the hole. And, also, the uncle had added that without the *chef's* orders they dared not act, and they knew that the latter had gone down *là bas* some hours before, and had left no instructions with them. No, the Anglais must drown; it was the fortune of war, and one of the domineering race the less was no great matter.

Such was the dreadful story that Nellie had, with infinite patience, to extract from the boy between sobs and excuses for betraying his father, who, he assured her with much earnestness, beat him always, and whom he did not love; and all the time the rain poured down relentlessly, each drop, she felt, adding to the danger of delay. And now she put a crucial question, for beyond knowing that the boy's Christian name was Bertrand, she was entirely ignorant as to the rest of it: 'What is your name, Bertrand?' she asked him carelessly, and Bertrand proudly and glibly answered, 'Bertrand Jean Marie Pierre Joseph Etcheverray,' all in one long rattle.

Her object accomplished, Nellie sprang to her feet, and without either hat or umbrella, tore from the room without knowing or caring what became of her informant. Rushing headlong down the

steep path, she made her way at top speed to her friendly old brigadier, and in two minutes that amazed functionary was in possession of the chief points in her story. Hardly had the name of Etcheverray passed her lips when her listener was calling for two men, and slinging his revolver-case over his shoulder, was off down the village, accompanied by his satellites, as fast as his sturdy old legs would carry him. He was just in time.

(To be continued.)

MYSTERIOUS WHITE RACES.

By L. E. Neame.

THE idea that in remote parts of the tropics, amidst the dark-skinned races, there exist mysterious isolated white tribes bearing a strong resemblance to Europeans has long possessed a curious fascination for the Old World. The early adventurers in Central and Southern America brought home many tales of extraordinary cities beyond the mountains, and vague stories afloat in South Africa thirty or forty years ago furnished Mr Rider Haggard with a theme for one of his best-known novels, *Allan Quatermain.*

Similar legends are met with in almost all the less-explored parts of the globe, and they have always certain features in common. The isolated white peoples almost invariably inhabit a mountainous region in a vague 'interior'—always the 'just beyond;' they hold aloof from the surrounding races; they are seldom seen, and yet are definitely stated to be more civilised and better educated than the darker masses whom they avoid. Who they are and whence they came no one knows; native fables afford no explanation. Once it was thought that forgotten white explorers might have built up unknown kingdoms in the wild places of the earth. But upon examination these theories vanish as rapidly as do the white tribes themselves, and the ultimate explanation is almost prosaic.

Yet so strong a hold has the idea gained that even at the beginning of the twentieth century the possibility of the existence of a genuine white race is not altogether scoffed at. It is less than two years ago that an American officer engaged in the operations against the Moros in the Philippines collected apparently substantial evidence relating to a mysterious white tribe in the island of Mindanao. The mountainous district in the centre of this island has never been explored, and even the coast is not well known. But along the seaboard many stories are told of the fierce white people who have their home in the forest-clad mountains of the interior. Eye-witnesses depose to having seen a strange, fair-complexioned girl loitering near a coast village, a girl who fled towards the hills as soon as she was addressed. Other men and women of a light-complexioned race are said to have been seen by more venturesome natives who were bold enough to approach the wild mountain district. The United States officer was so impressed that he determined to conduct an exploring party across the centre of the island. But apparently the mysterious white folk had vanished, for the world has as yet heard nothing of his search being crowned with success.

Arabia, however, can with more reason boast of a white tribe. For years stories of such a race have been told in the Persian Gulf, and the Rev. S. M. Zwemer, an American missionary stationed at Muscat, alluded some time ago to 'coffee-house babble in Eastern Oman concerning a mysterious race of light-complexioned people who live somewhere in the mountains, shun strangers, and speak a language of their own.' Various theories have been propounded to explain the fable; but probably the explanation is to be found in the narrative of a journey made in Oman in 1876 by Colonel S. B. Miles, published some time ago in the *Geographical Journal.* Colonel Miles, in the course of his travels nearly thirty years ago, came across a town named Sheraizi in the heart of the Green Mountains. This strange place was perched like an eagle's nest on the top of a great cliff, and was inhabited by a people of lighter skin than the rest of the tribes of the interior. They rarely descended to the plains, and refused to mix or intermarry with the Arabs. Colonel Miles found they were the descendants of a portion of the Persian army which invaded Oman in the tenth century. The isolation of the town and the curious behaviour of its people through so many generations would undoubtedly give rise to exaggerated stories in the bazaars on the distant coast, and in this case the origin of the fable may be regarded as fairly certain.

Unfortunately for the romance of the world it seems practically impossible for stories of this character to have the origins novelists would wish. The world is comparatively small to-day. The trail of the explorer is over every land from Paraguay to Tibet. Forbidden lands are entered; hidden cities exist only in the imagination of the fictionist. In a period when trains run to Bokhara and the Great African Lakes, when the tourist appears at Khartoum, and Lhassa itself is threatened, there is no room for a mysterious white race. Even the Dark Continent is no longer allowed to have its mysteries. The photographer sits on the battered walls of Kano; the Fulani emperors have passed away.

One may no longer believe in the existence of a strange white people in the heart of Equatorial

Africa. Mr Rider Haggard's splendid race are probably only the Ba-hima originally discovered by Speke in south-western Uganda. At least, Sir Harry Johnston claims to have discovered in them the clue to many of the mysterious white race legends found in the Dark Continent. He was engaged in nothing more thrilling than a tour of inspection to Ankole when he came across them. They are of a very light complexion, and are the 'aristocrats' of this region. Sir Harry Johnston says they are 'obviously descended from a Gala, Somali, or other Hamitic stock,' and adds that some of them are more like Egyptians than is the case with Galas and Somalis. Romance disappears before the tread of the explorer. The Dark Continent is dark no more.

FATE'S REVENGE.

A STORY OF THE WAR OF '70.

By CLIVE HOLLAND, Author of *Marcelle of the Latin Quarter*, &c.

FOR weeks previous to the fall of Sedan, which had placed the German armies free to advance upon Paris itself, those living in the country round about the doomed city had been flocking into it with white faces and loud curses upon their lips against the Prussians, who had wrought this great woe. And at length the last batches of the terrified, who had clung to hope outside the walls of Paris with the tenacity of those who will neither believe in defeat as being possible nor admit it when it has taken place, straggled in through the fortifications with carts and trollies laden hastily with what they most valued, with the soldiers of the Crown Prince almost on their heels.

Amongst the last to abandon to the invader their little homestead, which was set back a couple of miles or so from the banks of the Marne, near Villiers, had been old Edouard Crepaux and his wife; and it was not till they had been surprised by a handful of Prussian scouts, and had seen their niece, Jeanette Landry, stabbed through the breast for crying out, '*Vive la France! À bas les cochons Prussiens!*' and watched from a distance, with unspeakable rage, their cottage being burned by the orders of the youthful lieutenant, that they had fled.

All along the dusty road to Paris, where the small body of Badenese as yet dared not follow them for fear of being cut off from their base, old Edouard muttered curses and threats, and Mère Crepaux at his side shed silent tears over poor Jeanette and the grief of her boy Philippe when he should hear the news.

'May they be accursed for all time!' burst out the man as they passed a smouldering pile that had once been a trim villa. '*Ma pauvre Jeanette!* And thou lying with thy white face and blood-stained breast turned up to the sunlight. The fiends! And that white-faced boy did nothing to prevent it. And thou wast to have been a daughter to us at the finish of the war. And now you are a bride of France. Yes, "*Vive la France!*" I too called out, and yet the Prussian pigs would not take any notice of me. Ah! when Philippe knows, he will see that his chassepot misses no Badenese of whom he can get a sight.'

And all the way to Paris old Edouard let fall his curses, and his wife wept on. At sundown they entered the city by the Porte de Charenton amidst a crowding mêlée of fugitives and vehicles crushing into Paris in hot haste on hearing the news of the Prussian advance: children bruised and bleeding from stumbles against the carts or from pushing their way through the brambles in their flight; ladies in carriages, holding their jewel-cases in their laps, or afoot, hatless, dusty, and dishevelled; old men—too old to shoulder a chassepot—stumbling and shuffling along in the heat and dust: a multitude of the useless, whose devouring, hungry mouths could well be spared inside the terrified city.

The tide of humanity swept the Crepaux along the Rue de Charenton, and then down one of the by-streets, where, meeting one of the *garde mobile*, old Edouard inquired for his son.

'Corporal Philippe Crepaux,' said the old man, with a flash of pride adding 'of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment of the Line.'

But the other only shook his head, said he was sorry, but knew nothing of the One Hundred and Fifteenth, and no one—positively no one—named Crepaux.

The old people wandered on. They had left most of those who had entered the Porte de Charenton with them in the main street, and now they felt strangely alone. The people they met regarded them almost with suspicion—so virulent was the spy-mania—or regarded them not at all, being too fully occupied with their own affairs or in reading the latest news.

As they leant against a doorway in the Rue Liber, through the opened shutters of a window they heard a man use a bitter oath and then read out the surrender of Laon. There was no use denying it; these pigs of Prussians were winning. The paper said something about Trochu and the proposed advance, and a victory near Thionville. But who knew that this victory would not vanish into thin air as so many others had previously done? And as they stood there the noise of the thronging

multitudes in the Boulevard de Bercy and adjacent streets, like the low mutterings of an enraged animal, struck them with fear.

'We must be moving on,' exclaimed old Edouard at length; 'we may be even taken for Prussian spies if we loiter. Who knows?' and he shivered.

They started off to make their way to the house of some friends in the Rue des Martyrs. They went along the Boulevard de la Chapelle, which they had found after several inquiries of people who were, most of them, too much engaged in the endeavour to find out if the news of the Prussian advance on Paris were really true to pay much heed to the old man's questions, which were always the same: '*Pardon, m'sieu;* but can you direct me to the Rue des Martyrs by way of the Boulevard de la Chapelle?'

When he heard persons saying, 'Have you heard the news: the Prussians are at Champigny? What is Trochu doing?' he longed to tell them that some Badenese were even at Villiers, and the tears sprang up into his dust-swollen eyes as he thought of Jeanette with the wound in her breast and her white face turned up to the stars. She would never again bring home Frisky from the pasture at sundown for milking, because he had watched Frisky herself being driven off with a lurching shamble of a run at the point of a Badenese bayonet.

They walked on and on till they reached the point where the Rue des Martyrs is intersected by the Boulevard de Clichy, along which, with a rattling, heart-throbbing roll of drums, came a detachment of National Guards, supported by a battalion of newly recruited Zouaves. An immense concourse of people, drawn down from the heights of Montmartre, accompanied them, running alongside the marching soldiers, taking their hands, slapping them upon the shoulders, and cheering them on with cries of, 'Success to the army of Paris! Long live Trochu! Long live Bazaine!' and other cries of more local significance.

Crushed back against the front of a shop, and every now and again almost carried into the vortex of surging, shouting humanity as it swept by them with an uglier rush than usual, stood old Crepaux and his wife, hoping against hope that amongst these brave sons of France so eager to repel the Prussian bayonets they might perhaps catch a glimpse of Philippe.

But it was not to be. For the latter was standing on the ramparts of Paris not a mile from the Porte de Charenton, through which they had passed in with thousands of other fugitives a few hours earlier.

When the last of the Zouaves had gone out of sight, and the roll of the drums had become a spluttering rattle in the distance, the two turned into the Rue des Martyrs, and ere long succeeded in finding the number of which they were in search.

Ariane Primat herself came to the door with a white, scared face, fearing lest it might be her husband returned wounded or perhaps brought home dead. For had not the cries of the street, 'The Prussians near Paris,' rung in her ears all day?

'Oh, it is you, Uncle Edouard, and you, Aunt Marthe!' she cried out.

'Yes, yes, Ariane, and tired out. Surely the Prussians have come at last.'

And the two old folks stumbled into the sitting-room on the ground-floor, and sank wearily into the first chairs which came handy. Then over some bread and *vin ordinaire* placed upon the table in a hurry, Ariane listened to the story of their flight. Her husband, Jules, was stationed near the Porte de Charenton, and she wondered he had not seen them, forgetting the thousands of fugitives who had fled into the heart of Paris since sunrise. Jules had been drawn for service in one of the newly recruited Zouave regiments but a fortnight ago.

Oh, the business! It was dreadful. It was going to ruin fast enough, notwithstanding her efforts to keep it together. But Paris needed her brave Jules, and so he had to go. Maybe he would bring Philippe in with him. He often came.

And these two, when they had listened to the story of the burning of the farm, the stealing of the cow, and the death of Jeanette, would see in future that each shot they fired against those *canailles* the Prussians sped home. Poor Jeanette! And she so pretty and young. It was cruel. But what was to be expected. Prussians were savages. They lived like the pigs they were in their own country. Poor Jeanette, with her face turned up to the sky! Perhaps little Fidele would go and lick her hand, if the Prussians had not thrown her, fluffy hair and all, into the pot already.

They sat chatting for an hour, and then, when the lamp was lighted, a couple of neighbours dropped in and heard the story of the swooping down of the Prussian skirmishers at Villiers. Then, when these had gone home, old Crepaux put on his horn-rimmed spectacles and read the latest news from one of the authorised papers, which put the best face on affairs and spoke hopefully of the proposed action of General Trochu.

At midnight Jules Primat and his cousin, Philippe Crepaux, came in, and the terrible tale was gone over again, whilst Philippe alternately sobbed and cursed. Already inflamed by proclamations couched in hysterical language dictated by despair, by the story of Sedan, and the slaughter at Bazeilles, told him by a man of the One Hundred and Sixth who had miraculously escaped both capture and slaughter, Philippe raged in his despair, and would have seized his chassepot and started for Villiers forthwith had he not been restrained.

All night long he tossed in a frenzy of passion up in one of the fourth-story rooms which had been allotted to him. Why had not the One Hundred and Fifteenth been ordered to march to

Champigny, where the Prussians were now declared to be?

Then he remembered Jeanette—his poor Jeanette, who, when he had left the farm a few months ago, had leant her head on his breast, and he vowed with streaming eyes that he would come back to marry her when the Prussians were beaten back across the Rhine, a sergeant at least, with a bronzed face, fierce moustache, and a jaunty air. Jeanette now lying with her pretty face ashen-gray like the man he had seen lying dead in the gutter near the Faubourg St Denis, where he had fallen, shot as a supposed spy; her hair, in which she had always taken such pride, spread out over the damp earth; her white bodice, against the spotlessness of which he had often watched her heart beating, all blood-stained. At last he could bear the thought no longer, so he got up off the bed and sat playing with the lock of his chassepot, a bullet from which, if God willed, might later on find the brain or the heart of the fair-haired lieutenant who had stood by and seen poor Jeanette slaughtered. Who knew?

And so he sat thinking, in the darkness, till at daybreak the clear, shrill note of a bugle roused him out of his stupor of rage and grief, and warned him that he would have to be going. He crept downstairs softly, and left the Rue des Martyrs in the light of the gray, cold dawn, whilst Paris still, for the most part, slumbered—the city which was soon to be so wakeful day and night with the enemy thundering at its very outworks.

A few days and there no longer came fugitives crushing in at the gates, north, east, west, and south. The girdle of iron which had, a couple of weeks before, closed round Sedan and its encircled host with its irresistible coils, had now surrounded Paris. Paris lay invested, cut off on every side, whilst within her walls every one waited for the sortie which would crush the Prussians back headlong completely, and bring deliverance to the beleaguered city.

For two months Philippe fretted, with his soul in wait for the Prussians. So anxious was he to get but a sight of these butchers that he applied to be transferred to another regiment, so that he might bear a part in the attack on the heights of Sceaux on the 19th of September; but his application was unsuccessful.

Till the 29th of November he endured the torture of a caged animal. Every inactive hour had burned Jeanette's death more deeply into his heart, and he knew no peace till he found himself, on the 30th of November, marching out of the Bois de Vincennes on the way to Champigny, in the gray, half-light of a wintry dawn.

Quite early his regiment got into action and played no inconspicuous part in retaking the village from the Prussians, who were driven out by the terribly heavy fire rained upon them.

At the end of a street, as the Prussians were wavering, Philippe and a handful of his comrades, who had become detached for the moment from the main body, found a shattered wall and a heap of bricks and mortar which had an hour or two before been a smart villa. Between this and the end of the street was an open space, across which small parties of the enemy were every now and then being forced to retreat. Every time a single soldier ran into the open, waving his sword or firing his rifle, he toppled over with a dozen bullets in him. The first he received was almost invariably Philippe's, who crammed the cartridges into his chassepot with a terrible celerity but no haste. He could not afford to miss a single Badenese. Every time one of them stumbled, as the bullet struck him, to crash over with a staggering lurch, or threw up his arms and fell in a heap on the frozen ground, Philippe gave a little grunt of satisfaction, and looked out with smoke-reddened eyes for the next.

For some time no one attempted to cross the fatal oblong strip of ground. Then a great fear entered his mind that there would, for the present at least, be no more work for his chassepot, the breech of which had become so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand on it.

Firing—a volley, then straggling shots, then several volleys on the right—however, gave warning that the Badenese had not been entirely driven from the two or three houses they had hastily fortified with earth and wine-casks filled with clay and soil.

Philippe turned to a comrade who lay stretched full length along the top of the wall, and exclaimed, 'There will be more pigs running across in a minute. Hand me a few cartridges; mine are almost all gone, and I don't want to miss any of the *canaille*.'

'I've none myself,' said the other, with a laugh. 'There goes another;' and a jet of flame spurted from his chassepot as a young officer, sabre in hand, made a dash to cross the open space.

'Missed him!' exclaimed Philippe, with a grin, cramming in a cartridge.

But the young Prussian only ran a couple of paces farther, and then collapsed with a shriek. There was warm work for the next few minutes, and at last Philippe had to spring down off the heap to search the pouch of a comrade who lay at the bottom of it, shot through the head during the first moments of the fight. Another man fell off the top of the wall with a heavy thud; he turned over and sighed twice. Philippe stooped down, felt him, and then unslung his cartridge-box and climbed up again so that he could see what was going on.

Two hundred mètres to the left down the street, every now and again, through the shutters of a half-dismantled house, a jet of flame spurted. It was evident that the Prussians were there, and that he and his handful of comrades would have to be a little more shy of showing themselves. Two or three of the men behind the wall commenced to return the fire from the house, but Philippe had other work. He knocked over three Prussians one

after another as they made a mad dash across the *place*, now strewn thick with their comrades.

A fearful explosion shook the ground, and in the distraction of the moment half-a-dozen Prussians got clear away. Then there was a rush down the street from the direction of which the recent volley-firing had come, and in the mêlée, in which Prussians and a couple of hundred men of the One Hundred and Fifteenth were mixed up, the French were seen to be exterminating their enemies. A smart dash by Philippe and his companions took the last handful of the latter in the rear, and finished the affair. There was now only the house down the street to be reckoned with. That still held out, the little garrison having been, doubtless, strengthened by the score or so of Badenese who had escaped the sharpshooters on the wall.

Covered with powder-smoke, brick-dust, and grime, Philippe and his companions advanced with the rest down the street. Several were hit. One man fell down in the gutter right against a Prussian, and was trampled underfoot by his comrades eagerly pressing on to get at their enemies in the house. One or two men hopelessly in the rear had sprung on to a doorstep or a dead Badenese, and were replying to the fire from the windows of the house, the bullets from their chassepots singing close over the heads of those in front.

Philippe, with a shot through his thigh, was one of the first to batter in the door. There was a rush up a smoke-obscured staircase with soft carpet underfoot. At the head of the stairs were a dozen men with bayonets fixed and pointed down right on a level with the breasts of the soldiers coming up.

Philippe had got pushed away from the staircase in the first rush, and struggled up with those against whom the bodies of their comrades and the Prussians who had bayoneted them, and then been shot by others, came tumbling.

There were still half-a-dozen men alive in the top room overlooking the street when he had forced his way up. One was a young Badenese lieutenant with a sabre-gash opening his shoulder. Philippe glared at him, and then suddenly became aware that he had surely seen him before. Anyhow, he was there to kill all Prussians, so he raised his chassepot and pulled the trigger. At the same instant he felt a crushing blow on his head, and fell into a corner.

When he recovered consciousness he heard soldiers singing down in the street, and crawling to the window, saw a squadron of Zouaves bivouacking in the roadway. His thigh was giving him intense pain, and his head ached as though it were crushed in; but before he went down he crossed the floor to fill up his cartridge-case, and see if the young officer over in the corner farthest from the door carried a flask.

He knelt down beside the body, turned it over on its back, and opened the tightly buttoned jacket. He pulled out a small flask from the inside breast-pocket, and with numb fingers unscrewed the metal stopper and held the flask to his lips. It was good cognac, and seemed to put new life into his body, which was shivering with cold.

There was something else in the pocket; it might be worth having. He put his hand in again and drew out a couple of photographs. With a great cry he hobbled to the window.

One was a photograph, with a dark smear across it, of his dead Jeanette, which he had had taken at the Paris fair the year before last. On the back was hastily scrawled something in German which he could not read, with two signatures at the end, as though the message, whatever it was, were countersigned.

So, after all, that was his enemy who lay over there in the corner with a small hole in his left breast. Now he knew how it was he thought he had seen him before. He would tell his father, if he ever saw him again, what a good description he had given of the murderer of poor Jeanette.

Well, he was glad—very glad—that he had killed him. He would do no more French girls to death, anyway. Jeanette would surely rest now she had been avenged. And he too must rest, and seek the ambulance or *vivandière*, and kill no more Prussians for a time. He was too tired for the latter, and wouldn't be able to shoot straight with the gash in his head, which made him feel so weak and sway about like the pontoons thrown across the Marne. So he pulled the door of the house close after him; and as he staggered along the street to the bivouac of Zouaves he thought of nothing save the dead Prussian and how glad he ought to be that he had killed him.

A SONG OF SEASONS.

I OPENED the gate of my heart full wide
(O the north wind blowing!),
When Spring came up the lone burnside
With fair, new hopes for sowing.
O'er daffodil gold of the careless Spring.
And tender wheat upspringing,
There came to me on the western wind
The sound of a wild-bird singing.

I kept my hope through the sunny days
(Southland winds a-blowing!),
When Summer lingered along the ways
To see her roses growing.
Where scents of the meadowsweet drifted on
Between the flowery hedges,
The wild duck's brood slipped in between
And scarcely stirred the sedges.

Garnering comes with the Autumn hours
(O hey! the wild winds blowing),
Yellowing grain and fading flowers
Repay the bygone sowing.
Though faring home with the gathered sheaves,
See how the gains bereave us!
Where wild-birds sang in the merry Spring
We watch the swallows leave us.

M. W. FAIRLIE.

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THE WOODCOCK.

By GEORGE BOLAM, F.Z.S.

W ithin the spruce's friendly shade he lies,
O n mossy fern-grown bank, while shines the sun
O 'erhead; but when the owl-light comes he flies
D own open glades, whence these are called by some
C ock-shots, and to the flooded fields he hies
O n worms, and maybe worse, to gorge him. H'm!
C ould we, who cook and serve him up *in trail*,
K now all he eats, methinks 'twould make us quail!

THE author of the above old-fashioned acrostic was well acquainted with the habits of the woodcock, for it would be difficult even in prose to more succinctly describe his general mode of living. His large, full eye, so well adapted to catch the faintest rays of light, marks him at once as essentially a crepuscular feeder, and the greater part of his day is spent in dozing quietly in thick covert. As soon as twilight comes on, however, he is all activity, and many a summer evening have we watched him toying with his mate upon the wing round the outskirts of some large wood, or chasing a rival down its open rides. At such times a faint squeak is often emitted, as well as a sort of clucking note, and the wings are frequently brought together above the back with a loud clap; but otherwise the woodcock is a very silent bird. In olden days the sportsman or the poacher used to station himself towards nightfall near these open glades to shoot the woodcock as he passed down them, and hence the name 'cock-shots' came to be applied to them, a name which, from the same cause, is sometimes used also, in sporting parlance, to signify twilight. In still earlier times woodcock used to be taken in nets hung across these open places in woods so as to intercept their flight; and the practice of shooting them in such places is still, we believe, carried on in some parts of Norway and the Continent where they breed. The idea that woodcock fed only 'on suction,' so implicitly believed in by our forefathers, has long since been exploded, though it was not long ago well enough accepted to have given rise to the adage, in reference to people addicted to the bottle, that they soon become 'fat as a woodcock by suction.'

There is probably no bird upon our game-list which is more eagerly sought after than the woodcock, or more prized alike for the sport he affords before being brought to bag as for his kitchenable qualities afterwards. Until within recent years perhaps 'the chance of a shot at wild-duck' may have run close upon 'the chance of a cock' in the mind of the ardent sportsman; but since the practice of artificially rearing the former fowl has become so common as in some places almost to rival the pheasant in that respect, the difficulty of being able to add a mallard to the day's bag has so much diminished as undoubtedly to rob the feat of much of its erstwhile prestige. It was rather the uncertainty of finding the duck, as well as his undoubted wildness, that marked him as such a much-prized addition to the bag; for in most circumstances the shot afforded by a rising mallard is by no means a difficult one. But with the woodcock how different it is! Man has not yet succeeded in controlling his erratic will, and inducing him to put in an appearance when wanted in the covert, and probably never will succeed in doing so; and who would wish to curb his twisting, rapid flight through the trees, which makes him so difficult a shot to the tyro? When there are woodcocks in the country there are always a few favoured spots where one may generally be met with; but there are few birds which can be looked upon as such glorious uncertainties. He is here to-day and gone to-morrow, often without apparent cause; and with every change in the weather, and often without it, he is as likely as not to shift his quarters. But though we may not be able to control the movements of woodcock, there are several little ways in which places and coverts may be made more attractive to them; and where considerable sums of money are annually spent in the endeavour to improve shootings, it may be quite worth while experimenting a little in this direction, more especially in localities where the birds naturally resort upon their first arrival in the country. Although they like 'soft' places to feed in, woodcock are fond of thick, dry covert to lie in

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during the day, no place suiting them better than an old wood in which the trees, while shady enough to exclude the direct rays of the sun, are yet far enough apart to allow heather or other undergrowth to flourish beneath them. A damp rather than a wet situation is what they prefer, and the richer the soil the more worms, *et hoc genus omne*, will it contain, and the more attractive it will be to woodcocks. At night they forage over a wide tract of surrounding country in quest of earthworms and other like delicacies, visiting fields of roots and many other unsuspected places. Land capable of growing good oak-trees will generally be found favourable to them, and there is no covert to which they are more partial than that afforded by holly-bushes and the spruce-fir, more especially the latter. What it is that makes spruce so particularly attractive to them has never been satisfactorily explained; but the fact remains that in going through a mixed plantation of firs and hardwood trees, or even one of firs and pines, it will be found that in nine cases out of ten it is from the shelter of a spruce that the woodcock rises; and when there is sufficient snow upon the ground to enable the footprints of the birds to be traced, their partiality for that tree is still more evident. In a covert to which it is hoped to attract cock, a liberal allowance of spruce or some of the allied firs should be planted, and it may be remarked in passing that there are no trees which afford better shelter than these to birds of all kinds, from pheasants and wood-pigeons down to the humble and diminutive golden-crested wren, or none that are more appreciated by them.

Although the number of woodcock which remain to breed in this country has undoubtedly increased considerably of late years, the great bulk of those shot in our coverts during the winter months must still be regarded as immigrants from abroad, arriving from about the beginning of October, and taking their departure early in March, by which date many of them have already paired. Previous to the passing of the Wild Birds Protection Act, which makes it illegal to kill woodcock after the 1st of March, considerable numbers used to be shot at this season, and there is no doubt that the protection thus afforded has been the means of inducing many more pairs to remain and nest with us than used formerly to be the case; while the increase of game-coverts and plantations, especially those composed of firs, has also doubtless very materially assisted in this direction.

The densely wooded tracts of Norway and Sweden and the north of Russia are the chief breeding-stations whence our annual supply of woodcock is derived; but they nest also through the forests of central Europe as far south as the north of Italy, and penetrate northwards even to beyond the Arctic Circle, probably to the limit of tree-growth. The date of their arrival in this country, as well as the numbers in which they appear, depends much more upon the severity of the weather in their breeding-haunts than upon any climatic influences obtaining here; but in a general way the first flights may be looked for upon our eastern coast early in October, and it has been supposed that the birds prefer hazy weather, with a moderate wind from the north or north-east, for their journey. That their arrival was frequently about the time of full moon was taken by our ancestors as sufficient proof that they must have passed the summer in that planet. Thus Gay, in the *Shepherd's Walk*, says:

> He sang where woodcocks in the summer feed,
> And in what climates they renew their breed;
> Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
> Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend.

And we find the Rev. Charles Swainson, in that most valuable work, *The Folk-Lore of British Birds*, quoting another reason for this extraordinary supposition from a tract contained in the *Harleian Miscellany*, 'An Inquiry into the Physical and Literal Sense of that Scripture: "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming" (Jeremiah, viii. 7).' The author thinks that 'if storks and other migrating birds winged their flight at their periods of migration in a horizontal direction, they must have been observed by travellers;' therefore he argues 'that the stork—and the like may be said of other season-observing birds, till some place more fit can be assigned to them—does go unto and remain in some one of the celestial bodies, and that must be the moon, which is most likely because nearest and bearing most relation to this our earth, as appears in the Copernican system; yet is the distance great enough to denominate the passage thither an itineration or journey.' That the writer was not unacquainted with the habits of woodcocks is shown by his further remarks that 'in them it is remarkable that upon a change of the wind to the east, about All-hallows tide, they will seem to have come all in a night; for, though the former day none are to be found, yet the next morning they will be in every bush. I speak of the west of England, where they are most plentiful.' And he proceeds to state that two months were probably occupied by the birds in their flight to the moon, a like period upon the return journey, and three months spent by them in the lunar world.

The actual flight from the coast of Norway is probably performed by the birds in a single night without any undue exertion, and on their first arrival in this country they are invariably found to be fat and in high condition, a state common to most migratory birds at that season of the year. That they should prefer the wind behind them for the journey needs no explanation, and that they should so often arrive in foggy weather is probably due rather to the prevalence of mist at that season of the year than to any preference the birds can have for travelling in a fog. But though woodcock generally arrive during the night, this is not a universal rule, for it has more than once been our good

fortune to witness their incoming during daylight. Thus, one day in November, a few years ago, when we were shooting through some young fir-woods within three or four miles of the Northumbrian coast, woodcock were conspicuous only by their entire absence during the morning; but on going over a part of the same ground again later in the afternoon we found the woods full of them, and actually saw one or two of the birds arrive, descending like snipe from high altitudes, and pitching in amongst the trees around us. One cock, coming thus suddenly from the clouds, so to speak, was met ere he gained the shelter of the fir-trees by a sparrow-hawk, which was joined almost immediately by another hawk of the same species; and when last seen the three birds were disappearing like lightning down a ride in the wood, the hawks being close together, one a little above the other, and following all the twistings of the woodcock like greyhounds coursing a hare. Of the fate of the woodcock on that occasion no evidence was forthcoming; but in the same woods at other times we have occasionally come upon the remains of cock which had been eaten by hawks; and from the fact that whenever there is any considerable arrival of cocks in these woods there are often also one or two sparrow-hawks present, we are inclined to think that the hawks probably arrive with them from abroad, this belief being further strengthened by the fact that the hawks are generally of a colder and clearer blue colour above, with the thighs and flanks of a richer orange, than in our native-bred birds. When shooting through these woods on 2nd December last, the brother of the writer and a friend bagged twenty-seven woodcock and a sparrow-hawk, the latter a beautiful adult male in the state of plumage just referred to. The woodcock on this occasion had arrived during the previous night, and that they had come oversea was apparently proved by several having been caught on the Farne Islands, only some six miles distant as the crow flies, while two others had been captured that morning in a stable in the village of Beadnell upon the adjacent coast. But—and here a rather curious question arises—amongst the twenty-seven woodcock shot there was one having a brass ring upon his leg, which proved him to have been bred in the Duke of Northumberland's Park at Alnwick during the previous summer! Where he was shot is perhaps nine or ten miles from Alnwick, and he may, of course, never have strayed far from the place of his birth; but as woodcock are very seldom seen near their nesting-places with us after the young are fledged, it is open to conjecture whether he may not have had an extended flight somewhere in the interval, and taken up with and returned again with the migrating flock.

> If the partridge had the woodcock's thigh,
> 'Twould be the best bird that e'er did fly.
> If the woodcock had the partridge breast,
> He'd be the best bird that e'er was drest.

It may probably be news to many people to learn that the above well-known lines are as old as the time of Willughby (1688); but that the woodcock was not always held in such high esteem by the epicure is shown from the Earl of Northumberland's *Household Book*, where, in the early part of the sixteenth century, the price of a woodcock is stated to be one penny—or three-halfpence—less than that of a golden plover. In the reign of Queen Mary, however, we find the Scottish Parliament fixing the price of 'woodde-cokke' at four pennies each.

The curious fact that some dogs will scarcely touch, and will not carry, a dead woodcock, though they will readily enough hunt up the bird while alive, is well known to sportsmen, and has been reduced to verse by some one, though we cannot recollect whom:

> So my hounds will eagerly the living woodcock flush,
> But in death disdain him.

As prognosticators of the weather, the woodcock vies with such birds as the cuckoo and the swallow in ancient lore. Thus, 'One swallow maketh not summer, nor one woodcock a winter,' is a proverb at least three hundred years old; while the fact of his not coming to us in autumn until all hay is, or ought to be, safely in stack, nor the cuckoo in spring until all corn ought to have been sown, has given rise to the proverb:

> Cuckoo oats and woodcock hay
> Make the farmer run away;

a similar maxim being expressed by our neighbours on the north side of the Tweed in the lines:

> He 's nane but a judcock teds hay in October,
> An' a gowk wha saws yets when the cuckoo 's come over.

From the time of Shakespeare woodcock has always been synonymous with fool, owing to the ease with which the bird used to be taken in springes and gins; and no doubt judcock, though the name is more commonly applied to the jack-snipe, is here intended to refer to that bird, while gowk is also *Scotticè* for a daft person as well as a popular name for the cuckoo. 'Cuckoo yets ne'er fill the barn' is another kindred saying, 'yets' being, it is perhaps needless to explain, the Border rendering of oats.

Phillips tells us that

> The woodcock's early visit, and abode
> For long continuance in our temperate clime,
> Foretells a liberal harvest;

but we can scarcely say that this applies much to our country, unless it be intended to signify that a good woodcock winter (generally a hard one) is to be followed by a good summer—a popular belief of long standing now well-nigh exploded.

Another description of the bird, which is perhaps more humorous than strictly accurate, we find in *Turner on Birds*, written in 1544, and lately translated by Mr A. H. Evans, where, under 'Wodcok,' we are told that 'it runs with speed; while it is wonderfully fond of man;' the fondness being, we should have thought, rather upon the other side!

The late Sir Francis Chantrey made two woodcocks famous by killing them at one shot at Holkham, in Norfolk, in 1829, and afterwards perpetuating the event by carving the birds in marble; the singularity of the occurrence giving rise to so many epigrams and complimentary verses that they sufficed to fill a small volume published by Mr J. P. Muirhead, entitled *Winged Words on Chantrey's Woodcocks*, in which no fewer than one hundred and seventy-nine of these poetical effusions were collected together. Of these, perhaps the following are the best known and most often quoted. The first was written by the late Mr Hudson Gurney, the latter by the then Bishop of Oxford:

Driven from the north, where winter starved them,
Chantrey first shot, and then he carved them.

Life in death, a mystic lot,
Dealt thou to the winged band;
Death—from thine unerring shot,
Life—from thine undying hand.

Two cocks have often, no doubt, since then fallen to the same shot; but the following curious incident, which happened within our own knowledge in north Northumberland a few years ago, may be worth telling. Mr R. W. Maling of Twizell House was one day ferreting rabbits on a mossy bit of ground alongside a rushy stream, when, while he was sitting on the bank waiting for bunny to appear, a woodcock rose from the rushes in front of him, and he shot it. By-and-by, when the ferreting was over, he walked over to where he had marked the bird fall and picked it up, his man at the same time going to the spot where *he* too had marked the cock down, and also gathering his bird. Two woodcock had evidently risen simultaneously, though at a considerable distance apart, and been killed by the same shot; and each man had seen only one bird, and had carefully marked its fall!

Another almost equally funny episode in woodcock-shooting happened only a year or two later, when several gentlemen, including the father of the writer, were shooting in Trickley Wood, upon the Earl of Tankerville's estate, in the same county. A strip of covert had been almost beaten out, and the guns were standing pretty close together round a last clump of rhododendrons, into which several pheasants and a couple of woodcock had already fallen dead. When the keepers and beaters came up, and men and dogs went into this last clump, alike to beat it out and to recover the dead game, out bolted a fine fox with one of the woodcock in his mouth, and in spite of shouts and laughter, and threatening gestures of sticks, actually broke through the crowd and went off with his ill-gotten prize!

Well may we remember the saying of an old friend, that 'funny things often happen in fishing and shooting;' but fact is often so much stranger than fiction that one is almost afraid to tell the best of them!

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER XII.—THE CURE WORKS.

DOWN at Gosport the *Seamew* chafed restlessly at her anchor-chains, and Captain Bannatyne paced her snowy deck and hungered for the telegram that never came. He had been ready for sea any time this last fortnight, only his passenger was lacking, and Bannatyne, good-natured soul though he was, inclined at last to mild vituperation at his dilatoriness.

But Geoff was recuperating—inwardly at all events—in a very different way, and until he had his new hobby at least on to its feet he would not allow himself that other relaxation which, bodily at all events, he was mightily craving. For, though one may come through the wear and tear of a hot-country campaign as hard as a board and apparently as tough as leather, when the work is over and the strings are loosened one is apt to feel the effects, and Geoff was beginning to feel them now.

And so it came that one day Bannatyne's long expectation was gratified. 'Shall be with you to-morrow,' said the telegram, and in his exuberance of delight he gave the boy half-a-crown for himself, which the young sinner spat upon for luck and then dissipated in cigarettes and other riotous living.

And on the joyous morrow, to the *Seamew* lying expectant, with half-expanded wings ready for instant flight, came out a shore-boat containing a tall, brown young man of military bearing, and an imp in sailorly blue, with a white face and black beads for eyes, and what he called a game-leg, and a modicum of baggage.

'Captain Carrick,' said Bannatyne, with a military salute, 'I'm mighty glad to see you, sir;' and his face showed it.

'And I'm mighty glad to be here, Bannatyne,' said Geoff, with a large smile at the other's up-to-dateness; for he had only been gazetted three days before, and his new patronymic still felt strange to him.

'This is a little friend of mine who has had an accident. I thought a sea-trip would do him no harm.—Now, captain'—to the beady-eyed, stiff-legged one—'you sit there and pick up an appetite.'

'Got one,' said the small boy pointedly.

'Well, see you keep it,' laughed Geoff.

'Anything more to come, sir?' asked Bannatyne.

'Nothing, captain. Let her go!' and the *Seamew* nosed up to her buoy and gave it a flying kiss, the white wings spread themselves joyfully, the little ship bowed a graceful adieu to the shore, thrilled through her length with the rapture of freedom,

shook off the smell of the land, and sped away towards the Channel.

'Bless my buttons!' said the beady-eyed one, as he clung to the brass ribs of the skylight. 'If this ain't something like!'

Up in London they had had a busy fortnight while the *Seamew* chafed at her buoy. A ramble through Captain Dick's district discovered premises capable of adaptation to the requirements of the case. The knocking down of some dividing walls would give them all the space they wanted at present for a drill-hall. The rooms above would make capital club-rooms and still leave space for a care-taker and his wife, whose post was like to prove no sinecure. Then there was a great attic just under the sky, and Geoff saw at a glance what that was meant for.

'Band practice,' said he, and that settled it.

'I've got just the man for commandant, and he's got just the wife,' said Trevor. 'Old Don Connacher. The General knew him. You've heard us speak of him. He was through the Mutiny and the Crimea. Got a breastful of medals. Those boys'll worship him. He's retired sergeant, and a most excellent soul; and so is his wife. If anybody can keep these young cubs in order, he can.'

'He's our man,' said Geoff. 'Perhaps you'll see him, colonel, and book him at once. Whatever terms you fix will be right.'

'He'll jump at it;' and he did, and so, metaphorically speaking, did his wife; and if they had raked through the ranks of the retired with a fine comb, they could not have found a better pair for the post.

Then there were interviews on the spot with builders and painters and fitters-up of gymnastic apparatus, and all day long there were small boys hovering about the door and trying to peep in. For Captain Dicky Bantam had been consulted on his unwonted bed, and he knew that building from the attic down to the back basement window. 'You just slips in your knife, and there you are,' was Dicky's explanation of his intimacy; and through him the news had got abroad, and all his gang, and even the Prussia Street gang, were all agog to sign on as soon as the roll was opened.

Dicky had been for ostracising the Prussia Street gang; but five minutes of Geoff's good-humoured argument turned him inside out, and widened his purview, and let light into a by no means naturally dark little mind.

Geoff found immense enjoyment in the development of his schemes. All the same, he was feeling the need of a change and a brace. There was a heap of Soudan in him still, he averred, and nothing but sea-spume and spindrift and chill northern mists would soak him back to normal. And was not the *Seamew* gnawing her anchor-chains down at Gosport and Bannatyne chafing for lack of him?

And so, as soon as he saw things well under way, he packed a portmanteau for himself, bought one for Dicky and stocked it with things which he considered necessaries, but which Dicky regarded as superfluities, and carried that young man off with him to Gosport and his first revolutionary experiences of seafaring life.

Colonel Trevor found the new departure very seductive also. Geoff had urged his friend to come with him overseas, but the colonel pleaded a proved incompatibility between slippery decks and a wooden leg, and between his internal organisation and blue water generally, and maintained that there was no place like London even in July and August. And, as Brading's shoulder was still only piecing slowly, Geoff left him with Trevor as his right-hand—or, as Trevor put it, his right-leg—man, to run his errands, do his bidding, and further matters generally.

A complexity of emotions—to say nothing of a perfectly new and somewhat disturbing sensation, which presently attacked him about the lowest button of his new waistcoat, and climbed steadily, button by button, up into his throat—choked Captain Dicky Bantam into unwonted silence, and he was content to lie absorbing wonders such as he had never even had the chance of dreaming of. The dainty neatness of all his nearer surroundings—spotless deck, brass-work like gold, paint and varnish as fresh as if they had only been laid on five minutes ago, white ropes coiled so beautifully that it seemed a shame to disturb them. The piles of snowy canvas above, swelling and straining with the might that was in them. More blue sky than he had ever seen in his life. Rolling blue waves with little white night-caps galloping in from the end of the world on one side, and racing to leap at the far-away land on the other. Stately ships sweeping along slowly and precariously, disappointing only in the fact that they kept right-side up with so much sail and so little hull. Dicky's ships on the Serpentine, with nothing like so much sail in proportion, usually completed their voyages bottom upwards. Mighty steamers churning masterfully along against wind and wave. If only the other fellows could have seen him, Dicky Bantam, lying there enjoying all this! I do not think he particularly wanted them there. But if only they could have seen him, Dicky Bantam, enjoying it all like a lord, his cup would have been full. However, other matters of a personal nature—to which Dicky never referred when he got back—occupied his attention before long, and by the time he was in condition to tackle something more tempting than ship's biscuit, the *Seamew* was winging lightly along the Norfolk coast. And presently she sped away into space, and flitted on and on, with nothing to be seen but sky and sea, for so many days that Dicky lost count and began to fear they had lost their way, or that the place they were supposed to be bound for had sunk out of sight.

Then one morning, when he crawled on deck, he sat down suddenly with hanging jaw and gaped helplessly at the crushing wonders of the Norwegian mountains.

'Well, Dicky, how's that?' asked Geoff, as he and Bannatyne came on the stricken one in their morning walk.

But Dicky only wagged his head helplessly, and gazed fearfully, and finally jerked in an awed whisper, 'Be they fixed tight?'

'They're all tight, Dicky. They've been there a long time. I don't think they're likely to fall to-day. Sight, aren't they?'

'Bless my buttons!' whispered Dicky.

They spent a fortnight among the fiords and islands, and Dicky came to be on quite familiar terms with glaciers at a distance. But he was painfully aware that the fellows at home would never believe him when he told them about these wonderful things, and that was the only spot on his sun.

He could use his leg again by this time, with strict injunctions to carefulness, and there was no part of the yacht with which he was not on terms of intimate acquaintance. The men enjoyed his spirited rattle. Rumour had it that he had been out in the Soudan with Captain Carrick and got wounded there, and I am sorry to say Dicky thought so well of the notion that, far from contradicting it, he did his best, in a negative and non-committal way, to strengthen it. Whereby he gained much unmerited renown, and some warm quarters of an hour out of which none but an unusually nimble-witted one could have issued with unshrivelled plumage.

Carrick, to give him the name which Bannatyne's constant usage was beginning to make familiar to him, was enjoying his holiday immensely. He found Bannatyne's canny, long-headed common-sense very soothing, and they became great friends. He discussed the rearing of lion-cubs with him at length, and Bannatyne urged upon him the idea of a marine branch of the scheme, maintaining to his face, and proving his point by irrefutable argument, arranged under heads and divided into points and supplemented by copious illustration, that, as a man, a sailor was worth two soldiers anyway. And Geoff promised to discuss the idea with Exmoor when he got back.

They turned their backs on the giant cliffs and wonderful fiords at last, and headed out into the Atlantic, and came down on Shetland, and so round Cape Wrath to dally among the Scotch mists and the Western Isles. And so, in due course, to another white milestone in Geoffrey Carrick's life.

They flitted leisurely down the rugged coasts of Sutherland and Ross, then across to Lewis, and came thrashing back across the Minch in a furious north-easter, from which they escaped into the open arms of a friendly loch without an idea as to their whereabouts, except that they lay in safety at a good anchorage. For they had crept in just as the light was falling, and they dropped anchor as soon as they felt the protection of the hills and could breathe freely without danger of being blown inside out.

When daylight came they were shrouded in thick, white mist, in which Carrick found huge enjoyment as being in every possible respect the absolute antithesis to the Soudan. He vowed he could feel the last of the dust and ashes working out of him with every breath he drew, and it was exactly what he had been longing for, for the last six months.

On the second day, towards sunset, the wind began to blow from the south-west. The thick white curtain thinned suddenly and resolved itself into a rout of fantastic whorls and coils, a flying army of tattered ghosts which drew silently away up the glens and corries, and clung reluctantly to the hillsides as though loath to yield a single tree. The bristling ridges stood out one by one in high relief; then, as the trailing skirts passed away behind, they lapsed and fused again into one mighty bulk of solid greenery.

Then the setting sun shone out and winked cheerfully at them from the windows of a gray castellated building at the head of the loch, and Geoffrey Carrick stood gazing at it with an enjoyment that had in it something of longing.

Great fir-clad hills, dark green, gray-green, with warmer bands of russet bracken and purple heather, humped themselves boldly round the far end of the loch, giant guardians of sanctuaries more remote. And presently they caught glimpses of these between the crowding giants—vague bulks below, all wrapped in plum-coloured bloom, elusive, intangible; and up above, hoary gray crowns swimming softly in the warm red gold of the setting sun.

'Wonderful! very wonderful!' breathed Carrick, as though a breath too loud might cause it all to vanish again. 'We've seen nothing more beautiful than that, Bannatyne,' he said, as the golden crowns began to harden into gray.

'It's pretty,' admitted the cautious one, 'but gey lonesome, I'm thinking.'

'That's its beauty, man. Now, that's my idea of a retreat. Right out of the world. Nature pure and uncontaminated.'

'Ye'd tire of it,' said Bannatyne didactically.

'Possibly, if one lived there all the year round. But as a holy place—away from the stress and strain of life—where one could get outside things and view them from a distance, and weigh them in the balances and come at their proper values'——

'Ay, ay!' said Bannatyne. 'Ye'd be well out of things if ye lived there.'

The gray house, which, as far as they could see, was the sole redemption of the scene from utter loneliness, was very cunningly placed on a precipitous rock which looked as though it had fallen from one of the nearer hills or had been playfully outcast by the giants behind. The rock stood out boldly into the sea; the gray house nestled among the firs and undergrowth with which it was clothed.

'I believe it's an island,' said Carrick.

'Shouldn't wonder,' said Bannatyne. 'I was never in here before.'

'What do you call this place?'

'Innismohr, from the chart.'

'We'll wait till morning, and then row over and have a look at it.'

And in the morning they pulled across to the rock, and all round it; and seeing no sign of occupancy, found a landing-place at the back, and climbed up through terraced gardens to the house itself. It was locked and shuttered, however, and they had to content themselves with the outside and the situation of it, which Carrick averred he had never seen equalled.

There were cottages on the shore at the extreme head of the loch, which the house and rock had hidden from them, and they paddled across, but got nothing for their pains; for, beyond some black-headed youngsters, barefooted and shy and slimly clad, and an old woman whose language they could not understand, they found no one there.

So back to the *Seamew*, and up with the sails, and away to the south, with the beauty and solitude of Innismohr fixed indelibly on Geoffrey Carrick's mind, and little thought that he would ever come to know it more intimately.

(To be continued.)

REGIMENTAL TRADITIONS.

By Horace Wyndham.

THE history of Great Britain is largely the history of the British army. Every regiment has contributed thereto, some more than others; but all have done their share in building up the Empire's power and wealth. Perhaps the two corps with the longest list of 'battle honours' are the King's Royal Rifles and the Rifle Brigade. The former of these has earned thirty-four and the latter twenty-nine. When first raised, in 1755, the King's Royal Rifles were known as the 62nd Royal American Regiment. Their present title was not conferred until 1830, and during the interval they answered to three others, for there was just as many chops and changes in military administration then as there are now. In their early days the green-coated, hard-fighting riflemen saw a good deal of active service in America, and it was on account of their gallant conduct at the capture of Quebec (when they won the heart of the heroic Wolfe) that they were granted the motto 'Celer et Audax.' Ever since then—in Spain, India, Afghanistan, China, Egypt, and South Africa—they have more than lived up to this. The late Duke of Cambridge was colonel-in-chief of the regiment for many years, and the present colonel commandant is Sir Redvers Buller, V.C. The Rifle Brigade, which wears a very similar uniform (dark green with black facings), was formed in 1800. For more than a hundred years it has been fighting well-nigh all over the world, from Copenhagen to Cape Colony. In the recent Boer campaign the brigade distinguished itself in an exceptional manner, one of its officers winning the first Victoria Cross granted during the hostilities. This was Colonel Congreve (then a captain serving with the Ladysmith Relief Force), who received the coveted decoration for a brave attempt to save the life of Lieutenant Roberts at the battle of Colenso.

In connection with the different rifle regiments of the British army (four in number), it is interesting to note that none of them carry colours. All other infantry corps, however, are provided with two sets. These are known respectively as the 'royal' or 'king's' colour, and the 'regimental.' The former of these is of the same pattern throughout the service—namely, the Union-jack on a ground of blue silk; the latter, on the other hand, matches the facings of the regiment concerned. Thus for 'royal' ones it is blue, while for other English ones it is white; but with Scotch and Irish corps it is respectively yellow and green. The only exception is in the case of the East Kent Regiment, where it is buff. One corner of the 'regimental' colour has the blue Union embroidered on it, with a wreath of roses, shamrocks, and thistles in the centre, surmounting the title, crest, and motto of the corps. Round this wreath are emblazoned the various campaigns in which the regiment has taken part since its formation. In English battalions of the line the St George's Cross appears in red on a white ground. The colours in every case are made of silk, three feet nine inches in length by three feet in breadth, the edges being fringed with gold. They are mounted on a staff about eight feet six inches in length, from the top of which hang two cords of twisted gold and crimson ending in tassels. In the cavalry, 'standards' or '*guidons*' take the place of 'colours.' These are made of crimson silk, slit up the centre—something like a pennon—and are embroidered with the regimental crest and 'battle honours.' Lancer and hussar corps, however (as well as rifles, artillery, and engineers), are not provided for in this way at all.

It is only in 'military' novels written by imaginative young ladies and in melodramas that colours are taken on active service nowadays. The last occasion when they were carried on a battlefield was during the Zulu war of 1880. It was during this campaign that a memorable feat was performed by an officer of the South Wales Borderers, who, when its capture was threatened by the enemy, cut the colour entrusted to him from its standard and wrapped it round his body. He was afterwards found lying dead in the Tugela River, with the precious silken folds still in his possession.

To the average Londoner the different regiments of Foot Guards are familiar enough. Few, however,

would probably be able to tell off-hand a Grenadier from a Coldstreamer, or a member of the Scots Guards from one of the Irish Guards. This is because they all wear so similar a uniform that it takes a trained eye to distinguish between them. The variations are for the most part confined to the arrangement of the buttons on the tunics and the colour of the busby plume. Thus the Grenadiers have their buttons arranged at regular intervals, the Coldstreams in twos, the Scots Guards in threes, and the Irish Guards in fours. With regard to plumes, the Scots Guards have none at all (and are thus easily recognised), while the Coldstreams have red, the Grenadiers white, and the Irish Guards green. This last regiment is one of the youngest in the British army, as it was only raised three or four years ago.

The London quarters of the different Guards battalions are at Wellington Barracks, at Chelsea, and at the Tower. The first-named establishment extends along the south side of the Birdcage Walk in St James's Park. It has been in military occupation continuously since 1814. Some ten years prior to this date, however, an armoury was erected on the same site. The chapel in the west corner was not opened until 1838. It contains numerous memorials of members of the brigade who have fallen in action, together with several shot-torn flags and standards captured by the great Marlborough on the field of Blenheim.

In addition to the Foot Guards, the permanent garrison of London invariably includes a proportion of the Household Cavalry. This consists of three regiments: the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards (always known, by the way, as 'The Blues'), quartered at Knightsbridge and Albany Street, Regent's Park. Like the Foot Guards, these corps are primarily intended as a bodyguard for the Sovereign's person, and are accordingly not really eligible for active service abroad, although a composite force, recruited from each regiment of the Guards, was employed for active service in South Africa. This exemption (to which the Scots Greys are also entitled) was originally accorded as a privilege, and as such was highly valued. Of late, however, and much to the satisfaction of all concerned, the custom has been broken through.

Although the Household Cavalry is such a *corps d'élite*, members of the rank and file have succeeded from time to time in winning their way up to commissions in it. Perhaps the most remarkable case on record was that of a young tanner's apprentice and ex-charity-school teacher named John Elley. Enlisting as a trooper in 'The Blues,' he distinguished himself so greatly in Wellington's campaigns against the French that he was promoted cornet. He died, in 1839, Lieutenant-General Sir John Elley, K.C.B., member of Parliament for Windsor, and was buried in the Chapel Royal.

While we are on the subject of commissions from the ranks in the old days, the notable record of John Shipp deserves to be mentioned. This man began life as a workhouse-boy, and went out to India as a private soldier in the Cheshire regiment. For exceptional gallantry at Bhurtpore he was given an ensigncy in the 65th Foot. In 1808 he returned to civil life. Almost immediately afterwards, however, he enlisted again (this time in a cavalry corps) and went back to India. After a few years' service in the East he rose to be an officer once more, thus obtaining two separate commissions before he had passed his thirty-first birthday. His subsequent career, however, was rather chequered. Thus, while quartered at Calcutta, he was court-martialled and cashiered for reflecting adversely upon his colonel. With a small pension which the East India Company granted him, he settled down in London and essayed fame as an author. He then became a police-inspector at Stepney, an appointment which he resigned later on in favour of the mastership of the workhouse at Liverpool.

Of the origin of the Household Brigade an interesting picture is drawn by Macaulay: 'The little army formed by Charles II. was the germ of that great and renowned army which has in the present century marched triumphant into Madrid and Paris, into Canton and Candahar. The Life Guards, who now form two regiments, were then distributed into three troops, each of which consisted of two hundred carabiniers, exclusive of officers. This corps, to which the safety of the King and Royal Family was confided, had a very peculiar character. Even the privates were designated as "Gentlemen of the Guard." Many of them were of good families, and had held commissions in the Civil War. Their pay was far higher than that of the most favoured regiment of our time, and would in that age have been thought a respectable provision for the younger son of a country squire.'

The cavalry, judging by the state of the recruiting-market, is undoubtedly the most popular in the whole service. It consists of thirty-one regiments. Of these, three are Household ones, twelve hussars, seven dragoon guards, six lancers, and three dragoons. At one time the mounted branch was divided into two classes, 'heavy' and 'light.' Nowadays, however, this distinction no longer obtains. Dragoon regiments (except the 6th Carabiniers, who wear blue) are clothed in the historic scarlet. Hussars and lancers, on the other hand (except the 16th Queen's), wear blue. Only one cavalry corps is Scottish—the 2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys); the Irish ones are four in number: the 6th Dragoon Guards, 6th Dragoons, 5th Lancers, and 8th Hussars; and the remaining twenty-six are English. They are all distinguished from one another by peculiarities in the way of head-dress and uniform. Thus the Household Cavalry and dragoons have metal helmets and horsehair plumes, lancers have 'caps,' and hussars have busbies. The Scots Greys, however, wear bearskins. A specially attractive dress is that of the 11th Hussars,

easily recognised by their crimson 'overalls.' This distinction was bestowed on the regiment in commemoration of its gallantry in a certain action where the men are reported to have waded up to their knees in the enemy's blood! At any rate, this is the generally accepted theory.

Nearly all the mounted corps—like the unmounted ones—rejoice in nicknames. The most famous of these is the 'Death or Glory Boys' of the 17th Lancers, a fitting accompaniment to the regiment's grim skull and cross-bones crest. Raised in 1759 as the 18th Light Dragoons, they were converted into lancers in 1823. The 10th Hussars are known (in recognition of their exclusiveness) as 'the Chainy Tenth,' while the 11th Hussars are equally proud of being called the 'Cherry-Pickers.' Then the 14th Hussars are nicknamed the 'Ragged Brigade,' and the 7th Hussars the 'Saucy Seventh.' The 5th Dragoon Guards are the 'Green Horse,' and the 7th Dragoon Guards are the 'Black Horse.'

Among the infantry nicknames are quite common, and there are few corps unprovided with these. The Royal Scots, for example, are familiarly known as 'Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard.' This regiment is the oldest in the service, and claims descent from almost prehistoric times. There is a tradition, indeed, that it was on duty the night before the Crucifixion. Then the Middlesex are the 'Die Hards,' the Northumberland Fusiliers the 'Fighting Fifth,' the Norfolks the 'Holy Boys,' the Essex the 'Pompadours,' the Yorkshires the 'Green Howards,' and the East Lancashires the 'Lilywhites;' while the Rifles (by reason of their dark uniforms) are commonly termed the 'Sweeps.' Nearly all regiments, too, have mottoes. These are officially recognised, and on this account are duly inscribed in the *Army List*. They are not necessarily English in their origin, for many of them have been gained in return for good service performed abroad. Some, for example, are French or German, while others are Latin, and others again are Gaelic, Irish, or Welsh. The artillery and engineers are provided with a double allowance—'Ubique' and 'Quo Fas et Gloria ducunt;' and that of the Northumberland Fusiliers, 'Quo Fata Vocant,' expresses the same thought, but in fewer words. For the Worcesters the laconic assurance 'Firm' suffices; while the Seaforth Highlanders have 'Ciudich'n Rhi!' ('Long Live the King!') as their battle-cry, the Welsh Regiment that of 'Gwell Angeun na Chywilydd!' ('Death before Shame!'), and the Irish Fusiliers that of 'Faugh-à-Ballagh!' In the cavalry one finds such regimental watchwords as 'Quis Separabit?' (4th Dragoon Guards and 5th Lancers), 'Second to None' (Scots Greys), and 'Or Glory' (17th Lancers). The first thing that a newly joined recruit has to concern himself with is to learn the regimental motto; the second is to live up to it.

One would scarcely like to hazard a definite opinion on the delicate question of which is the bravest regiment in the British army. The ones with the most 'battle honours,' however, are the King's Royal Rifles, the Rifle Brigade, the Gordon Highlanders, the Royal Scots, the Seaforth Highlanders, the Gloucesters, and the East Kent. In respect of war decorations gained by officers still serving, the Gordons can muster three V.C. and eleven D.S.O., the King's Royal Rifles have one V.C. and twenty-two D.S.O., and the Devonshire Regiment one V.C. and ten D.S.O. Figures, however, really prove nothing, for no two regiments have the same chance of proving their valour on the field. One, for example, may be lucky enough to take part in half-a-dozen campaigns, while another is doing nothing more exciting than sentry-go at Aldershot.

The frequency of the changes introduced into military uniform is proverbial. No sooner does one pattern get sanctioned than a new one is substituted. Even in the 'good old days' this was the case, and fresh designs were continually being adopted. The date when the historic scarlet first came into use seems very doubtful. More than half-a-century ago the Duke of Wellington applied to Lord Mahon for information on the subject. The question was referred to Macaulay, who stated that the custom dated from the time of Cromwell. It was not, however, until the reign of Queen Anne that red was worn in the British army to any great extent. Prior to this colonels equipped their regiments very much as they pleased. Pig-tails, it may be mentioned, were only abolished in 1808, when trousers (termed 'overalls' in the cavalry) were also first adopted. A survival of the hair-powder period is seen to this day in the 'flash' worn by officers of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. This is a triangular piece of black silk that hangs between the shoulder-blades. A still older distinction is the 'worm,' or black border, added to the gold lace of the Somerset Light Infantry. The privilege is supposed to be granted only to a regiment that takes part in a campaign in which a commander-in-chief is killed. The last corps to be honoured were those that fought at Quebec. To a civilian these distinctions may seem trifling; to a soldier, however, they mean a great deal.

A STORY OF THE BASQUE COUNTRY.

CHAPTER IV.

AS the brigadier reached Etcheverray's homestead, the object of this expedition, the astute owner was quietly getting out of his back-window. The brigadier had come along fast, but news of the enemy in a smuggling village, like rumour in an Indian bazaar, outstrips the telegraph, and the hurried departure of the three officials from the barracks had been duly noted by those appointed to keep watch and ward over their movements. But a sharp command to 'Halt!' backed by the sight of the dull barrel of a revolver pointed straight towards him, at once brought the fugitive up with a round turn; and when the brigadier sternly told him that all was known, but that if he came at once and pointed out the place where a possible descent and rescue might still be made he might keep his head on his shoulders, perhaps—though should the Anglais be already drowned it would assuredly fall into the basket—the smuggler at once saw the force of the argument, and professed himself ready not only to lead the way, but to make the descent himself. Meanwhile the news had spread through the village like wildfire, and it was at the head of its entire population that the gendarmes, carefully guarding their prisoner and accompanied by the hatless Nellie, started on their errand of mercy.

When at length they reached the spot where the smuggler assured them that they would, by leaving the road and getting to the edge of the cliff, be immediately over the position of the hole, the crowd, much to their disgust, were stopped—there were plenty of *douaniers* and gendarmes with them now—and Etcheverray, with the brigadier and a dozen men, and of course Nellie, made across the rough and heathery ground till they stood, with many furtive clutchings at hands and coat-sleeves, looking down a perfectly straight wall of rock at whose base there tore along a roaring, swirling torrent.

The smuggler's face paled at the sight. To dangle down into this awful chasm seemed more than he could attempt, but the brigadier's cheerful remark, 'Now then, look alive. I'll admit it does not look nice; but you may as well be drowned down there as guillotined. You may escape the first, but if you don't go the second 's a certainty,' appeared to stir him with that right spirit of desperation with which it is always best to tackle desperate ventures.

Throwing himself flat on his stomach, and peering over the edge, he seemed to be looking for certain marks on the face of the opposite cliff; which appeared to the eager spectators to be so close to them as to be almost within jumping distance from their side, though in reality it was many yards across.

After a close scrutiny he evidently found what he wanted, for, moving his position a little to his right, he threw off his coat, and, stepping into a loop prepared at the end of a long and strong rope brought by the *douaniers* and manned by a dozen of the strongest of them, he was carefully lowered over the edge, where he hung for a few moments swinging in the strong wind.

The brigadier now dropped down to him the end of a ball of stout twine, and gave him careful directions as to the way in which, by different numbers of jerks upon it, he could signal to those above whether to slack away or haul up according to the requirements of his position. Then, with an '*Allez doucement*,' the tension on the rope was relaxed, and the smuggler's set white face disappeared from view down into the wind-torn chasm.

A breathless silence now fell upon the crowd, for, impelled by an irresistible impulse, both the peasants and the *douaniers* set to keep them back had left the road, and swarming down to the cliff, had joined the party there without hindrance or rebuke. Slowly the rope was paid out, and harder grew the breathing of the men holding it; and then suddenly the brigadier was seen to start, and throwing up his hand, give the sharp order to halt. Then followed the command, 'Lower away again,' and then another 'Halt;' and now the rope could be seen by the eager watchers to be violently shaken, as if Etcheverray had fallen out of the loop or was engaged in a struggle of some description.

The excitement was now intense. 'What has happened?' was the question every second person in the crowd asked his neighbour, though none paid the slightest attention to the answer when one was given, which was seldom. The seconds sped, and still the brigadier stood motionless; no distinct signal came up the cord. Then a thrill suddenly stirred the people. The brigadier was seen to be handling his line like a deep-sea fisherman who has had a nibble, and then at last came the long-expected order, 'Haul away.'

What would be the catch? How slowly the rope came in! How heavy the man seemed to be! The *man*—why not the *men?* Oh, blessed hope! Nellie had sunk to her knees, unable to stand longer, and with clasped hands and staring eyes breathlessly watched each straining yard of manila as it rose with its unknown burden. Pull, men, pull! Your excitable friends behind you will tear the rope from your hands else. Ah, what is this? The brigadier and others stoop; some kneel; some lie flat. They have hold of something! Gently with it now! That's it; over it comes; and, with a great cheer rising from half a hundred rough throats, Etcheverray, clutching a long, dripping, red-bound sort of mummy, is dragged over the edge and de-

posited on the soaked ground. Then the smuggler, with a ghastly grin, says, 'He lives; my head is safe at any rate,' and closing his eyes, falls into a dead faint, stretched out beside his insensible victim.

. . . . . .

When Foster regained his senses he found himself in bed in his own room, with an uncertain, wavering figure, which he fancied was like his wife, sitting in a chair beside him. Closing his eyes again instantly, he lay silent. He felt strangely ill and languid, and every bone in his body ached as if he had undergone a sound thrashing. Then horrible fancies flitted across his brain. He was being strangled. He was being drowned. He was climbing awful precipices. He was struggling with a monster trout. He flung up into a sitting posture; he must land the brute somehow. But a gentle voice, the voice he loved best in the world, bade him be calm and rest, and a firm, cool hand placed his head on the pillow again, while a cup was put to his lips; and presently oblivion once more fell upon him, and under the influence of the draught he slept for many hours.

When he awoke he was another man. His brain was clear. All the terrible details of his adventure came back to him with perfect distinctness, and he eagerly begged Nellie to complete them with an account of his wonderful rescue.

This she did, graphically describing everything that had happened as far as she knew it; including Etcheverray's story of his experiences at the end of the rope, which he had hastened to proudly relate to a circle of gaping admirers directly he had recovered from his short faint. He had, it appeared, been just, and only just, in time. When he had been lowered to the level of the water, he could see no sign of the hole, nor of the stone with which it had been stopped. Scared by the rushing torrent, in which his legs were dangling, he was about to give the signal to haul up, when out of the yellow flood just above him there shot up a pair of brogue-clad feet tied together with a red worsted sash! Making a frantic grab at them as they bore down upon him, he managed to catch hold, and with incredible bravery and effort—according to his own account of course—succeeded in dragging Foster's inanimate body out of the clutches of the leaping river. Then, giving the signal to haul up by means of the cord which he had kept between his teeth, he had been drawn up, scraping and bumping against the rock, to the haven of the cliff-top, where, as has already been recorded, he indulged in a little faint. Both men had been rather roughly treated by the inequalities of their perpendicular path, but no bones had been broken or other damage done of a serious nature.

Etcheverray was now in the nearest prison, and would be removed shortly to the chief town of the department to take his trial, which Foster would have to attend when it came on. But I may as well state here that when, after the long months of delay so inseparable from French law, this event did take place, it ended in something remarkably like a fiasco for want of the chief witness. This gentleman had long since left the land of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity (save the mark!) far behind him, and, free from his embarrassment, lived peacefully in 'Merrie England.' But this is anticipating.

The timely rising of Foster's legs above the water was attributed to the stone that kept him wedged up in the hole becoming loosened and being finally washed away by the current, thus causing him to slip out into and under the water. Luckily the air still contained in his wading-trousers—the sashes with which he was bound keeping it from altogether escaping—had caused his inflated legs to rise above the surface after his unceremonious launch. By a merciful dispensation of Providence, Etcheverray happened to be there at the same moment; a few seconds earlier or later would have sealed his fate.

The flood continued for several days, and effectually prevented any attempt at visiting the now renowned '*Trou des Anglais*,' while the existence of the bigger one with its fraudulent contents was apparently still a secret. Foster said nothing about that part of the business; he saw no reason why he should; and when pressed by the authorities for fuller details of his night's adventure, he evaded explanation by declaring that he could not remember anything that had happened previous to his imprisonment in the *trou*, but that doubtless it would all come back to him before the day of the trial. When, therefore, the river had at last fallen to its former low level the excitement had almost died away, and Foster took the first opportunity possible of wading up the gorge, unnoticed by anybody, in order to settle a little matter that had been worrying him ever since his adventure.

When he got back, safe but wet, Nellie, who had been watching for him, noticed at once that his face, which had been anything but cheerful lately, was positively radiant. So, divining that there was something in the air, she flew to meet him, crying, 'Oh Jack! what's up? Something good, I can see by your shining old mug'—Nellie, I regret to say, being somewhat given to slang on occasions.

Her husband kissed her. 'Yes, old girl,' he answered, 'it's something very good indeed. Come into the house and I'll tell you.'

Trembling with excitement, Nellie obeyed, and then only when they had got into their little sitting-room and had shut the door did Foster speak again.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth a lump of something that shone dully with a yellow lustre, and placing it on the table before them, said in quietly triumphant accents, 'There, my dear, that's a chunk of gold; and there is much more—how much I cannot yet say—where that came from.'

Nellie gave a little gasping cry. 'Gold, Jack—real gold? Tell me all about it at once, sir;' and Jack had to sit and tell his little story instanter.

'You remember,' he said, 'that I told you how I had noticed a wet and shining piece of rock in

a small crack in the roof of the hole just above my face, and how I hoped that a few drops of water would drip from it into my mouth when it rained. Well, as I lay waiting for death, that wet patch shone brighter and brighter as the light increased, but never a drop of water came from it. I have been wondering all these days since if it was really moisture that I saw, or could it have been coal or some other mineral or metal? And so, the way being, I hoped, practicable, I determined to settle the matter to-day. I have settled it; but the idea of gold never entered my head.

'Well, my dear, you see what it was; and, as I said, there is more, for I have found what is called a pocket, a hole in a rock where gold has accumulated —washed down by the river probably—in long ages past. It only wants getting out, and that I can do with a proper tool; and we shall soon see the extent of our fortune, which cannot be a big one. Pockets are not mines. But now I must impress on you, not a hint, not a whisper to a soul.' And Nellie willingly promised.

Foster returned to his hole the next day, as well as on many following days, on each occasion bringing back in his convenient fishing-basket many big lumps of the yellow metal. But he returned from his last visit with the news that the pocket was worked out. He had cleaned it of the minutest remaining speck. Nellie urged him to explore the gorge thoroughly and seek more of the fascinating metal. But Foster knew that although there was gold to be found all over the mountains, it was no secret. It was always in such tiny particles and so scarce that it was not worth the expense of working, a pocket such as he had found being the exception that proved the rule. He might spend his life—ay, a dozen lives—looking for another and never find one. 'No,' he told his wife, 'we have no time to waste in wild-goose chases.'

So, settling up their affairs in the little village—which was not a difficult operation—and paying off the maid, and making the heart of the youthful Bertrand nearly burst with joy by presenting him with what is the ambition of every French boy to possess—a bicycle—they took their departure ostensibly for the plains, and were back again in England before the French authorities had any idea that the only witness against Etcheverray had left them lamenting.

The gold, sold in Paris to avoid the formalities of the Customs, realised nearly four thousand pounds, by which the legal gentlemen got their cheque, and the furniture was saved. Now that the remembrance of what they went through during that fateful flood is somewhat dulled, Foster and his wife often think with regret of the pleasant, homely time they spent in their vine-clad Pyrenean home.

THE END.

GOLCONDA: A CITY OF THE DEAD.

By An Anglo-Indian.

THERE is always something pathetic and yet something calming in a dead city. Even the frivolous cannot escape for a moment contrasting what was with what is. One realises the littleness of individual life as one stands upon the burial-place of dynasties, the grave of an empire. It is a spot apt to give rise to moralisings. True, the mighty have passed away and you remain. Yet what a little space it will be in the history of those ruins before you too fade away into that Nirvana in which men of all creeds have some hope!

Such a spot is Golconda, once of fabulous wealth and a fortress of impregnable strength, renowned throughout India in the days when England was inhabited by savages who belaboured one another with clubs. Yesterday the capital of an empire; to-day a mass of crumbling granite. As you climb its rugged, rubbish-strewn streets it is impossible to scoff at Macaulay's picture of some future New Zealander sitting upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul's. Golconda was once as mighty as London; to-day it is but a name which is almost forgotten. The voice of the tourist echoes along its galleries; the photographer steadies his camera upon a royal throne. Empires have risen and passed away. Why should ours last through all time?

To-day the capital of the Nizam of Hyderabad, the greatest native ruler in India, looks an old city. Its high walls shut in a civilisation which belongs to a former age. But Golconda, sweltering in the plain six miles away, was ancient before one stone of Hyderabad stood upon another. Hyderabad sprang into existence only because Golconda was overcrowded. The gloomy fortress dates back two thousand years. It was a comparative modern—in the successor of Ibrahim Shah, who greatly strengthened the citadel—who began to build Hyderabad in order to relieve the pressure within the rock-built city. To-day Hyderabad has a population equal to that of Sydney. Golconda is a ruin.

It was early in the morning when I drove out from Saifabad, one of the leafy suburbs outside the walls of Hyderabad. In April in the Deccan you make your excursions before the sun is high in the heavens. The track lay across a barren land, already quivering in the glare. Brown earth, sand, a few wretched huts, small boulders and huge rocks, and away in the distance a great dark mass which ultimately resolves itself into a town built steeply up a granite mountain rising abruptly from the plain. Golconda stands alone. Not a dwelling

breaks the monotony of the desert which laps its walls. On a slight rise half a mile away stand the great tombs of those who ruled before the Nizams; but their massive domes are dwarfed by the frowning fortress which dominates the plain.

Three miles round are the granite walls, with their eighty-seven bastions; above them towers the four hundred feet of rock upon which the citadel is built. Once inside the gateway of the silent city, you have stepped out of the India of to-day. In a moment you have gone back centuries. There are said to be modern troops quartered in Golconda. Perhaps so. But the living seem to have no association with the city of the dead; they do not even inflict themselves upon the sight. All is silence; only the fierce sun floods the street with a gold-red blaze. You feel lost and awed amidst the still formidable battlements and the decaying palaces. Surely spectral warriors must lurk in those dark-shadowed entries, ready to resume the conflict suddenly ended by treachery. Even now the gigantic gates, studded with iron spikes, are strong enough to resist the charge of the war-elephants; even now huge cannon lie just as they fell during the eight months' siege in 1687, when Golconda the Impregnable defied Aurungzebe, and yielded only to treachery; since when she was ashamed, and her glory departed, and her people stole away to Hyderabad. Even to-day hundreds of old cannon-balls cut out of solid granite lie just as they were left by the defenders as they fled before the inrush of men let in by the traitorous noble; some of the quaint old ammunition resting upon the walls as it was placed to repel the attack which never came. Here and there the old guns have been used as drain-pipes for houses. Alas for Golconda, once the mighty!

But let us go through the Bala Hissar Gate—the only entrance—up into the citadel. The way is steep. A winding, broken, many-stepped path is all that leads to the summit. This was once a mountain of treasure, filled with the spoils of many a war. Nadir Shah is said to have carried away fifty million pounds sterling of spoil from the sack of Delhi; and the sack of Golconda must have yielded enormous profits to the victors. If these crumbling walls could speak, of what intrigues, battles, pleasures, spectacles, horrors, deaths, could they not tell! What mighty armies defiled upon the plain beneath! Here is the famous Ambar Khana, the king's storehouse, which once contained gold and jewels of incalculable value, including, it is said, the Koh-i-nûr diamond. That tumble-down palace may be the one in which the ambassador sent by Shah Abbas of Persia to the world-famed city lived during his compulsory stay of six years, unable to return owing to the advance of the Moguls into the Deccan. Now come mysterious black passages leading into the bowels of the rock—one, it is said, extending for miles beneath the plain, but which no one seems inclined to explore. Up, still up. Broken walls, disused palaces, dry wells, empty treasure-houses, ruined temples. Above all, the ruins of a king's palace, and above that a queen's throne—carefully whitewashed for a Viceregal visit.

Far below, buck browse quietly in the shade of the ruined battlements; in the distance the white walls of Hyderabad gleam in the sun. But Golconda the Magnificent is silent, desolate, deserted; her nobles and warriors have passed away, and lizards run fearlessly over the rusting cannon. 'Palace and mosque,' wrote the late G. W. Steevens, 'armoury and treasure-house. They are all gone. Only remains a shapeless waste of stones, almost as rough and not so substantial as the huddled granite that was before them and remains after. Two miles away rises a heap of boulders about as high; two miles from either you could not tell which was fabulous Golconda and which was creation's lumber.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TREASURE-TROVE AT KARNAK.

KARNAK, near Luxor, on the Nile, is well known to Egyptian tourists, and the photographs of its wondrous pillars have made it familiar to those who are not travellers. It was at Karnak that a remarkable discovery was recently made. Just below the world-famous temple no fewer than eight thousand statues, of all sorts and sizes, mostly in a wonderful state of preservation, have been unearthed from what was evidently a hiding-place. This is perhaps the most notable 'find' in the land of the Pharaohs since the discovery of the royal mummies. For some years past operations have been in progress, under the direction of M. G. Legrain, having for their object the restoration of the great Temple of Ammon at Karnak, and it was during the course of these works that a pit was discovered in which the statues were found. These mostly date from the Ptolemaic period, and are generally of gilded bronze; but some five hundred are chiselled from granite, basalt, limestone, petrified wood, and other materials. Nearly all the statues bear historical inscriptions, and (so far as one can judge from the discoverer's excellent photographs, which are reproduced in the *Illustrated London News*) they are little the worse for their long burial, or rather submersion, for the soil in which they were found was not dry sand, but mud due to infiltration from the adjacent river.

CURE OF FOGS.

It is easy enough to show on the lecture-table that an artificial fog in a glass globe can be at once dispersed by electricity; and by use of larger

apparatus it would, of course, be possible to clear the air of a large hall. But we can never look to such means to kill the fog-fiend which every year proves such a costly visitor to our towns and cities. Sir Oliver Lodge, in speaking on this subject recently at Birmingham, urged prevention rather than cure. We must improve our methods of combustion, and not allow crude coal to be burned incessantly as we now do. He recommended the system which has more than once been advocated in these columns—namely, that gas should be supplied for daily consumption—not for lighting, but as a cheap non-illuminating gas for heating and cooking purposes. Possibly he for the moment forgot that such a non-illuminating gas, which might be supplied for a few pence per thousand feet, would serve as an illuminant in conjunction with a Welsbach mantle. 'When that was done,' said he—'and there were none but governmental or manufactural reasons for not doing it that he knew of—town air would become much cleaner and purer, and towns already well drained and otherwise kept healthy would become the healthiest and pleasantest places to live in.' We must not, of course, lose sight of the fact that, however thoroughly we purify the air, we can never banish the white fogs which are natural to our climate.

JUPITER'S SIXTH SATELLITE.

Jupiter's four moons are familiar to most persons, for they can be detected with a very low magnifying power. Some persons, indeed, have claimed to see them with the naked eye. They were first discovered by Galileo just three centuries ago, by aid of the very imperfect optical means at his disposal, and were named respectively Io, Europa, Ganymede, and Callisto, but they are now generally known by the numbers 1 to 4. In September 1892 the great refracting telescope of the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton, in California, with its yard-diameter object-glass, enabled Professor Barnard to discover a fifth satellite belonging to the giant planet; and now the first notable astronomical discovery of the year 1905 is found in the detection of a sixth satellite. The discovery was made by Professor Perrine at the Lick Observatory, with a reflecting telescope of three feet aperture, which originally came from England. The new satellite is said to be of the fourteenth magnitude, and is some five or six million miles distant from its primary.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

The great stretch of country, about as large as France, which lies west of the Transvaal, and which is known as the Kalahari Desert, is now to be thoroughly explored. As long ago as 1894 the late Mr Cecil Rhodes despatched an exploring party on the same errand; but owing to various adverse circumstances the enterprise ended in failure. The commission which has been appointed for the new enterprise will be accompanied by an efficient staff of experts, and there is every hope that success will attend their efforts. The country contains no cultivated land, and is sparsely inhabited by a few nomadic tribes of Bushmen, with a few families of Hottentots. It is crowded with game, such as the eland, hartebeest, gemsbok, giraffe, &c., which thrive on the rich pasturage. There is little water, but evidence exists that plentiful supplies can be tapped beneath the surface. Signs of diamondiferous deposits are not wanting, and the commission will no doubt discover that there are other mineral treasures which only invite development.

OUT OF DATE.

It is the natural fate of human contrivances to become very soon obsolete, and especially is this the case with the appliances which every civilised nation employs for the destruction of its enemies. Ships and guns costing millions of money, which at the time of their construction were the best procurable, are cast aside very often before they have seen any active service at all. We learn one day that the British army has the finest rifle of any body of troops in the world; a short time elapses, and the order goes forth that it is to be replaced by something better. Our army is just now in this transition state with regard to its artillery. New guns are to replace the old; and if all reports be true, the fresh weapons, charged with an improved form of cordite, will be of remarkable efficiency. For example, an eighteen-pounder gun, with a charge of only one and a half pounds of cordite, will be able to pepper an enemy with shrapnel at a distance of four miles at the rate of fifteen rounds per minute. At a distance of two and a half miles effective aim will be possible, while at a mile and a half most accurate shooting will be secured. Each gun will carry about one hundred rounds.

'THE COW WITH THE IRON TAIL.'

Milk can be so easily adulterated, by adding to the amount of water which it naturally contains, that it long ago became necessary in the interests of consumers, to whom a pure milk-supply is a matter of such vital importance, to define by law the proportion that the solid constituents should bear to the liquid. Eventually the Board of Agriculture fixed upon a limit of 3 per cent. for fat and 8·5 per cent. for non-fatty solids. Since that was done many farmers and dealers who have found their way into the law-courts on the charge of selling milk not up to the required standard have pleaded that vagaries of climate have caused their cows to yield an impoverished supply, and that they (the purveyors) should not be held responsible for that which was obviously out of their power to control In order to settle the question once for all, the Essex County Council arranged a series of exhaustive experiments covering a period of three years, conducted under the supervision of a small committee of experts. The results are briefly summed up in the following quotation from their report: 'Whatever may be

the case with individual cows, the analyses afford no evidence that either excessively dry or excessively wet weather produces any such influence upon the mixed milk which finds its way into public consumption as to render the Board of Agriculture limits unfair or onerous to the farmer.'

AUTO-PASTEL.

Auto-pastel is the name of a new photographic paper which has been introduced by the Autotype Company, whose name is so much identified with the development of carbon-printing. The charge of want of permanency, which was at one time with such good reason brought against photography, is no longer true, for the modern photographer has many prepared papers to choose from, prints upon which can be guaranteed not to fade. The new paper is one of these, for it is coated with a permanent pigment, which is made sensitive to light by immersion in a 5 per cent. solution of bichromate of potash. After drying, the paper is exposed to light beneath a negative in an ordinary printing-frame, and is then developed, the developing fluid being simply water. A bath of cold water is followed by floating the exposed paper on water at a temperature of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit for two or three minutes. Then the paper is turned upwards and gently brushed in all directions with a large camel's-hair brush, certain parts being rendered lighter according to the taste of the operator. A final wash in cold water completes this very simple method of making a photographic print.

STARLINGS.

A correspondent of *The Field*, writing from Perthshire, complains that certain parts of the county are infested with enormous flocks of starlings, and that he believes that they will soon drive away all the song-birds from the neighbourhood. He asks whether residents in other parts of Britain have been plagued in the same way, and seeks advice as to a remedy for getting rid of the intruders. He is answered by a gentleman at Cheltenham, who protests against the proposal to destroy the starlings, and who says that they do not injure song-birds. In a wood near his house hosts of starlings roost every night, and there are plenty of song-birds too, the starlings being quite indifferent to their presence. He writes that it is a sight of surpassing interest and grandeur to see these clouds of starlings sail up and go forth in ordered movements; and he calls upon all naturalists, upon all who can see beauty and poetry where these exist, upon all who love birds, to protest against the destruction of starlings.

THE PIANOFORTE.

The evolution of the most popular of our musical instruments, the pianoforte, formed the subject of a lecture recently given by Mr George Rose in aid of the funds of the Music Trades' Benevolent Society. It will no doubt come as a surprise to many to hear that Nebuchadnezzar's dulcimer and psaltery were the precursors of the modern domestic instrument, and that the psaltery, which survives as the zither, is the ancestor of the spinet. About five hundred years ago a key-board was added to the psaltery, and it became the clavichord, an instrument which was long in vogue, and which ladies would play standing in front of it. This was the favourite instrument of Bach, so that we may be sure that it possessed several good points. He did not care for the spinet, which he found wanting in soul; and as for the then newly invented pianoforte, it was far too clumsy and harsh to win his taste. The harpsichord was the direct predecessor of the pianoforte, and was far more ambitious in its design than any of its predecessors, for it had three strings to each note, and was generally furnished with two rows of keys. The Venetian swell common to organs was invented by Schudi, the founder of the firm of Broadwood & Sons, who was making harpsichords in London in 1728. This method of controlling the volume of sound was applied by him both to harpsichords and pianofortes. It is interesting to note that the earliest recorded public performance on the pianoforte took place at Covent Garden Theatre, London, on May 16, 1767, when the playbill announced that at the end of Act I. of the *Beggars' Opera*, Miss Brickler would 'sing a favourite song from *Judith*, accompanied by Mr Dibdin on a new instrument called the pianoforte.'

THE TEACHING OF MUSIC.

In a recent address at Manchester, Sir Frederick Bridge chose for his subject 'A Weak Spot in Musical Education,' the said point of weakness being the inability of the majority of amateurs to read music at sight. And the charge is true with regard both to singers and pianists, although the former have only one line to read, while the latter have a more complex task. A striking instance of this ignorance on the part of amateurs was furnished by the lecturer himself, who asserted that recently, in trying the voices of thirty-two contraltos who were candidates for admission to the Albert Hall Choir, only three passed the simple sight-reading test. The fault is undoubtedly in the method of teaching. In the case of the pianoforte-player, everything is sacrificed to the endeavour to conquer difficult passages so that brilliant execution of one or two pieces can be assured. Hence it is that the majority of amateurs who are accounted fine players can hardly play a simple hymn tune correctly when asked to do so at first sight. The faculty of reading music at sight can be comparatively easily acquired by singers and by players of orchestral instruments if only a little time be devoted daily to theory and exercises.

JAPANESE ART.

At the recent conference of teachers one of the subjects dealt with was 'Art Teaching in Japan,' upon which occasion Baron Suyematsu (lately Minister of the Interior in Japan) took the chair.

He said that the principal object of art-teaching in his country was to make the study useful to the student in after-life. Mr E. F. Strange, of the South Kensington Art Schools, spoke in terms of great admiration of Japanese art, and pointed out that the studies of plant-forms, birds, fishes, and insects made by the artists of that country were unsurpassed. He also noted that Japanese artists had depicted birds in motion in such attitudes as only the quite recent developments of instantaneous photography had proved to be true to nature. Japan had still a distinctive and national art of its own, and he feared that it was in grave danger of being adulterated beyond recognition by admixture of modern Western ideas. He earnestly desired that Japan would abandon the wish to learn anything from us in the way of art. Another speaker, while acknowledging that the Japanese were gifted with high æsthetic culture, dwelt upon the curious circumstance that their artists utterly failed in their delineation of the human figure. They neither drew it beautifully nor had they the slightest conception of its beauties.

EXTINGUISHING FIRE ON SHIPBOARD.

Fire is under all circumstances a most dreaded agent of destruction; but it assumes a peculiarly terrible aspect when it breaks out in the hold of a vessel which is hundreds of miles from land. Many suggestions have therefore been made with a view to quickly quench such a conflagration or to make its occurrence impossible. One of the latest is described by the *Railway Supplies Journal* as the invention of Dr Staff of St Ives, Cornwall, who proposes to fix in the holds of a ship tanks containing pieces of broken marble or chalk. These tanks would be connected with the main-deck by means of pipes, and when a suitable acid solution was conveyed to the tanks through these pipes sufficient carbon dioxide gas would be generated to cover the cargo and prevent or stop combustion. Another important result would be attained in the extermination of any rats which might infest the ship. The inventor is apparently not aware that carbon dioxide is now obtainable commercially in liquid form, and that the same results would be brought about by releasing the compound from its steel containing-cylinder into the hold of the ship. The necessity for special apparatus would thus be entirely avoided, as would be the handling of corrosive acid.

A NEW LIFEBOAT.

The ordinary lifeboat, familiar to all who have visited our seaside-resorts, is built for safety and not for speed; and when at the local regatta opportunity is afforded of seeing it fully manned and under sail, it is admitted that its progress under the most favourable circumstances is but slow. Steam lifeboats have been introduced, and in many cases the strong steam-tugs kept at busy ports always ready for an emergency do life-saving work. An interesting experiment is about to be made in the employment of the motor-driven boat, the engine of which can at a moment's notice be put into action. The boat in question is at once to be stationed at Newhaven, and we shall no doubt soon hear that it is doing good work. Such a boat could not be designed without much forethought; and, among other necessities of construction, the engine had to be entirely enclosed so as to protect it from breaking waves. It was also necessary to adjust the position of the machinery so accurately that the boat should right itself without difficulty. The motor lifeboat will not only ensure good speed in reaching a wreck, but will enable the crew to conserve their strength until the moment of rescue arrives.

NEW PRUNES.

From Japan, dried Kelsey plums have recently been imported to London, Paris, and Bordeaux. This plum yields a superior prune to that of Bordeaux, and is considered one of the largest and finest in commerce. The Kelsey plum, brought from Japan, has flourished in Cape Colony, California, and Italy. The consumption of prunes in the United States exceeds one hundred million pounds annually, and San José is the prune metropolis of California, nearly all its inhabitants being dependent on the industry, which dates from 1886. In Santa Clara county ten thousand trays of fruit may be seen drying at one time. When sufficiently cured, the prunes are stored in separate bins, and there allowed to 'sweat' for ten or twenty days, after which they are ready for market.

THE RIVER.

Flow on, thou shining river, whose clear tide
From sources secret and unseen is fed,
Whose laughing waters to the vale are led,
Kissing the gray sands over which they glide.
I watch thee pour thy waves upon the dried
And sun-parched ground, enriching it with free
And generous dole, while speeding to the sea,
Whose bounty first thy copious urn supplied;
I watch thee, and I blush with conscious shame:
Thou speed'st rejoicing, I too oft repine.
Heaven is my home, as th' ocean-bed is thine,
But thou remember'st, I forgetful am.
Blithely thou hastenest to thy destined place,
I with slow steps pursue my heavenly race!

William Cowan.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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DORNAY'S REVENGE.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

IT was well for Dornay, when, on a certain August morning, he landed at Southampton from the P. and O. steamer in which he had voyaged from Bombay, that the police, of whom there were several about the landing-stage, had no inkling of the nature of the errand which had brought him back to his native country, or they would assuredly have shadowed him both by day and night, and so have frustrated the deadly purpose to the accomplishment of which he had vowed himself.

He was a tall, very spare man, with a long, lean face, clear-cut aquiline features, a thin-lipped mouth expressive of much determination of character, and darkly brooding, deep-set eyes under heavy brows. He was clean-shaven save for a thin white moustache with upturned ends, while his hair, also snow-white, was closely cropped. His complexion was burnt almost to a mahogany tint by the scorching sun of more than thirty Indian summers. He was dressed in a suit of white drill, with a pith helmet and a pugaree; but he would have felt more at his ease in the cool, flowing robes and the turban of a Hindu gentleman. When he landed, his sole luggage proved to be a dressing-bag and a medium-sized portmanteau; but in one hand he carried a small metal box, the lid of which was perforated with a number of minute holes, in appearance not unlike a box for fishing-bait. He took the first train to London, and on arriving there, was driven to a certain hotel in the heart of the City.

'I'm not a West-End man,' he told himself. 'I shouldn't feel at home among a lot of swells.'

At the hotel he bargained for a sunny bedroom. He was shown several, and chose a corner room with two windows, one of them fronting due south and the other due north. It was the hottest month of the hottest summer that had been experienced for years; but Dornay found the weather just to his liking. 'After all, there's no climate which comes up to that of Old England,' he reflected.

When a cup of tea had been taken up to him, he locked the door, shut the windows, drew up the venetians, and flooded the room with the hot, brilliant sunshine. The City clocks were striking five.

Then from his dressing-bag he took a stoppered phial containing some sort of unguent, with which he proceeded to smear his face, his ears, such portion of his neck as was exposed, and his hands. That done, with a tiny key attached to his watch-guard he unlocked the metal box of which mention has been made, and opened the lid. At once there issued from it a couple of flies, the like of which, it is not too much to say, had never been seen in England before. They were about the size of a common house-fly, but differed widely from it in appearance. Their bodies were longer and more tenuous, and in colour a sort of silvery-gray, while their wings were even more diaphanous than those of a mosquito, so that in some lights they were all but invisible; but when the sun shone on them they became beautifully iridescent.

At first they fluttered round Dornay; but, finding no point of attack left bare by the unguent, they presently quitted the shade in which he was sitting for the flood of sunshine which was being poured in through both windows. For a full half-hour Dornay sat without stirring, gravely watching them, as, like two specks of quivering silver light, they flew to and fro more swiftly than the eye could follow them, sometimes circling in graceful spirals, as if ascending and descending an invisible staircase, sometimes climbing the hot window-panes as if in search of an exit into the open air.

Then Dornay stripped off his coat, and, having bared his left arm to the elbow, he laid it along the table and waited. Not more than twenty seconds had gone by before his flies had settled upon it and were busily at work. Dornay sat perfectly still,

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watching them through a magnifying-glass till they were ready to drop off from repletion. Then, taking them up tenderly, he replaced them in the box, the bottom of which he had previously sprinkled with an aromatic powder. That done, he relocked the box and placed it in the heart of whatever sunshine still remained.

In the course of next forenoon he booked himself at the King's Cross terminus for the nearest station to Marslade, his native village. Now that he was back in England for a short time, a longing had come over him to visit once more the place where he was born and brought up.

Three hours brought him to his journey's end. After an early dinner, he proceeded to feed his flies with precisely the same precautions as on the day before. The afternoon and evening were spent by him in rambling about the old village and refreshing his memory by revisiting the scenes and haunts of his youth and early manhood. In the dusk of evening he stood for a little while bareheaded by the grave in which his father and mother lay buried.

But it was not merely to revisit the grave of his parents and to renew his acquaintance with the home of his youth that he had travelled all the way from Sarunjah. Far otherwise. The dark purpose which had driven him across six thousand miles of ocean still gripped him as tenaciously as ever it had done, and he trusted that the morrow would bring him at least one step nearer its accomplishment.

Will Dornay's progenitors from the time of his great-grandfather, and, for aught known to the contrary, from a period anterior to that, had been blacksmiths at Marslade. There was a tradition which had come down from father to son, since no one knew when, that the Dornays were descended from a younger branch of the D'Aurignys (a family which traced its pedigree back to the time of the Conqueror), but that in the course of several generations the name had gradually become corrupted to what it was now. As if to lend a touch of verisimilitude to the tradition—which was less a tradition than an article of faith—the family cherished as a sacred heirloom a silver drinking-cup on which was traced in rude characters the name 'Will D'Aurigny,' with the date '1636.' Here, surely, was a proof to which no reasonably minded person could demur that the Dornays were indeed directly descended from the now extinct D'Aurignys of Castelmere!

It was a matter of course that young Will should be brought up to the family calling, and in due season step into his father's shoes. But Will was ambitious, and longed for a wider horizon than shut him in at Marslade. For all that, he worked at the forge till he was twenty; then he fell in love with and married a pretty, feather-brained girl, a milliner's apprentice in the nearest large town, who had come to the village on a visit to some relatives.

Three years later his wife eloped. She had gone to stay for a time with her parents, and it was from their house that she disappeared. Dornay made no attempt to discover what had become of her. 'A woman who will do what she has done is not worth troubling about,' he told himself. Among the things she had left behind her he found a note addressed to her in impassioned terms, and signed 'G. Udale,' of which he took possession, together with a photograph, doubtless that of the scoundrel who had lured her from her home.

Dornay had been fond of his wife without being in the least blind to the frivolity of her character, and the loss of her made a gap in his life which just then he found it impossible to fill. He had long been possessed with a secret desire to join the army, and had he not married in haste he would probably have done so. Now, however, there was nothing to hinder him from carrying out his unspoken wish. Was not a soldier's life a proper life for one who had D'Aurigny blood in his veins? So, leaving his eighteen-months-old child—a girl—in his mother's charge, he took train for London, and there enlisted in a regiment which, six months later, sailed for India.

When Dornay had been nearly two years in the East, certain tidings reached him which cut him to the quick far more than his wife's elopement had done. His daughter had been kidnapped—stolen away in the dusk of evening, presumably by a troop of gipsies who were encamped in the neighbourhood; but all the efforts of the constabulary had failed either to trace what had become of the child or to bring home the guilt of her abduction to any one.

And so five years slipped away. Dornay, who had developed rather uncommon linguistic gifts, had risen to the position of drill-sergeant to one of the native regiments just then stationed at Changudda, in the Madras Presidency. About this time the health of one of the officers, Captain Kerrison by name, broke down, and he was invalided home. It was with a shock which for a few moments absolutely stunned him that Dornay heard the name of Captain Udale mentioned as that of the officer (transferred from another regiment) appointed to fill the vacancy thus created. Could the coming officer be the man with whom his wife had eloped? The name, not a very common one, was the same. Dornay had carefully preserved the photograph, together with the note, found by him in his wife's box. He awaited with smothered impatience the coming of Captain Udale.

In due course the latter arrived. One long look at him when he first appeared on parade was enough for Dornay. There, within twenty yards of him, stood the original of the photograph!

From that hour he became, as it were, two men in one body. One of them was the smart soldier, cold and impassive, who went through the routine of his duties with mechanical exactitude and *aplomb*; the other, equally cold and impassive to outward seeming, hid within his breast a smouldering vol-

cano which at any moment might break into eruption, and only awaited some chance occasion to cause it to do so. From information derived through a secondary source, Dornay had ascertained that Captain Udale was the son of Sir Myles Udale, a baronet of old family, whose ancestral home was in the Peak of Derbyshire.

And now hour after hour, when his day's duties were over, and often far into the night, the blacksmith's son of Marslade sat brooding over his wrongs, and for the thousandth time asking himself the same question: how best he could avenge himself on the villain who had robbed him of both wife and child. For, as he rightly enough argued, had not his pretty, feather-brained Annie allowed herself to be led away by Udale, mother and daughter would never have been separated, and neither one nor the other would have been lost to him, as both now were, and for ever. The blood of the D'Aurignys cried aloud for vengeance.

But the more Dornay pondered the matter the more clearly he realised his helplessness. Nowhere did he see his way to carry out the design which lay so close to his heart. It sometimes happens, however, that when things seem at a deadlock Chance steps in and brings about an *éclaircissement* of the most unexpected kind. And so it fell out in the present instance.

Among other of Kerrison's belongings which Udale had taken over was a pet monkey, which was a favourite with everybody in the cantonment. Jacko had been allowed a great deal of freedom, a privilege he had never abused; but from the first Udale had kept him almost continuously chained up, a proceeding which drove the poor brute to the verge of madness. One day, however, he contrived to slip his chain, and for the next few hours he had a real good time after his own fashion.

Late the same afternoon, as Dornay was crossing the barrack square, he saw Captain Udale emerge from the officers' quarters armed with a dog-whip. Going up to Jacko, who had been caught and was chained to a staple in the wall, he began to lash him unmercifully. 'I 'll teach you to thieve, curse you! I'll teach you! I 'll teach you!' cried Udale, his features distorted with rage. Jacko's screams rent the air.

The train had long been laid, and now the match was applied.

Dornay strode swiftly up to Udale, his face like a white mask, and stepping between him and Jacko, turned and faced him. 'You brute! You cowardly brute!' he exclaimed in the low accents of concentrated hate. 'It is you who ought to be flogged, and not this poor beast. Touch it again at your peril.'

Sheer amazement paralysed Udale's tongue for a few seconds while the two stood and glared at each other. That any non-com. should have the audacity to address his superior officer in such terms was incredible. But he should pay dearly for it.

Advancing a step, Udale lifted his whip with a threatening gesture. 'Out of my way, you hound,' he exclaimed, 'or I will serve you as'——

The sentence was never finished. Dornay's right arm shot out from the shoulder, and the next moment Udale was sprawling on his back in the dust. Ten minutes later his assailant was thrust, handcuffed, into the semi-darkness of the guard-house.

By the court-martial which sat three days later Dornay was sentenced to receive two dozen strokes with the 'cat,' to be followed by a year's solitary confinement. He had been a favourite with his colonel, and but for that fact his sentence would probably have been a more severe one.

Next morning Dornay underwent his flogging in the barrack square before the assembled regiment. He bore his punishment in grim silence. When it was over he was escorted to the infirmary and left in the doctor's hands. He had still to undergo the second part of his sentence, but in the course of what was to have been the last night of his stay in the infirmary he disappeared. How he contrived to elude the vigilance of the sentries was a mystery which was never cleared up. Small detachments of troops were sent out in different directions, and a perfunctory search made for him; but nobody seemed particularly anxious to recapture him. It was rightly conjectured that he had taken to the jungle; and as he spoke the vernacular almost like one to the manner born, he would have no difficulty in making his way up-country should he be desirous of doing so.

And, in point of fact, that was what Dornay had set his mind upon doing. A rumour had been current in Changudda that the Rajah of Chuttenpoor, who had lately returned from a European tour, was about to remodel his army in accordance with Western ideas, and it had seemed to Dornay that, should such prove to be the case, the Rajah might not be disinclined to take him into his service.

Accordingly, one morning just six weeks after his unauthorised departure from Changudda, Dornay crossed the bridge, and, passing through the great arched gateway, entered the city of Sarunjah; and, having bathed and eaten, lost no time in seeking an audience of his Highness, who made a point at a certain hour of the day of being accessible to any one.

(To be continued.)

THE REWARDS OF PUBLIC SERVICE.

By W. V. Roberts.

JUDGED by the glittering standard of money, the rewards awaiting men who devote themselves to the public service, as represented by the House of Commons, are relatively small and not calculated to tempt those whose object in life is to amass wealth. It is true that the post of Cabinet Minister, with an emolument of five thousand pounds a year, can never be without attractions; but it can hardly be said that those attractions preponderate on the financial side. What, for instance, are the chances of a man entering the House of Commons for the first time, full of high hopes and aspirations, becoming a Cabinet Minister at all, and how long may he have to wait before obtaining even the smallest office? There are six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons all told, and only about thirty, certainly not as many as forty, can in the ordinary course hold office at one time. It is clear, therefore, that there may be much waiting for opportunity.

Obviously, a man's greatest chance comes when a new Ministry is being formed and all the offices are being filled at the beginning of a new Parliament. But one may enter the House of Commons at almost any time, for by-elections are constantly taking place, and vacancies in the Government, affording opportunities for those who already have seats in Parliament, are of common occurrence. Mr John Morley was first returned to Parliament at a by-election in 1883, and within three years he was a member of the Cabinet as Chief Secretary for Ireland. On the other hand, the late Mr R. W. Hanbury sat in the House of Commons for twenty years, and was fifty-five years old before he attained Cabinet rank as Minister of Agriculture. Again, Sir Michael Hicks Beach entered Parliament when twenty-seven years of age, and four years later he became Secretary to the Poor-Law Board. From that time, until he retired from the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in 1902, he was never out of office when his party held the reins of power. But as against an experience like that there is the fact that several members who have sat continuously in the House of Commons since 1868, a period of thirty-six years, have never held office of any sort. Aptitude, desire, and opportunity count for much, and none can say when a young man enters the House whether he will ever attain to office and to leadership or remain throughout his life an unknown private member.

But what is the financial gain when office has been secured? There are sixty posts in the Government of the day filled by Lords and Commons, who change with a change of Ministry. Of these sixty, thirty-three are now held by members of the Lower House. Sometimes the proportion is less favourable to members of the House of Commons, an allotment of thirty offices to them being a fair average. The best-paid post is that of the Attorney-General, who last year received in salary seven thousand pounds and in fees twelve thousand nine hundred and twenty-one pounds seven shillings and ninepence, making in all the very respectable total of nineteen thousand nine hundred and twenty-one pounds seven shillings and ninepence. The Solicitor-General, who last year took second place, received in salary six thousand pounds and in fees seven thousand and sixty-eight pounds nineteen shillings and threepence, a total of thirteen thousand and sixty-eight pounds nineteen shillings and threepence, which can hardly be considered bad as incomes go nowadays. Such posts are not to be despised by men who attach importance to mere money; although, if memory rightly serves, they were not in Mrs Micawber's mind when she reflected upon the possibilities of the law for her distinguished husband. The other law officers of the Crown are less fortunate than their English brethren, for the Irish Attorney-General and the Irish Solicitor-General last year received, the former less than seven thousand pounds, and the latter not quite four thousand pounds. The salary of the Lord Advocate for Scotland is fixed at five thousand pounds, and that of the Solicitor-General at two thousand pounds. Here, then, are six posts out of thirty-three that have gone straight to the lawyers, substantially reducing the number available for the ordinary member. Putting aside the six law officers of the Crown, we find that the members of the Government receive annually in the aggregate a sum of one hundred and thirty-seven thousand pounds, those in the Cabinet taking seventy-eight thousand four hundred and twenty-five pounds, and those outside the Cabinet fifty-nine thousand four hundred pounds.

Here, again, the best-paid offices in the Cabinet are those of the Lord Chancellors of England and Ireland, who take respectively ten thousand pounds and eight thousand pounds a year. The First Lord of the Treasury (who is usually Prime Minister), the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the five Secretaries of State—Home, Foreign, Colonial, Indian, and War—each receive five thousand pounds. The salary of the Chief Secretary for Ireland is fixed at the odd sum of four thousand four hundred and twenty-five pounds, and all the other members of the Cabinet are allotted two thousand pounds a year each. Outside the Cabinet, the most highly paid member of the Government is the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, whose salary is fixed at twenty thousand pounds a year. From the point of view of money it might be supposed that this office is more to be desired even than that of Attorney-General. But it must not be forgotten that the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, unlike a law officer,

has to maintain a Viceregal Court in Dublin, and to entertain freely, with the result that the drain upon the Lord-Lieutenant's purse will often swallow up more than the official income. His twenty thousand pounds a year, therefore, bear no relation to the nineteen thousand nine hundred and twenty-one pounds seven shillings and ninepence of the English Attorney-General, who is free from the 'social expenses' of the Lord-Lieutenant. Outside the Cabinet, no member of the Government, excepting the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, draws more than two thousand pounds a year, and there are only eight who can count on as much as two thousand pounds. Six take fifteen hundred pounds a year, and all the others have to be content with less, so that those who look to membership of the Government as a means of opening roads to wealth beyond the dreams of avarice must necessarily soon be disillusioned. None but the lawyers can hope to secure more than five thousand pounds a year, and only half-a-dozen can obtain as much as that.

But even when a member, by unceasing attention to ordinary duty and by the display of special gifts, has ensconced himself in office, he is still the creature of uncertainties and drawbacks that do not apply in any other walk of life. The contest between the two parties (the 'ins' and 'outs') is ever going on, and defeat may come like a thief in the night. Who would have thought that the humdrum discussion on cordite in committee of supply on that warm summer afternoon of June 1895 would have upset the Government? It may be said that that was only an accident, and that during the last twenty years the advantage of office has been overwhelmingly in favour of one party. That may be true; but all the same it would be unwise to count on finding fortune always on one side. In the first thirty years of the last century the balance of office and power went in favour of the Conservative party. From the Reform Bill of 1832 to that of 1884 the balance was on the side of the Liberals; and although it has since been on the side of the Conservatives again, he would be a bold man who would predict that it will always stay there. In the ordinary course of things a member of Parliament may be wise in concluding that his side may be in power for only the half of any appreciable period, and that the opportunity of taking office and emolument must be limited to that half or to something less than half. He may keep in mind, also, other considerations that are from the financial point of view almost equally deterrent.

The whole position is very clearly illustrated in the case of the Earl of Beaconsfield. That remarkable man first sought to enter Parliament in 1832, and it was not till 1837 that he was returned for Maidstone. From his first appearance as a candidate for Wycombe in the former year till his death in 1881, a period of forty-nine years, he was always in the public eye. From 1837 to 1881 he sat either in the House of Commons or the House of Lords, and for something like fifteen years he was the leader of his party. What, from the financial standpoint, was his reward? Altogether, he held office as Chancellor of the Exchequer or First Lord of the Treasury for periods which amounted in all to ten or eleven years, at the rate of five thousand pounds a year. In that time he could have received very little more than fifty thousand pounds. Yet in order to obtain a seat in Parliament, and to keep it, he had in the course of his career to fight seven contested elections and to present himself on nine other occasions for re-election. In those days election expenses were not limited as they are now, and almost anything might be spent. The probability is that in one way and another Mr Disraeli could not have spent much less than twenty thousand pounds in elections alone. It is reasonable also to assume that during the forty years that he sat in the House of Commons many calls were made upon his slender purse by constituents and others —and only members of Parliament know how much can be absorbed in donations, contributions, and subscriptions. If Mr Disraeli gave only two hundred and fifty pounds a year, he must, during his career, have spent ten thousand pounds in this way, making, with election expenses, thirty thousand pounds, and leaving, out of his aggregate emolument of fifty thousand pounds, only twenty thousand pounds for forty-nine years' strenuous work. Put in round figures, the whole sum only represents an average income for the time that he was in public life of something like four hundred pounds a year.

Or take the case of Mr Gladstone, who was in some respects much more fortunate than his formidable rival. Mr Gladstone entered Parliament as member for Newark in 1832, and, with a brief interval in the forties, he remained a member for one constituency or another till the date of his retirement in 1895, a period of sixty-three years. He was in office altogether for a period of about thirty years, and his financial emoluments cannot be put at less, to take round figures, than one hundred and forty thousand pounds. But during his career he faced fourteen contested elections and eleven uncontested elections, a total of twenty-five. That ought surely to be a 'record.' Probably his elections cost him from first to last not less than thirty thousand pounds; and added to that considerable sum must be the demands made upon him as a member of Parliament. In his case, as in that of the Earl of Beaconsfield, a town residence for the greater part of each year was an absolute necessity, involving what may be called a double domestic expense, and necessitating also heavy expenses in travelling. After making allowance for such obvious charges as these, it would be surprising if Mr Gladstone's emoluments from public work averaged more than one thousand pounds a year during the long period of sixty-three years that he devoted himself to the public service. And it must be remembered that he had the good fortune to be in public life while the parties to which he was attached were most favoured by the chances of office, while the

Earl of Beaconsfield during his career belonged to a party that in his lifetime tasted less than usual of the sweets of office.

A brief reference to the Marquis of Salisbury must suffice. As Indian Secretary, Foreign Secretary, and Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury held office about twenty-one years, at the uniform salary of five thousand pounds a year—say, an aggregate of one hundred and five thousand pounds. Well, Lord Salisbury entered Parliament as member for Stamford in 1853, and continued in public life till his retirement in 1902, a period of forty-nine years. His emoluments for the whole period of public service did not average much more than two thousand pounds a year. But, then, it should be said that while Mr Gladstone was constantly engaged in contested elections, Lord Salisbury never had to face a contested election in his life. From 1853 to 1868, when he succeeded to the peerage, he was five times returned for Stamford, and always without opposition. In another respect, also, Lord Salisbury was fortunate in that he led a party which, after 1885, was favoured by a long period of office, whereas his predecessor, Lord Beaconsfield, led the same party for a long time in opposition. But the great point which one would like to make is this, that the cases of these three statesmen are cited because they are the cases of the three greatest parliamentarians of the last half of the nineteenth century; and if it be asked what the three most distinguished men of their generation made out of public life, the answer is that, as detailed above, none of them made the income of a company director. These three are the men who, in the last forty years, have attained to the highest eminence in the State and rendered the State the largest service. Yet in the mere matter of money their reward has been almost beneath contempt.

In pursuing the inquiry further, however, one is confronted by the fact that some men have actually made great financial sacrifice in order to serve their country. Probably the Earl of Beaconsfield, Mr Gladstone, and the Marquis of Salisbury made sacrifices in this, that had they turned their brilliant gifts to other purposes they might, had they chosen, have amassed enormous wealth. What might not a man with Mr Gladstone's genius for finance have done on the Stock Exchange? But one would like to speak for a moment of men who have deliberately given up a career in which they were 'making' large sums. The late Sir W. Harcourt, his friends aver, was making fifteen thousand pounds a year at the Parliamentary Bar when he withdrew in order to enter Parliament as member for the city of Oxford in 1868. That income at the Bar might have been continued indefinitely, whereas Sir William gained exceedingly little, in comparison, from his service in the House of Commons. Another member gave up a lucrative practice at the Parliamentary Bar only four years ago in order to seek membership of the House—where, by the way, he has scarcely spoken at all; and yet another leader hopes to make the same sacrifice at the next general election by securing a seat in Scotland. For no one may practise at the Parliamentary Bar and be a member of the House of Commons at the same time.

Perhaps it may be well to explain for the benefit of the uninitiated why this is so, and why a member of the Parliamentary Bar is not as free as a member of the Chancery Bar or the Common Law Bar to enter the House of Commons. The reason is this. Every session a considerable number of private Bills are promoted by corporations, companies, and other bodies for carrying out such work as railway and electrical extension, the supply of gas and water, the construction of docks, harbours, piers, and so forth. These Bills are dealt with mainly by parliamentary committees; and sometimes, as in the case of the Manchester Ship-Canal, the railway extension which converted the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway into the Great Central Railway, and the water Bills promoted by the London County Council, they not only involve millions of capital in themselves, but touch adversely many powerful interests. Expert testimony of the highest kind relating to many aspects of finance, science, engineering, &c. often has to be met, calling for special qualifications apart from mere knowledge of the law and parliamentary procedure. It is obvious that when a man has established a great and brilliant reputation for conducting intricate work of this kind his services are in urgent request. Supposing, however, that amid this legal work a man decides to enter the House of Commons itself. Two objections at once arise. In the first place, he is liable with all other members to be empanelled to serve on one of these committees, and cannot both judge and plead; while, in the next place, to accept large fees on brief or refresher in order to try and induce his fellow-members to give a particular decision on a certain scheme would be highly improper. Thus there is a great distinction between work at the Parliamentary Bar and that in the High Courts, in which private interests alone are being pleaded for. All honour, therefore, to men who give up private work and private gain that they may take part in work in the House itself for the public good.

From what has so far been said it may be inferred that the public service as a money-making profession does not offer a very entrancing prospect, if regard be had simply to Ministerial office and the salary attaching thereto. On reflection, it may indeed seem strange that so many amiable and often well-meaning men should be found eager to undergo the toil of securing a seat in Parliament in order to be compelled during several months of the year to hasten away from their homes and occupations so that they may be in their places in the House at two o'clock, to remain tied during eight or ten hours a day to the dull performance of parliamentary 'duties,' and unable to leave them with confidence before midnight, lest a chance division should

decide the fate of the Government. Is there no recompense except that of office? There certainly is the possibility of a reward which so many members of Parliament prize—that is to say, the possibility of a peerage or baronetcy or knighthood, or one of the many other honours which it is in the power of a Government to bestow.

On looking back over such rewards as these that were given during the existence of the last Parliament—1895 to 1900—one sees that of members of the House of Commons eight received peerages, twenty were sworn of the Privy Council, sixteen were created baronets, and thirteen obtained the dignity of knighthood. Besides that, ten members of the House of Commons were in the same period appointed to judgeships of the High Court in England, Scotland, or Ireland. One was made a Master in Lunacy, and another Attorney-General of the Bahamas, while Lord Curzon (who then sat in the House of Commons) was made Viceroy of India. A few other members received knighthoods in one or other of the various orders of distinction, such as the Order of St Michael and St George. Excluding these last, the above list will show that no fewer than seventy members of the House of Commons obtained some honour or office of profit during the five years that the Parliament lasted. Most of those distinctions went to the party in power. As that party numbered about four hundred, it follows that, counting thirty offices in the Government itself, something like a hundred members of that party had office or other distinction, giving a proportion of one in four. If one were seeking for motive or for some ulterior purpose in those who enter parliamentary life, it would be the easiest thing in the world to take such a list and say, 'There is the explanation: one in four of all the members of the party in power have at least something to show for exertion or sacrifice.'

It is interesting to observe how large a proportion of members of Parliament prefer the honour of a Privy Councillorship. Twenty of the honours in the foregoing list took this particular form. While a Privy Councillorship carries the title of 'Right Honourable,' everybody knows that in practice this prefix is apt to be overlooked, and the Privy Councillor remains plain 'Mr.' It is not a hereditary distinction like that of a peer or baronet, and it gives no title to the holder's wife. Yet there is something about a Privy Councillorship that makes it widely coveted. In the first place, one who has been sworn of the Privy Council takes rank above baronets, Knights of the Bath, Star of India, and of all the other orders save that of the Garter, and above the Knights-Bachelor and judges. In certain functions of the State, notably on the accession of a new Sovereign, there are ceremonies which none below the rank of a Privy Councillor may attend. As most people know, the Privy Council is one of the most ancient bodies in the British constitution. In far-off days it acted as the High Court of Justice, and its Judicial Committee is still the highest court of appeal in the Empire. In matters of State it is still an executive body, the Crown issuing proclamations 'by and with the advice of the Privy Council.' At the same time, it must be said that as a complete body of over two hundred members it never meets, a few of its members connected with the Government of the day usually performing the duties that appertain to it. But there it is; and membership is a distinction of the highest order.

In the present Parliament there has been no falling off in the proportion of Privy Councillorships conferred. Here is a list of the honours bestowed upon members of the House of Commons from the general election of 1900 to date: five peerages, fifteen Privy Councillorships, eighteen baronetcies, fifteen knighthoods. This gives a total of fifty-three honours; while other things that have gone to members of the House of Commons in the same period have included a judgeship of the City of London Court, the Deputy-Mastership of the Mint, the post of representative of the British Government on the Council of the Administration of the Suez Canal, and an important appointment in the Consular Service—all valuable posts. This shows that the average of rewards in the present Parliament is quite as high as that of the last. In the five years of the last Parliament about a hundred members received some office or distinction. In the four years that this Parliament has lasted about ninety members have received office or distinction.

During both the periods spoken of, the honours were bestowed by a Unionist Government. But let it not be supposed that there is any falling off in the relative number when the Liberals are in power. In the three years 1892–95, when the Liberals last held office, there were given to members of that party eight peerages, four Privy Councillorships, fourteen baronetcies, and eleven knighthoods, with such honours as a Grand Cross of the Bath, a Grand Cross of the Star of India, and a Knighthood of the Bath. Appointments included a Lord of Appeal, two Lords-Justices of Appeal, the Recorderships of Sheffield, Manchester, and Swansea, the post of Charity Commissioner, the Chairmanship of the Scottish Fishery Board, and the Governorship of New South Wales. Altogether, something like fifty honours and appointments were conferred in three years by the Liberal Government, to say nothing of the offices in the Government itself. The offices in the Government bring the total up to over eighty, which, for a period of three years that the administration lasted, gives a higher rate than that for the two Unionist Governments that have since been in power.

In the twelve years that have passed since 1892, no fewer than one hundred and eighty members of the House of Commons have received some honour or appointment apart from membership of the Government itself. Why were some of the honours conferred? Effort is sometimes made to obtain with the announcement of an honour a statement of the

reasons for bestowing it; but the demand has always been resisted, and the world has been left to draw its own conclusion. But one cannot help feeling that it is easier now to obtain, say, a knighthood than it used to be. Raleigh and Drake, for instance, rendered service that practically saved the nation, and their efforts were rewarded by a knighthood each. If the peerage alone is considered, it will be found that of all the peers created in the last twenty years—rather more than a hundred—over three-fifths have served for a longer or shorter period in the House of Commons. For that service chiefly they have been raised to a position in the Second Estate of the Realm, with a title that will be perpetuated as long as their male posterity endures. If we look to that fact, and to the large number of Privy Councillorships, baronetcies, knighthoods, and other titles bestowed on members of the House of Commons, it seems clear that, apart from the holding of Government office and from any financial emolument, there are great prizes for public service, and that any one who has means and leisure to devote himself to a political career has a very fair chance of securing one of them.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of *Barbe of Grand Bayou, Bondman Free, John of Gerisau*, &c.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CURE SPREADS.

I AM not going to trouble you with a detailed account of Geoffrey Carrick's experimental work on the raw material and waste-product of the Empire. But, inasmuch as it occupied much of his thoughts at this time, and proved a wonderfully efficacious antidote for the blues which chilled his outlook on life as soon as he returned to town, a passing reference must be permitted now and again.

The work of alteration and adaptation had gone on famously in his absence. What with Colonel Trevor and Sergeant Connacher and Brading, the various workmen had had a time of it! They had had their noses kept to the grindstone in a way that had a deleterious effect on some of them for the remainder of their lives; for all subsequent lazyings were palliated with the reflection, murmured as a rule into an empty pewter with a melancholy wag of the head, 'That *were* a time! D'ye mind yon old bloke with the wooden leg, Jim, on that old house in Grattan Street? My eye, he were a Tartar! Nigger-driver was what he'd ought to ha' been, an' old Bagpipes was another of the same.'

So we may take it that the work owed much to Geoff's assistants in his absence, and that the fact that the great transformation was set in all its completeness, and waiting only for the curtain to rise, was due to the exertions of the military contingent, which had done its best to instil into the British working-man some of its own notions of duty and service.

For weeks the interest of all that neighbourhood had been centred on that house. There was no need to advertise its intentions. They had been discussed and disputed and fought about till every eligible member was hall-marked with visible signs of argument, and on the bubble for the opening night. For one had seen loads of gymnastic appliances going in, another had seen heaps of basket-hilted sticks, and another swore that he had watched the discharge of a cartload of rifles—real up-to-date breechloaders. But he was not believed, and suffered the fate of the too-advanced romancer.

When at last the keen-eyed scouts found a sheet of paper pinned to the door, with this brief announcement in Sergeant Connacher's stiff handwriting: 'Headquarters. Open Wednesday Night, 7 P.M.,' the word sped round the tribes as news flies through the desert, and seven o'clock Wednesday found the door besieged by a motley and disorderly multitude.

Prompt to the second the door swung open, and the eager-faced ones swept in, to the endangerment of Sergeant Connacher's life between door and wall. The advance-wave gasped with surprise, felt suddenly dirtier than usual, then hauled off its varied headgear in a quite unusual accession of confusion at the sudden jerk on to a higher plane than it was accustomed to, and slid into the first seat it could find, with its tongue deprecatingly in its cheek. For the room was filled with long trestle-tables and forms, and the tables were filled with good things, and, moreover, had white cloths on. And it was a fine bright room, panelled in pitch pine and unusually well lighted. From the roof depended ropes with cross-bars and rings; at one end were ladders in various unusual positions, and heaps of other puzzling things; on the wall a great row of fencing-sticks with basket-hilts, and—crowning glory to which every eye drew as to a magnet—a long rack full of rifles with shining stocks and barrels. And he who had suffered by reason of these exulted greatly, and showed it. There was also a piano in one corner—'Law, Bill! Ketch on to ther pianny! Music lessons free! Step along and try yer voices'—which excited much comment, but whose use presently became apparent.

At the far end of the room Geoff and his friends awaited their guests. Colonel Trevor was there, uniformed and bemedalled, and full of satisfaction

at the result of his labours as clerk of the works. Tom Brading was there, smiling almost as broadly as Mrs Connacher, who looked matronly enough to mother the whole company. Lord and Lady Exmoor were there, Exmoor in his naval plumage, and both looking as happy as the happiest newly married couple in the world should look. And last, but by no means least, save in the utterly inconsequential matter of mere size, Captain Dicky Bantam was there, a very great man indeed.

They all got settled down at last, with a little squeezing, for more had come than had been expected; and then Sergeant Connacher's voice rang out as it had rung out in wider and much less pleasant places, and every boy of them jumped in his seat and did what he was told.

'Tenshun, boys! All stand! For what you are about to receive, the Lord make you truly thankful! And that means a sight more than what's on those tables. Sit down!'

Then Mrs Connacher beamed off into a side-room, and in a moment great tin coffee-pots came rushing out like fire-buckets, and army and navy and the navy's wife sped round with them and bade the guests fall to with such hearty invitation that shyness almost vanished and tongues were unloosed. For that coffee did you good just to smell it, and the good things on the tables, though nothing extraordinary, were a treat.

Captain Dicky slid round too among his friends —and enemies—they were all friends to-night; and Mr Squeaker and the rest, who had met Carrick and Trevor at the hospital, gained great *éclat* by the recognition accorded them, and made great capital of their acquaintance.

'That's Cap'n Carrick, just 'ome from Soudan. No; 'im with ther light moustarch. 'Twere 'im carried Dicky off that night.'

''Im with the medals and the stiff leg? 'E's Colonel, V.C. Left 'is leg in Crimea.'

'That other's navy, you bloke! Don't know who 'e is. That's 'is wife, I guess. A1, ain't she?'

And so on, and so on.

When Tom Brading had been out four separate times for extra supplies, whereby several distinct species of novelty were introduced into the faring, and they had all had as much as they could comfortably stow at one sitting, the tables disappeared with the assistance of many willing hands, the forms were lined along the walls, and the company—such a grotesque mixture of tangled heads and bright eyes and rough faces—stood facing Carrick while he gave them a few hearty words of greeting and explanation.

'Well, boys, will it do?'

'Yus, sir!' in a hurricane of keys and tones, but all very expressive, and winding up with a shrill 'Prime!' from the Squeaker.

'Well, now, at most feasts there are certain observances, and we can't do better than follow them. It is usual to remember the Great Giver of all good things. That you have done. Then it is usual to stow away the good things. That you have done. And then it is usual to toast Her Majesty. So, if you please, we will sing "God save the Queen," and see that it goes with a swing.'

Ellen sat down to the piano and struck the chords, and the neighbours for several streets round heard it go with a swing.

'Thank you!' said Geoff. 'It always does one good to hear it sung like that. The last time I heard it was at Tembé Wells, in the Soudan. We had had a hot time of it. It was almost touch and go with us. But when the dervishes turned tail and bolted, some one in the square started "God save the Queen," and I tell you we sang it! Now about this place. When Dicky Bantam and I discussed the idea'—conscious look from Dicky—'Dicky's first question on the subject was, "Any preachin'?" and my reply was, "No preaching!"'

''Ear! 'ear!' and 'Good ol' Dicky!'

'We're not going to preach to you. But, all the same, we're going to give you the chance to make men of yourselves. Dicky's next question was, "Any smokin'?" and my reply was, "Smoking if you want to; but if you'll take my advice you won't smoke till you've got your height. For if you smoke young you never will attain to your full stature and be big, strong men. But there will be no compulsion in this or any other matter."'

''Ear! 'ear!'

'This place is intended as headquarters where you can meet and talk and do anything you want, and the only passport to admittance is good behaviour and cleanliness. And, by the way, the idea of this place sprang out of that fight among you in which Dicky Bantam got his leg broken.'

'Good ol' Dicky!' 'Good ol' leg!' 'Break the other, Dicky!'

'If you want to fight, come here and put the gloves on, and we'll show you how to do it properly. But, mind, no kicking here. Kicking's not the game. Well, upstairs there are rooms for games and reading. In there is a canteen where Mrs Connacher will supply light refreshments at ridiculous prices. There will be drilling-classes for all who want to join, fencing-classes, rifle-drill. When we have shaken down a bit we'll try a band, if you like. There's a room at top of the house just made for band-practice. In the basement there are lavatories and bathrooms. Later on, also, we will think about a uniform and march-outs, which Dicky was strong on, and, if you feel inclined that way, I've no doubt we could manage a fortnight's camp at the seaside in the summer.'

''Ear! 'ear!'

'Sergeant Connacher, who was through the Crimea and Indian Mutiny, will be commandant here. Only mutineers need fear him. You will find him and Mrs Connacher as good friends as any boys could want. Now I want you to give three cheers by way of thanks to Colonel Trevor and Sergeant Connacher and Tom Brading for getting this place in order while I was away.'

And they gave them till the roof shook.

'Who's the other bloke—the navy man?' shrilled the Squeaker, whose small head was getting a bit turned.

'The other bloke—the navy man—is my brother-in-law, Lord Exmoor. You will know him better as Lord Charles Doone of the *Terror*.'

Know him? The neighbours for four streets round knew it by the wild shriek of rapture that went up at his name. Hurrahs, whistles, and stampings. The transformation repairs to that house had been excellently well done or the roof would have gone up and the floor given way.

Exmoor laughingly sprang up on to a chair, and the boys thought he was going to speak to them. But all he said was, 'Now, boys, three cheers and a tiger for Captain Carrick! Hip! hip!'—and the neighbours for five streets round heard what they thought of Captain Carrick.

'Three more for the lydy,' from Mr Squeaker again.

And as soon as they had subsided, Sergeant Connacher and Tom Brading mounted the platform at the end of the room, and the sergeant put grinning Tom through a severe course of bayonet and rifle drill while the spectators got their breath.

Carrick had been looking at his watch several times and watching the door.

'Any of you like a round with the gloves?' he called out. 'There is a gymnastic professor coming shortly to show you the meaning of all these things, but he's a bit late.'

None of them, however, in spite of much friendly hustling and neighbourly exhortation, could muster courage to play gladiator before so large a company. So, to pass the time, Carrick and Exmoor divided them into two companies, Ellen sat down to the piano again and played quicksteps, and the two men led them round in a follow-my-leader fast trot, in and out and round about, till through some mischance they got inextricably tangled and broke off in shouts of laughter. By that time the gymnast had come, and he soon had them all agape with envious emulation as he swooped and swung and twirled on rings and trapeze, did deft tricks on horizontal and parallel bars, and whirled Indian clubs about in mazy evolutions from which his head issued unscathed as by a miracle.

Then they were given the freedom of the place, and they prowled away upstairs and downstairs under Captain Dicky Bantam's guidance, till they felt themselves almost as much at home as Dicky himself; but not quite, for Dicky was to live on the premises and act as aide-de-camp to Sergeant and Mrs Connacher, and he would not have changed places and prospects with any man in London that night. They learned also that the gymnastic instructor was to come two nights in the week to put them up to things, and they could begin at once if they liked; and some of their coats were off in a twinkling, whereby 'Mr Gym' was highly flattered, and expressed the opinion that he'd very soon work their flab into muscle.

It was all very wonderful, and they found it hard to realise that all this was to be theirs every night in the week if they chose. And the very thought of it planted new seeds in many a rough little heart and set it aspiring to better ways than any it had hitherto known.

'Geoff, my boy,' said Exmoor as they walked home that night, 'I've a kind of idea that you've struck oil in Grattan Street.'

'You've given a great many boys a great deal to think about,' said Ellen.

'I think we all enjoyed it as much as they did,' said Geoff.

'I can speak for four,' said Colonel Trevor. 'We'll make little men of those boys yet, and they'll live to bless Captain Dicky Bantam's broken leg and what came of it. It's a great work you've set your hand to, my boy, and I'm going to keep my finger in the pie.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE NATIONALITY OF FISHES.

By F. G. Aflalo.

If the fisherman puts before himself a blank map of the world on what is known as Mercator's Projection, and thereon jots down some of the known geographical limits of sundry groups of fishes, he finds himself confronted with strange problems. With a fish in a pond it is the same as it was with General MacMahon in the Malakoff: '*J'y suis, j'y reste.*' How any kind of fish originally found its way into a landlocked water without present outlet is a question that can be answered only by a careful investigation of whether some outlet did not previously exist. The species may have been introduced by man, or, like Topsy, it may have got there no one knows quite how. But of its remaining—since, unless released by a flood, or suffocated by a drought, or snatched by an otter, or caught by an angler, it has no choice—there can be no shadow of doubt.

A similar restraint, less only in degree, keeps the greater part of river-fishes to their native water; for, with a few known exceptions, they are unable to survive in the brine. The eel, it is true, goes down to the sea to breed; and the salmon and sea-trout, which may be a valid species or a form of brown trout, travel backwards and forwards between the head-waters and the open sea. But the case of the salmon family is a special one, and men of science

are even divided in opinion as to whether the family was in the beginning marine or domiciled in the inland waters. At any rate, several of its members divide their time between the two. These salmonoid fishes belong, with a single exception, to the waters north of the equator. The exception has a special interest for the fisherman with geographical knowledge, for it is a small New Zealander of slight economic importance, but attractive on other grounds, since its natural occurrence in the rivers and estuaries of that distant colony makes it an error to regard the acclimatised trout as the first member of the salmon family to live in these waters. What is perhaps even more interesting to the student of distribution is that the little fish (*Galaxias*) which the early settlers in that country called 'trout' is not a salmonoid at all, but is so dispersed over the Mercator map as to puzzle even the learned. It is truly the most southern of fresh-water fishes, for the thirtieth parallel south determines its northern range, and it is in fact found only in the streams of Cape Colony, Patagonia, and the Falkland Islands, and in the southernmost waters of Australasia.

The case of sea-fish looks at first sight distinct from that of the dwellers in rivers and lakes, for the free and open ocean seems without interruption from the North Atlantic to the South Pacific, and the uninformed might be tempted to expect to find the same fishes in both hemispheres: the schnapper and barracoota sporting round the Eddystone, and our plaice and pollack in the fish-shops round Sydney Harbour. But those who have fished in both places know how different is the harvest of the sea ten thousand miles apart. The visitor at Margate is told by the inevitable longshoreman, who always tenders such lore in return for potential draughts of home-brew, that if he stands at the pier-head and faces just west of north he is looking straight across at Greenland. What is more certain is that you can stand on the Land's End, and, in imagination, gaze across four or five thousand miles of sea to the coast of South America without a single charted island between. Yet between Penzance and Paramaribo considerations of temperature impose barriers in the path of the restless fishes as forbidding as if they were walls of rock.

Even in so small a tract of sea as that which lies around the island in which we live, there are apparently impassable barricades. The wolf-fish, whose ugly head may be seen on most days of the year at Scarborough market or Berwick quay, would probably attract a crowd if exposed for sale on Plymouth Barbican. *Per contra*, the pilchard, which shoals in its hundreds of thousands in Cornish moonlit bays, is rarely, if ever, seen alive on the coast of Yorkshire. The mackerel seems to resent a Fahrenheit temperature appreciably below forty-five degrees, and the greater mackerel-fisheries consequently belong to the southern shores of Britain and Ireland, whereas the herring is more in evidence in the northern waters. Two other northern forms of great interest are the bergylt and torsk, the former being also known as 'Norway haddock,' and though neither a haddock nor particularly characteristic of Norway, it is often brought into Grimsby from the North Sea grounds, and is occasionally taken in the Moray Firth. To the naturalist its chief attraction is that it brings forth living young, a method of reproduction common to very few British fishes. The torsk, which reaches a weight of over forty pounds and a length of forty inches, is a well-known Shetland fish, excellent eating when fresh, but known in more southern markets in the dry state only. It is a slimy fish to the touch, owing to the minute size of its embedded scales, and it has the beard distinctive of many members of the cod family. Mr C. O. Minchin, an angler with experience of many seas, tells me that the longshore-fishermen of Coll, in the Hebrides, had never seen torsk before one occasion when he was present. In Norway the name is applied indiscriminately to several small allied fishes of the cod tribe, having affinities no doubt with *dorsch*, a small codfish that I saw every day during a winter on the shores of the Baltic.

Perhaps the most extraordinary case of what we may call overlapping distribution is that of the three top-knots, commercially insignificant cousins of the plaice. Three of these are found on one part or other of the eastern seaboard of Britain, but one only enters the Mediterranean, occurring nowhere north of Shetland; a second ranges to the Arctic Circle, but ceases south of the Bay of Biscay; while a third, with an extraordinarily restricted domain, occurs only between the English Channel and the Norwegian coast. Some allowance must be made by the open scientific mind for accidents of capture; but the results of very many dredging expeditions warrant the foregoing account of the geography of *Zeugopterus*, which is the more dignified equivalent of the trivial name.

A more appreciated cousin of the top-knots is the sole, and it is a fact that the delicate sole of the more southern portions of the North Sea and of the littoral of the English Channel is almost entirely replaced in Scotch waters by the much less agreeable lemon-sole. This it was, no doubt, which induced Professor M'Intosh to transplant some living soles from the coast of Northumberland to Scotch waters. Whether his experiment has resulted in the supply of the genuine article for the 'sole' of Edinburgh hotel menus, I have not been in the northern capital recently enough to learn. Mr Dannevig made a similar essay to acclimatise North Sea plaice in the bays of Australia, with what success is also as yet undetermined.

That the Strait of Gibraltar, however formidable to the warships of Britain's enemies, should stop the passage east or west of migrating fishes looks at first sight impossible. Yet neither the cod nor the herring, both plentiful in the North Sea and the Atlantic, enters the Mediterranean, though a near relative of the herring, the pil-

chard, known in southern markets as the sardine, is abundant in that sea.

One or two of the world's seas approximate the conditions of lakes, with the water either very salt (as in the Dead Sea), very fresh (as in the Baltic), or almost normal (as in the Black Sea). Each of these has its peculiarities for the fisherman. The Dead Sea, subject to continual evaporation, is highly saline, and its asphaltic water is so baneful to fish-life as quickly to suffocate any fishes washed down when the Jordan is in spate. In the neighbouring Sea of Galilee, on the other hand, the fish are almost as plentiful to-day as at the time of the miraculous draught; among the more common kinds being a cat-fish, which makes itself at home in the baked mud when the waters of the Holy Land are dried up by the burning sun. Visitors to the fish-markets of Nazareth and Safed are frequently struck by the proportion of fish minus their eyes. This is the work of pelicans and fish-hawks; and, though it is ascertained that the eyes must have been gouged out when the fish were young, the loss of their eyesight appears to be no bar to an otherwise prosperous condition. It has been pointed out that many kinds of fish are common to the Jordan and the Upper Nile, and it would look as if these fresh-water fishes were dispersed, by some line of communications since destroyed, from a centre of distribution that has probably contracted to the water which we know to-day as Lake Tanganyika. The Nile, like most African rivers, is not rich in important fishes, though Mr Boulenger has of late years described collections of great interest to science. In the rivers of Morocco I never succeeded in finding anything superior to eels and barbel, though shad regularly enter some of the estuaries, and there are said to be trout in the streams of the Atlas. As to the Nile, the late Charles Williams, who served as war correspondent on three Nile expeditions, once told me that he had seen only three kinds of fish caught in that river. One, a small bream-like fish, was useless as food. A second, which made a passable dish when there was no choice, was a siluroid, which Thomas Atkins became expert in catching on an ammunition hook baited with bully beef. A third, which looked something like our mackerel, though lacking the bars, he saw caught on a stern-line from one of the river-steamers.

The Baltic, which lies in latitudes too cold during the greater part of the year to promote evaporation, receives immense fresh-water rivers. Hence its fishes are closely allied to riverine forms in some cases; and, with a few notable exceptions, its cod and herrings are dwarfed by comparison with the more robust races taken in the North Sea nets.

The Black Sea has a bed so thickly strewn with deleterious sulphur compounds that the lower strata of the water are permeated with sulphide of hydrogen. Now, the eel spawns only at great depths. This is perhaps the reason of its leaving rivers to spawn in the sea. As the uttermost depths of the Black Sea are poisonous from the cause here indicated, there are no eels whatever in that sea, though many of its other fishes are of great commercial value to the Russians.

Two other cases of apparently inexplicable distribution, analogous in some respects with the afore-mentioned association between the Nile and the Jordan, are those of the surviving lung-fishes and arapaimas or osteoglossids. Only three genera of lung-fishes survive out of at least double the number, and of these one occurs only in South America, one only in Africa, the third only in a couple of rivers of Queensland. None exist in either Europe or Asia, and indeed the range of the three in question is in each case very restricted within its own continent. The arapaimas are found only in the Brazilian region, in Central Africa, and in Sumatra, Borneo, and Queensland. The osteoglossid of the last-named country is known by the name of *barramunda;* but I found that this name was very carelessly applied to three very divergent forms: the osteoglossid, the lung-fish (*Ceratodus*), and the giant perch.

The distribution of the salmon family has already been referred to. A very curious and interesting episode of salmon itinerary is seen in the joint estuary of the Avon and Stour at Christchurch, in Hampshire, where 90 per cent. of the fish ascend the former river. This is intelligible only to any one who knows the difference between the limpid Avon and muddy Stour. In like manner, the salmon and trout of Belgium both prefer the clear waters of the Meuse to the discoloured floods of the Scheldt.

There is an insignificant little fish, in appearance not unlike a diminutive perch, known in Britain as the pope or ruffe and in France as *grémille.* For some unaccountable reason this small fresh-water fish is growing scarcer in the rivers of Spain and Italy. In France, on the other hand—where, if we may judge by the silence of Belon and other early writers, it was unknown previous to 1777—it seems to be becoming more plentiful every year in the Seine, Aube, Yonne, Meuse, Garonne, and Dordogne.

Thanks to the inquisitive research of modern science, we know approximately what kind of fish to expect in every quarter of the globe, though the extreme depths of the ocean are likely to retain their jealously guarded secrets for a long while to come, in spite of the latest improvements in dredging apparatus. The rivers of Africa, like the lakes of New Zealand, have in great measure been mapped out by the ichthyologist; and in the last the enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon has repaired the omissions of Nature, with the result that these waters now yield splendid fish undreamt of by the primitive Maori.

Man's share in distributing living fishes is considerable, even apart from such unforeseen and unconsidered accidents of engineering as that which,

through the Suez Canal, opened the Mediterranean to the sharks of the Red Sea. His planned interference in the natural range of fishes has been attended by variously desirable results. French and Belgian anglers are not to-day so unanimous as they were in respect of the merits of the American cat-fish, introduced into their rivers with such enthusiasm a few years ago. If America has sent her undesirables to European waters, has she not also given hospitality to other suspects travelling west? The carp, first introduced experimentally into Lake Erie by the United States Fish Commission, has made itself at home to such purpose that that lake alone is said to give an annual yield of three million pounds weight! Yet, however satisfactory it may be on commercial grounds, American sportsmen look askance at the carp, for the bass-fisherman says that it devours the spawn and fry of his favourite fish, while the duck-shooter declares that it ruins his prospects by tearing up the weed and fouling the water, the ducks being driven elsewhere by such outrage.

Save for occasional experiments with rainbow trout, we do little acclimatising of exotic fish in this country, the work of our fishery boards being rather directed towards preserving our indigenous species and eradicating pike and coarse fish to make room for trout. The Salmon Board of the Yorkshire Esk has of late been much exercised by the proposal of a riparian owner to introduce into that river the grayling, a favourite fish with anglers in other parts of the broad county. It is doubtful whether the Board would have power to interdict a riparian owner minded to introduce what is recognised as a game-fish; but there can be little question about the Esk being a 'hungry' river as it is, the existing salmon and trout having none too much food. The introduction of grayling, then, apart from the complication in the fishing seasons, since the open time for grayling does not correspond with that for trout, is likely to make the case of the prior occupants harder than ever.

These attempts to edit Nature, regarded from the standpoint of sport, will be condemned by the angling masses, however warmly they may be supported by men of means and leisure. The reason is obvious. Working-men anglers, accustomed to coarse fishing, have neither the money nor the inclination for fly-fishing; and the pike, the usual object of extermination, is one of the poor sportsman's favourite fish. It is fatal to fly-fishing for more reasons than one, for not only does it prey on the trout-fry, but its presence among the reeds prevents the larger fish from rising to the fly as surely as a falcon or artificial kite overhead keeps the partridges crouching in the stubbles. The predatory pike, which (on paper) keeps on one side of an imaginary line drawn across Scotland, is, like the pugnacious stickleback, a fish of northern latitudes only. The pike tribe occurs nowhere south of Italy (not even in Sicily) in Europe, and the stickleback ceases south of Algeria. The range of both families in the New World is of latitudinal coincidence with these limits. But, as was already suggested above, there is nothing incomprehensible in the limitations imposed on these fishes of fresh-water. It is when we find the marine forms obeying a mysterious injunction of 'Hold! no farther!' that we have to catch our breath in amazement.

SMUGGLERS' TRICKS.

By S. Baring-Gould.

SMUGGLING effectively is one of those fine arts that has decayed, at least in England, where, as we have duties on little else than tobacco, tea, and spirits, and where we have a seaboard closely watched, it cannot be carried out to any extent successfully. Now and then the revenue men are outwitted, but rarely on a large scale, and never can a contraband trade be carried on for long undetected. It is not at the present day worth men's while to apply their minds to the overreaching of the coastguard, and consequently the art is in its dotage and decline. Attempts are made occasionally to outwit the preventive officers, as when a vessel came into the Colne some years ago with its cordage of twisted tobacco; but it was found out. Oil-cans are made, or were made, with the interior consisting of an inverted funnel of tin. When the officers put in a stick through the neck, and turn it about, they draw it out and find that the rod has been in oil. But the upper bulging sides of the can contain smuggled spirits.

An old woman died lately at Causand, who for long hoodwinked the coastguard by carrying about a baby. This was actually a bottle or jar of brandy, which she drew off from a hidden receptacle of the smugglers. 'You've a very quiet child there; I never hear it cry,' said one of the guards to her. 'That may be,' replied Nanny; 'but I warrant you he's got a deal o' spirit in him.' And he let her pass.

In Gower, at Llangenneth, the runners of smuggled goods had contrived a most ingenious *cache*. A little stream falls in cascades from the mountain above. They diverted the stream, formed a cellar under the spot where the water splashed down, well covered with broad slates above, on which they cast torrent rubble, and in this hid their kegs. But a storm brought the stream down with such violence that one night it tore away the roof and revealed the concealed run goods. In many a farmhouse near

the coast throughout England the chimneys were constructed so as to have a chamber in the depth of the wall, entered through a hole some little way up the chimney; and many a so-called priest's chamber in an ancient mansion, though it may have served as a hiding-place for a Roman chaplain, most certainly served more frequently as a cellar in which to stow away contraband spirits. For the gentry were, in a large number of cases, quite willing to connive at the proceedings of the 'free traders.'

A certain baronet in South Devon, who died not so long ago, was shrewdly suspected of being hand-in-glove with these gentry. At last the officers were constrained to pay him a domiciliary visit. 'By all means,' said the baronet, 'search high and low; here are the keys of my cellars, and here also of the attics.' The functionaries made a good search, and discovered nothing. They had omitted to examine the old yellow-bodied family coach, which all the while was crammed with kegs.

But if the art is in decline to death in England, this is by no means the case on the Continent. In France there are not merely the frontier ports watched, but each town has its *octroi*, and food and liquor entering have to pay a toll, which takes the place of our rates. There is, accordingly, an incessant effort made, not at the frontier only, but in every town, to outwit those who watch to impose a duty or a tax.

There was a local Mrs Jarley who went about with her waxworks in the frontier towns of Belgium and France; and every one of her figures was a receptacle for spirits or Mechlin or Valenciennes lace; and a roaring trade was done by this means, and might have continued had not the manageress of the show quarrelled with one of the underlings about some small advance in wage.

'No such a being exists as a *small* enemy,' said Talleyrand; and so this fellow proved. He betrayed the whole thing. Next time that the waxworks passed the frontier the figures were examined. The Sultan of Morocco, though strictly forbidden by the Koran to take fermented liquor, was full of cognac; Rousseau, with the *contrat social* in his hand, was packed with lace; Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, had his bosom and his mitre charged with English silks; Marat, bleeding in his bath, was full of English jams, even sugar; and Charlotte Corday was nothing other than a great case of comfits.

Perhaps one of the cleverest and boldest attempts to outwit the Customs officers was perpetrated after the battle of Lützen, in which Marshal Bessières was killed by a ball. Some cunning smugglers on the Rhine, having heard that the deceased marshal's body was to be conveyed to Paris, there to be buried, hastily got up a funeral convoy, with a coffin stuffed with English goods and accompanied by a carriage on which were painted the armorial bearings of the deceased, and a disguised smuggler as a hussar, and pretended mourners, came to the frontier. The aide-de-camp, with crape on his arm, presented credentials, forged of course, and demanded to be allowed to pass. But the head of the *douaniers* hesitated. He demanded to have the coffin opened. The aide-de-camp and the mourning cortège protested indignantly; and a compromise was agreed to, that a post should at once be sent to Marshal Kellermann to know whether the coffin was to be allowed to pass unexplored. The gallant officer sent word at once that no examination was to be made. But in the meantime arrived an outrider to announce that the funeral train of Marshal Bessières was on its way. What? two bodies, and two funerals! The *douaniers* at once unscrewed the coffin, and the sham aide-de-camp and the pretended mourners took to their heels.

At the time when Napoleon was enforcing the Continental blockade against English goods he had all warehouses in the ports examined, and if anything English was found it was taken into the market-place and there burnt. Now, at Antwerp a merchant had his stores filled with English printed cottons, muslins, and other materials. The seals were affixed to the door, and perquisition was to be made on the morrow. But the good man had a secret entrance to his warehouse, and during the night he and a number of workmen emptied his bales of the English materials, and stuffed them with old sailcloth, rags, paper, old mats. Next day the officers arrived, carried forth the bales, and made a great bonfire of the whole.

At one time Portuguese gold was worth more than Spanish, and the Custom-House officers watched the frontier to prevent the introduction into Spain of this gold.

One night some *contrabandistas*, carrying a good deal of this gold, were in the forest of Ledesma, near Ciudad Rodrigo, and lodged in a tavern there, when a spy brought them news that the Customs officers were after them. They had to fly, but confided the gold to the hostess, Doña Lopez, who at once secreted the bags about her body, attaching them to her stays. But the amount weighed so heavy that she could hardly move.

In came the officers of Government, and demanded of her where were the smugglers.

'The men have been here,' she replied, 'but have gone again. This is a tavern, and I am obliged to take in whoever comes for shelter. I ask no questions, so am told no lies.'

'Well, we must search the house.'

'Search if you will, but don't worry me. I tell you the men are gone, and as they were heavy laden they cannot have run far.'

Nothing having been found in the inn, the officer in command said, 'Come, *doña*, get up out of your chair; we must search that.'

'Indeed!' she replied; 'what next? Don't you see how fat I am? My fat makes me sedentary. It is as much as I can do to roll from my bed to my chair, and back from my chair to my bed.'

Not till some years later did the secret come out how she had concealed the smuggled gold.

At the time when Joseph Bonaparte was king of Spain a good many individuals, even highly placed, enriched themselves at the expense of the revenue.

One day a *contrabandista* met a brigadier at Segovia, about to return with empty caissons to Madrid.

'Look here, my friend,' said he, 'I want you to convey for me a quantity of cannon-balls and shells to the capital—as many as your horses can draw.' Then he showed him piles of these munitions of war. The brigadier demurred; the weight would be prodigious. 'Bah!' replied the smuggler. 'They are all of blackened pasteboard, and are full of velvets, tobacco, brandy, and liqueurs. Get them safe into the Prado, and you shall be paid for your pains seventy-five louis d'or. They will let cannon-balls past the barriers without taxing them.'

The brigadier agreed, and managed to get them into the Prado at Madrid in the night; but as those in the plot were unloading the goods up rode an officer.

'Hallo!' said he. 'The very thing we want. I have orders to send a convoy of shot to Seville, wanted against those dogs of English.' And he confiscated the lot; but, finding them remarkably light, broke one, and forth gushed the finest cognac.

In Paris, for some time, by an ingenious contrivance, a good deal of wine and spirits was passed beyond the barriers without paying duty. A subterranean passage had been made from the village of Les Vertus, near St Denis, in the house of a citizen, and it led into the cellar of a blacksmith near the Foire St Laurent. The passage was lined with planks well greased, and kegs were sent rolling along it, filled with every kind of merchandise that ought to pay toll at the *octroi*. At the blacksmith's there were extensive cellars, in which these goods were stored. But one who was in the secret betrayed it, and the officers of the law came down suddenly on the blacksmith, penetrated to the mysterious cellars, and with the contents loaded seventeen wagons.

At the present day a great source of annoyance to the Spanish frontier guards is the extensive smuggling that goes on from Gibraltar, and dogs are trained as the mediums. They have laces and all kinds of English produce sewn round their bodies, and are let loose. They know perfectly whither they are to go; and the guards fire on all such dogs as they see coursing over the country. In the same way, in Perigord, dogs are educated to poach truffles, which they dig up and hide in known *caches*, where their masters can recover them.

On the Swiss and French frontier an Italian plied his trade. He had a bear, and a monkey that sat on the back of Bruin. Sometimes he was in France, sometimes in Switzerland. But actually the beast he travelled with was an ass. Tin receptacles had been formed adapted to his sides and back, and these were filled with brandy, and the whole was covered over with the skin of a huge bear.

As the showman with his beasts passed the frontier one day, as ill-luck would have it his bear gave voice.

'Hallo!' said the Custom-House officer; 'what a very remarkable Bruin that brays like a donkey!' and so the trick was discovered.

There lived near the French frontier a learned ornithologist, who not only himself had a collection of rare stuffed birds, but he also was consulted by amateurs and by learned societies throughout Europe when collections were sought to be made up; and he undertook to procure the specimens that were desired in France or Germany or England. Consequently there was constantly going on a trade in ornithological specimens over the frontiers, and usually our *savant* accompanied these, as they were rare and valuable, and liable to injury if roughly handled. Now, it so chanced that he bought a live parrot, with which it entertained him to converse. After a meal he would stand by the perch and say, 'Poll! pretty Poll! When you are dead I will stuff you with laces,' or else, 'Poll, I will stuff you with eau de Cologne.' Now, it fell out that once our naturalist was conveying a collection of specimens across the frontier, and, unluckily, he had his parrot with him. At the Custom-House, all at once it screamed out, 'Pretty Poll! When you are dead I will stuff you with lace! Poll! Poll! when you are dead I will stuff you with eau de Cologne.'

'I will trouble you,' said the Custom-House officer, 'to let me investigate your collection of stuffed birds.'

'Ay!' said the ornithologist bitterly. 'Pretty Poll! I shall wring your neck for telling secrets.'

The Austro-Bavarian frontier from Passau to Eger runs along through a forest land, the Bairischerwald and the Böhmerwald, and this has to be watched, with stations at short intervals. One of the *Zollbeamter* or Custom-House officers, a bachelor, lodged in the house of a *Förster*, a Government functionary whose duty it was to attend to the woods, and to shoot the game, for which he accounted, and who was a married man.

Now, all this frontier is notoriously infested with smugglers. The forester was in league with them, and he crossed the border and brought over packets of tobacco, which he concealed in the paunches of hares, deer, foxes—any beast that he killed. This went on for a long time, and the Custom-House servant was wholly unconscious of the traffic that went on under his nose.

The forester became so daring and reckless through success that sometimes in the wood he would give up a deer or any other of his booty, well charged with smuggled goods, to the other official, and say, 'Be a good fellow, and carry this home for me. I am after a confounded fox.' And the Customs man with alacrity did as required.

One day the forester handed him a fine fat hare, and made the same request. 'I want to track a wolf,' he said, 'so cannot get home for some hours.' The *Zollbeamter* agreed, and threw the hare over his shoulder and took it home. But on reaching the

cottage he said to the wife, 'See! This is a very plump hare, and Fritz says that we shall have her for our supper. So I will clean the beast for you.'

'On no account!' exclaimed the forester's wife, and laid hold of the hare.

'But I insist,' said the man, grasping the hare by the forepart. She endeavoured to pull it away, and between them dragging, the hare burst, and out fell packages of tobacco.

One more story with which to conclude.

At Marseilles, as in other French towns, all cattle and beasts brought to market are taxed as they pass the barrier of the *octroi*.

A friend of the *douanier* betted him that he would outwit him. 'I defy you to do it,' said the officer. 'I will bet you twenty francs you do not.'

'Done!' said the other.

A day or two after, a girl who lived beyond the barrier rushed up to the *octroi* officer, with tears in her eyes and wringing her hands. 'Oh monsieur! Help! help! My mother has the plague.'

'What do you want, mademoiselle?'

'Oh, help! help! She must be taken at once to the hospital. I have got her in the arm-chair. Help to carry her.'

'I cannot leave the office.'

'Oh, do! Let your assistant keep watch.'

The good-natured man consented. There was alarm in Marseilles. There had been several cases of plague, or suspected plague. So he accompanied the girl. A couple of poles were thrust under the chair, and he walking before, she behind, conveyed the patient, who groaned, grunted, and was closely muffled, along the road, past the *octroi*, into the town, where the officer was met by his friend, who stopped him.

'Ah-ha! *mon ami*. Whither are you going?'

'To the hospital. This is a case of the plague.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed his friend, and snatched off the mufflers. 'Why, you are conveying an old sow through the barriers, and it has not paid tax. Hand me the twenty francs.'

A DREAM OF THE WEST.

In the heart of the West lies an island—
An island of gray mist and gale,
Of lone shore and far-stretching headland,
Of crags which the clouds wreath and veil,

Of dawns whose pale skies have the pearl's light,
Nights of velvet gloom 'broidered in gold;
Days when earth's face is mirrored in water,
Line for line, shade for shade, fold for fold.

A land of lost past and dumb present,
Yet with story for eyes that can read
In the faces and hearts of her people
Blurred pages o'erwritten by need.

For the South, with its pride and its riches,
And its sons with their gilded disdain,
For the land in their eyes but a playground,
For the seas whose bright treasures they drain,

They have frozen the hearts of the people,
They have laid the wild legends of yore;
For how can a man think of sagas
With the whine of the wolf at his door?

So the hills watch alone o'er their secrets,
And the wave laps the rock that has seen,
In the dim light that shines before dawning,
How the shade of a King sought his Queen.

And this is the song that they sang me,
The dark rock and silver-voiced wave,
As I sat by them, silent and mourning
O'er the past of which time marks the grave:

'The mist is gold on the headland,
The purple is deep on the hill;
And the sorrowful cry of a rock-fretted sea
Echoes on, where all else is still.

'But over its fire-touched bosom,
Past shadowy island and shore,
Comes slowly the shape of a fisher's boat,
With a gleam on the dipping oar.

'And the man that is in her is Cuchullin,
The King of the Four-Winged Isle,
Whose hair has the fire of the sunset,
Whose eyes have the foam-crest's smile.

'He is gazing across to the hillside,
Where the shadows lurk misty and dim,
And the sea-fowl that herald the tempest
Circle shrieking, dip downward, and skim.

'What is it that Cuchullin is seeking?
A gray form like mist-wraith or sprite,
With cloak that the wind shakes and flutters,
With hair like the dark wings of night.

'Ay, hark! for he calls full softly,
As the boat glides on to the shore;
Is he heard by the ears that are listening,
As they listened in ages of yore?

'"Ah, Morag, fair Princess of Ireland,
Thou hast left thy dark cairn on the hill;
And the voice that was ever thy waking,
Can it sound in thy sleeping ear still?"

'"Nay, Cuchullin, thou King of the Fire-Hair,
Dost think that those curtains of stone
Round the bed where thy Queen lay in slumber
Could deaden that voice and that tone?

'"Love, but I heard thy voice calling,
In dreams knew thou wast at hand,
Before, over the gray of the morning sea,
There rose to thy sight the land."'

LILIAN NAPIER.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE COOLIE EMIGRANT.

THE scorching heat of an Indian sun blazes down on Adjudhia's crowded streets, driving the motley throngs to the scant shelter of bazaar or *dharmsala* (travellers' rest).

These are the days of the great bathing-festivals, and the streams of 'damp devout,' having washed away the sins of the past year, and satisfied *pro tem.* the pecuniary demands of the priest, leave the ancient temples huddled together in gray piles on the banks of the sacred Gogra stream for the booths and *tamashas* (native shows), the never-failing concomitants of religious display in India. This is the coolie-recruiter's harvest-time. Will not the generous *Sirkar* (Government) pay him in silver rupees for every son of the soil won by his persuasive tongue for service in the far-off countries? Well Ramjani knows his 'happy hunting-grounds.' He seldom attempts his arguments in the remoter jungle villages; he values his skin too highly for that, for new ideas do not find favour in these communities. Their depth of ignorance has a corresponding depth of suspicious fear, with an unshaken faith in the efficacy of a stout bamboo for leaders of new movements. Yet Ramjani knows well that it is just these men that, once secured, are the best working article. He patiently waits his opportunity to 'speak him fair' when the great event of his yearly visit to sacred city and holy shrine has removed him from the everyday influences of his life, and rendered his mind more expansive. The 'yokel' has much the same characteristics whether his skin be white or black, his native hamlet embosomed on the green slopes of some remote Yorkshire dale or buried in the tangles of an Indian jungle. It needs very little penetration to spot him, and practice has made it a very easy job to our friend the recruiter. Curiosity aroused and suspicion lulled, courage awakes, and Psuldham is seized with the spirit of enterprise (and cupidity). He and Sukee-Thesa (his almond-eyed wife) are tired of the old mother's scoldings. Why should not they and the *batcha* (baby) go and become rich like old Ghosé the fat village *bania* (money-lender)? So he listens to Ramjani's reasonings. The great *raj* has lands across the sea; not the cold, damp country that the *sahib* calls 'Home,' but rich and beautiful lands, with the warm sun of Hindustan, where the soil is so fertile that the plantations yield abundantly to the toil of the labourer, whose earnings are trebled. 'Five days' work out of the seven, at seven hours a day, and a shilling a day, will soon make a man rich.'

Presently Psuldham finds himself standing before the great collector *sahib*, who reads to him in his own village tongue the words which bind him to work five years for the *Sirkar*, who in return will be a father to him, giving him house-room in health, medicine in sickness, and warm clothes for the long journey over the dark water. He is duly enlisted, and now becomes a Government article, to be forwarded with all due care and despatch.

In company with other parties of coolies, under charge of 'forwarding agents,' he starts for Calcutta. 'Dry food' (the native term for anything eatable that does not come under the category of rice-curry or *chapatti*), that may be eaten by any caste, is supplied by the Government to the emigrants, who, after weary days and nights in the train, arrive dazed and travel-worn in Calcutta, which must, indeed, be to them a land of wonders, the 'City of Palaces.' Many have never seen a ship, and are now confronted with the varied and crowded shipping of the Hooghly. Dingies carry the new-comers down the river to their first resting-place, the depôt in Garden Reach.

A dip from the bathing-steps, followed by a good meal and a night's rest, has made new men of the travellers, and they are able to take stock of their surroundings whilst confabulating with the hundreds of other coolies who are waiting till the numbers are complete for the big steamer lying at the end of the jetty.

A two-storied house with wide, shady verandas contains the offices and residence of the English Government emigration agent. The building, which

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dates from the days of the old merchant princes, stands back from the river, and is approached by a fine old avenue of the crimson *goldmohur*-tree, with glimpses of a wide green lawn dotted with flower-beds, in which, during the three comparatively cool months of the Calcutta winter, English flowers run riot. A path from the main avenue leads to the depôt where the coolies are lodged, sometimes to the number of a thousand at a time, in neat wooden huts: a big family, for whose health and discipline the English manager is responsible to the Government. So six o'clock every morning sees him moving round the grounds, with an eagle eye for work possibly scamped and an ever-ready ear for the new-comer's inquiries and anxieties. A 'history-sheet' is drawn up for each emigrant, and on the same are entered marks of identification, with names of the next-of-kin, to whom, in the event of an emigrant's death, his earnings and possessions are forwarded. A little hospital, with an eye-ward and a hospital assistant, provides for cases of sickness or ophthalmia, which are reported to the health-officer at his next visit. The coolies keep their own grounds in order and help in the weeding and watering of the gardens till eight o'clock brings the breakfast-bell, and the hungry workers sit in orderly rows to enjoy the big helps of curry and rice which are rapidly ladled out by the Brahman cooks from enormous *chatties* mounted on wheels, so that the double lines of empty plates are quickly piled with the savoury mess. A similar meal is served at 5 P.M., and the emigrants make merry with weird music till 'order' is called, and the *chowkidar* (watchman) keeps watch till dawn.

The week before the boat sails is a busy one. The contractor provisions the vessel with the rice and curry stuffs for the eight hundred odd souls during a voyage of nearly three months. Flour, too, must be provided for the *chapatties* (unleavened cakes), which are the staple food of many of the emigrants. Below decks the 'passengers' accommodation' is divided into three sections: married quarters, bachelors, spinsters; a sort of raised platform on either side of the saloons filling the double rôle of beds and tables.

On the day of departure each emigrant begins operations with an early dip in the river, after which the coolies are presented with a new suit of cotton clothing and head-gear differing in hue according to the districts from which they are recruited—a somewhat important matter for the employers of labour, for some men can command a better wage than others, the planters being anxious to secure the hardier and more powerfully built Central Province man. Each coolie has his number embossed on a tin circle suspended round the neck; and the 'ornament' gives unbounded satisfaction to the owner. Some of the grubbier members are presented with a piece of sunlight soap, which oftener than not is tasted before the individual realises that this article is for 'outward application' only. The morning meal finished, the men and women stand in orderly rows near the jetty, waiting for the health-officer's inspection: an anxious time for the Government agent, for a case of fever may be detained till the doctor is satisfied that there is no fear of the dread plague developing; and a delay of this sort, when all the preparations (victualling, &c.) are completed may mean a serious loss to the Government and their contractors.

If all are passed the embarkation commences, the emigrants being sent on board in parties of six at a time. *Place aux dames:* first the spinsters, then the married people with their children, and last the gay bachelors. At the end of the gangway two British tars are stationed, one helping the women and children, whilst the other presents each emigrant with a bright-coloured blanket. New clothes, blankets, &c. put the whole family in excellent good humour; and the scene, as we watch it from the upper deck, where the handsome old Scotch captain dispenses a farewell tea to his friends, is quite a gay one. The coolies, pleased and amused with their novel experience, are decked out in their brightest corals, beads, and ornaments; and the women, one arm holding a baby on the hip and the other a small fan or some particular household treasure, make delightfully picturesque groups. Presently it seems to dawn on one vivacious dame that she is leaving home and country, for with alarming suddenness she gives vent to violent laments and weeping, in which she is ably seconded by other excited ladies. The captain takes it very calmly, and assures us that they, like women all the world over, will be relieved by a good 'weep,' and that a few hours will see them quite resigned and eager for the privilege which the 'captain *sahib*' affords to little parties of women and children to sun themselves peacefully on his deck.

The last scene is the inspection of the lascars (the native crew), and then the bell goes, and we scramble hastily across the gangway, wishing a good voyage and a happy fortune to the outward-bound emigrants.

This has been a field-day to the emigration agent and his officials, who, the secretary tells me, have been hard at work since 6 A.M., with a hastily snatched interval for lunch; and even now, although the red sun is sinking in the Hooghly, they have yet an hour or more of office-work. The secretary, however, is free to dispense hospitality, and gives us many interesting particulars as to the emigration scheme. The post of doctor on board one of these vessels is eagerly sought for; for, besides liberal pay, the doctor receives a capitation fee for each coolie safely landed, and if he is lucky enough to get a return ship, makes quite a neat little sum.

A very fair percentage of the coolies settle down when their five years' contract is concluded, and start little shops on the estates, or even cultivate their own plot of land. A very creditable proportion, too, of their earnings is sent home to India to

the 'old folk.' In spite of his many faults and failings, the native of India very seldom forgets his family obligations. I remember having this fact very forcibly brought home to me in Calcutta. One Saturday evening, while walking through Bhwanipur, one of the poorest native suburbs, I saw the little post-office fairly besieged by double lines of natives with money-orders in their hands, waiting to send a part of the week's earnings to the old homes. All castes and classes were represented. Here a ragged coolie and a sleek *baboo;* farther down the line a very youthful clerk was helping a fine-looking old grandfather, who had evidently forgotten his spectacles, to write out his form.

India's affairs and administration are much criticised by those who know least about them; but the implicit trust with which these thousands of emigrants consign themselves to the white man's care gives ample proof that this department is worked with unremitting zeal and an intelligent understanding of the wants of this working-man section of India's toiling millions.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER XIV.—WIDENING WAYS.

GEOFF'S leave was running out, and his mind was still on the balance as to his future course.

His own strong inclination was to send in his papers. His friends all advised the opposite.

'It's throwing overboard a good many years of your life and of jolly hard work,' said Exmoor. 'And it isn't as though you had a beastly big estate to look after, you see. What on earth would you do with yourself, old chap?'

It had been on the tip of his tongue to say, 'It's not even as though you were married, you see;' but he bit it off in time. That was a phase of the matter he and Ellen often discussed in private and regretted; but it was no good stirring up bitter memories.

'Oh, I don't know,' Geoff would answer him. 'Travel, I suppose. Go off on a big shoot, maybe—Abyssinia, or some such place.'

'That's all well enough for a time, but'—with a knowing wag of the merry head—'I doubt if it would satisfy you long. You're not built that way.'

Colonel Trevor's advice was much the same; but, in spite of them all, Geoff still felt a strong disinclination to spend the rest of his life bucking up, as he said, against the Colonel Everetts of the British army.

Bethinking himself of his promise to the Grand Duke of Eisenach, he called upon him one day, and found him, as before, up in his laboratory busy among his bottles and test-tubes.

'Ah, Mr Challis, it is good of you to think of the solitary,' was his kindly greeting. 'What have you been doing with yourself? But some of your doings I have heard of.'

'Nothing very detrimental, I hope?' smiled Geoff.

'Very much to the contrary. Grattan Street, for instance.'

'Ah, that! Yes, Grattan Street is rare fun.'

'And a very great deal more than fun. I wonder if you would let me have a finger in the pie also?'

'Ah, now, I believe Trevor has been telling your Highness fairy tales.'

'Would that there were more such fairy tales to be told! You have lit on a good work, and are doing it the right way. What have you decided about the army?'

'I promised to see your Highness before finally deciding. I find it very difficult to reconcile myself to stopping on, and sooner than exchange and allow them the pleasure of thinking they had ousted me, I would quit altogether.'

'In which case the pleasure, such as it is, would still be theirs,' smiled the Grand Duke thoughtfully. 'You have been much on my mind, and I have a suggestion to put before you. What would you say to a military attachéship? The life is pleasant and interesting. You named the diplomatic service. A military attachéship combines something of diplomacy with your own special line, but leaves you practically a free man. In about a year from now the position at Vienna falls vacant. I have learned that Lieutenant-Colonel Basing wishes to retire. It is not, as you know, offered as a rule to any lower grade; but I think it could be managed if you feel like it. Pray don't imagine I am interfering in matters outside my sphere. The matter came up quite casually one night in conversation with—with a person who shall be nameless,' he said, with a smile. 'I thought of you at once, and ventured to suggest your name. And what do you think the Nameless One said, Mr Challis—or, let me see, Mr Carrick, I suppose I ought to say now?'

'I have no idea, your Highness—unless it was something unpleasant.'

'On the contrary. He said, "The very man for it if he'll go." Then, naturally, we fell to talking about you, and I was rejoiced to find that his feelings in the matter were very similar to my own. Some one who was out there had evidently opened his eyes concerning the Tembé affair, and he had some strong words to say about it. What do you say? Perhaps you would like to think it over. You see, at Vienna I could be of some service to you; I know so many people there. They are apt to be somewhat exclusive with strangers at first; but, as I say, that need not trouble you. You speak German, I know.'

'I was two years at Götteburg, your Highness.

To hesitate over such a matter would seem like carping at the bloom on a perfect peach. If the offer were made to me I would accept it with very great pleasure.'

'I believe you would enjoy it. There is work enough, and of a special importance, to keep your mind active; but, except perhaps during the manœuvres, it is not too heavy. The society is, of course, of the very best, and—you are your own man.'

'That last alone is an irresistible temptation. How am I to thank your Highness for this kind thought of me?'

'I will tell you, my boy; though, if you will believe me, this idea was not knowingly present in my mind when the other came to it. You might possibly be of service to us in this way—though, on the other hand, the opportunity may never arise. Our madcap of Gerisau persists in his crazy adventure in Dacia. I have done my best to dissuade him. We have all done our best to dissuade him. But he is *entêté* of the whole matter. There is a glamour in a crown which hides the thorns, and he is young and headstrong. I do not think he will have as pleasant a time as he imagines. A crown at best is burdensome headgear, and this one is too new and crude not to be full of points which only time will blunt. He laughingly quotes Bismarck's playful remark that it will be something to look back upon, and forgets the implication that he will not retain it. If you were at Vienna you would be his near neighbour. In case of need you might render him friendly service.'

'I don't need to assure your Highness that that service should be his to the fullest extent of my powers.'

'I know it, Mr Carrick, and I thank you. He is a fine lad, but hot and headstrong, and with little idea of what he is undertaking.'

'Madcap Hal became Henry V.,' suggested Geoff.

'Truly; but after all he was of the country he ruled. An alien king brings his own thorns to his crown. It might be as well to keep your own counsel in this matter, for the present at all events. Premature advertisement of the appointment might cause ill-feeling in some quarters. One other idea I have thought of for you, and it runs with this one. In view of this prospect, why not take a year at Farnborough?'

'At the staff college, you mean?'

'Exactly. The work is stiff, I believe; but, circumstanced as you happen to be, I can see advantages in it. You could not complete the course, but even the half might prove of service in your later work.'

'I would like it immensely. I cannot thank your Highness enough for all your thought of me.'

'I am thanked already, my boy. And now about Grattan Street. I want to see your work in progress there. When will you take me down?'

'I am entirely at your Highness's service.'

'Have you any engagement for to-night?'

'I am quite free.'

'Then, if you will favour me with your company at dinner at—shall we say 7.30, so as to leave us the evening afterwards? What time do they close up?'

'Oh, not till eleven or so. You see, the idea is to keep them off the streets, and if we turned them out too early we should defeat our object.'

'Then we will say 7.30, Mr Carrick.'

'I trust her Highness is better,' said Geoff as the old man held his hand at leaving.

But the fine white head only shook sadly, and his voice shook too, as he quietly replied, 'There is but one cure for her, I fear, and that is only in God's hands to bestow.' Then he wrung Geoff's hand and went back to his bottles and test-tubes.

It was an odd thing that two matters of such moment in Geoffrey Carrick's life should happen on the same day.

He had an appointment with his bankers, and was strolling along Pall Mall in the direction of the Strand, when he passed an estate agent's window in which were displayed a number of large photographs of houses and estates for sale.

His eye swept over them quite casually. Nothing was farther from his thought at that moment than the purchase of an estate or a house. But the casual glance lighted suddenly on something familiar, and he went quickly to the window for closer investigation.

A placid stretch of sheltered loch. Mighty hills piled in statuesque grandeur beyond it. Below them, on an islet of rock, a gray house peering from a screen of crowding firs: 'The Island, Estate, and Dwelling-house of Innismohr, with all the appurtenances thereof;' and there followed a description of the shootings, fishings, and general inducements to purchase.

And the sense of its remoteness, its quiet aloofness from the stress and strain of life, its holy calm, took hold on him again, as it had done when he viewed it in actuality from the deck of the *Seamew*, and with it all there sprang up in his heart, full-grown and importunate, a sudden irresistible craving for possession.

He walked into the office.

'This place—Innismohr,' indicating the photograph. 'Is it to let or for sale?'

'Only for sale, sir. To wind up an estate. Beautiful property.'

'And the price?'

'Thirty-five thousand pounds. The island is six miles long and about four miles wide. Shooting and fishing are excellent.'

'That is the proprietor's price, I presume?'

'The trustees in bankruptcy, sir.'

'Will you find out for me just what will be accepted for it, and let me know, to this address?' and he went on his way to his bankers'.

It was a considerable sum to invest in a mere whim. In the light of his talk with the Grand Duke, opportunity for humouring the whim might not readily present itself; and yet he felt strangely

drawn to the place. In his query as to the lowest price that would be accepted he simply followed the instincts of a practical man, who knew the value of money, and saw no reason for throwing it away just because he happened to have plenty of it. He knew nothing whatever of the circumstances of the case. Never for a moment did he dream that herein Giant Circumstance, whom some of us delight to dignify by a nobler name, had laid hold upon him once more and was drawing him whither it would, which was the right way. All that he learned in time.

He dined alone with the Grand Duke, waited on by attendants of funereal solemnity; and, but for the quiet cordiality of his host, the monumental silence and depression of the great house would have weighed upon him terribly. For he could not but contrast it with what might have been but for that dreadful day up Nile, when the light of the House went out for ever.

'I rarely dine out,' said his Highness as they rose, 'but I generally spend half-an-hour or so at one or other of the clubs. It is as well not to fossilise completely, even if life is practically over for you. If you don't mind, we will just look in at the Naval and Military. It is on our way.'

So they walked down Piccadilly, Geoff wondering amusedly if the old gentleman had any ulterior motive in his suggestion. Whether that was so or not, the gods favoured the supposition, if not the design; for, as chance would have it, the first person they met as they went in was Colonel Everett coming out. The Grand Duke returned his salute somewhat coldly, as it seemed to Geoff, and made no remark on the meeting. Colonel Everett went thoughtfully on his way.

His Highness had many friends there, and Geoff found several men he knew, and after a cigar and a brief chat with one and another, and a glance at the latest despatches, they went on to Grattan Street.

'After working all day among abstractions I always enjoy an evening stroll through the streets,' said the old man as they paced slowly along. 'They are so very human. High-class, low-class, no class maybe, but all alive and throbbing.'

'Wait till you see my boys, sir, and you'll see life at its springs. Some of them, I'm sure, run quicksilver in their veins instead of ordinary blood. If they kept quite still they would come to grief.'

'To head that young life into right courses is a great work, Mr Carrick, and a mighty privilege.'

And Headquarters fully justified Geoff's saying. It was like a teeming hive; but in it also there was found order of its kind amid all the seeming confusion.

It was Mr Gym's night. The rings, trapezes, and bars were all in full swing. At the far end of the room, half-a-dozen couples in boxing-gloves were vigorously applying the principles in which they had just been receiving instruction, while Colonel Trevor, leaning on his stick, laughed over their zeal and egged them on to greater. In another place Sergeant Connacher had a dozen lively spirits revelling in the click and clash of fencing-sticks. And wherever the eye fell it fell on strenuous, hot faces and shaggy heads and quick-glancing eyes, and white arms below rolled-up, dingy shirt-sleeves.

Trevor came forward and shook hands with the Grand Duke.

'I can't keep away from the place,' he said laughingly. 'I believe some of their superfluous energy gets into one and tends to the renewing of one's youth.'

'I shouldn't be a bit surprised,' said his Highness. 'I have noticed an air of increasing juvenility about you, colonel, and now I've got to the bottom of it. I must try a cure on the same lines.—May I shake your assistants by the hand, Carrick? If I was younger I'd take off my coat and help.'

Sergeant Connacher permitted his troop a rest, which they turned to account in private scrimmages, while the Grand Duke had a chat with him. Sharp ears caught his introduction, and quick whispers flew round that the old cove with the white hair and the stiff back was the Duke of Cambridge, and every boy there swelled suddenly with pride at this endorsement of Headquarters.

Mr Gym performed some of his neatest and most captivating evolutions for the distinguished visitor, and received his eulogiums with becoming modesty.

Then Geoff caught Captain Dicky's twinkle upon him, and beckoned him up, to Dicky's everlasting glory.

'This is the youngster out of whose broken leg the whole idea originated, your Highness,' as Dicky saluted, wide-eyed.

'Good lad!' said the Grand Duke, with a friendly pat on the rumpled head. 'Never was leg broken to better advantage.'

'Why, what's wrong with your lips, Dicky? You've been fighting,' said Carrick.

'No, I—no, sir!' snapped Dicky, and turned a beseeching eye on the sergeant.

Connacher nodded. The small boy saluted, sped into the canteen, and reappeared in a twinkling with a bugle, polished up to lightning-point, but visibly aged and dented. He stood like a statue, placed it to his lips, and sounded a very fair 'assembly,' with swelling cheeks and bulging eyes, and pride incarnate radiating from him.

There was a racket on the stairs as of a load of bricks attempting a record descent; rings, trapezes, boxing-gloves, and basket-hilts were discarded; and the whole available strength of the lion's cubs were panting before the visitors.

'Capital! Capital!' said the Grand Duke.

'That's quite a surprise, sergeant,' said Geoff.

''Twas so intended, sir,' said Connacher, with a gratified salute. 'We bin practising it when you wasn't here. An' that boy's nearly blown his lips off in that room upstairs.'

'He deserves a medal,' said the Grand Duke, and

found a shilling in his pocket and handed it to the jubilant Dicky for lip-salve.

Then his Highness must look into the canteen for a word with Mrs Connacher, which set her beaming like a setting sun.

The shaggy mob was still waiting expectantly when he came out, and he gave them just a word.

'My lads,' he said, 'what I have seen here to-night has made my heart glad. Along this road lies the way to manliness. It is a good thing to be a strong man. It is a still better thing to be a good man. Try hard to be both. Live clean, think clean, talk clean, and may God bless you all! I shall hope to come in again to see you. I shall try to come often.'

They gave him a rousing cheer as he took Geoff's arm and went out, and every boy of them was the better for his visit.

'It is a grand work, my boy,' he said as they paced slowly along Piccadilly. 'If the same could be done in every quarter of the town, and in every town and village throughout the country, your next generation would be a finer one than it is like to be. I am no admirer or advocate of conscription. I know the evils of it too well. Besides, your people would never stand it. But the difference all this will make to those boys' future is incalculable. You are breeding men down there.'

(To be continued.)

COMFORT AND SAFETY IN RAILWAY TRAVEL

A MAN may lie down in a comfortable sleeping-carriage in Edinburgh and awake in London after eight and a half hours, having covered the journey of about four hundred miles with speed, comfort, and economy, and a minimum of bodily fatigue. If he elects to travel by day he may enjoy the luxury of a dining-car, and arrive fresh and fit, having suffered less inconvenience than our ancestors may have done in a journey to the nearest market-town. By a fast train, Manchester is three and a half hours from London, Newcastle five hours, while one North-Eastern train does the eighty-three miles between York and Newcastle in eighty-three minutes. There were 1,086,205,162 passengers conveyed on our railways during 1903, of which 73,990,956 were second-class and 35,069,077 first-class. When we think that there was only one person killed for every fifty millions carried, and one person injured for every million and a half, all that has been said of the safety of our railway system seems true.

The story of our railway development is one of constant increase in comfort, safety, and speed; and doubtless Mr Findlay, late general manager of the London and North-Western Railway, did not exaggerate when he said that railway travelling is the safest mode of progression known to mankind. There is, he says, more danger actually in crossing the street of a large town than in riding in an express train. This grand result has been achieved by the multiplicity of safety appliances: the block telegraph system, interlocking of points and signals, and the appliance of powerful continuous brakes.

Two hundred years ago some of our ancestors believed stage-coaches to be a great evil, making travellers weary and listless, so that they contracted an idle habit of body. They could not always see the advantage of being called early in the morning, of being hurried from place to place, 'stifled with heat and choked with dust in summer, and frozen in winter, . . . to ride all day with strangers, oftentimes sick, ancient, diseased persons, or young children crying; many times poisoned with their nasty scents.' A taste of these 'good old times' in the way of travel would cure most people effectually, when six or seven miles an hour was scarcely possible owing to the condition of the roads. Even a hundred years ago the mail-coach from London to Holyhead took forty-one hours to the journey; after Telford improved the road the time was reduced to twenty-seven hours, or nine and a half miles an hour, with stoppages. The mail-coach between London and Edinburgh went at about the same rate, and took forty-two and a half hours for the journey. The fare was eleven and a half guineas inside, and seven and a half guineas outside; or, with fees to coachman and guards, fourteen pounds and ten pounds. The poor could never travel at these rates! The fastest mail-coaches carried, besides driver and guard, four inside and three outside passengers. The improved stage-coach could convey twenty-two passengers. Thousands lived and died in country places with no knowledge of the world beyond the nearest market-town. Thomas Carlyle wrote from Edinburgh to his mother in Annandale, telling her he was going to London (June 1824) in the Leith smack; and, the wind being favourable, he hoped to be in London *in a week*. In ten or twelve days later she might expect a letter from him. Carlyle in his *Early Letters* gives a pitiful account of a winter coach journey, Moffat to Edinburgh, by Tweedsmuir, a district which looked to him 'the most mournful in Europe because of the dreary coach ride. . . . I never crossed this dismal region without melancholy, bitter recollections.' He describes the tremendous circumference and awe-striking appearance of the guard, shrouded in cloth and leather, and the pitiful, 'woe-worn visages of two fellow-travellers, whose livid noses and rattling teeth proclaimed (we would have thought) that the hour of their dissolution was at hand.' He pictures the guard, at Broughton Inn, like a breathing iceberg, telling of the hardships of the day. Jammed three

in bed as they were, the middle man, a mummy-like Irishman, was heard to exclaim, 'Merciful Heaven, preserve me sowl! What will become of me now?' Christopher North gives the cheerful side of this coach drive by Tweedside in his delightful essay, *Streams*, when that great angler was making for Talla and the head-waters of the Tweed.

A big volume of *Railway Reminiscences* has been written and published by Mr George P. Neele (London: M'Corquodale & Co.), late superintendent of the London and North-Western Railway. In this book of railway notes the development of our railway system may be traced, as well as the rise and progress particularly of the London and North-Western Railway, which has now the enormous paid-up capital of one hundred and twenty-one million pounds. Mr Neele, as becomes a railway superintendent, is a matter-of-fact chronicler of life on the line from year to year. He tells us incidentally, too, of the growth and progress of the other main arteries of railway traffic: the Midland, North-Eastern, Great Western, and branches. Mr Neele began as clerk at Ely Station, and no detail of railway life is foreign to him; while he closes the volume with special notes on the conduct of our late Queen's trains to and from Scotland, with which as superintendent he made one hundred and twelve journeys. When he joined the railway service in 1847, only two third-class trains a day left Paddington; the telegraph was only partial, and was shown in the early *Bradshaw* by means of short ticks, which caused one man to remark, 'Oh, these are the telegraph poles, I suppose.' The route from Glasgow to London was then by Edinburgh, and the frequent changes brought the journey up to fourteen hours. In the absence of telegraphic communication, when passenger trains did not arrive at central stations within twenty minutes of their due time, an engine would be sent out in search of them. The station-master was guided by the sight of steam by day and a headlight at night, the signalling system being yet rudimentary.

The early first-class carriages resembled the bodies of three old stage-coaches placed one behind the other on a frame having four wheels; each compartment held four passengers, and the roof was too low to admit of a person standing upright. The third-class passenger travelled in open carriages, the sides of which were three or three and a half feet high. There was no heating apparatus or light. The railway speed at first was about eight miles an hour, which soon increased to twenty. On the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, opened in 1830, the two classes of trains ran separately. Each vehicle was named 'The Wellington,' 'The Victory,' or some like name, enshrining a survival from coaching days. The first-class coaches held four or six persons inside, according to the fare paid. The second-class carriages were closed and protected from the weather at night; but by the day-trains they were open at the sides, without divisions, linings, or cushions.

In his admirable lecture on railways Mr Findlay says that 'the prevailing idea seemed to be that the only thing required was by any means to transport the passenger from one place to another, without consideration of inconvenience or discomfort, it being probably thought that as he had been accustomed to travel outside the coaches without protection from the weather, nothing more was necessary when he travelled by the train.' The early third-class carriages have been called little better than cattle-trucks, and the second-class have been likened to a shepherd's hut on wheels.

Mr Neele tells us that about 1847 the guards had a rough time. The brakes were worked from the roofs of the carriages; the guards rode outside on an unprotected seat at the end of the vehicle, and applied the brake by turning the hand-screw. Mr Neele once travelled thus outside with his face to the engine, and says that the dust, smoke, steam, and smother which filled his eyes, ears, and nose were sufficient for a first and last experience. The roof-seat gave place to a box-shaped shelter, then to the open van, the one end covered for luggage and parcels. A conductor was responsible for the luggage in a through journey to Scotland. Much of the luggage previous to 1862 was thundered down above the heads of passengers, strapped to the roofs of carriages, and if piled too high, came to grief at the bridges. Our present method of conveying luggage still leaves much to be desired. There is no protection from fraud, and the helpless crowds waiting upon luggage at the vans might be improved upon by the American system or that of the Continental railways.

Before the introduction of the smoking-carriage, Mr Neele remembers the stealthy puffs and whiffs of railway-men in terrible dread of discovery. At Normanton in 1851 a passenger was convicted of smoking in a railway carriage, and of persisting in doing so after being asked to desist. He was fined two pounds and costs for smoking, and five pounds and costs for obstructing the guard, and in default to be committed to the House of Correction for two months. Truly an expensive smoke!

The past thirty years has witnessed quite a revolution in railway travelling in the United Kingdom, and the trains, if less well equipped in many respects than those in the United States, leave little to be desired, at least on the main lines. Sleeping and dining cars (1883–1893), increased speed, more frequent trains, and superior accommodation in every way have been provided. If some vessels are now floating hotels, then the corridor restaurant-train may be called a moving railway hotel, licensed like any other hotel, where third-class as well as first-class passengers may travel on long journeys with a comfort hitherto unknown. For instance, on the Great Northern ten o'clock express from King's Cross to Aberdeen, breakfast is served as soon as the train is started, luncheon at one, tea from half-past three to five, and dinner at half-past six. All corridor cars have movable

tables; a third-class dining-car may seat forty-two passengers, and a first-class twenty. The kitchen, fitted with gas-stoves, is placed between the two dining-cars. Some four hundred and fifty thousand one hundred and twenty luncheons and dinners were provided on the Great Northern last year, and two hundred and eighty thousand teas. Mr Findlay said, 'The railway shareholder finds himself at times occupying the somewhat unprofitable position of a philanthropist whose capital is invested for the advantage of the community at large.' The great modern improvements, he is afraid, have been gained at the expense of the railway shareholder, and represent a greater or less diminution of the profits which Parliament has authorised him to reap from his investments. Railway dividends now yield little more than Consol interest.

The late Duke of Portland had a prejudice against railway travelling, and sat inside his own carriage when being conveyed by train. It is said that our late Queen Victoria needed much persuasion from the Prince Consort at first for this mode of travel. The King, when in Scotland, likes the excellent rolling-stock of the Great North of Scotland Railway when possible. While travelling from London to Sandringham, the King impresses every one as being a thorough British gentleman. He compliments the railway officials on what is praiseworthy, but at the same time may smilingly criticise them if a second late. Mr Neele has had the most extended record of any railway superintendent in charge of the Royal trains, having done one hundred and twelve journeys in all, his first being in 1863 and last in June 1895, from Ballater to Windsor. On this occasion Her Majesty presented Mr Neele with a framed engraving of the Royal Family; another souvenir with suitable inscription came from the Queen later. In 1892 Her Majesty had presented him with a chiming clock, 'in recognition of the care and attention he has given to her comfort and safety when travelling on the London and North-Western Railway for the last thirty-one years.' The Royal journeys are carefully arranged. Appliances for comfort in night travelling, absent in all save the Royal saloon, at first were added on the representation of Dr Jenner. The date of each coming journey was given by the Queen's private secretary, and a draft time-table was drawn up. The carriages selected had to be fitted for day and night travel: those chosen from the depôt at Wolverton were set aside and overhauled. The Queen's own saloon was always carefully kept at an equable temperature. All electric couplings and appliances had to be in perfect order. The locomotive department and district superintendents were advised so as to have the line clear for the train and the pilot engine running fifteen minutes in advance. The engineering department saw that the whole length of the line was watched and patrolled. All shunting across the main lines was stopped for half-an-hour. A lookout man travelled on the engine, in order to look back along the train for any irregularity in running or signal from the passengers. This it was only possible to do for one side at a time. The engine-driver and firemen were thus free to look ahead. The Queen had the utmost privacy, and almost a funereal silence was observed.

All this must have been a great strain on the officials. The stopping-places selected were at parts where there could be little fear of any crowd. Once Mr Neele, in passing along the platform in the dead of night at Wigan, where usually nothing was seen or heard of the Royal travellers, met John Brown, and he inquired of him if all was right. 'No. The Queen says'—but Mr Neele hints this was only John Brown's way of putting it—'the carriage is shaking like the devil.' Mr Neele says that John Brown's coarse phonograph had transmuted Her Majesty's gentle complaint. The train was quite steady. One of the Caledonian engines had a hot axle, and the train pulled up at Forfar. John Brown's remark to Neele was, 'The Queen wants to know what gars this stink:' there had been a pungent smell of hot oil about. The whole of the lavatories in the train were frozen on one occasion. A sergeant-footman asked at the Summit near Beattock if a telegram could possibly be sent to Balmoral. The superintendent was prepared to hear some State secret; instead, Miss —— had only left a pair of black silk stockings behind. The run from Ballater to Carlisle by the North British Railway was once very jerky, and in places the speed was excessive. Mr Neele expected to hear of this, and he did. At Carlisle Colonel Ponsonby handed a note to him by the Queen stating that the unpleasant travelling had made her quite sick, and requesting reduced speed for the rest of the journey rather than such discomfort. The Queen had also once to complain of unsteady driving down Shap incline. The ladies would sometimes complain of insufficient sleeping accommodation, or of a 'deadly smell' in their carriage. Wet moss and pails of ice were suggested at Ballater for the cooling of the roof of the Queen's saloon.

Watts of the London and North-Western was in charge of Mr Bruyères' office when an unaristocratic-looking personage entered and inquired for him. No, he was out. The visitor particularly wanted to see him, and said so. 'Yes,' said Watts, 'many people do; but I know what you want: a job on the line. I may at once tell you, you won't do; you're altogether too short.' The visitor replied, 'Oh! perhaps you will give Mr Bruyères this card, and say I should have liked to see him.' Watts was horrified when he read on the card, 'The Marquis of Chandos,' and wondered how soon his dismissal would be announced.

The American railways have a higher ratio of railway accidents than those of the United Kingdom, which in 1903 amounted to one thousand two hundred and forty-two killed and eighteen thousand five hundred and fifty-seven injured, including passengers, railway servants, and others. The number is small when we consider that over a

billion people travelled. In the years from 1892 to 1902 the American railways killed seventy-one thousand seven hundred and four people, and injured four hundred and thirty-six thousand two hundred and seventy-one. In 1903 about ten thousand people were killed and seventy-eight thousand two hundred and forty-seven were injured. Mr Neele, in his railway notes, has a matter-of-fact account of small and great accidents which took place on the London and North-Western during his term of office, of which the most terrible was that at Abergele to the Irish mail-train in the autumn of 1868, when thirty-three passengers lost their lives. The cause of the disaster was a goods train which was being dealt with at the Llandulas incline too close in advance of the time the Irish mail was due. Four wagons loaded with petroleum had been shunted back, and with the brake-van began to move down a gradient. The goods guard was not in time to jump in and stop the vehicles, which, with scarce any warning, dashed against the oncoming mail-train, crashed into the engine, and 'in a moment spread blazing ruin on the train and suffocating death on doomed travellers.' The engine-driver had leapt from the foot-plate at the moment of the impact. The Marquis of Hamilton, who was a passenger, described what he saw when he alighted. The whole of the three front passenger-carriages, the vans, and the engine were enveloped in sheets of flame, and dense smoke was rising and spreading in every direction. The wreck appeared to have been the work of an instant. There was no movement of any sort or any apparent struggle to escape from the doomed carriages. It is believed that the passengers were at once suffocated by the black and fetid smoke from the petroleum. The charred remains of the thirty-three passengers were all laid together in Abergele churchyard.

A tourist train was wrecked at Wigan on 1st August 1873. The two engines and the first fifteen carriages of the twenty-five which composed the train passed safely through the station; but the sixteenth carriage, in which Lady Florence Leveson Gower was riding, broke away, turned to the left, and the whole eight vehicles became a wreck. It was found to be impossible to locate the cause of the accident, although the London and North-Western afterwards became the pioneers in adopting facing-point locks. Mr Neele was prevented from attending the Forth Bridge opening ceremony by an accident at Carlisle Station on 4th March 1890. The driver of the 8 P.M. express from Euston had lost control of the train after Shap Summit. With its thirteen vehicles it ran through Carlisle Station at thirty miles an hour, struck a Caledonian engine, and drove it a quarter of a mile onward. Four passengers were killed by the telescoping of carriages, and eleven injured. An entire train ran off the line at Melton Mowbray on 25th July 1892, and went over an embankment. The engine, tender, and eight carriages first turned to the inside of the curve, then swerved to the left, and, tearing up fifty yards of permanent way, ran over the twenty-one feet high embankment and became a wreck. The driver, fireman, and one passenger were killed. A return excursion train from Blackpool to Stockport, of three carriages and a brake-van, drawn by a six-wheeled engine with continuous brakes, was running beyond regulation speed towards a sharp curve at Poulton. The train seems to have actually leaped off the rails. Forty yards from the point where it left the Blackpool line the engine turned over on its left side; the tender lay with its wheels uppermost; the three carriages were wrecked and lay across the Fleetwood line. The driver and two passengers were killed, and forty-two passengers were injured. Not every accident turns out as did that in the case of old Spinks of Willesden, who was always meeting with some mishap. An engine had knocked him down, and on leaving the hospital he walked all to one side, unable to go erect. He resumed work in this condition, and was again knocked down. This time the blow removed the internal twist he had before, and he became as upright as ever.

The London and North-Western Railway has ever been the pioneer of all that makes for the safety and comfort of passengers, and probably Mr Neele is correct when he says that the 'West Coast Joint Stock will bear comparison with any rolling-stock in the world, in its steady running and its comfortable appliances for day and night travelling.' This railway has, we observe, been awarded the 'Grand Prize' at the St Louis Exhibition, the highest possible distinction that could be given.

Partly through local tramway competition, there has been great progress lately in the electrification of short-distance railways. Last year the North-Eastern executed thirty-seven miles in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire the twenty miles between Liverpool and Southport. In both cases the third-rail system of conveying current to motors was adopted, and also in both cases with a large increase to the passenger revenue. Several millions are being spent on the electrification of the Metropolitan and District Railways, which form part of a system over a hundred miles in length. These are administered as a single concern by the Underground Electric Railways Company, of which Mr C. T. Yerkes is chairman, and Mr James Young (formerly of Glasgow Corporation Tramways) is the general manager. The Yerkes system includes three new 'tubes,' which will give congested London fifty-two new stations. The sections already working have given great satisfaction to the travelling public. The carriages are brilliantly lit, and there is a better service. The railways operating in London, underground and surface, carry six hundred millions of passengers a year, and the new connections in course of construction, it is expected, will more than double these figures. The number of journeys per head of population has increased in a generation

in London from twenty-three to two hundred journeys, and in New York from forty-seven to four hundred journeys.

Steam motors are to be tried on the Great Central, while the London, Brighton, and South Coast has decided to electrify a short section. This does not mean that electricity will either pay or be possible for long-distance travel; but it is an effort in self-defence by the railway companies to secure and conserve local traffic by swifter and more frequent service. As yet no railway company in Scotland has made the venture. The Glasgow District Subway is driven by seven miles of cable, and has a powerful competitor in the swift and well-equipped electric-cars overhead. New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company is carrying out the electrification of all its suburban New York lines.

We notice that Professor C. B. Dudley, who has lived for about thirty years past in railway cars in the United States, has devised a method for automatically recording the state of the track as the train passes over it. The ventilation is better in American cars than with us. Dudley's method of ventilation is to take in fresh air by two hoods at opposite corners of the cars, which are fitted to exclude dust and cinders. The air goes down below the floor by channels into long boxes extending along each side of it. The Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio Railways are fitting this ventilating-machine to some of their cars. The Americans think that, with all our progress, we are still in the stage of little, cramped compartments, so constructed that each occupant is close to draughty doors and windows, and that our ventilation mainly consists of the crude and dangerous sort of the open window. Many branch-line trains are like this, and worse. The main-line trains, owing to competition, are excellent. Still, we have something to learn in methods of luggage-carrying, heating, and ventilation, as well as in connection with railway bookstalls and refreshment-rooms.

DORNAY'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER II.

IT will be enough to state that Dornay, under a fictitious name (for there was a British Resident at Sarunjah), entered the Rajah of Chuttenpoor's service with the appointment of drill-instructor to his troops. As time went on he rose higher and higher in his master's favour, till he became one of his most trusted advisers in various matters of State policy.

When he felt his position an assured one he took to himself a native wife, who happened to be a niece of Ram Das, the Rajah's soothsayer and astrologer, an influential personage, and gradually adapted himself to the native customs and mode of life, till he became almost as one of themselves. And so years to the number of thirty fleeted by, and but for one dark memory Dornay would almost have forgotten that he was an Englishman. Then, in the space of a few months, he lost both his wife and his friend the Rajah. Whereupon he said to himself, 'It is time for me to gird up my loins and set about the task to which I am vowed, and to which, perchance, I should have addressed myself long ago. But that my enemy still lives I feel assured. I will arrange my affairs and go.'

His determination to be avenged on Udale had in no wise slackened with the efflux of time. He had cherished and nursed it in secret all these years. The fire had smouldered, but it had never gone out.

It is possible that after so long a time Dornay would scarcely have been stirred to action had he not been impelled thereto by a recollection which pricked him far more keenly than the flight of his wife had done, which, after so long a time, seemed like an incident connected with some prior stage of existence. But not so his flogging in the barrack-yard, which he primarily owed to Udale, or so he argued. So cruelly had the lash bitten into his flesh that he would feel the sting of it till his dying day. He had seen common soldiers take their flogging, and after a few days return to duty as if nothing were the matter. But he, Will Dornay, was not a common soldier, he proudly told himself. In his veins flowed the blood of the D'Aurignys.

He sought his friend Ram Das, and imparted to him the news of his approaching departure. 'But I shall come back to Sarunjah and my two sons,' he said, 'when the errand which calls me away has been accomplished. For my native country seems to me now as little more than a dream-land, and there is no one left alive in it for whom I care.' Thereupon he proceeded to enlighten the other about certain particulars of his personal history which he had never confided to any one.

'But how dost thou know that the man still lives?' queried Ram Das presently.

'Had death overtaken him the Inner Voice would have revealed it to me.'

Ram Das nodded gravely. He too believed in an Inner Voice.

'Thou hast already settled in thy mind the particular shape thy vengeance will take when thou hast arrived in thy native country?' he asked.

Dornay's face fell. 'That is the one thing which is not clear to me,' he said; 'but that light will come to me after a time I do not doubt. It must! It must! I have not lived all these years to be balked of my revenge at the last moment. The

gods are just, and will not allow wrongs like mine to go unpunished.'

For several minutes Ram Das sat without speaking. Then he said, 'Come to me to-night when the stars are out, and I will then reveal to thee a way by which, peradventure, thou mayest be able to accomplish the errand which is about to take thee so far away.'

A month later Dornay set out on his journey to England.

In the course of the day following that which he had spent at Marslade, Dornay alighted from the train at Claybrook Station, named after the adjacent village, which was little more than a mile from Warren Croft, the seat of Sir Gerald Udale.

Dornay engaged a couple of rooms *en suite* at the Red Lion Hotel, a noted rendezvous for brethren of the angle, drawn there by the reputation of a certain river in the immediate neighbourhood. A guide-book had told Dornay this, and he had come prepared with a supply of fishing-tackle, as though he were merely an ordinary piscator bent on a country holiday.

Next morning he thrashed the river with no very encouraging result; but that mattered nothing; he was merely acting a part. After his two o'clock dinner he lighted a pipe and strolled out in order to reconnoitre.

He was not long in discovering that the Croft, together with its more private grounds, was surrounded on three sides by a well-timbered park of considerable size, through the lower end of which there was a public right-of-way. A wall about five feet in height divided the grounds from the park, the entrance to the former from the high-road being in charge of a lodge-keeper. In the dusk of evening he again strolled as far as the park and threaded his way through the trees till he reached the boundary-wall, peering over which, he found himself opposite what he judged to be the main front of the house, and the question with him now was in which one of its many rooms Sir Gerald slept. Having scaled the boundary-wall, he stealthily drew near the house. Night had now fallen, and he had little fear of being discovered; so he seated himself on the turf in the deeper shade of a clump of evergreens. In the course of his long sojourn in India he had acquired much of that quality of passivity which is such a marked characteristic of the peoples of the East. He could sit cross-legged for hours, waiting, not merely without betraying any impatience, but without feeling any. How long Dornay had waited he did not know, when suddenly a light appeared in a room the bow-window of which opened upon a balcony immediately over the main entrance to the Croft. Presently the figure of a man appeared at the window, and for some seconds stood staring out into the darkness, as if he might be studying the stars; then he lowered the venetians, and ten minutes later the light was extinguished.

Through the powerful binocular he had brought with him, Dornay was enabled to make out that the lower sash of the window had been left open to the extent of three or four inches, doubtless by reason of the oppressiveness of the weather. He argued, not unreasonably, that the room with the balcony was probably the one in which Sir Gerald slept, and that it was the baronet in person whom he had seen at the window. He went back to his hotel well satisfied with his evening's reconnaissance. One thing alone puzzled him: in what way would it be possible to obtain access to the balcony?

Next evening he again made his way to the boundary-wall, this time to a point from which, sheltered by a clump of elder-trees, he could overlook the grounds, himself unseen. Then it was that he became aware of something unnoticed by him the day before. Painters had been at work on the front of the house, and a couple of ladders were lying on the gravelled walk under the windows. The question which had puzzled Dornay yesterday was answered. Here were the means ready to his hand for obtaining access to the balcony.

Presently two persons emerged from the house and began to pace the terrace from end to end—an elderly man and a girl of six or seven. At once Dornay brought his binocular into requisition. His hands were trembling, and he was conscious that his heart was beating faster than ordinary. He steadied the glass and took a long look through it. Yes, there could be no doubt that he saw before him the man whom he had come six thousand miles to find. At once he recognised him, despite the changes which the years had wrought in his appearance. For a few moments Dornay's eyes became blurred, and everything seemed to dance before him. With a deep breath he pulled himself together. 'He has been delivered into my hands,' he said; 'the day so long delayed has dawned at last!'

The girl walking by the baronet's side had no interest for him. He just noticed that she was very pretty, and then he shut up his glass and turned to go. If he had ever been tempted to refrain from his fell design, the sight of Sir Gerald Udale would have served to clinch his determination to carry it out to the bitter end after the fashion arranged between Ram Das and himself.

An hour later the storm which had been threatening for some time broke, and that night nothing could be done; but the rain had ceased before daybreak, although the sky remained dull and overcast.

Next afternoon Dornay purposely omitted to feed his flies; but what he did was to transfer one of them to a specially prepared box about half the size of the other. Then, in the dusk of the August evening, he took his way to the park, and as soon as it was dark enough he scaled the boundary-wall, and this time bent his steps towards a garden-seat under the branches of a spreading cedar which he had noticed the day before. There he waited, as he had waited two nights earlier.

Hardly had the turret-clock chimed the half-hour past ten before a light appeared in the balcony

room. Again Sir Gerald stood looking out for a little space before letting down the blinds, and again the light was extinguished a few minutes later. As on the previous occasion, the sash was left a few inches open at the bottom.

For upwards of an hour Dornay waited without stirring; then he rose and took his way towards the house. It was a hot, windless night, partially overcast, but with a few stars dimly shining. Everywhere reigned silence the most profound; the world seemed sunk in a dreamless sleep.

Dornay made straight for the ladders seen by him the day before, where they lay along the terrace. After he had found them, it was a comparatively easy matter to raise the shorter of the two and place it in position against the balcony. Then, after a precautionary look round, he began to climb the ladder slowly and carefully. Two minutes later he was on his knees in the balcony, listening for any sound which might reach him from the room; but the death-like silence remained unbroken. Then he put forth his right hand holding the box he had brought with him, and inserting it through the opening left by the unclosed sash, he pressed the spring which caused the lid to open, and held it there for the space of several seconds, never doubting that the insect shut up in it would on the instant make its escape.

Dornay had replaced the ladder where he had found it, and had left the house some distance behind, when the turret-clock struck twelve. He felt like a man to whom the accomplishment of his life's purpose brings not merely the consciousness of a great task achieved and supreme inward satisfaction, but, following thereupon, a strange sense of vacuity, as though existence had now lost something which heretofore had been its chief concern, and that there would not be much left worth living for in time to come. Still, it was with a feeling of grim elation upon him that Dornay made his way back to his hotel. 'Twenty-four hours at the outside was what Ram Das impressed upon me,' he murmured more than once as he strode through the darkness.

It was Ram Das who had originated the terrible scheme of vengeance which Dornay had put into execution that night. To the latter the Hindu had given the two 'death-flies,' as he termed them, with full instructions how to utilise their deadly qualities. The species of fly in question was reputed to be indigenous to the jungles round about Sarunjah, and in its natural state its bite, although malignant, was rarely fatal; but by confining it, and feeding it for a time solely on flesh impregnated with the juices of certain poisonous plants, one prick of its proboscis was rendered virulent enough to cause the death of the strongest man.

But in order to ensure immunity for any one having to do with such deadly insects, it is essential that he should be inoculated with the virus, and that was the process undergone by Dornay before he left Sarunjah.

When Dornay reached the 'Red Lion,' instead of every one being abed save the 'boots,' he found that two strangers had arrived by the last train, and had not yet finished supper. At once he took his bed-candle and went up to his room, which was on the first floor. There, after stripping off his coat and vest, he flung wide the window and blew out the candle. He was in no humour for bed. 'In twenty-four hours at the most:' the words kept ringing in his brain with persistent iteration.

(To be continued.)

SOME PHENOMENA OF SNOW AND SAND DRIFT.

By W. J. MILLAR.

OUR main roads and railway-tracks are subject during the winter months to interruption of traffic due to heavy falls of snow, which, combined with high winds, causes drifts reaching frequently in hollow parts to many feet in depth. This leads not only to detention of traffic and great loss and inconvenience to passengers on the main lines of road or railway, but also to those living in country districts, depending, as they do, for frequent supplies of necessaries from business centres.

To remove these accumulations of snow from our roads or railway-tracks snow-ploughs are employed, which, being driven forward, press the drifted snow apart. The same purpose is also sometimes effected by rotary blades which, affixed to machinery, work into the snow and throw it sideways off the track.

In some countries where sandy wastes are common, the continuity of traffic is also sometimes threatened by sand-drifts. The sand, like the snow, is urged forward by high winds, and in hollow places tends to accumulate.

Protection from these accumulations, whether of drift snow or sand, being a necessity, much attention has been devoted to the subject by engineers in charge of railway-tracks and roadways. The subject offers an interesting field both for observation of the natural forces at work and for experimental devices for remedying the evil.

The first and most natural device to suggest itself for the counteracting of the drifting action is to erect some kind of protecting screen on the windward side of the hollow or cutting through which a line of transit passes. This serves very well for a time; but if the storm is lengthy the accumulations will increase so as to eventually pass over the top of the screen.

Hedges have been used where drift-sand causes

trouble, and for a time serve by their resistance to check the onward movement. This restraining action on sand-drift is well seen in the efficacy of sand-loving plants, such as our bent-grass, the roots forming an anchorage to the lower sand-particles, whilst the long grassy stems act as retarders to the surface movement.

An effective and ingenious screen has been devised and used for the prevention of both snow and sand drifts, in which, instead of blocking the course of the moving particles, whether of snow or sand, the free movement of these particles themselves is made to effect the clearance.

In this case on the windward side of cuttings screens are placed, consisting of stout posts driven into the slope of the bank above the roadway, and these posts are connected together on their tops by a roofing of boarding having a slope pointing downwards towards the rail-track.

The snow or sand laden wind, as it sweeps over the track, meets this obstacle and is deflected downwards by the inner surface of the roof, and passes out through the lower opening with sufficient energy to carry the particles right across to the leeward side of the track. This simple expedient is a good example of humouring nature, so to speak; the energy of the blast being controlled and guided to carry forward the particles which would, if retarded in their passage over the hollow, drop into it and accumulate there.

Drift-sand in many parts of the world offers a serious menace to occupation and cultivation of the ground. In our own country a striking example of this destructive action exists near Forres, where the Culbin sands, near Findhorn, cover an area of several thousand acres. About two hundred and fifty years ago the land appears to have been under cultivation; but by degrees the sand encroached, and in the form of moving hills gradually obliterated all trace of man's occupancy. The movement is towards the east, due to the prevailing westerly winds. The sandhills rise to about one hundred feet, and have longish slopes on the windward face, with an abrupt descent to the east. The process of movement seems to arise from the wind driving the particles of sand, which in such situations are finely rounded, up the sloping face, when, passing over the crest, they drop or roll down the steep eastern face.

The planting of trees, bushes, and sand-loving plants as retarders to sand-movement is of great effect wherever the climate has sufficient moisture to support such vegetation. Thus, in the district of the Landes, on the south-western coast-line of France, there are large areas near the sea wholly covered with sandhills. To check the sand-drift, forests of sea-pines were planted, and these have flourished so well that not only is the drifting checked, but the timber is a marketable commodity.

In India there are extensive areas in the north-western districts covered with sand, which in some cases assumes the form of ridges from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet in height, and at certain seasons high winds cause waves of sand reaching over twenty feet in height to move across the country. These sand-storms darken the air and cause great trouble to the railways in the district. The difficulty is largely met by adopting devices along the track as already described. The moving ridges or hills of sand appear to be enlarged examples of the sand-ripples raised by the wind where loose, dry sand has gathered, as on the higher parts of sandy shores, corresponding to some extent with the furrows noticeable on the water-covered or tidal portion of the beach—'the ribbed sea-sand' of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner;* their contour also showing the flatter and steeper slopes as in the larger examples inland.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

By Reginald A. Gatty, LL.B.

HERE is a distinction to be drawn between presence of mind and courage. People who are naturally timid and nervous will, under circumstances of great danger and excitement, perform acts of heroism which would be beyond their powers on ordinary occasions. We speak of these as instances of persons showing presence of mind; but if you asked them they would tell you that an involuntary impulse, rather than any premeditated course of action, guided their will on the occasion. Had they had time for reflection, when all the threatening danger to themselves had become clear to their minds, their natural timidity of character would have asserted itself, and deprived them of action.

On the other hand, courage may be defined as the absence of fear and all thought for self-preservation, and its possessor is not dependent upon any momentary impulse to call it into being. His mind is disciplined and under control, and he is unmoved before the peril which confronts him. There is no braver body of men than the London police, and any one who has witnessed one of these guardians of the street traffic step forward and seize a runaway horse in the crowded thoroughfare cannot have failed to admire his courageous act. This is more than presence of mind; it is bravery of the noblest and best kind. It was no sudden thought or inspiration which came into that policeman's mind. Long before the horse reached him he saw it coming, and he knew he ran a risk of his life when he rushed to the rescue.

It is the same absence of fear which prompts the

soldier, under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns, to go to the assistance of a wounded comrade and bring him to a place of safety; and nothing in human nature can compare with such self-sacrifice. But in times of sudden emergency it is not always the bravest who act with promptitude, and the following story is an instance of this.

Towards the close of the Crimean war a troop-ship was returning to England with invalided men, and one morning at sea a group of officers on the deck discussed the subject of firing shells. A soldier was told by Colonel B. to bring an empty shell with a fuse. The colonel took the shell in his hands, and striking a match, lighted the fuse. As this slowly burned, and the colonel proceeded with his address to the other officers, another soldier passed the group, and the moment he caught sight of the shell he rushed forward, exclaiming, 'Take care, sir; the shell is a live one.' He then did what never seemed to come into the minds of any in the group of officers: he seized the shell out of the hands of the colonel and threw it into the sea. For this service he was made a sergeant, and on coming home he had the honour of receiving a small present from the hands of the Queen, to whom he was presented. The soldier who had been told to bring an empty shell had gone to the wrong magazine. I many times talked over this incident with the sergeant, and he repudiated any idea of having done a brave action. 'I don't know,' he said, 'what made me seize the shell out of the colonel's hand; but it came suddenly into my mind, and I did it.' It is this coming suddenly into the mind, this wave of unconscious thought, which constitutes true presence of mind. This will come to people of nervous and even cowardly natures.

I remember an instance when a man whom I knew to be utterly deficient of courage saved himself from a very awkward situation. He lived in a town in the Midlands, where he was an organist. Late one evening he was returning home through some of the back streets, which at that hour were more or less empty of people. As he went along, however, he noticed, some distance ahead of him, a man and a woman walking side by side, the man's arm being round the woman's neck. Just under a gas-lamp the couple stopped for a moment, when he heard a piercing scream and saw the woman slowly falling from the man's arms. Almost before she had reached the ground, the man darted away down a side street and disappeared. When the organist came up to the woman he found, to his horror, that she was lying in a pool of blood. His first impulse was to run away and get clear of the terrible scene; but his better feelings prevailed, and he knelt down beside the poor woman to see if he could do anything for her. When he raised her head he found she was quite dead, with her throat cut from ear to ear. Beside her on the pavement lay a blood-stained razor.

The organist was overwhelmed with the horror of the scene. Before he could collect himself a group of people had gathered, as they invariably do when anything happens in the street, and presently he heard expressions such as 'He did it;' 'I tell you I saw him;' 'Why, here is the razor he cut her throat with;' 'Oh, the cruel brute! Seize him,' &c. It was certainly a very awkward position, as the rough character of the people might tempt them to take the law into their own hands and use him very badly. The arrival of a policeman seemed to steady his nerves for a moment, and then came a wave of inspiration which may almost be termed presence of mind. He seized the dead woman's wrist, and pulling out his watch, he pretended to go through the form of feeling her pulse. Then he put his hand over her heart, and turning to the policeman, he said as calmly as he could, 'I am sorry to say I can be of no further service here. The poor thing is quite dead; there is no action in the heart or pulse.' In an instant the murmurs of the crowd changed, and he heard 'He's the doctor' on all sides. This was his opportunity, and slowly rising, and affecting to be in no hurry, he passed through the crowd, who made way for him and offered no obstruction. But he told me that when he got clear of the street, and came to the first turning, he took to his heels and ran for all he was worth. The cowardly spirit got the better of him in the end. He heard next day that the murderer had gone straight to the police station and given himself up.

From personal experience I know what it is to feel an uncontrollable desire to act in a moment of emergency, and all people at such times are liable to be similarly influenced unless panic seizes them. If what you do on the spur of the moment saves the situation you are credited with presence of mind; but this is no testimony to your being a man of courage. Anyhow, I personally make no such claim in giving the following facts.

It was during the war of 1870 between France and Germany, and the town of Metz was closely invested by the Germans. I was helping Dr Humphrey Sandwith, C.B., to take stores and various requirements, such as clothing, medicine, &c., to the field-hospitals of the investing German forces. We had both of us been sworn-in as members of the German ambulance by Prince Hohenlohe at Saarbrück, and a railway van was procured for us to take our stores as far as the line would carry us towards Metz, which meant to the point where the French had destroyed it. This was the small village of Courcelles, not far from Metz. Our journey from Saarbrück, which should have been quite a short one, lasted nearly two days from endless shuntings to let troop-trains pass, and other causes, for the line had to be guarded all the way, as the trains were shot at.

I remember it was late in the afternoon when we got to Courcelles, and our first difficulty was to find a cart and driver to take us to a village called Avancy, where General Manteufel had his head-quarters. At last we engaged a rascally-looking

French peasant in a blue blouse, whose cart, he assured us, would hold our stores. There was no seat in the vehicle but the driver's, so we contented ourselves by squatting on two casks, one of brandy and the other claret, which we had provided for the sick and wounded. I must mention that, in addition to the goods we carried, Dr Sandwith had a large sum of money, about one thousand pounds, which had been sent to him from the sick and wounded fund in London, and this he carried in a leather belt round his waist. I pointed out to him the danger we should probably get into during our expedition, and with much difficulty I got him to consent to my carrying a revolver.

As members of the Red Cross and non-combatants, we were not supposed to be armed; but I was very glad afterwards I had my way. A map of the district showed us that our route to Avancy lay straight out of the village of Courcelles, up a long hill, and then we turned to the right. I got this clearly into my head before we started, for the sun was beginning to set, and I knew we had some miles to go. I spoke no French, and could not converse with the driver; but Dr Sandwith made several attempts and could make little or nothing of him. The horses slowly toiled up the hill, and on reaching the summit we entered what appeared to be an extensive fir-wood.

The road was now downhill, and the driver whipped up his horses, and away we went at a very good pace. It was almost dark under the trees, and I fancied every now and again I caught sight of glimmering lights. An opening in the wood confirmed this, and we could distinctly see a few miles away in the valley below us the gas-lights of a town. Now, I knew from the map that the only town marked in this direction was Metz itself, so I asked Dr Sandwith to speak to the driver and ask him where we were going.

It so happened that my friend and I were not of the same opinion regarding the war, and his sympathies were very much more French than German. In reply to my request he pointed out my one-sided views, since I could not trust the honour of a simple French peasant. However, I got him at last to speak to the driver, who made no reply, but whipped up the horses, which went the faster. I felt quite certain the man was taking us into the French lines, and any moment we might be challenged by their outposts. Then a sudden thought came to me, and seizing the driver by the scruff of his neck and pulling out my unloaded revolver, I pushed the barrel into his ear and clicked the hammer up and down. Dr Sandwith protested against my violent treatment of, as he believed, an honest Frenchman; but I refused to relax my grip till the horses were stopped and the cart turned round, and we began again our journey up the hill through the wood. We were in truth perilously near the French lines. In proof of the justice of my fears, I may say that we had barely reached the top of the hill again when a cavalry patrol surrounded us, and we were made prisoners, happily by the Germans. We had to explain how it was we were found coming from the direction of Metz, and when our story was told and our mission to the hospitals explained, we had a profusion of thanks; but the driver got some violent abuse, which I think terrified him. We were then shown the proper road to Avancy, and in due time arrived at General Manteufel's headquarters.

It is certainly the case that men have no monopoly as regards presence of mind. In fact, I think, on the whole, the mind of a woman acts quicker at a time of emergency, though she is perhaps more liable to panic.

The railway accident at Hexthorpe, near Doncaster, was a terrible disaster. There was a mistake over the signals, and one train ran into another which was standing while tickets were being examined. Doncaster races were going on, and both trains were packed with passengers. In one carriage a friend of mine, a medical man, was travelling, and the shock of the collision threw him violently from his seat; but he escaped further injury. Thankful for this, he at once proceeded to the help of others, and he found an awful state of things in the front part of the train. He was the only doctor present to aid the crushed and wounded victims who were being extricated from the telescoped carriages. He began binding up the fractured limbs as best he could; but he had no proper appliances, when an old countrywoman approached him, and without saying a word she emptied the contents of her apron beside him, consisting of neat rolls of torn window-blinds, for bandages. At such a moment nothing could be more useful and opportune. But it was a remarkable instance of presence of mind on her part, and very different from the conduct of one lady who went rushing about this scene of carnage calling for the guard to find her parasol which she had lost. People, however, are not always responsible at such times for what they do.

Panic is the exact antithesis to presence of mind; but the worst thing about it is its terribly infectious character. When once it seizes upon a crowd of people it seems to deprive every one of his reason, and it destroys all the higher feelings of humanity. Panic in a theatre, when the cry of fire has been raised, will make men and women trample each other down, regardless of everything but their own safety. Nothing can be imagined more awful than a scene of this description, and at the same time more utterly wanton; for in nearly all cases a little presence of mind might save hundreds of lives.

But it is not only human beings who are affected by panic. Animals suffer in a similar way, as is well known to those who keep herds of cattle or horses. Nor are the bravest men always free from its contagion. The saddest military disasters are those befalling regiments struck with this fatal malady. What demoniacal brain-wave is it that conquers the reason both of man and beast? Let no one think he is immune from the infection of panic, and blame those who have fallen uncon-

sciously under its spell. It cannot be denied that both panic and presence of mind are due to uncontrolled suggestion, and are quite unpremeditated. The one turns a brave man into a coward, and the other a coward into a brave man, or at any rate into a man who involuntarily does a courageous action. In these days when everything in the unknown universe seems due to wave-action, such as waves of light, waves of sound, &c., there is nothing very unreasonable in the idea of waves of thought passing from man to man in unseen movement. How often it happens that two people separated from each other by a long distance, and after years of silence, will suddenly write, and the letters cross in the post, showing they were thinking about each other at the same time!

That one mind acts upon another in some mysterious way is constantly proved to us; and as a case in point I will give a story as it was told me by the late Mr Charles Kean, the well-known actor. Mr Kean and his company, from the Princess's Theatre, were acting on tour in Dublin, and he accepted an invitation to spend a Saturday to Monday interval at the country house of his friend Sir A. As Mr Kean had a good deal of business on hand, he took with him his papers and correspondence, intending to get through some work during the visit. His friend lived in an old-fashioned mansion, beautifully situated, but in a very lonely part of the country. The household consisted of Sir A., his wife, and his aged mother, who, being an invalid and unable to walk upstairs, occupied two rooms at the far end of the entrance-hall. The apartment adjoining these rooms was the library, but the other habitable rooms were some distance away. Mr Kean noted these facts when he was taken by Sir A. to see the old lady, and he casually remarked to his host that she was rather cut off from the rest of the house in case of a fire or burglary. 'It is her particular wish to be where she is,' replied Sir A.; 'but I have taken the precaution to have strong bars put upon the windows, and she locks her door every night when her maid leaves her. The fact is, I want some one to be with her at night; but I cannot persuade her, and she also insists on keeping some very valuable family diamonds in her room, and refuses to let me put them in a proper safe.'

One thing during dinner struck Mr Kean, and gave him for a moment an uneasy feeling. He noticed that the butler, who had a crafty, disagreeable face, was constantly watching him, and he was glad when the servants withdrew and he was alone with his host. When the evening was over, Mr Kean explained to Sir A. that he had some important work to do, and said he would like to retire to the library instead of going to bed. It was three o'clock in the morning before he had finished writing, and then, lighting his bedroom candle and extinguishing the lamp, he gently opened the library door, and found himself face to face with the butler, who was standing outside Sir A.'s mother's room. The man was in his shirt-sleeves, with a box of what seemed to be tools under his arm and a dark-lantern in his hand. The impression which the man's evil countenance had made upon Mr Kean was redoubled when he saw him in such a suspicious position. Quickly realising that he ought not to be there, Mr Kean asked the man what he was doing out of bed at that time of night, and the explanation he gave was that his master had ordered a lock to be repaired, and he had forgotten to do it; but on waking in the night he remembered, and came down for that purpose. Mr Kean sharply told him to go off to his bedroom; and to emphasise this he ordered him to go before him up the stairs. The man sullenly obeyed, and Mr Kean went to his room.

It was an invariable custom with Sir A. to pay his mother a visit before he came in to breakfast, and the next morning it was later than usual when he joined Mr Kean. Whether the butler was afraid something might be said about the night's adventure or not, he certainly appeared in no hurry to leave the room, and he probably would have remained had not Sir A. summarily dismissed him.

Then Sir A. told the following story: 'I went to see my mother this morning, as I always do, and I was shocked to find her in a state of nervous prostration. She told me it was all owing to a terrible dream she had the previous night. She said she fancied she heard some one picking the lock of her door and opening it; and looking up, she saw the figure of the butler, in his shirt-sleeves, approaching her with a box of tools under his arm and a dark-lantern in his hand. He put the tools down, and taking up a knife, he came and stood over her bed. She closed her eyes so as to pretend to be asleep, and then the man flashed the light of his lantern over her eyes to see if she were awake or really sleeping. The strain and effort were too much for her, and she started up and found herself screaming.'

Mr Kean then told his story, and what he had seen the butler doing at three in the morning. There could be no doubt what the man's intentions were; but how these became conveyed to the mind of the old lady in her dreams is not so readily explained.

JOY.

When dawn's great oriflamme o'erspreads the sky
Dark night-born shadows steal like ghosts away,
Delusions woven of gloom fade in the day,
And earth renews her pæan of ecstasy.
Light, life, and peace—the threefold magic spell—
Wakes golden morning, and without alloy
Earth thrills responsive to God's gift of joy,
Whilst all her myriad voices shout, 'All's well.'

So is great Joy God's sunshine on the soul,
Nor need the night of gloom and shadows dim
Be still prolonged to hinder from the goal
The striving soul which would return to Him,
The source and spring of joy, who freely gives
The sunshine of His joy to all that lives.

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

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SUBTROPICAL NEW ZEALAND.

By THEODORE ARNOLD.

[The Editor has pleasure in inserting this article, which has been forwarded by Mrs Humphry Ward, and is written by her brother, Mr Theodore Arnold, grandson of Dr Arnold of Rugby.]

AS the colony of New Zealand extends over more than twelve degrees of latitude, it naturally, for its size, covers a wide range of climate and temperature. In the extreme south the mean temperature is about the same as that of the south of England, while the narrow peninsula that stretches for some one hundred and fifty miles to the north of Auckland is about ten degrees warmer. This northern peninsula has many distinctive features of its own. For one thing, the magnificent kauri-pine, one of the finest timber-trees in the world, is almost confined to this part of the colony, its extreme range only extending for a short distance south of Auckland. A curious point about this tree is that it has vanished from extensive tracts of country which are now covered with stunted scrub and bracken-fern; the only indication left of the splendid forests which formerly covered these tracts being the 'kauri gum,' which, up to the present time, is the most valuable product of the peninsula, being exported in large quantities for the manufacture of varnish. The gum, or more properly resin, is found in the ground at varying depths from a few inches up to five or six feet. In no part of North Auckland is one very far from a 'gum-field,' where the industry of 'gum-digging' is carried on with varying success by both white men and Maoris. Among the former are large numbers of Austrians from the province of Dalmatia, who, having somehow discovered this prospective source of wealth, swarmed into the country in such numbers that a few years ago Parliament considered it necessary to restrict this inrush by legislative means, to avoid the very serious disturbance of the industrial equilibrium which would be caused by the rapid exhaustion of the gum-fields and the consequent throwing out of work of some thousands of men engaged in the industry.

During recent years quite a number of these Dalmatians have turned their attention to an industry which is likely to prove ultimately of much greater and more permanent value to the district and the colony—that of vine-growing. At one time it was thought that the climate of this northern corner of the colony was not altogether adapted for the growth of the best varieties of wine-grapes, being considered too moist and equable, its predominant characteristics in winter being heavy rainfall and the almost entire absence of frost, while the summer heat is never very great, the shade-temperature rarely, if ever, reaching ninety degrees. Even up to the present time the grape most generally grown throughout the north is an American variety known as the Isabella. But experience has shown that, in suitable situations and under the right kind of treatment, many of the European wine-grapes will thrive and bear heavy crops, from which an excellent light wine can be made. Consequently the cultivation of these varieties is rapidly extending, and promises within a few years to attain very respectable proportions. To aid the industry the Government has appointed a viticultural expert, who, both by precept and by practical demonstration in the settlers' vineyards, affords the necessary instruction to all those who may require it in all matters relating to the cultivation of the grape and the manufacture of wine.

Besides the grape, almost all the fruits of the temperate zone flourish, and there is little doubt that in the not far distant future, when the gum-fields are exhausted and the greater part of the timber in the still existent forests is worked out, this section of country will find in its vineyards and orchards its most important source of wealth. While the cherry and the bush-fruits of colder climates do not succeed here as a rule, apparently requiring a certain amount of frost in the winter, the apple is quite at home, bearing early and heavily, though the fruit does not keep so well as that grown in a colder climate. Gum-land—that is to say, land which was formerly covered with kauri

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forest—is, as a rule, inferior in point of fertility; but with suitable treatment it will grow excellent apples. On the better class of soils, provided there is sufficient shelter from the prevailing westerly winds, nearly all the fruits of the warmer temperate regions succeed admirably, and even the banana will ripen in warm and sheltered spots. The peach is a fruit that has suffered great vicissitudes in New Zealand. A generation ago groves of seedling trees were to be found scattered about in suitable situations all over the North Island, growing practically wild; but a blight or disease of fungoid origin suddenly made its appearance, doubtless introduced with imported trees, and within a year or two swept over the whole country. Many of the trees were killed outright, and those that survived were mostly mere wrecks, showing little sign of their former beauty and luxuriance. But gradually there came some signs of a revival, the trees that had withstood the first onset of the disease apparently becoming more inured to the changed conditions; and as years passed it was found that, with adequate shelter, careful cultivation, and a due regard to the selection of the hardiest and most suitable varieties, as good peaches as ever could be grown. The extreme north seems to have suffered less from this blight than any other part of the colony, and there are still to be found a few groves of wild-peaches in the Hokianga district, the part with which the writer is best acquainted. In this district a co-operative fruit canning and preserving factory has lately been started, and peaches are being largely planted, now that a local market for the fruit has thus been assured. As far as the jam department is concerned, the comparative absence of small fruits is somewhat of a drawback. Strawberries do well, and the common Kentish cherry will succeed in some localities, especially at an elevation of a few hundred feet above sea-level; but gooseberries and currants are a complete failure, their place being taken to some extent by the guava. The apricot also may generally be classed with the failures, the very heavy winter rains possibly not suiting it.

While pears as a rule do very well on suitable soils, a certain amount of judgment must be used in the selection of varieties. For instance, the climate, somehow, does not seem to suit that excellent pear the winter Nelis, which is a very shy bearer, even when it has acquired age; while most varieties, with suitable treatment, will be bearing heavily before they are ten years old. Several of the late kinds, again, such as Easter Beurré, though they bear well enough, will not ripen properly in some localities. The orange has not been very extensively grown so far, having to compete with the cheap and excellent fruit imported from the Pacific Islands, where the trees thrive without any care or attention, while here they require a good deal of both to ensure satisfactory results. So far, the Seville and other bitter oranges, suitable for marmalade, have proved the most profitable, generally bringing a higher price than the sweet varieties.

Japanese plums have been largely planted in New Zealand of late years, especially in the north, but are getting out of favour now, at least with those who make a business of fruit-growing, as it is found that they are not suitable for canning or drying, and none of them can compare in quality with the best varieties of European plums, though they have the advantages of bearing earlier and being more prolific; this climate appearing just to suit them, as it does other Japanese fruits, such as the loquat and persimmon. In an interesting report recently published by the New Zealand Department of Agriculture on *The Fruit Industry of California*, by the president of the Auckland Fruit-Growers' Union, it is stated that the Japanese plums, at one time extensively planted in that state, have since been almost entirely discarded. In a few years' time they will probably be little grown in New Zealand on a commercial scale, though they will no doubt retain a certain degree of popularity with those who like to grow a few fruit-trees just for their own use. The report in question winds up with an interesting comparison of the prospects of the industry in the two countries, the conclusion arrived at being that if the New Zealand fruit-grower brought to his work the shrewdness and enterprise of his Californian confrère in place of the haphazard methods far too much in vogue here, his lines would be indeed 'cast in pleasant places.'

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER XV.—A LITTLE KINGDOM I POSSESS.

A FEW days later Geoff received a letter from the estate agents, stating that they had good grounds for believing that a firm offer of thirty-two thousand five hundred pounds would be accepted by the trustees in bankruptcy for the Innismohr property. He instructed them to offer that amount on his behalf; and next day, when he went across to dine with the Exmoors, he was so obviously full of something that both Ellen and Charlie were on to him at once.

'Now, old man, what is it? Another step? Old Everett retired?' demanded Exmoor.

'Islands?' said Geoff solemnly.

'Ah! Islands, is it?—Didn't I tell you'—turning portentously to Ellen—'I feared his brain would give under the strain?'

'To be perfectly truthful, you didn't. Perhaps

you only thought it, and then thought you had. —Now, Geoff, what is it?'

'Ah! "What is it?" says she. "Islands," says he. Is it the Windwards, now, or the Leewards, or what?' asked Exmoor in the soothingly persuasive tone and manner, as he believed, of a mental specialist examining a patient.

'Innismohr,' was Geoff's solemn contribution.

'Quite so! quite so! Just what I always feared,' from Charlie.

'Do be quiet, Charles,' expostulated Ellen. 'You're only making him worse.' But in her heart she rejoiced at their fooling, for it recalled the merry old days before the flood, when these two would keep her convulsed with their nonsense.

'Im—possible!' ejaculated the incorrigible one.

'If you won't be sensible I shall leave you to yourselves, and I'm really anxious to know what Geoff's face means.'

'You're just as bad as ever, Charles Doone,' said Geoff severely. 'If I had not hoped that marriage would sober you I never would have permitted it.'

'It has—terribly.—Hasn't it, my dear? Can't I be as sober as a judge when I try hard?'

'You can be sensible—at intervals. Try hard now—to please me.'

'You see!' sighed Charlie. 'Absolutely henpecked to death. Now, Geoff, my son, speak on! You have our ears.'

'I've been buying an island.'

'He's off again on the same old tack,' whispered Charlie. 'Shall I call Barton in case he gets obstreperous?'

'What island, Geoff; and where is it?' asked Ellen anxiously.

'Innismohr. I told you before.'

'Oh Lord! Now he's dropping into poetry.'

'Innismohr,' continued Geoff, in the tone of a Continental cathedral guide. 'An island off the west coast of Scotland, six miles long by four miles wide, with the dwelling-house—on a smaller island off the coast of Innismohr, by the way—and appurtenances thereof, shootings, fishings, cloud-capped mountains, burns, glens, corries, mists, the most lovely scenery, the most heavenly solitude'——

'And you've bought it, Geoff?' asked Ellen.

'I've bought it, lock, stock, and barrel. Henceforth call me Innismohr.'

'And what are you going to do with it now you've got it?' asked Exmoor.

'Does it mean that you have decided to leave the army, Geoff?' asked Ellen, jumping to quick conclusions.

'No. I've decided to give it another chance. In fact, I'm thinking—I may say I've decided—to go back to school again for a term or two.'

They both stared at him for a minute. It was Exmoor who saw light first.

'Farnborough?' he ventured.

Geoff nodded.

'Then you've got something or other up your sleeve. Out with it, old man.'

Geoff shook his head. 'Can't, my boy. Bound to secrecy. You'll know if it comes off.'

'I bet old Eisenach's in it,' said Charles sagely.

'Whatever it is, it pleases you, Geoff, and that's enough for me. Tell us more about this place you've bought,' said Ellen.

'Oh, that's all Exmoor's doing, really, you know.'

'Oh, come now! Why drag me into it?'

'If you hadn't shipped me off in the *Seamew* I should never have seen it. If I hadn't seen it I couldn't have fallen in love with it. If I hadn't fallen in love with it I should probably never have run up against it in an estate agent's window in Pall Mall, and the temptation wouldn't have been too great, and I should never have stepped in and bought it. So you see'——

'That's how we fling our money about when it comes to us unexpected,' explained Exmoor to his wife.

'It's a perfect sanctuary for solitude,' said Geoff, full of his prize. 'When you get tired of Charlie's fooling, and want a period of retreat, Nell, just order the *Seamew* round'——

'All yachts to the side-door, please.'

'Say the word "Innismohr" to Bannatyne, and he'll whisk you off to heaven. He's been there, and he knows the way.'

'Dear, dear! Who'd ever have thought it to look at Ban? But, please remember, you two, that I'm in this game, and if there's any whisking afloat I whisky too.'

'The object is to get away from you, my friend, during your temporary and much-to-be-deplored aberrations.'

'It sounds very nice, Geoff,' began Ellen.

'Innismohr, my dear!' blandly corrected Exmoor once more.

'When can we all run up and inspect it?'

'Whenever you like. I've just seven days of unexpired leave. Would you think of taking Exmoor?'

'The Earl and Countess of Exmoor regret that they will be unable to avail themselves of Innismohr's hospitality, having already accepted an invitation from a lady whose request is equivalent to a command,' said Charlie pompously.

'I forgot that. It's the garden-party,' explained Ellen to Geoff.

'I'm keen to see the place again myself,' he said; 'though I'm not at all sure that I have any right to go until the deeds are all put through. They've accepted my offer, of course; but I suppose I'm not really owner till the lawyers have done their worst. All the same, I'm inclined to run up for another peep at it all.'

And he did, and found more to peep at than he expected.

Pending completion of the red-tape business, by arrangement with the lawyers on both sides he paid the purchase-money into a special account opened for the purpose, and got permission to occupy the house for the few days he could spare.

In reply to his inquiries, he was informed that the place had been closed for some time—which was no news to him—but that a Mr Donald Cameron, one of the oldest residents on the island, had been looking after it. At Geoff's request, a telegram was sent to Mr Cameron, informing him of a flying visit on the part of the new proprietor, and requesting him to make the necessary preparations. As the telegram would have to travel some twenty miles by hand and boat, Geoff was quite prepared to find the preparations on the minutest possible scale; but to one who had just come through a campaign in the Soudan this possibility only added zest to the prospect. All he wanted was to get into the house and be sure of getting something to eat.

He went up by rail as far as it would take him, then across country in a nondescript vehicle on two wheels and a paucity of springs—a mixture of gig and butcher's cart—and landed at last on his own island from a boat chartered at the village on the mainland where he had slept the previous night.

It was a soft September morning. The cats'-paws which had beguiled them at the start had died away. After the first half-mile of their four-mile passage their sail had creaked idly, and they had accomplished the rest with their oars. A thin haze had settled on the blue Sound, so that now it shimmered blue-white under a silvery film, with flecks of gold where the tiny waves caught the sun-glints. The farther shore and hills were hidden. The only sounds were the rhythmic thumps of the heavy oars in the rowlocks of the returning boat. It was already ghostly in the haze, like a vanishing picture on a screen. Presently it passed out of sight, but the music of the oars still throbbed along the water. A solitary sea-gull came sailing along in search of breakfast. At sight of Geoff it gave a frightened squeal and shot out after the boat. The tiny waves tinkled among the stones at his feet like hoarse frogs and silver bells. 'Glad to see you! Glad to see you! Glad! Glad! Glad!' they said.

Up above, the sky was clear-blue, with a bright, thin sun. He lingered for a few moments enjoying the delicious sense of remoteness and aloofness, and the novel exultation of feeling that this land on which he had set foot was his own land—his very own. Possession is very much more than nine points of the law. It is uplifting. It is deepening. It is expansion. Very much better is a little island of one's very own than all the kingdoms of the earth that belong to other people.

He turned his back on that which was not his—save inasmuch as God's beauties belong to every man alike, according to that which is in him—waved his hand in gay salute to that which was, and strode away up the rugged road that led into his kingdom: a kingdom which was to prove a very much larger one than he knew, and the greatest part of it that which all his money could not buy.

He could not, indeed, see very much of it yet, even with his bodily eyes. The filmy haze which happed the feet of the hills, and the clouds that wreathed their summits, magnified their possibilities fivefold, and hinted vaguely that that which was hidden exceeded by far that which was revealed. But what he could see was entrancing, and as he strode along his heart was big to possess the land.

The road led straight in among the hills, and presently he had turned a shoulder and was striding through a narrow glen, with waist-high jungle of bracken on either side, bronze-green above and yellow-brown below, and all pearled with heavy dew. A tiny stream prattled down each side of the path, and, out beyond, the purple heather swept out of sight up the hillsides. Here and there a graceful lady-birch stood, coquettish as a suddenly transformed mountain nymph, among the greenery, and here and there a dark-green mountain-ash gemmed with royal-crimson berries. He plucked a bunch of berries and stuck it in his button-hole, and felt the richer for it. Now and again in the tangle on either side he heard soft rustlings. Once he got full sight of a bobbing white tail, and the brief ruffling of the bracken-tops showed which way the affrighted one had fled. If White-tail had come and sat on his foot that morning he would have stroked its ears and sent it off with a God-speed.

The bracken thinned as the glen led up into a boulder-strewn corrie, and the sunlight greeted him again round the shoulders of the hills. From the portentous bases in front, he concluded he was about to make acquaintance with the giants they had seen from the deck of the *Seamew*, and he strode on expectant.

Through the bare corrie, round the flank of a hill, and before him lay the holy place.

'Sanctuary!' he said aloud, and sat down on a rock to worship.

He was not the first by many who had worshipped there, for the gleaming mirror in the gauzy veil away down below him, over which the lazy giants kept perpetual watch, was known among the natives as Loch Naomha—the Holy Loch. And sometimes it was frosted white, as now, and sometimes it was blue as the skies that looked down on it, and sometimes it was black as death, and sometimes it was the colour of lead. Those who knew said that it had no bottom, and those who knew still more held that strange creatures dwelt in it.

The hills that cradled it were draped with pines and firs—brigades of them, legions of them. The serried ranks had come pouring over the rough hill-shoulders, and had been making headlong for the lake, when, at a word, they stiffened and rooted where they stood. That was evident from the look of them. Another moment and the mirror would have been marred, and now they stood ever looking at themselves in it, and wishing they had had their way. Here and there a straight, clean swath was cut right up the mountain-side, as though the things that dwelt in the lake had issued forth and cleft a passage to the mountain-top. And the bodies of the fallen ones still lay there stark and dead on the bared bones of the mountains.

The ends of the lake he could not see for the folding hills, and presently he was slipping and stumbling over the ankle-deep carpet of pine-needles, beneath which the jealous trees, for all they looked so solemn, were not above setting traps of sprawling roots wherever chance offered, and more than once they brought him to the ground.

He had lost the road at sight of the lake, but expected to strike it down below again. The day was still young, however, and what he had so far seen of his kingdom but whetted his appetite for more.

The far end of the lake, for instance: he must see where that went to. The other end he would see on his way back. His descent ended in a sheep-track which ran with his inclinations, and, more deviously, by the side of the water. He stepped briskly along it, and so in time found what he sought—and more.

This end of the lake turned out to be the foot, and it surpassed his expectations. An amphitheatre of wooded hills encircled it, and through one narrow, winding cleft, which looked as if it had been gashed with a mighty chisel, the waters had bitten their way to the sea.

He went a short way down the glen, and was filled with wonder. Never in his life had he seen such wealth of microscopic beauty crowded into so small a space. Every step he took disclosed some tiny masterpiece of Nature's craftsmanship, so perfect in every delicate detail of form and colour that art of man at its highest could never have matched it in a thousand years of painful striving. He would not go far, for he knew enough of glens to know that where waters rush down to the sea and cascades abound, the arduous climber meets the beauties face to face, and he who goes downhill misses much. Just a peep at the wonder, and he would turn and leave the ascent for another day.

Between the high rock-walls he caught glimpses of ethereal beauties down below, vistas and vistas of delight, in thinning atmospheres latticed with feathery foliage and thin, black stems of trees, and shot every here and there through the rifted wall with clear white bars of sunlight. It was more than tempting. He dragged himself reluctantly away, but stopped transfixed before one sheer scarp of rock tapestried with a creeping growth of most exquisite beauty—tiny waxen green leaves with filamental red tendrils of so fine and delicate a nature that their tapering points were no more than crimson threads. Down all this lacy veil white drops of water loosed slowly from leaf to leaf, as though reluctant to the fall, and for yards each lowest drooping point was gemmed with a lucent pearl. In below the green lacery he could see a smaller growth of close-clinging lichen, moss-green in the damp, and brown in places, and round a drier corner silver-gray infoiled with black. Not an inch of rock was visible. Time and Nature, working hand-in-hand, had dressed and healed the raw rock-wounds and transformed them into things of the most perfect beauty. And below, when at length the clinging pearls must fall, they fell on soft, green, swelling cushions which had once been lumps of rock.

He sat down before one of these on a boulder, with his back to the brawling stream, and meditatively filled a pipe and leaned forward, elbows on knees, to enjoy it the more intimately. From above, the moss looked a short, thick, curly growth, but when he poked it tentatively his finger sank in and found no bottom. And, looking more closely, he found it a miniature forest of tiny moss-trees, with trunks many inches long, and matted undergrowth below, and microscopic ferns no bigger than a fly's wing, so delicate and hair-like as to be almost invisible but for the paler green of their fronds.

It was very wonderful, this tiny forest whose depths he could not penetrate. Was it inhabited? Were there creeping monsters down below there, and possibly fairies? Monsters undoubtedly, for one climbed part way up a tree-trunk to have a look at him, and then fell down aghast, and probably terrified his fellows out of their slow senses by telling them that God had looked down through the roof of the world all wrapped in clouds of smoke. And fairies? Surely fairies; surely something more in keeping with the beauty of this exquisite hidden workmanship than the crawling beast he had seen.

He felt like Gulliver looking down into Lilliput. He felt himself of larger growth than usual. As he sat peering absorbedly into that tiny cosmos, he grew unconsciously. His thoughts were higher and deeper and wider than their wont. He was in the humour to see great things in small; to see past things, indeed, to the source of things. He only knew that he could have sat for half a day before that green cushion and still not learned an inch of it; but unconsciously his heart was tuned to worship.

And suddenly, above him, there floated a sweet, mellow call: 'Yo-ho—eeho—eeho—eeho—eeho—ee—ho-o-o!'

He sprang to his feet. Here was something human, and Nature was forgotten. From some point down the glen the call came back, fined somewhat, but full and mellow still: 'Yo-ho—eeho—eeho—eeho—eeho—ee—ho-o-o!' And again, more faintly still, but sweet and clear, from some far hollow of the hills around the lake: 'Yo-ho—eeho—eeho—eeho—eeho—ee—ho-o-o!'

He softly tapped out his pipe, and strode noiselessly up the glen to investigate this sweet, surprising challenger of echoes.

That the yodeler was a girl he was sure—and young and fair without a doubt. There was a rich, gladsome life in that fluty peal that could belong to no other than a beautiful girl. His imagination endued her already with all the charms and graces of the unexpected and the unknown. So lovely a voice must surely have a lovely owner, and he hastened to find out.

He expected to find her standing there. But she had sounded her call and passed on. He saw a shapely figure swinging with light, free step along the way he had come. But all he could see was a vision of a well-poised head, with coils of dark hair and a blue tam with an eagle's feather sloping out of it, short swinging blue skirts, a very neat pair of strong little mountain brogues with low, flat heels and a spring in them, and a stout crooked stick twirling gaily in a white hand. What man alive but would have wanted to see more? And more was vouchsafed him.

He was wildly cogitating the least ridiculous inquiry which might reasonably excuse his addressing her, when a friend intervened.

From among the close-set pines a big collie came bounding into the open, leaped joyously at his mistress, caught sight of Carrick, and smiled him hearty welcome from ear to ear.

None of your high-bred, flat-headed, wolf-nosed show-dogs this. Just commonest black-and-tan flecked out with white, nose rounded, laughing mouth, head arched enough to hold brains and beautifully carried, well-bushed tail, and eyes full of faith, hope, and charity. His instinct recognised Carrick as harmless. He came bounding up to make friends with him.

Geoff stooped and smoothed the rough head and looked into the beautiful eyes.

'Colin! Heel, sir!' and the dog laughed up at him and went bounding back, gaily obedient, not by any means servile.

The girl had turned and stood looking at the stranger, and the stranger looked at her and felt within him an odd sense of satisfaction. She was quite all he had hoped from her voice, and—well—yes, more—much more.

There was something absurd and incongruous in standing there staring like a cow at a beautiful girl.

He stepped towards her and lifted his cap, and asked, 'Pardon me! Can you tell me if I can get to Innismohr House by this side of the loch?'

The question was not, perhaps, after all, so ridiculous as it sounded, for if there should be no path the passage would be difficult, if not impossible.

She hesitated a moment, flushed slightly, and then said coldly, 'Yes, there is a path;' and then sharply to her dog, who was edging forward at her side towards a furthering of his short-cut friendship with the stranger, 'To heel, Colin!'

Then she turned and walked away.

It was a very fair face that had been turned to him; but, even as he looked, the natural arch of the soft, dark brows had subsided till the brows were defiantly level, and the surprise that had heightened the charm of her at his unexpected appearance darkened into a look which puzzled him exceedingly.

What was it? Her eyes were large and dark. He thought of big black pansies as he looked at them. As a matter of fact, they were very deep blue; though, truly, at times they could look black enough, and just now they were at their blackest.

What was it that looked out of them? Scorn, he was sure, and affront, and detestation, and more besides.

Heavens! what had he done to darken so fair a face with feelings such as these?

He stood looking after her, wondering and disconcerted, void of offence, yet palpably condemned. Not worthy even to speak to her dog!

Not until she struck up suddenly among the pines and vanished did he turn and tramp on his way, kicking loose stones out of his path now and again for the relief of his feelings. One does not too readily lie down to be kicked even by a beautiful girl, and that girl had kicked his soul with those great dark eyes of hers.

'What an extraordinary young person!' he said to himself. 'And what the deuce have I done to deserve it all?' and as that particular stone had no reasonable answer ready, he sent it to spend the rest of its days under water.

Note, now, the deft play of Circumstance—or Chance, or Fate, or, as some of us hold, of a greater, deeper, loftier, tenderer, and mightier power than any of these—in bringing this meeting about.

Had Geoff kept to the road and gone round the head of the loch to his destination, he would not have met the girl.

If he had gone right on round the foot of the loch, without stopping at the glen, he would not have met the girl.

If the beauties of the glen had seduced him to pry still deeper into its mysteries, he would not have met the girl, and would probably have developed a belief in sweet spirit-voices that amused themselves by yodeling among the hills.

It was a miracle that they met—one of those little miracles that still abound in this workaday world, without which it would be so much the poorer, if indeed it could go on at all. For she had come down through the pines over the hill-shoulder by the glen, intending to pass up the opposite hill, and she had got no glimpse of him, or be sure she would never have called up the spirits of the loch and glen for his benefit. It was all a matter of minutes. But the clock was set for them, and they had to meet.

You may say that if they had not met then, they might have met later. But once you begin that kind of talk I must decline to argue, for therein you open up all the possibilities. Anything *might* happen, so it is best to stick to facts, and the great fact is that they met, when they might just as well have missed.

And they parted, neither of them apparently one whit the better of the meeting; both, in fact, the worse of it—she boiling with scorn and detestation; he carrying with him an indelible picture of her, set in a frame of wonderment which drew his thoughts like a magnet.

(*To be continued.*)

WORRY, AND HOW TO CURE IT.

By D. S. R. C. Rao, M.A., M.B., Ch.B.

'DISEASES desperate grown are by desperate appliances overcome,' says Shakespeare. Desperate things are always painful enough to put up with, especially if they are incurable. Man's daring deeds expose him to certain terrible dangers; woman's weak frame turns trivial ills into gigantic evils. Even children have their own particular ailments from which adults are exempt. But worry affects people in every station of life. Man, woman, or child, no one is exempt from its dire attacks. Rich or poor, humble or great, weak or strong, educated or ignorant, all have cause to exclaim at some time or another, 'I am so worried! I wish I could shake it off!'

What is worry? It takes different forms with different people, and depends greatly on circumstances and environment. It is a kind of mental unrest and dissatisfaction preying upon the vitality of the human being. Some unexpected event occurs, or something undesirable seems likely to happen. We get a shock in the first instance. Then we begin to think of what has caused this shock—to think and think, always of the same thing and always in the same way. This thought haunts us wherever we go, and dominates our every action. Appetite fails us. We cannot smile at tea-time, or appreciate a joke made at dinner. We try to make ourselves interesting, but our friends feel that 'the spirit is not there.' The approach of night increases this terrible feeling of anxiety. Then hours of wakefulness, aimless tossing in bed, a horrid dream vaguely exaggerating the possibilities of our misfortune, all make us feel helpless and sick of life. But the daily round of duty has to be gone through, and in the course of days, months, or years we become reconciled to our lot; and more often than not we find that our calamities have been more terrible in anticipation than in realisation. Thanks to the wonderful cure which lapse of time effects, sooner or later we realise how groundless have been our fears and how insignificant our imaginary or exaggerated troubles. 'Why did I worry about such a simple thing?' we now ask ourselves.

A wit once humorously defined a philosopher as one who despises past calamities, defies future troubles, but yields to present ills. This definition is especially true with regard to worry. On looking back we feel very sorry, and even ashamed, that we should have allowed ourselves to be worried by such a trifle. We make up our mind then and there not to worry again, and assume an attitude of defiance towards anything that may happen adversely in the future. But as soon as an unexpected trouble or petty jealousy appears in our path, we lose our mental equilibrium once more, and yield to the influence of worry as badly as before, if not worse.

We hardly realise the harm we do ourselves and others by worrying. The proverb, 'It is not work that kills, but *worry*,' shows how well the world in general realises the harm that worry works. The brain receives certain impressions, and these impressions, passing along well-defined tracks, create what I may for convenience call channels. Every act performed by us creates and transmits a new set of impressions, which pass along another set of tracks. Thus when we worry we create horrid visions of calamity, which are transmitted in the form of impulses through their own set of channels. When once this channel is created, its impulses travel along it with ever-increasing ease; so that the same picture haunts us wherever we go, assuming a more and more terrible aspect in proportion as we yield to its influence. When we think about it, talk of it, lament over it, and torment ourselves and others respecting it, we again create impulses which travel along another set or other sets of channels, passing more easily and rapidly every time we repeat the act. The waste of energy and expenditure of brain-power involved in the act of worry may be easily imagined. A day's intense worry may work more harm to a person's health than a week's hard work would accomplish. Think, too, of the depressing influence we have upon the spirits of those who are brought into contact with us. It is hardly to be wondered at that the average man or woman is reluctant to spend much time in the uninteresting, not to say wearisome, company of a lady who is always lamenting the splash of ink on her new tea-gown, or of the man who is constantly bewailing his hard lot caused by the inferior quality of the last ounce of tobacco. If we could only see the sorry figure we cut at such times in the eyes of those whom we respect the most! Not only do we bore our friends, but we bring upon ourselves acute and often prolonged mental prostration and physical breakdown as the result of worry. The best way to avoid this state of things is to refuse to worry about anything. At first sight this may seem hardly feasible; but it is half the battle if one can only realise that it is possible to banish worry altogether from one's category of evils by a real determination to get rid of it, and by taking proper precautions to avoid it.

There is no doubt that worry is a universal disease, and with some people it may be said to have become chronic. Therefore, the cure ought to be universal too, even if it has to be brought about in some cases by heroic measures.

Physicians are gradually coming to realise the wonderful and subtle influence of body on mind and mind on body. During the period of convalescence, after a prolonged and exhausting disease, the patient is generally very irritable, and the

slightest mishap causes him more than an ordinary amount of worry. When the body is weak and exhausted, the brain seems to lose its controlling and rationalising power—so much so, indeed, that trifling accidents assume the proportions of grave calamities, and appeal strongly to the emotions. Therefore, when one realises that the petty affairs of life, which do not usually cause one any anxiety, are gradually dominating the imagination and causing vexation and worry, one may make up one's mind that the constitution is run down and is demanding rest and change. I may mention here that *short but frequent* holidays are more beneficial to a person working hard both mentally and physically than a long rest taken after a sustained period of work. Looked upon in this light, worry is a *danger-signal*. It is wonderful how one forgets all one's worries after a little rest and a short holiday!

During the holiday one must make up one's mind to forget every direct cause of worry. This very act of trying to forget may seem to make the worry stronger still. But this must not be allowed to discourage us; we must try to forget, and try again and yet again. It is wonderful how soon things may be forgotten. By thinking and talking of our troubles we strengthen the impression they make on the brain, and the stronger the impression the greater and longer the worry. Our thoughts, somehow, always seem to tend in that direction, however hard we try to divert them into a healthier channel; but if we persevere we shall most certainly succeed—and often very quickly. Let us leave behind all associations of every kind that may remind us of our cause for worry in the very slightest degree, and the worry will disappear.

I have so far dealt with the negative side of the question. The act of worrying forces us into one particular groove of thought. From the positive point of view, the best way to get out of this groove is to create a new current of thought which flows through other channels. Thus energy is directed into other paths, leaving the old one disused and in time incapable of transmitting the old current. To make my meaning clear, let us suppose that you are worried about some monetary transaction. The best way to banish your trouble from your mind is to take an interest in something quite different—music, poetry, or painting, for instance—and to devote your whole mind to it, not giving your worries a moment's thought. This new interest will buoy you up and give you fresh strength to overcome your morbid feelings. Choose for your companions those who will encourage this new train of thought, and welcome anything that will open out new vistas of happiness. When you have once left the old groove, and have begun to bask in the sunshine of pleasanter and happier surroundings, you must follow up your new interests with vigour or you will relapse into the old state of mind once more. Thus a determination to overcome, a timely rest and change of air, congenial surroundings, and fresh trains of thought and new interests in life contribute not a little to remove the habit of worry, to which we are all prone.

Happy is he who can take life in the philosophical spirit of 'Whatever is is best,' for worry dare not touch him. I have personally tried the methods advocated above, and have found them very useful helps in the storm and stress of life. So I hand on these suggestions to others, in the confident hope that they may be found useful sooner or later.

What bright possibilities might life not hold out if only that big dark cloud 'worry' could be dispelled from its horizon!

DORNAY'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER III.

SUDDENLY Dornay heard voices immediately below his window, and presently he became aware that the two late arrivals had caused chairs and a small table to be brought out of doors, and, late as it was, were about to wind up the evening over cigars and a bottle of wine. 'Bed is unbearable on such nights as this,' he heard one of them remark.

'Yes,' replied the other. 'If only one could hibernate during the cold months, and do without sleep this sweltering weather, that would be something to be thankful for.'

A lighted candle had been placed on the table, and its flame rose steadily in the still air. Presently the odour of tobacco reached Dornay's nostrils. He was seated on a lounging-chair close to the window, and every word spoken by the strangers on the lawn came plainly to him. But anything they might have to say was no business of his; it had no interest for him, and did not take his attention. His brain was busy with his own affairs. What was going on in the room with the balcony? Was Sir Gerald still sleeping peacefully, or had the poison already begun to work in his blood?

So extreme had been Dornay's self-absorption that for some minutes his mind had not taken in a word spoken by those below; but the mention of Sir Gerald Udale's name brought him back with a start to the realities of time and place, and set him listening with all his might.

'I have been Sir Gerald's lawyer ever since he came into the title and estates,' remarked one of the men, 'and, as you are aware, I have an appointment with him at ten o'clock to-morrow. His life, uneventful as it may have seemed to outsiders, has not been without its romantic episodes, with all of which I am, of course, acquainted.'

'Then don't keep them to yourself, my dear fellow, so far as I am concerned,' responded the other. 'Seeing that you are about to introduce me to the baronet as your future partner, you may as well post me up with regard to the facts of his personal history before you do so.'

'So be it. You must know, then, that the baronet, who has long been a widower, was married some years before he succeeded to the title. His sole offspring was one son, who at the age of twenty-two fell in love with a beautiful girl in a gipsy encampment, who passed by the name of Velma Robins. They eloped and were married. When the news was told Sir Gerald he discarded Myles as a disgrace to his family, and never saw him afterwards; but the latter had three hundred a year of his own, so that the young couple did not starve. After a time a daughter was born, but at the expense of the mother's life; while, a twelvemonth later, Myles was accidentally drowned. Sir Gerald caused the parentless infant to be put out to nurse; but when it was about four years old he had it brought to the Croft, which since then has been its home, and to him the child of his dead son is dearer than aught else on earth.

'Well, one day a very old woman presented herself at the Croft, and asked to see Sir Gerald, to whom she introduced herself as the "queen of the gipsies." For the sum of twenty pounds she offered to reveal to him certain facts connected with the history of his late son's wife which otherwise he would never be told. The baronet, who had never seen reason to doubt that his daughter-in-law was a gipsy born and bred, closed with her offer. Then it came out that the girl Myles Udale eloped with had, when an infant, been stolen from the charge of its grandparents, persons in a very humble sphere of life, to whom it had been entrusted by its father, a man named Dornay, at that time with his regiment in India. It had been in the hope of appeasing the passionate maternal longing in the heart of the gipsy queen's daughter, who had lately lost her own child, that the other child had been kidnapped. All this Sir Gerald wrote down with his own hand, and caused the old dame to affix her mark to it in the presence of witnesses.

'A few days later the document in question reached me, with the request that I would engage the services of one or more private inquiry agents with the view of testing the validity, so far as it might now be possible to do so, of the statements contained therein. This was accordingly done, and resulted in a very singular discovery.

'It appeared that the mother of the so-called Velma Robins was not dead at the date of the child's abduction from its grandparents, but that she had eloped some time previously with a man now proved to have been none other than the baronet's younger brother, Captain George Udale, who some years later died of fever in the West Indies. What became of the woman he eloped with it was found impossible to ascertain. And that is what may be termed the Udale romance. I felt a spot of rain just now. What say you to turning in?'

Dornay heard no more. All that concerned him had been told, and what a revelation it was! He stood up, and clasping his head between his hands, he tried to steady his brain sufficiently to enable him to think coherently. His diabolical plot—he saw it now for the first time in all its hideousness—had been aimed, and only too successfully, at the life of an innocent man; whereas the man who had so bitterly wronged him had died long years before! Yet he (Dornay) had cozened himself into the belief that if his enemy were dead the fact would have been intimated to him after some vague, mysterious fashion, and, further, that the unseen powers which minister to mankind had favoured his long-delayed scheme of vengeance and decreed that it should not fail. Oh, how he had been befooled! His heart was as gall within him.

Thereupon his mind reverted to another of the disclosures overheard by him, one which at any other time would have filled him with an amazement bordering on unbelief, but which was now accepted by him without a shadow of doubt. The girl he had seen pacing the terrace was his own granddaughter—his and Sir Gerald Udale's! Surely it was one of life's ironies that such a thing should have come to pass!

His thoughts were still somewhat tangled, and there was a buzzing in his head as though a bee were shut up in it. Only now did the question flash upon him whether there was any possibility of saving Sir Gerald's life. That the death-fly had done that which it was intended to do was hardly questionable. It had purposely been left unfed in order that it might the more surely accomplish its gruesome task. It would indeed be a horrible thing if Sir Gerald should die, and his (Dornay's) be the hand that had slain him!

Then he recalled the fact that at their parting Ram Das had put into his hands a small sealed packet, saying as he did so, 'Shouldst thou at the last moment wish undone that which has been done, open this and—but not otherwise.' More than once the words had recurred to his memory, but only to be dismissed as having no possible significance for him; for it was preposterous to assume that he should wish undone the one grim act the fulfilment of which was all he lived for.

But now! In the course of a few short minutes the world had become a changed place and he a changed being. No more time must be given to thought: action—action was the imperative need. The two strangers had come indoors, and not a sound was anywhere to be heard. Having lighted his candle, Dornay passed into his bedroom, and then from his portmanteau he drew forth the packet given him by Ram Das. Having cut open the linen wrapper in which it was sewn up, he extracted a closely stoppered phial filled with some kind of liquid matter, blood-red in colour. Round it was a strip of parchment on which in Hindustani was

written these words: 'The wise man is he who is always prepared. Wherefore, in making thee a gift of the death-flies, I give thee also an infallible antidote for their poison—the constituents of which are known to few beside myself—provided it be administered not later than three hours after the fly has done its work. Take it, and should thy need be imperative, use it.—Thy friend, RAM DAS.'

For some seconds Dornay stood and stared at the writing like a dazed man. Then, as he crushed the parchment in his hand, he said aloud, 'After all, it may not be too late to save him. But not a minute must be lost.'

Quickly resuming his vest and coat, he put the phial in his pocket, blew out the candle, and opened the door. Then it struck him that the house was shut up for the night, and that to leave it without being overheard would be no easy matter. So he closed the door and crossed to the window. Two minutes later he had dropped from it to the ground and was hurrying in the direction of the Croft. But a difficulty now confronted him which he had not foreseen. How could he gain access to Sir Gerald? He might as well be without the antidote unless an opportunity of administering it were afforded him. He could only trust that the chapter of chances would bring about the needed opportunity.

So he took the road which had now become so familiar to him, and did not halt till he reached the seat under the cedar, whence the whole south front of the house was open to him. A faint light was beginning to broaden in the east, but here darkness still reigned. In none of the many windows was a gleam of light visible: apparently the household still slept undisturbed.

Presently Dornay, in a fever of unrest, made his way to the north side of the house, where were the domestic offices and the stables. Here, too, all was darkness. But even while he was looking, and wondering what his next step ought to be, lights began to appear, first in one room, and then in another. The household had suddenly become astir.

Dornay hurried back to the south front. Yes, there was a light in the balcony window, faintly discernible through the interstices of the blinds. Sir Gerald had awoke ill, and had rung for help. The death-fly had fulfilled its deadly mission.

But it was useless for Dornay to linger outside the house; his task lay inside it, in the balcony room itself. Back he went to the north side, but scarcely had he reached there before, by the light of a lantern, he saw a man lead a horse out of the stable, mount it, and ride off. 'He has gone to summon the village doctor,' said Dornay to himself; and on the instant his mind was made up.

One of the doors in the back premises was wide open. Entering the house by it, he found himself in the servants' hall, now empty, and lighted by a small lamp. Opening a door at the opposite end and passing through, he saw before him a flight of steps, which he ascended, and thence traversed a corridor which brought him to the foot of a staircase down which an elderly woman was coming as quickly as her corpulence would allow of her doing. At sight of Dornay she gave a frightened start and came to a sudden halt.

'Madam,' he said as he raised his hat, 'in me you see not a burglar but a doctor. Your master is ill. Take me to his room. It may be a matter of life or death to him.' Then, reading in her face a very natural hesitation, he added in a tone of authority, 'Every moment may be of the utmost consequence. Conduct me at once to Sir Gerald's room.'

With that he began to ascend the stairs; seeing which, the woman turned without speaking and went back. Dornay followed her down a long corridor to a spacious landing at the head of the great staircase, where she opened a door, and merely saying, 'This is my master's chamber,' left him standing on the threshold.

It was a room of considerable size, very plainly furnished. On a huge four-poster bed lay Sir Gerald, tossing like a man in the early stages of fever. His face was flushed and his lips parched, and the light of recognition no longer shone out of his eyes. He was like a stranger staring about him in a strange place, and every now and again muttering a few incoherent words. His hands kept on opening and shutting spasmodically, and every few seconds he clutched at the counterpane. By the head of the bed stood a staid-looking man in black, whom Dornay rightly judged to be the baronet's body-servant, and who stared at him in speechless amazement.

Dornay stepped into the room and shut the door. 'Your master is ill—very ill,' he said. 'I am a doctor, and am here to see whether I cannot be of service to him.'

'But Dr Tatham, who always attends him, has just been sent for, and'——

'I am quite aware of that; but it may be some time before he arrives, while I am on the spot; and it seems to me that if your master's life is to be saved he must be attended to at once. Judging from appearances, Sir Gerald is suffering from some kind of poison.'

'Poison! Oh lor', sir!' ejaculated the man.

'Poison not necessarily imbibed into his system with anything he may have had to eat or drink, but probably due to the bite of some venomous insect; none the less deadly, however, on that account.' He had advanced to the bedside, and he now bent over Sir Gerald. Then lifting up one of the baronet's hands, and pointing to a dark-blue patch about the size of half-a-crown on the inner side of the wrist, he said, 'Yes, it proves to be as I thought. Here is the mark where he has been bitten, or stung, by some poisonous insect. Something must be done for him without delay, or I will not answer for the consequences.'

He looked at the man, whose complexion had faded to a greenish-gray tint, and the man looked at him. 'Fortunately—most fortunately,' resumed Dornay, 'I happen to have with me a certain drug

which, if administered at once, will, I have no doubt, afford Sir Gerald immediate relief. He looked round. 'I do not see a teaspoon in the room. Oblige me by fetching one.'

His tone was so authoritative that the man went without hesitation. No sooner was he gone than Dornay's keen glance went in search of something which he was not long in finding. There it was—the death-fly—clinging to the bed-furniture, where it had settled after supping its fill. With an execration not loud but deep, he brushed it to the floor and set his heel upon it.

Wilson was back a moment later. At once Dornay instructed him to raise his master into a sitting posture and prop him up with pillows; then from the tiny vessel which Ram Das had given Dornay he extracted a teaspoonful of its contents and proffered it to the sick man. 'Drink this, sir; it will give you relief,' he said.

He was very doubtful whether Sir Gerald would comprehend what he said, so far away from his surroundings did the latter seem. However, he opened his mouth as an automaton might have done, and swallowed the contents of the spoon. Three times was the process repeated, and then he was allowed to resume his recumbent position.

Not many minutes went by before the effects of the drug became observable. Sir Gerald's breathing became softer and more regular; the feverish flush died out of his features, leaving them of an almost waxen pallor; he no longer rolled his head from side to side, and his hands became perfectly quiescent. A gentle perspiration began to bathe him from head to foot, and Dornay drew the bedclothes more closely about him.

Turning to the wondering Wilson, he said, 'Your master is saved. My task here is at an end, and I will go. But bear this in mind: on no account must Sir Gerald be disturbed till he awakes of his own accord.' With a parting nod to the man, he took up his hat, and after a last glance at the baronet, he passed softly out of the room.

On the landing some half-dozen domestics had gathered, among them the housekeeper, who now advanced. Anticipating what she was about to ask him, Dornay said, 'All danger is over. The drug administered by me has worked wonders—nay, it has saved Sir Gerald's life. He is now asleep, and'—

But here occurred an interruption. A youthful, white-robed figure came with a rush down the corridor, and clasping one of Dornay's arms, cried, 'Oh, kind Mr Doctor! do please tell me how dear grandpapa is.'

For a few seconds Dornay looked down on the sweet, tear-stained face in silence. 'His granddaughter—and mine!' he whispered to himself, and his heart swelled within him.

Then, in a voice curiously unlike his ordinary one, he said, 'My dear child, I promise you that your grandpapa will be quite well again in a few days. All danger is at an end.'

'And it is you who have saved his life!' exclaimed the child. 'Oh, how good of you!'

'Ah, if only she knew!' murmured Dornay under his breath. Then aloud, 'I am going now, and you will never see me again. Will you not give me one kiss to remember you by?'

As he put the question he went down on one knee.

'Of course I will, you good, kind man,' replied the child as she advanced her face to his. 'There—and there—and there!' Three times she kissed him.

Dornay passed a hand caressingly over her hair; then drawing her face close to his, he pressed his lips to her forehead, murmuring something in Hindustani as he did so. Then he rose to his feet, turned, and went without a word, the domestics falling back to let him pass. Down the great staircase he went, and across the entrance-hall to the front-door, like a man in a dream. A page, waiting there to admit the expected doctor, opened the door for him, and so he passed out into the wan light of an overcast morning punctuated with spurts of solid rain.

Before he reached the 'Red Lion' a gig drove rapidly past him, in which sat Dr Tatham on his way to the Croft. He had been from home when first summoned.

Three hours later Dornay caught the morning train for the south. As he settled himself in a corner of his compartment he said, 'And now for Sarunjah, there to linger out the remainder of my days! Ram Das and I will have much to talk about; and I think my two sons will be glad to see their father's face again. Nay, I am sure of it.'

THE END.

BORACIC ACID OR BORIC ACID.

'A WEAK acid obtained by the interchange of sulphuric acid and borax, and by purification of native borax.' That is all the description given by the pharmacopœia of this important substance; and I think a few observations may be made regarding the hot springs and jets of vapour which are among the most important developments of chemical industry in Italy.

Formerly all the boric acid of commerce was obtained from borax by heating it with calcined ferrous sulphate in closed vessels, whereby sodoforic acid was formed, and boric acid was carried on with the watery vapours, which escaped.

This was a long and tedious process, and not much

progress was made until it was discovered that boric acid could be obtained from the boiling springs and jets of vapour in Tuscany. Long after the discovery of boracic acid in these springs, the brilliant idea struck the physicist as well as the chemist to employ the heat of the natural steam-jets. This method had the effect of converting an unprofitable branch of industry into one of the most successful. The lagoons are situated near the top of one of the highest hills. As the volcanic vapours pass through the water of the lagoons the boracic acid is arrested by the water, which becomes impregnated with it. In California it occurs as the mineral sassolite, and as a saline incrustation on the crater of a mountain in the Lipari group, north of Sicily.

The following are a few of the uses to which boracic acid can be put. There is, for example, not a more irritating trouble than that caused by the blood getting too inflammatory, especially in the warm summer weather. A little of the boric powder should be dusted over the inflamed part, and in a short time the pain and itching will cease. All who serve in shops, or others whose occupation keeps them on their feet a great deal, are often troubled with chafed, sore, and blistered feet, especially in extremely hot weather, no matter how comfortably their shoes may fit, and may with advantage use the acid. Another very important use to which boric acid may be put is in the case of swelled gum or tender mouth; here it is just as effectual and as easily applied. A teaspoonful of the acid in a glassful of water is used as a mouth-wash, or it may be applied on a tooth-brush. There is also a very large quantity of boric lint used in many ways. The lint is prepared by being steeped in hot water in which there is a certain quantity of boric powder till it has become thoroughly saturated. It is then dried, and is ready for use as bandages in cases of accident. It is made ready for the market by being put up in one-pound packets to suit the convenience of the medical profession and of others who may require it.

LIFE GUARDSMAN SHAW.

A HERO OF WATERLOO.

By E. Bruce Low, M.A.

A RECENT remark of a writer in *Chambers's Journal* that 'there are few family histories that cannot furnish material for the novelist and biographer' has been the means of bringing to our notice that there still live in this country descendants of a Waterloo hero who was known throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, and whose glorious death on that field was universally lamented.

Life Guardsman Shaw was looked upon by the citizens of London and of his native county of Nottingham as the embodiment of courage, coolness, and bull-dog tenacity. 'Old Shaw the Life Guardsman!' says Dickens in *Bleak House*. 'Why, he's a model of the whole British army in himself. Ladies and gentlemen, I'd give a fifty-pound note to be such a figure of a man.' He had come to London from Cossall, his native village, a short time before entering the army; and in an age when pugilism was patronised by all classes, his feats in the prize-ring brought him to the notice of princes and peers, and rendered him the hero of the whole sporting fraternity. When he had reached the age of eighteen years he was cordially received into the ranks of the Second Life Guards, where pugilism was then much cultivated. He is described as remarkably large-limbed for his age, of great muscular strength; and it is satisfactory to know that he possessed a fair education and held a good character, with the result that it was not long before he was promoted to the rank of corporal, which, as is well known, corresponds to that of sergeant in line regiments.

Numerous incidents in his career at this period are still remembered in the ranks. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was usual for the lower orders to cast vulgar abuse upon private soldiers, and on one occasion Shaw was followed and insulted by a number of strongly built roughs. Determined to put an end to the continuance of this practice towards himself and his fellows, Shaw resolved to tackle the crowd, and soon threw three of their number sprawling in the gutter; but on recovering themselves they again set upon the Life Guardsman. In a few minutes he had dealt out such a lesson to them that the whole crowd was put to flight. He had not again to face such an encounter. After this Colonel Barton took him in hand and introduced him to the Fives Court, which was regarded as the Carlton Club of pugilism in London. At his appearance in this new arena he was described as follows: 'His height, weight, length, and breadth were of so valuable a nature that, united with a heart that knew no fear, they rendered him a truly formidable antagonist.' The Cockney public, as well as the army officers, took him up, and he soon justified their faith by fighting some of the celebrated pugilists of the day, including Molyneaux and Colonel Barclay of Ury.

It was at this time that he was selected by the

well-known artist Haydon to sit as his model for some of his famous paintings. In height he was over six feet, with a fair complexion, gray eyes, light hair, and a round visage, and so magnificently developed as to be universally admired.

His last prize-ring encounter took place on Hounslow Heath on 8th April 1815, when enormous crowds turned out from early morning to visit the scene of the fight. Shaw had boldly challenged all England for the championship. Three other competitors entered the ring in succession. These were Harmer, Skelton, and Painter. The first two fought twenty-eight rounds before Harmer was declared victor; and finally Shaw found his antagonist in Painter. Of the latter it is related that he had distinguished himself in numerous encounters previously, and had beaten men apparently twice his strength, and, like Shaw, had tackled and overthrown a crowd of bullies who had insulted him at Manchester. In this encounter with Painter, however, Shaw soon gained the upper hand; and it is reported that although Painter delivered some terrific blows, Shaw seemed to be able to do what he liked with him, and ultimately, after half-an-hour's fight, completely overcame his opponent. This victory left Shaw virtually champion of England. Less than a month before this, Napoleon Bonaparte had returned to France from Elba, and Wellington had hurried from the Peace Conference at Vienna, with full powers as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Army, to oppose any movement which 'the little Caporal' might make towards the Rhine or the Belgian capital. Shaw had henceforth to face the sterner work of the battlefield; for, although his admirers offered to buy him out of the army when the order for foreign service was received, he refused, and the following facts, made known to us by a near relative, and, we believe, now published for the first time, make his refusal more meritorious than has hitherto appeared. It seems that when war broke out Shaw was hurriedly married before leaving England, and placed his young wife in the safe keeping of her own parents, who resided in the neighbourhood of Rugely in Staffordshire.* A son was born, who remained with Shaw's widowed mother, and later, when a youth, earned a living as a miller. If Shaw was the hero of London sportsmen before the war, he immediately became the idol of the whole nation at Waterloo. After a short period spent in cantonments with the First Cavalry Brigade, under Lord Edward Somerset, Shaw's regiment received orders to march to Quatre Bras on the morning of the 16th of June, the day when Napoleon was defeating the Prussian army at Ligny, while Ney was endeavouring to gain a similar victory over the hastily formed advance guard of the British army. Wellington had prophesied, after an inspection of the dispositions of the Prussian army, that it 'would receive a most d—d licking,' and this was amply fulfilled, with the result that the victorious British wing of the allied army was compelled to carry out a parallel retreat, so as to protect the Prussian flank and at the same time cover Brussels.

On the 17th Shaw's brigade saw some fighting with the French cavalry in the neighbourhood of Genappe, when the Guards overthrew the lighter French lancers. Thereafter the retreat was completed without molestation, and the brigade took up a position on the high ground through which the main road to Brussels ran. A corresponding parallel high ridge was soon occupied by the French army. The country has been too often described to necessitate other details being given here; but the reader may be reminded that on the extreme right of the British position lay the château of Hougomont, in the centre the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, and on the extreme left the village of Papellotte. The Horse Guards were drawn up on the slope in the rear of La Haye Sainte, and here some of the fiercest fighting of the day took place. As is well known, the soldiers spent the night of the 17th and the morning of the 18th in the greatest discomfort, after their long march from Quatre Bras in the sweltering heat of midsummer. A downpour of rain continued throughout the night in tropical torrents, while the lightning played around them. The men were without protection, and lay upon the muddy ground, rising next morning thoroughly stiff and chilled. Shaw's regiment was composed of tall, muscular men, about six feet in height, and the powerful black horses which they rode exceeded sixteen hands high. Every man wore a brass helmet with a blue-and-red crest and a scarlet-and-white plume on the left of it. Unlike the French cavalry, they had discarded the cuirass. Their dress was a double-breasted red coat, with blue trousers, and they wore a sash of scarlet round the waist. Their arms were carbines, pistols, and long swords. The Second Life Guards were commanded by the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Lygon, son of Earl Beauchamp.

At eleven o'clock, when the first cannon-shot was fired, Corporal Shaw was engaged with some of his comrades at a distant part of the field foraging for supplies; but he sharply called together his men, and had joined his regiment before the first cavalry charge was made.

The advance of Prince Jerome's corps on Hougomont took place about one o'clock; and while the attention of the British army was directed to that quarter, Bonaparte delivered his first grand attack upon the centre and left of the allied position. The French force employed was of overwhelming strength, and succeeded in producing a panic among the Dutch-Belgian troops slightly in advance of the

* When War anew her tocsin pealed,
And Honour called thee to the field,
Thou started'st to thy post again,
And Love and Beauty pled in vain.
Thou left'st them all—yea, dropped the hand
But just made thine by Hymen's band,
And changed it for the battle brand.

cross-road which marked the crown of the ridge behind which the allied army lay. The attacking infantry force was composed of four divisions from D'Erlon's infantry, Roussell's cavalry division, a division of light cavalry, chasseurs, and lancers, and seventy-four guns. The advance of the French infantry compelled the British battalions to deploy into line; and so soon as this was effected, Roussell's cavalry charged among the allied regiments and cut into a number of them, with the result that the moment appeared so critical that Lord Uxbridge, in command of the British cavalry, was compelled to take immediate action. He ordered the Union Brigade on the left to support Picton's troops, who were being threatened by three French divisions, and he himself determined to lead Lord Edward Somerset's brigade of Guards simultaneously upon the fourth of the infantry divisions, which had reached the British line on the west of La Haye Sainte, and, if possible, to overthrow at the same time the cuirassiers and carbineers composing Roussell's cavalry division.

In the British advance the First Life Guardsmen rode on the right, the Second Life Guards on the left, and the Dragoon Guards in the centre. Corporal Shaw occupied the centre of the left squadron of the Second Guards. Opposed to him was a line of cuirassiers. Both forces were riding at full speed, and neither attempted to draw rein or to avoid the combat. It was remarked that in consequence of the British swords being shorter than those of the cuirassiers, the Guardsmen were forced to wedge themselves in between the files of the enemy before they could strike effectively. This they were able to do exactly as in the Heavy Brigade charges at Balaklava, by superiority of weight and strength. Lord Edward Somerset compared the ringing of the British sword upon the French armour to 'the hammering of so many tinkers at work,' and the noise of the charge was soon mingled with the groans and shouts of the combatants. It was not long, however, before the masses of Frenchmen in the scrimmage were borne down and forced across the ridge by the red-coated Guardsmen. All along the flanks and rear the cuirassiers began to gallop wildly from the field, while the main body was pressed down the ascent to the plain beyond La Haye Sainte. The Second Life Guards rode obliquely through the cuirassiers, who had been checked by the unexpected obstacle of a hidden hollow way (the '*chemin creux*' of Victor Hugo) cut in the ridge where the cross or '*verd cocou*' road left the main Brussels road. The Frenchmen sought to regain the high ground, but were pursued by the Life Guards, who came upon them at full speed and compelled a number of the French cavalry to return and seek concealment in the hollow way, in the hope of escaping to the main road. The Second Life Guards, however, pursued them so hotly as to be themselves thrown into some confusion by the broken nature of the ground.

It was when the combatants reached La Haye Sainte that Corporal Shaw distinguished himself in a desperate hand-to-hand contest on the level ground adjoining the farmhouse.

Siborne, the official historian of the Waterloo campaign, tells us that Shaw alone slew nine of the cuirassiers in this charge, and there are preserved a number of detailed accounts of his prowess, given by eye-witnesses. On one occasion, mentioned by Sir Evelyn Wood, he was seen to ride straight at a cuirassier who had taken up a position at the junction of the two roads. The Frenchman with his long sword thrust strongly at Shaw below the belt, but his thrust was swiftly parried, and the Life Guardsman's sabre crashed through the Frenchman's helmet, splitting his skull to the chin. In the words of the eye-witness, his face 'fell off like a bit of apple.' At one point two of Shaw's comrades, Dakin and Hodgin, saw him attack the standard-bearer of the cuirassiers, and after a short encounter slay him. When, however, he was about to seize the eagle, he was surrounded by an overwhelming number of the enemy, and lost sight of the trophy in the mêlée.

Captain Gronow, in his well-known *Reminiscences*, tells how, at a later stage of this first charge, Shaw again distinguished himself by saving the life of an officer of the First Life Guards.

Having overthrown Roussell's cavalry division, the Guardsmen of the different regiments followed in pursuit, and the British corps had become intermingled. Many of them, in their ardour, had reached the summit of the position occupied by the French, when Napoleon ordered several regiments of cuirassiers and Polish lancers to intercept their retreat by taking possession of the low ground lying between the two opposing armies. Captain Kelly of the First Guards had, with a few men of his regiment, reached the Grand Battery collected by Napoleon in support of his attack, when he noticed the swift approach of the fresh cavalry, and, rallying his men, determined to cut his way back to the British lines. At this moment Corporal Shaw hastened to the assistance of Captain Kelly, and the two, riding side by side, headed the returning troopers, and, in the words of a spectator, 'cut down their antagonists as if the latter had been poppies.'

In the retreat Shaw was now opposed by a giant cuirassier in armour. In order to successfully defend himself, he selected the vulnerable part of the opponent, and, parrying his lunge, slew him with a thrust in the neck.

When the remains of the regiment reassembled on the ridges, the heavy losses they had sustained became apparent. Shaw found that the two files which in the morning had stood on each side of him had been slain. He was himself wounded, but refused to leave the ranks.

For two hours afterwards the Guards remained in position inactive under a heavy cannonade. In his official despatch, Marshal Blücher declares that the decisive moment in the battle occurred at half-

past four; and Baron Von Müffling, the Prussian Commissioner on Lord Wellington's staff, states emphatically in his *History* of the campaign that up to that moment the battle had been 'bloody enough, but in no wise dangerous for the English army.' He adds, 'There was absolutely nothing to fear,' and then goes on to state that 'the position was really more favourable than would appear to Wellington,' and that 'from that moment the battle was considered as gained' (p. 28). The Prussian troops which had been promised to Wellington for the forenoon of the 18th now showed themselves, so that by half-past four (Blücher's 'decisive moment') two brigades of Bülow's corps had appeared before Planchenoit; but, although Sir Evelyn Wood points out that it was after five o'clock before the Prussian cavalry approached the British left wing, Wellington never considered it necessary to call up his reserve of eighteen thousand men stationed between Tubige and Hal, eight miles off. Wellington's understanding with Blücher had been for the assistance of only three thousand men and from a greater distance. It cannot be admitted that the arrival of this party saved the British army from destruction (as recently claimed by the German Emperor in direct contradiction of the Prussian officers who were engaged in the struggle), and the later events of the day confirm this, for the British had repulsed and driven off the Old Guard and the whole French divisions of the left wing by eight o'clock, while the Prussians were still engaged on their first point of attack at Planchenoit.

It is true that the German Legion, who occupied La Haye Sainte (and to whose bravery the British writers have done honour), lost the position assigned to them, which had to be retaken by a British line regiment. Unfortunately, also, the King's German Legion, being ordered to deploy by the Prince of Orange, had its flag captured by the French Chasseurs of the Guard, and it was not recovered; but that no reflection can rest upon the British troops in this connection is proved by Houssaye, the latest French writer. There is something grim and sardonic in the fact that the Kaiser should tell the soldiers at Hanover that their countrymen saved the British army from destruction, when we remember that it was the cavalry of Hanover (the Duke of Cumberland's Hussars) which turned tail and fled in disorder to Brussels when ordered by Wellington to move forward to support the British line.

After four o'clock Napoleon, noticing the advance of the Prussian troops, devolved upon Ney the duty of making a second attack upon the allied position, while he himself directed operations upon his right for the defence of Planchenoit against the new assailants. The French cavalry, led by Ney, approached the British position in three great lines, forty-three squadrons in all (four thousand five hundred horsemen), and soon reached the crest of the ridge where the British batteries lay. There however, they were met by a tremendous fire, which caused numerous losses; but the cuirassiers rode gallantly forward to the charge, shouting, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' and '*Victoire!*' They were received at thirty paces with a withering fire from the squares, and were broken up into a disorganised mass, which swept round the squares without charging home. Lord Edward Somerset used this opportune moment for making another advance with the Guards brigade, who, after a very slight resistance from the French cavalry, drove them in confusion into the hollow between the armies, whence after a time they renewed the attack, only, however, to be foiled again. In this way the French cavalry became thoroughly exhausted. Supports were sent for, which were seen moving forward with great apparent determination. Again the diminished squadrons of British cavalry fell upon the advancing troops and sent them headlong to the rear. Undismayed by these successive defeats, Ney sent for further reinforcements, and obtained thirty-seven squadrons of fresh horsemen, drawn from Kellerman's corps and the heavy cavalry of the Imperial Guards, and then advanced at the head of eighty squadrons to a final attack upon the British right. The reader must be referred to the brilliant pages of Siborne's *History* and Sir Evelyn Wood's *Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign* for details of these successive attacks. Victor Hugo says: 'There were a dozen assaults. Ney had four horses killed under him. Half the cuirassiers fell on the plateau. The conflict lasted two hours.' It ended in the total rout of the Frenchmen. The British squares stood fast, though decimated. Ney, perspiring, his eyes aflame, foaming at the mouth, with uniform unbuttoned, and one of his epaulets cut off, saw the broken regiments returning in complete disorganisation to the French lines.

In these encounters Shaw and his comrades had taken a glorious part, and many are the thrilling accounts left to us of the deeds of the troopers in his brigade. We must, however, restrict ourselves to the narrative of Shaw's last charge. He had distinguished himself throughout the day, and now, when the British cavalry swept forward and rode through the remains of the French squadrons, Shaw still bore a prominent part, till in the last mêlée on the level ground to the east of La Haye Sainte he found himself cut off from his companions and surrounded by overwhelming numbers of the foe. The contest was a long one, and it was only when his sword had been broken in his hand that Shaw's defence was overcome. Hurling the hilt of his weapon among the enemy, he tore off his helmet and struck out right and left with it; but the swords of the cuirassiers ultimately cut him down, and he was left for dead on the ground. Victor Hugo tells us that as Shaw lay on the ground a French drummer-boy gave him the *coup de grâce*. That night a comrade, wounded like himself, had taken refuge near one of the houses which line the Charleroi road, and there he found Shaw. Our

hero, after being rendered unconscious by the numerous wounds which he had received, had crept in pain from the open ground to the protection of the farm-buildings which we know as La Belle Alliance. 'Shaw was almost cut to pieces and scarcely able to move.' On recognising the other as a comrade, Shaw was only able to whisper, 'My dear fellow, I am done for,' and then fell back from sheer exhaustion. When morning broke his companion found him lying dead, with his face resting on his hand, and having the appearance of having passed away while in a state of insensibility. His death was occasioned rather by the loss of blood from a variety of wounds than from the magnitude of any one. So was ended the career of the best swordsman in the British army, after giving striking evidence of his heroism and skill, the memory of which still lives in the ranks of his regiment. The visitor to Waterloo will experience little difficulty in discovering the small stretch of level ground where Shaw was overwhelmed by the superior number of the enemy, and the buildings of La Belle Alliance remain, after the lapse of nearly a century, in a state of wonderful preservation; the only evidence of the titanic struggle being the cannon-ball which rests embedded in the brick wall above the doorway, where it is discernible with difficulty, the proprietor having recently painted over the building, and having thus almost obliterated this interesting relic. It may well be that the cheers which were raised on all sides when Lord Wellington met Marshal Blücher on this spot at the close of the day may have served to attract the wounded Guardsman towards them, and roused him to make that final and supreme effort to reach the shelter of the building where he died. Long ere this Wellington had ridden off to the village of Waterloo to pen his famous despatch, written while his heart throbbed with emotion at the loss of so many of his veteran comrades in arms, and Blücher had started in pursuit of Napoleon and his retreating legions, now fast becoming a disorganised rabble. As darkness fell over the stricken field, the remnants of the two brigades of British heavy cavalry were drawn up within a stone's-throw of our dying trooper, at the spot where the Prussians entered on the pursuit.

Of the seven magnificent regiments, the Guards and the Union Brigade, numbering nineteen hundred swords, only fifty files remained. As already indicated, Corporal Shaw left a widow; but, as the young wife had not been enrolled on the register of the regiment, the claims of her child and herself could not be recognised, and she was compelled to find a home with her parents. It is satisfactory to know that a suitable memorial has within recent times been erected in honour of John Shaw at his native village of Cossall, Nottinghamshire. When Thomas Wheately, of the same place, died in June 1875, his countrymen remembered that both had fought side by side at Waterloo, and that no memorial existed to the hero who had so long retained their admiration, and no time was lost in repairing the oversight.

And can the brave whose blood had bought
This mighty triumph be forgot?
No! He who battled there and fell
Needs not the line of cumbrous swell.
This epitaph enough shall tell:
He died at Waterloo.

THE RIVER OF MY LOVE.

I STAND and gaze on the St Lawrence stream:
She fills her mighty channel with her flow,
She holds on her fair breast the May-day gleam,
Her surface ripples as the west winds blow;

She bears her burden of deep-laden ships
As toys upon her bosom, unaware;
She sweeps towards the sea, whose salt, white lips
Curl as they meet hers in the bridal air.

Yet not like her the river of my love—
The little one, whose waters shrink and grow,
Threading their way in silvery dance above
The pebbles that the netted sunbeams show.

What myriad charms meet in her primrose dells!
Hers are the ways that gentle hearts allure;
She sings her maiden song 'mid heather-bells,
For she is laureate of the scented moor.

The restless curlew croons above her flow,
The lark inweaves his music with her own;
She brightens in the mellow evenglow,
While a lone dipper curtsies on a stone.

Down from the breezy slopes her path she takes,
Loitering along by many a mossy well,
Where builds the wren and where warm moisture makes
Soft nooks where butterwort and sundew dwell.

The brooding pheasants by her margin sit;
Above her shouts the cuckoo in the firs,
And spotted moths of blue and silver flit
About her borders, where the junipers

Smoke in the welcome airs that lightly sway
Each bush and branch in odorous delight,
Shared by the rock-rose and the orchis gay,
Whence the swift snipe begins his sinuous flight.

For love of her the yellow broom hard by
Makes with rich clusters many a golden arch,
Through which her waters glide with answering sigh
To where, like sentinel, stands the tasselled larch.

So, onward still, through many a hazel brake,
Wanton her waters on their winsome way;
'Tis sunshine in the soul her gambols make,
The sportive darling of the summer day!

And all her pilgrimage to the waiting sea
Is flecked with change—freshet and fall and pool.
She takes earth's broken surface laughingly;
Each varying day with visions sweet is full.

Ah! count my rhyme an idle one, yet I
Will sing of what leaves imprint on the heart.
I court no distant grandeur: it is nigh,
The theme that tempts my unaspiring art.

To both the poet's tribute well belongs:
The vast St Lawrence pride and wonder stirs,
Her waves are worthy of a thousand songs;
But the home-streamlet—all my love is hers!

JOHN HOGBEN.

MONTREAL.

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VARIABLE STARS.

By ALEXANDER W. ROBERTS, D.Sc., Lovedale, South Africa.

ALL down the ages the stars have been regarded by thoughtful men as the type of nature in its unvarying moods and manifestations. On this earth of ours we find, everywhere and always, an unceasing ebb and flow of the tide of human affairs: birth and death, growth and decay. Men come and go; empires rise and fall; even civilisations dawn, culminate, and set; but amid all these changes the stars in their high heaven shine on, seemingly untouched by decay and unaltered by the effacing hand of time. They, to all appearance, change not with the changing years. Unmoved, as if their foundations rested on eternity, the 'fixed' stars keep their appointed places, while their brightness grows not dim with the passing of man's centuries. The sky shares with the sea and the great mountains the charm of perpetual youth; and this is why the hearts of men are irresistibly drawn out to the hills and the seas and the stars.

Yet, after all, this seeming fixity of place, this apparent constancy of light, is far, very far, from being an actual reality. The stars, in common with all created things, come within the grip of the universal laws of growth, development, and decay. Instead of fixity, therefore, there is movement of the most stupendous nature; instead of constancy, there are changes of such magnitude that we have nothing on earth to which we can liken them. Most of these changes and movements, however, take such long periods to unfold, because of the distance and size of the stars, that in the lifetime of a man, or even of a nation, the face of the sky, like the outline of some majestic range of mountains or the shores of a vast ocean, bears ever the same appearance. But in the lapse of long ages the shores of the ocean alter, the outlines of the mountains change, and the stars vary in brightness and colour and position.

To follow out our analogy yet a little further: just as the surface of the sea and the slopes of the mountains, while preserving the same unvarying aspect as a whole, yet in their parts—their waves and their slopes, their reaches and their valleys, the sheen of their waters and the brightness of their foliage—change with the days and the seasons, so the heavens as a whole ever present to earth the same majestic formations; yet not a few of the stars that go to make up this seeming unchanging whole vary in brightness so rapidly and so orderly that even in the brief span of a man's life we are able to ascertain the laws which regulate their variation.

I think a simple illustration will make this clearer. I have often pictured to myself the thoughts and feelings of some ancient astronomer, say one who lived in the days of Abraham or Job, if he were to return for a brief season to this time-fretted earth of ours and find himself once more in the stream of earthly concerns. What perplexity, what amazement, what curiosity would be his as he wandered up and down, up and down, the busy streets of even a slowly changing Eastern city! How much would be new to him, how much would be strange and perplexing: steamers and trains, telegraphs and telephones, tram-cars and motor-cars! But I can best of all imagine his excited wonder and eager curiosity as he passes within the portals or stands beneath the mammoth dome of one of our modern observatories.

'What is this: a place for observing the stars, say you? And this huge engine: a telescope do you call it? I also, in that far-off yesterday when I sojourned on this earth, possessed an observatory; but it was not at all like this. It was only the flat roof of a lofty tower near the wall of the great city of Nineveh; but it was the finest observatory in all the East, and men came from far and near to view the pictures of the sky that I drew on my clay tablets. So much has changed since that day that I suppose the stars I used to observe four thousand years ago will all have passed away. Alas! I am indeed a stranger in a strange land.'

And now the day draws to a close and the night

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gathers in. Soon the darkness shrouds from sight all that men had wrought and accomplished during the centuries. Slowly one by one the stars creep forth: great Orion and the Northern Bear, Sirius and Aldebaran, the Hyades and Pleiades, Vega and Arcturus.

As their light shines forth on the darkening world the feeling of strangeness and sadness passes away from our visitor, for there above him are the same stars that he used to watch and chart ages ago. How often had he seen them rise from out the Eastern haze or set behind the Syrian hills! The world might have changed, had indeed changed, but here was an unchanging canopy of glorious light.

And thus the centuries roll away, and in imagination he is back once more in his lonely watch-tower by the city wall; once more he is eagerly scanning the face of the sky and comparing it with those pictures he drew forty centuries ago. Forty centuries? Surely not, for the stars are just the same as they were when he lived and watched and prayed under them.

Yet stay! Not quite the same: surely Sirius was redder then than it is now? And the Pleiades look different. Were there not seven stars? Can one be lost? It must be, since now there are only six. And then, over there to the south, in the Scorpion, is a bright star he never remembers having seen before. When and how did it come into existence? He must return another night and more carefully examine the face of the sky; for, while the general features are the same, here and there he has discovered distinct evidences of change, whether changes indicating coming age or growing manhood he is unable to say. And so he comes to our modern observatory night after night, and each succeeding evening he lights on objects which were unknown to him in his Nineveh days: stars which have sprung into existence somehow and sometime during the passing of the centuries. Then, again, he searches in vain for many an old friend. The lost Pleiad is only one of many whom darkness or decay or destruction of some kind has overtaken. One day the mystery of stellar variation and change so oppresses the soul of our visitor that he returns no more to carry on his investigations. And this is the last we know of him.

Now let us leave our parable and concern ourselves with actual history, which, after all, is not so very different from what we have in imagination set forth.

When the father of astronomy, Hipparchus (B.C. 130), compared his maps of the sky, or rather his catalogue of the brightest stars, with those made centuries before his day, he was convinced of the occurrence of changes in the position and brightness of the stars. Indeed, during his own lifetime one bright star suddenly appeared in the constellation of the Scorpion, and then slowly faded away again.

It was the desire to provide material for the detection of phenomena so rare and striking as the sudden appearance of new stars or the disappearance of old ones that led one astronomer after another to draw up catalogues or make charts of the stars. And their labours were not fruitless, for between Hipparchus's day and the beginning of the sixteenth century four new or temporary stars were discovered. If, as some writers urge, we include the star of Bethlehem also as an appearance of a beautiful and brilliant temporary star, this would be five such remarkable occurrences in the period lying between the rise of ancient and the birth of modern astronomy.

Since the discovery of the telescope and the multiplication of observatories all over the globe, the number of new stars detected has slightly increased. It is, indeed, scarcely possible now for one to escape the meshes of the photographic net set for its capture in many a corner of the world, and thus scarcely a year passes without one more being added to the number already known. These stars are of the same character as and are probably due to the same causes which brought into existence the famous star that recently blazed out in the constellation Perseus, a description of which has already appeared in the pages of this *Journal* (1903, vol. vi., No. 264).

It is impossible to predict when or where a new star will appear, just as it is impossible to tell when or where a boiler explosion will take place in Glasgow. And when one does appear, it is equally impossible to say what its life-history will be. It may remain bright for months, or may swiftly fade away into the darkness whence it came. It may have secondary outbursts of brightness, like that of the well-known southern star Eta Argus, blazing up again and again, as if some giant hand were stirring at intervals the vast stellar fires. Or it may decrease steadily in light for months, and then, in a fit of seeming sulkiness, suddenly stop waning. There is no telling what new stars may do. They are erratic in their coming and going, but like all erratic things, they are always interesting.

Mankind had been on the watch for new stars or had been carefully observing old stars for nearly two thousand years before they lighted on a second and even more wonderful class of variable stars.

As the sixteenth century was drawing to a close one Fabricius noticed that a certain star in the Whale fluctuated considerably in brightness. At certain times the star was a conspicuous object in the sky; at other times it was quite invisible. He watched its variation for some years, and then other astronomers took up the tale. Now we know that Mira—or the wonderful, as this variable star is called—goes through a whole cycle of light-changes in three hundred and thirty-two days. Up and down, up and down, down more slowly than up, it pulsates throughout the ages. Whence this rhythmic change of light? What cyclopean monster can be stoking the fires of this immense orb?

The question is of supreme interest, for there are over three hundred stars of the same type as Mira

known to astronomers. But before we deal with the 'why' of the variation of such stars, let us consider for a moment the manner and the character of their light-changes.

We have used the words 'of the same type as Mira.' What are the peculiar marks of this type? One is that with the great majority of these stars—stars like Mira—a full period of variation is completed in about one year; a second feature is that their colour is always red; and yet a third feature is that their range of variation is very great and frequently irregular. Take, for instance, the star Mira. At its maximum brightness the light of this variable star is at least one thousand times greater than the amount of light it gives forth at its minimum phase. And Mira is not a solitary example of a range so considerable. There is in the southern sky a star whose increase in brightness from minimum to maximum is no less than ten thousandfold. Other similar instances could readily be brought forward.

Now, here we are face to face with a supreme difficulty. If Mira once or twice blazed up a thousandfold, and then, exhausted, went out in darkness, we could understand the phenomenon. We should be witnessing simply a celestial conflagration. But here we have a star (and, as we have said, there are hundreds of the same type) that periodically, with the regularity of the returning seasons, gets into a frenzy of light and heat, and is afterwards apparently none the worse for its outbursts. At any rate, it has been going on in this extraordinary way, probably for ages, without anything happening that would indicate a final catastrophe.

Many explanations will at once arise in the mind; some of these can be set aside without argument. No part of the variation of stars of this type is caused by eclipse. The revolution of a body partly bright and partly dark is also out of the question. Imagine a star with one hemisphere one thousand times brighter than the other!

What about chemical change? Any chemical change which would produce an increase of light anything like that which takes place on Mira would mean also the disintegration of the star.

Perhaps the primal cause of the variation of the peculiar type that we find in Mira and its congeners has its origin in electrical disturbance similar to the rhythmical discharges which produce the aurora and perhaps also the sun's corona.

But it is as well to be honest in the matter, and to confess that we know next to nothing of the cause or causes which lie behind long-period variation. We know the effects, for we can see them, measure them, classify them; but that which lies behind the things seen is beyond our ken, at least with our present means of research. We must content ourselves with the visible facts of variation of the type of Mira and leave the question of cause to a future day.

The eighteenth century was well on to a close before the first star of the third type of variation was discovered. This third type is usually known as 'short-period variation,' just as stars belonging to the previous or second class are called 'long-period variables.' As the name indicates, stars belonging to the 'short-period' class vary in a short period, usually a few days, sometimes a few hours. There is a southern variable, for instance, which completes its cycle of light-changes in seven hours. The range of variation in stars of this type is always small, and the period very regular.

One of the most important advances of late years in this branch of astronomy, sometimes called astrophysics, has been the discovery that many, if not all, of the stars of the short-period type are double—that is, each short-period variable is composed of two stars; and its variation is somehow connected with its binary character.

The thought at once arises that the variation is due naturally to the eclipse of one component by the other. The character, however, of the light-changes of stars of the third class indicates indubitably that their variation is not due to eclipse but to tidal action of some kind. Probably the revolution of one star round the other produces stellar tides; and these vast upheavals of liquid or gaseous matter generate sufficient heat to give to the light of the star a variable character. This is the explanation of short-period variation which most commends itself to those who follow out this special branch of astronomy, and it seems to the writer both an efficient and sufficient theory.

It may be said here that the stars belonging to this third class are fewer in number than those belonging to the second class, probably because their narrow range of variation makes them more difficult objects to discover. About one hundred are known to astronomers. This number, however, is steadily increasing as the accuracy with which observations of light-changes are made becomes improved.

Perhaps the most interesting class of variable stars is the fourth class—interesting because we know what causes their variation, and still more interesting because of the direction and the distance that this knowledge has already brought us.

Stars of the fourth class are more commonly called Algol variables, because of the famous star Algol, the first in point of discovery and first in importance of all stars of this type. It needs no refined appliances to obtain a great deal of knowledge concerning these stars, for Algol is bright enough to be seen by the naked eye, and even untrained vision can follow its light-changes. Every good almanac also duly sets forth the times and seasons of its eclipse. Almost every text-book in astronomy also declares the manner and nature of its light-changes, so that if any one is in ignorance of the behaviour of an Algol star it is not through lack of opportunity of obtaining knowledge on the matter.

There is in almost all stars of this class a constant period during which the star remains invariable in brightness. Then sets in a period of rapidly decreasing light, followed by an equally rapid rise to

the star's normal brightness. No comparison occurs to me more illustrative of Algol variation than the winking, winking, winking light on some dangerous headland; only in the case of the lighthouse the obscuration takes place every minute and lasts one or two seconds, while in the case of an Algol variable the eclipse occurs every two or three days and lasts some hours. The eclipse! Here we have the secret of Algol variation. All stars of this class are double, and the sudden change in their brightness is caused by one coming in front of the other.

Modern astronomy has deduced a number of interesting conclusions from the manner in which stars of this class vary in brightness; or, to put the matter otherwise, from the way in which one of the companions of an Algol system shuts off all or part of the light of its fellow, we may arrive at a number of very important deductions. We may, for example, frequently determine the size of the two stars, their nearness to one another, their density, their weight, their shape. Consider what all this means; consider what a wide field of research it opens up. And, above all, there is this of interest circling round Algol stars: we are not dealing with old, decrepit, worn-out worlds and systems; we are dealing with worlds newly born. When we observe an Algol variable we are looking on a star in its cradle, for, astronomically speaking, it was only but yesterday that the system divided into the two stars which compose it. Indeed, with regard to three such stars, division has scarcely yet taken place, and the two masses are for all the world like two pears joined point to point.

We might add a fifth class of variable stars, and push into it every changing star that will not fall readily into line with one or other of the four distinctly marked types described in this paper. Into this class many observers would thrust the great bulk of stars; for not a few careful and cautious inquirers urge that almost every star in the sky is more or less variable.

But since the sun is also a star, what about its light? Is the brightness of the sun variable like that of the inconstant moon, though to an infinitely less marked extent? There is abundant evidence that the sun's light is not constant; and probably when we have got behind the secret of its variation we shall also have got behind the secret of droughts and blizzards and magnetic storms.

At the beginning of this paper we touched on the idea of the whole creation of stars passing through vast secular changes; but the conception of such a thought, not to speak of observations even remotely bearing on so profound a matter, is beyond our finite minds. At least we could only vaguely theorise on the subject, and that is not profitable.

It is exceedingly remarkable that the bulk of our knowledge of stellar variation has been gained for us by men with little means and less leisure. I do not think it is sufficiently known that no town can claim to its credit so great a number of variable stars as the old gray capital of Scotland. And the observer who has made all these discoveries has done so with a telescope as long as one's arm, and in an observatory the dome of which is a street window!

There is no section of modern astronomy which holds out more promise of success to the amateur observer than the subject of variable stars. A small telescope or even none (Heis, one of the greatest authorities on the subject, used his unaided eyes), a good star atlas (failing the possession of this, let the observer make one for himself), and an unpretentious catalogue of stars are all that is needed to carry on the highest work and the most recondite research on variable stars.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONCERNING THE GIRL.

LD Donald Cameron and the stranger were going over the house together.

'I strayed into a glen at the foot of the loch among the hills, Mr Cameron, and met a young lady there with a black-and-tan collie. Can you tell me who she is?'

'Oo ay! 'Twould be Miss Lesley mebbe,' said old Donald, as though girls such as that were as plentiful as blaeberries.

'And who is Miss Lesley? Does she live hereabouts?'

'She iss stopping with her mither in a small hoose out beyant,' said Donald, with a sidelong jerk of the head which comprehended one full quarter of the Eastern Hemisphere.

'I see. She's just on a visit.'

'Juist that;' and you would never have thought from the looks of him that Donald was, if not quite lying, distinctly Ananiasing the truth.

His appearance commended him as a man to be trusted. He was well on in years, his hair was white, and he looked eminently respectable. In his plaid and tam he looked also decidedly picturesque, like an old Covenanter or a bit out of Burns or Walter Scott, Geoff thought. In manner he was restrained and uncommunicative to the point of taciturnity, racial characteristics emphasised by his remembrance of an interview between himself and the young lady with the collie on the previous day.

Old Donald had gone across to the small house 'out beyant' with the information that the accursed Southerner who had bought the island was coming to visit his new possessions.

'Very well, Donald Cameron, you will understand that we wish nothing to do with him—nothing what-

ever. And if he should by chance come across us, and ask you who we are, you will tell him nothing about us. You understand, Donald Cameron?'

'I unterstant, Miss Lesley. And what iss it I will say if he asks me?'

'Oh! say anything. Say we are just stopping here for a short time.'

'Aw! And will I say that now, Miss Lesley?'

'Yes, you will say that, for it is quite true. I have trusted you all my life, Donald Cameron; but if you do not do this that I ask you I will never trust you any more as long as I live.'

'Aw, Miss Lesley!' and the old man, who looked like a pillar of the Church, went away considering the most effective style of dust for prying eyes in case of need.

The stranger, however, whatever he may have felt, showed no disposition towards undue prying. His present stay was to be so short that it permitted of nothing more than a fleeting bird's-eye view of things in general. He would make closer acquaintance with men and matters later on. The question he had put had been a most natural one, and apparently the answer had satisfied him.

He strolled through his new house with interest. He had bought it all just as it stood, and he found it much to his liking. The furniture was not very modern, but it was solid and in keeping with the house. The portraits on the walls saddened him somewhat, as evidence of the utter breakdown of the House's fortunes. He knew nothing of the circumstances of the case beyond the fact that the late owner was dead; that his name, in common apparently with all the other inhabitants of the island, was Cameron; and that he had come to financial grief.

'Is the late Mr Cameron among them?' he asked as he glanced over the dark-faced portraits, brave in bonnets and brooches and tartans.

'He iss not,' said old Donald.

'How did it all come about? I have heard nothing. It is rather saddening, you know. Is there any family left—any sons?'

'Not a one. He juist went spekilating in things he did not unterstant, and he lost himself and all he hat, as many another hass done before him.'

'Ay, it's a ruinous game,' said Carrick. 'Can you have some one to live in the house all the time, Mr Cameron? Just to keep it warm, you know, in case I want to run up at any time. An empty house is always dismal, and when it's shut up it takes weeks to get right again.'

'I can do that. Will ye no' be coming to live here yourself?'

'Not yet. Perhaps not for some time. You see, I'm in the army, and I may be ordered away.'

'Ay?' said old Donald thoughtfully.

Carrick remained there two days; but as they happened to be very wet days, and he had come up in lightest marching order, he never left his own particular crag of an island, and saw no one but old Donald and his wife, who only bent herself in an old-fashioned, frigid obeisance when introduced to him, and seemed even less loquacious than her husband.

He did not even cross the island again on his way back. For old Donald suggested the saving of a wet walk by going round in the boat, which he asserted he had to do in any case for some stores.

So Carrick drank deep of the delights of solitude for those two days, and did not find them long. He searched for books, but found very few, and those of no interest to him, and so concluded that his predecessor had probably found his enjoyments in other directions; though what he could possibly have done in the long winter nights passed his comprehension.

From the tower windows he watched the rain-clouds come sweeping in from the sea till, as they reached the mouth of the loch, they blotted out the headlands and the shores, and left him face to face with the mighty void of the Atlantic. He watched them drift like a swaying gray curtain along the hillsides, and saw once more the bristling ridges start up from their sleep and stand out in strange relief as the curtain drew silently away up the corries behind.

Once, when the sun struggled briefly through the broken clouds on the second day, the loch was full of rainbows—an amazingly beautiful sight. He counted no less than seven at once, some complete, and some lying like great broken butterflies along the hillsides, changing their natural greens and browns and yellows and grays in the most extraordinary fashion.

It was all very wonderful and very delightful, and when he thought of the dust and sand and skin-cracking heat of the Soudan, it was more delightful still.

But, through all the kaleidoscopic changes of mist and rain and rainbows, one thing surprised and half-provoked him. Whether he stood gazing into the soft gray wall that hid America, or watched his own hills take surprising new shapes under the kiss of the mists, or sat looking into the crumbling peats through the smoke of his pipe, to the tune of the breaking waves below and the sighing of the wind past his turret—after a while, on soft gray wall, or starting hillside, or glowing cavern, there looked forth at him a pair of large dark eyes filled with scorn and detestation and affront, and much more besides, in a lovely, high, proud face which endorsed and accentuated all that the dark eyes said.

'Hang the girl! Why does she go on kicking me like this?' he said to himself more than once. For he knew as well as if she had told him so, that whenever she thought of him, she thought of him just as she had looked at him—as if she would like to put one of her neat little brogues on him and crush him out of existence.

However, it was no use worrying about her. She would be away before he came back, and it was not at all likely they would ever meet again.

The third morning broke into smiles, like a coquettish maiden at the departure of her lover in order to rivet his chains the tighter. It was a very pearl

of a morning. Sun and sea and sky and hills all gleamed and sparkled the brighter for their washing. Never had Carrick been so sorely tempted to fling duty to the winds and stay on despite the consequences. But old Donald was already on board the little workaday cutter that belonged to the house, shaking out the sails, baling out the intake of the two days' rain, and mopping up the seats. And presently he brought her round with a graceful sweep to the rough stone pier, and Carrick stepped on board and was on his way to London.

It was a delightful run in the bracing north-easter. The sky was blue; the sea was bluer, with crisp white fringes to its dancing waves; the crowding trees held endless shades of greens and browns and yellows, with stiff belts of pines and firs every here and there, black-green and gray, feathery on distant heights, grim and sombre in the unsunned glens and corries, but always to Carrick's eye suggestive of serried ranks of armed men. The bracken, from sea-level, lay in slabs of dark bronze-green above and tawny-bronze below, and the rich purple bands of heather along the higher slopes smiled radiantly in the sunshine. And up, up, up into the clear blue sky soared the great mountain-peaks, shining still with the rain, laced with falling waters, calm, serene, and grand, and—his.

As they sped out of the loch, to gain an offing and keep the wind, he waved a regretful, jubilant hand to it all.

And one, watching cautiously, away along the hillside, drew hastily back with an angry flush and a murmured 'Insolent!'

But he had not seen her, and her anger was wasted.

To say he had not thought of her, however, would be very wide of the truth.

(To be continued.)

THE GRAMMARIAN OF YORK.

IT is now over a hundred years since a clever New York lawyer and merchant came to this country for the sake of his health, purchased a small property at Holdgate, a suburb of York, and remained there for the rest of his life, a period of forty years. He had made a modest competency, and could live at the rate of about five or six hundred pounds a year—which was fortunate, as he was a confirmed invalid. An affection of the muscles prevented him from using his limbs. At first Lindley Murray, the future grammarian and school-book editor, could take a small amount of exercise in his garden or farther afield in a bath-chair, but afterwards only in his carriage, to which he ascended on a plank extended from his garden-gate to the carriage-door. Even that ceased, and for the last sixteen years of his life most of the grammarian's time was spent seated on the sofa which had been his couch on the voyage from America, in a comfortable, well-ventilated drawing-room, where, summer and winter, the atmosphere was kept at a temperature of over sixty degrees. Neither open windows nor draughts agreed with him, medicine he had luckily forsworn, and the only mitigation to his muscular pains came when gentle rubbing was exercised on the parts affected, a system adopted and recommended in modern times as massage. Fortunately, his mind was clear, vigorous, and active, and sight and hearing and memory were preserved to him until his death at the venerable age of eighty-one years.

Lindley Murray's life falls into two equal parts: the first forty years were spent in the United States, where he was born; the second forty in England. The eldest of the twelve sons of a New York Quaker merchant, he survived them all, with ill-health into the bargain. He was born at Swetara, Pennsylvania, 22nd April 1745, and died at York in his eighty-first year, in 1826. His remains rest in the Friends' burying-ground at York. Writing of his school-life, he calls himself a 'heedless boy,' and as the result of severe chastisement from his father he once ran away from home. He infinitely preferred science and literature to his father's counting-house; and after a short experience there he studied law, was called to the Bar, and practised successfully as counsel and attorney in the province of New York. He retired on the outbreak of the War of Independence. The four years spent at Islip on Long Island, shooting and fishing and idling, he afterwards regretted. The severe illness which impaired his muscular power overtook him while residing at his own country-seat of Bellevue, on the Hudson. At the suggestion of his New York doctor he came to England at the end of 1784, and after visiting various towns in Yorkshire, settled at Holdgate, York, which he was never to leave. Thus we provided an asylum for a grammarian and school-book editor. Had any one prophesied this employment to Lindley Murray when an American citizen, doubtless he would have thought the suggestion due to a disordered imagination.

In character, Lindley Murray, like the other American lexicographers Noah Webster and Worcester, was retiring, modest, benevolent, and deeply religious. An affectionate wife and servants were devoted in their attentions; but how was a man of education, of more than average culture and intelligence, thus thrown upon his own resources, to spend his time and prevent himself from being a burden and a nuisance to those around him? Professor Finsen of Copenhagen, discoverer of the light-cure in disease, who died at forty-three, was even more a sufferer and an invalid than Lindley Murray, and could not move from his room, yet he did much for the amelioration of human suffer-

ing. R. L. Stevenson wrote on bravely at his literary tasks in all states of health. Like Samuel Smiles, who found the nucleus of his *Self-Help* volume in some addresses to a Midland literary society, Lindley Murray received his suggestion towards 'a rational and salutary employment' from without. Of Quaker persuasion, he was interested in a Quaker girls' school at York, and found that the assistant teachers were not sufficiently qualified for their task. Murray gave them some private instruction, and made extracts from Blair, Campbell, and other writers on their behalf. Teachers and superintendent alike requested Murray to prepare an English grammar for their benefit, which should be simple, clear, and well graduated. Murray, who had no pecuniary expectations, fell in with the suggestion at once, although he did not believe there would be any great sale for his book beyond a few schools in which he was interested. He wished to do good to others, and to youth particularly. His *Grammar* proved an enormous success when printed and published by Messrs Wilson and Sons of High Ousegate, York; and, as a writer in *Blackwood* for 1829 remarked, it 'reigns despotically through the young ladies' schools from the Orkneys to the Cornish Scillys.' Published in 1795, by 1826 one edition had been printed forty times. As ten thousand copies went to an edition, that meant a circulation of four hundred thousand copies, and the sale was being continued. In 1858 it was stated that the annual sale of the *Abridgment of the Grammar* in England had been about fifty thousand copies. In all likelihood this book achieved a sale of over two million copies before it was ousted by more modern books. This was followed by *Exercises*, *Key to Exercises*, an enlarged edition of the *Abridgment of the Grammar*, as well as spelling and reading books. There is no doubt that this quiet source of employment discovered by this famous invalid prolonged his life, as it also increased his usefulness.

Lindley Murray composed and wrote with quickness and facility. The first edition of his *Grammar* occupied him for a year; the *Exercises* and *Key* each took a like period. He does not seem to have made any lengthy preparation for the writing of his *Grammar;* he had a good education, knew Latin and French, and had some Greek. His amiable and intelligent wife proved an excellent guardian and helpmate. In summer he rose about seven. When he was dressed his wife wheeled him to the sofa in the sitting-room, where he sat during the whole day. His meals were served on a table placed before him. When he was at work a portable writing-desk was placed at hand, and his books and papers lay on the sofa close by. He never wished to go near a fire, and believed that the glare from the fire and candles was hurtful to sight. He did not smoke, and took no stimulants save perhaps a half-glass of wine or a gill of London porter at dinner. His breakfast and supper for years consisted of new milk and baked rice and toasted bread. This might be varied by chocolate boiled in milk and water, and bread. Dinner was severely plain but well cooked. Withal, he did not look like an invalid. His countenance was dark but ruddy, and beamed with benevolence; he was tall, well-proportioned, rather stout, with an open forehead, regular features, and a pleasing if not handsome profile. Such was Lindley Murray, than whom there could be no more estimable character, although his name as a grammarian may have become a byword. Those who wish to see the grammatical errors which he perpetrated may consult G. Washington Moon's *Bad English Exposed*, where forty-seven pages are devoted to our subject. 'Almost every kind of fault in composition,' says Moon, 'may be found in Lindley Murray's own writings; and yet I affirm he is not more inaccurate in his language than were ninety-nine men out of every hundred. He knew what was correct in the use of words, and effected much good in his day; but his practice was strangely at variance with his precept.' The Friends' Meeting, York, published a handsome tribute to his memory; and his friend Elizabeth Frank edited his autobiography (1826).

Some highly gifted men differ as to the necessity for learning grammar. Mandell Creighton, sometime Bishop of London, whose biography by his wife is one of the best books of last year, in presenting some school certificates in 1898, pleased the children immensely when he told them that if he had his own way he would abolish the teaching of grammar in schools. A grateful schoolboy wrote and thanked him, saying that grammar had been the bane of his life. When pulled up and asked what he meant, Creighton explained that he said this not because he did not like grammar, but because he thought it the subject farthest off from life. Boys left Board schools knowing nothing of grammar, which they had been carefully taught. 'You will not teach them to speak and write correctly by teaching grammar, but by making them talk and write, and then correcting them.' Mr H. M. Wattie, one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, says there is no subject more difficult to teach than grammar; none which called more insistently for intelligence of method, and where the method was not intelligent there was no subject where the results are more disastrous. All the minutiæ of grammar were an attempt at least to express facts in the language which a careful study of the language must express in some form or another. Dalton the chemist said that of all the contrivances invented by human ingenuity for puzzling the brains of the young, Lindley Murray's *Grammar* is the worst. Others, more respectful, style Lindley Murray the Father of English Grammar; some think that the *English Grammar* of Robert Lowth (1762) was so freely drawn upon by Lindley Murray that he should have made a more handsome acknowledgment. He does, however, acknowledge indebtedness to Harris, Johnson, Lowth, Priestley, Beattie, Sheridan, Walker, and Coote. Lindley Murray evidently supplied a public demand, for the *Abridgment* alone, of the 1816

edition of the *Grammar*, went through more than one hundred and twenty editions of ten thousand each, or one million two hundred thousand copies. The profits of his literary labour Murray handed over mainly to the philanthropic objects in which he was interested. The printers and publishers must have reaped a rich reward, as he parted with the copyrights of his various works for only a nominal sum.

We are told by Miss Frank that he sold his copyrights to one of the first firms in London—we presume the Longmans. For the *Grammar*, *Exercises*, and *Key* he received seven hundred pounds; for the *Abridgment* one hundred pounds; *English Reader*, three hundred and fifty pounds; *Sequel*, two hundred pounds; *Introduction to English Reader*, two hundred pounds; two small French books, seven hundred pounds; *Spelling-Book* and *First Book for Children*, five hundred pounds; *Selections from Horne's Commentary on the Psalms*, one hundred pounds. The total amounted to nearly three thousand pounds. Murray was ably seconded by his printers, Wilson and Sons of York, in the production of the various books, which must have proved a gold-mine to local printers, and were never off the printing-press. Last year was the centenary of his *Spelling-Book*, in the production of which he was assisted by his biographer, Elizabeth Frank. In 1826, and for many years previously, every edition of the *Grammar* and *Exercises* and *Spelling-Book* had been ten thousand copies, and of the *Abridgment* also ten thousand copies. This may seem small in the light of twentieth century school-book production; but it was looked upon as a magnificent success some eighty years ago. How different the fate of Robert Browning's hero, described in 'A Grammarian's Funeral,' to be buried on a hill-top with his life-purpose unfulfilled:

> That low man seeks a little thing to do,
> Sees it and does it.
> That high man, with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it.
> . . . . . .
> So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,
> Ground he at grammar;
> Still, thro' the rattle, parts of speech were rife,
> While he could stammer.

Lindley Murray, after he handed over his New York business, first to his father to manage, and then to his brother John, and sought health in England, discovered a great open secret in the process that work into which you can throw your heart and soul is true happiness. Noah Webster (1758–1843) and Joseph Emerson Worcester (1784–1865), other two well-known American grammarians and lexicographers, knew the secret too. Webster's *Spelling-Book* must have kept a printing-machine going since it was produced, as over sixty-two million copies have been sold. The author supported himself and family for twenty years from its profits while he was at work on his great dictionary, although the royalty to him from the publishers was less than one cent a copy. Of the effect of literary work on mind and body, Lindley Murray says that he 'found that the mental exercise which accompanied these was not a little beneficial to my health. The motives which excited me to write, and the objects which I hoped to accomplish, were of a nature calculated to cheer the mind and to give the animal spirits a salutary impulse. I am persuaded that if I had suffered my time to pass away with little or no employment my health would have been still more impaired, my spirits depressed, and perhaps my life considerably shortened.' All of which is likely to be true, although possibly some of our grandfathers or grandmothers may have believed that studying his *Grammar*, if it did not abridge their lives, at least abridged their happiness. The correction and improvement of his various editions occupied him agreeably to the very close of his life. Murray meditated a 'purified' edition of the poets, which was never executed. His *Power of Religion on the Mind* and enlarged *Grammar* he presented as a free gift to his booksellers.

Let the educationists dismiss his *Grammar* or other works as they will with the silence of contempt or with eloquent scorn; Lindley Murray, if in some sense a torment to youth, was personally a true hero and a true Christian gentleman, and accomplished much in his day and generation, if we consider how handicapped he was in health and opportunity.

LIEUTENANT RADLERS HOLIDAY.

By DOROTHEA GERARD (Madame Longard de Longgarde), Author of *The Bridge of Life*, *Made of Money*, &c.

'BON *voyage!* and may Vienna be propitious to you!' said Lieutenant Bergl to Lieutenant Radler through the railway-carriage window.

'My compliments to the *Stefansthurm!*' cried another.

'And to the opera-house!'

'And to every stone in the capital!' laughed the traveller as he pulled up the window. 'All right. I'll give the messages faithfully.'

The train was moving already as he sank back into his corner, beaming all over his young, sunburnt face. And no wonder either, considering the circumstances. Exile in a distant east Galician station, in which such things as theatres and ball-rooms were equally unheard of, had been his lot for two years past—an uninterrupted exile, too, since

empty pockets render even furloughs futile, and Lieutenant Radler's pockets were chronically empty.

It was to a certain chestnut mare that he owed his present prospects. The German horse-dealer who had turned up last week at Hamienow appeared to the impecunious hussar to have dropped straight from heaven, hooked nose and all. Now, as he sat in the Vienna express, with six hundred florins in crisp bank-notes, as well as his two months' leave of absence, in his pocket, he did not know whom to bless more fervently—Suleika or Herr Kornberger.

What a time he was going to have of it!—the only difficulty being to decide whether the ballet or the Orpheum, the night cafés or the public balls, were to enjoy the most of his patronage; and with never a single stupid recruit or a solitary ill-strapped saddle to try his temper.

In all the long train there was probably no lighter heart than the one with which Lieutenant Radler at length fell asleep to dream of electrically lighted rooms and rose-coloured skirts.

When he awoke the gray morning light peered in at the carriage window, together with the snow-flakes that beat against it; for although March was waning, the Polish winter still reigned supreme; and, despite eight hours' travel, they were not yet over the Galician frontier.

Cramped and chilled, the lieutenant pulled himself together. At the wayside station where they had just halted a very welcome cup of coffee might perhaps be attainable. Still almost half-asleep, he opened the door of the compartment and precipitately descended—far more precipitately, in fact, than he had any intention of doing, for the frost-coated step, only dimly visible in the dawning light, was as smooth as glass, and within the same moment of touching it with his foot he found himself lying full-length upon the ground, hurled there, as it were, by the weight of his own frame.

Friendly assistance was immediately proffered.

'Thank you,' he said, a little dazed by the fall; and he attempted to rise, but sank back again helpless, biting his lip because of the excruciating pain in his left-leg.

At that moment an official in a red cap arrived upon the scene.

'An accident?' he inquired in a voice that was both authoritative and kindly. 'Softly, sir; softly. You are hurt, and may be injuring yourself.'

'But I have no time to wait,' fretted the lieutenant. 'I am going on in the express.—Here, lend a hand, some of you!'

With the assistance of two arms he lugged himself into the perpendicular, only to fall heavily against one of his two supporters. The right-foot was fairly steady, but nothing seemed able to induce the left to remain planted on the ground.

'Take him into my office. I will attend in a minute,' said the red-capped man as he hurried off.

The lieutenant began to beat about with his arms.

'No, no—not the office! Not the office!' he almost wailed. 'I am going on with the express, I tell you! What is that whistle? The train off? Let go, I say!'

As past him the dark bulk glided away into the morning shadows—for his supporters had not let go—Lieutenant Radler stretched out his hands towards it, as though to hold it back. But for the curious feeling of faintness that had come over him, he would probably have wrenched himself free.

The red-capped stationmaster was back again in a moment.

'Don't be anxious,' said that official, who, in the growing light, revealed himself as a haggard but kindly faced man of about forty. 'I shall have your things stopped at the next station and sent here—in case you cannot proceed.'

'I shall certainly proceed, either alive or dead,' replied the lieutenant between his teeth; but he made no further resistance, for the pain was growing unbearable.

The first cursory and unprofessional examination revealed only the already patent fact that the traveller could not stand upon his left-foot. Nothing definite could be known until the arrival of the doctor who had been sent for, but who could not be here for two hours, seeing that this small country station stood only for a handful of huts.

Upon a patent-leather sofa, with the click of the telegraphic apparatus in his ears, Lieutenant Radler lay for two mortal hours waiting for his verdict. It came towards nine o'clock with all the lucidity that could be desired.

'Compound fracture of the shin-bone.'

'And how long will it take to mend?' asked the frantic man, glaring at the doctor as though at an incorporated fiend.

The doctor raised his shoulders with true professional equanimity.

'It may be a month; it may be two.'

Groaning, the lieutenant sank back among his cushions.

'But of course I can be moved?'

'Not unless you are anxious to remain a cripple for life. The bone, once set, should on no account be disturbed, and it is high time to set it.'

'But I can't'—— began the unhappy lieutenant; when the haggard-faced stationmaster gently interposed:

'Don't agitate yourself, Herr Lieutenant. We have plenty of room here, and my wife will take care of you; she is a famous sick-nurse.'

Lieutenant Radler began by glaring at him almost as fiercely as he had glared at the doctor. Were all these people leagued together to cheat him of his holiday? But within the same moment shame came over him.

'You are too good; but how can I'——

'How can't you—since you have no choice? There is nothing but the village here, and not a house in it where you could decently lie.'

With as bad a grace as possible, Lieutenant Radler closed, perforce, with the offer. The fury

in his soul left, for the moment, no room for gentler sentiments. Even when, within a few hours, he found himself lying in a spotless bed, his injured limb set, the light carefully tempered by the hands of his fat and smiling hostess, and a glass of excellent lemonade, made by those same plump hands, standing by his side, it was something very far from gratitude that filled his mind. To be here, almost within touch of the great iron thoroughfare, within sound of the signals, the very clash of the engines that were bearing luckier folk towards the capital—was it not enough to make the unlucky one grind his teeth against each other? To come to grief over a hurdle at the regimental steeplechase would have been a mere joke compared to the idiotic irrelevancy of this incident.

Presently he set to calculating feverishly how much of his time might still be saved out of the wreck. One month or two, the doctor had said—put it at six weeks. That would mean a fortnight in Vienna—a mockery compared to his yesterday's dream, and yet very much better than nothing at all. Upon this one problematical fortnight he now began to set his mind convulsively, as though upon a star of hope.

It was on the third morning after the accident that the fat stationmistress—that was the way he designated her in his mind—brought him in, together with his soup, a small bunch of snowdrops to set beside his bed. He had not been aware of caring for flowers, but the sight of the little spring messengers certainly seemed to make gayer the solitude of the sick-room.

'Are these out of your garden?' he asked almost amiably.

'Yes; we have a corner for them. It was Anita who gathered them.'

'Who is Anita?'

'Our daughter. The only one we have.'

A daughter? The lieutenant instinctively pricked his ears. Ere this he thought he had heard the sound of a girl's voice—a marvellously sweet voice it had seemed to him, too, despite his ill-humour—on the staircase outside. If her face were as pretty as her voice, might she not do well enough to help to while away the weary weeks before him?

'If she's anything worth looking at I'll flirt with her till within an inch of her life,' was the thought in his mind, as he somewhat grimly contemplated the snowdrops. From a boy he had been successful with the women; nor had he allowed his powers to rust in his two years' exile, pretty faces, thank Heaven! not being a monopoly of civilisation.

He began to wish that Anita would feel moved to lend her mother a hand in the cares of the sick-room.

As though in answer to his wish, next day, just at the hour that he was expecting his soup, there was a light step on the landing outside, and a very soft knock at the door.

'Come in,' he said expectantly, having first given his moustache a rapidly correcting twirl.

The door opened to admit a small, wizened figure, which in two thin and wax-like hands carefully bore a cup. She limped a little as she advanced slowly, her eyes earnestly fixed upon the full cup, of which she was evidently determined not to spill a drop. At the bedside only she looked up, and it was the look in the big brown eyes which told the lieutenant that, despite her old woman's face, she could not be more than ten years old at the most.

'I am Anita,' she said in the same voice that he had heard upon the staircase; 'and mamma has sent me with the soup because her hands are covered with soap-suds. It is washing-day, you know.'

'Ah!' almost gasped the lieutenant. 'You are really Anita?'

'Of course I am.'

'And you have no sisters?'

'Ah, no. I am alone.'

'Thank you,' he said hurriedly, as he took his soup out of the hands of the child-cripple, all his guiltily frivolous thoughts of yesterday rushing over him the while as though in a torrent of shame.

'I will wait for the cup,' she said, sitting down uninvited upon the chair beside the bed. 'Does your leg hurt very much?'

'Not so very much now.'

'I wonder if it feels like mine?' said Anita reflectively. 'I mean when it's bad.'

'Have you had an accident too?' he asked, looking at her with a new interest. 'Did you fall down when you were running about?'

Anita shook her rather large head.

'I never run about. It has always been like that. But it doesn't hurt always; and I'm sure yours hurts more,' she added as a sort of polite after-thought.

'Perhaps. But then I shall be able to run about again soon; at least the doctor says so.'

'Ah! I am so glad,' said Anita, in an accent which, strangely enough, sounded sincere.

The lieutenant looked at her, a little bewildered.

'And you?' he almost timidly inquired. 'Will the doctor not make you well too?'

'Not *this* doctor. He says he can't. But there is another doctor who lives in Vienna, and they say he could make me well. But it costs too much money,' finished Anita in a perfectly business-like tone. 'This one can only stop the pain sometimes. I wouldn't mind the leg so much, you know,' she added, growing more confidential, 'if it wasn't for the side. That is worse than the leg—when it comes.'

'Are you not very unhappy?' blurted out the lieutenant, losing his bearings more and more under the gaze of the childish eyes.

They opened still wider at the question. 'Why should I be unhappy, when it doesn't hurt? And very often it doesn't hurt, you know. Sometimes I can play all day in the garden without feeling anything.'

'And what do you play at?'

'At trains, of course,' she said; which clearly betrayed astonishment at this strange ignorance. 'Papa gives me little bits of the old rails, and I pretend there are carriages upon them. The fountain is one station, and the acacia-tree is another. I will show it you all when you come downstairs. I have got red flags, too, for the signals. And oh, by-the-bye'—she got up quickly—'I think I must have left one of my flags here. There it is in the corner!' And she limped towards it.

'Is this your storehouse?' smiled the lieutenant.

'Oh no; it is our bedroom. I mean that mamma and I sleep here usually.'

'And where do you sleep now?'

'In the little room beside the kitchen where papa usually sleeps, and papa sleeps in the office.'

'Good gracious!' said the lieutenant, lying back among his pillows.

Left alone again, he felt about as small as he had yet felt in his life.

Next day he wondered whether it would be Anita who would bring him his soup, and almost hoped the washing-day would prove to be two. But it was the stationmistress who came in with the cup, her broad face not as placid as usual.

'Anita has got one of her bad days,' she said in answer to his inquiry. 'It's her side again.'

'Can nothing be done?'

'Not without money,' said the mother, as simply and almost as philosophically as the child had discussed this same subject.

. . . . . .

Four weeks later Lieutenant Radler was able to hobble down on crutches to the little, highly ornate garden which flanked the station-house. Here, in a basket-chair, he drank in the April sunshine, principally in Anita's company, since the cares of office kept the father, and those of the household the mother, occupied for most hours of the day and partly of the night. He had been introduced to the station at the fountain and at the acacia-tree, had admired the goldfish that lived in an old boiler, and when the sun grew too warm he took refuge in a summer-house so cunningly overgrown with climbers that no one would have guessed it to be the section of an old railway-carriage.

During those weeks something like a friendship had grown up between the cavalry lieutenant and the cripple child, whose quaint conversation presented the only available form of entertainment. Though he had not ceased to groan in spirit over the bitterness of seeing the time and the money destined for golden pleasure melting away in dullness and doctor's bills, the lieutenant had actually arrived at discovering that, compared to the fate of the little brown-eyed girl, his own was, after all, not quite coal-black. He had even come to share some of the parents' anxiety. On the 'bad days,' when he sat alone in the garden, he had a sense of desertion, and when Anita reappeared, drawn and white, would greet her with an affection that was almost brotherly. To himself this was rather astonishing. Hitherto he had not been aware of caring for children any more than for flowers.

While his own foot progressed, Anita's health did not. It was as plainly written in the lines of the father's haggard face as on the waxen one of the daughter, far more plainly than on the placid countenance of the mother, on which the layers of fat probably forbade the penetration of sentiment. More than once he caught some talk of the doctor in Vienna and of the possibility of a cure, but the impossibility of facing the expense.

The lilac-bushes in the little crowded garden, where, despite the soots, the spring flowers rioted, were just coming into bud, when Lieutenant Radler, now moving about pretty freely on his crutches, one evening surprised his host with his face in his hands, and the lieutenant was shocked at the anguished look in the eyes which were raised to his.

'She is not worse, is she?' he asked quickly.

The stationmaster rose and took his red cap from its peg, for there was another train due.

'Yes,' he said, with something new and hard in his voice, 'she is worse; but maybe she will soon be better. I am going to send her to Vienna.'

'Ah! you have found the means?' said the lieutenant quite joyfully.

'Yes, I have found the means.'

And he went out without returning the other's look.

In less than two days the lieutenant and the stationmaster were living *en tête-à-tête*. Mother and daughter had departed for Vienna, not without Anita presenting her friend with one of her red signal flags as a souvenir.

'It's the turn of *my* leg to be mended,' she said to him gaily at parting.

The lieutenant laughed encouragingly. From his talks with the doctor he knew that, under the requisite treatment, there actually was some hope for the cripple. All the more did he wonder at the father's evident depression and at the nervousness which seemed to be growing upon him. At every unexpected sound—and yet they lived in the midst of sounds—he could see him start, as though in expectation of some calamity. All the kindly good-humour seemed to have been wiped out of his face by paternal anxiety.

The day before the lieutenant's ardently yearned-for departure was reached, and his boxes were all but strapped for that Viennese El Dorado in which he would yet be able to taste a fortnight's bliss, when he saw the stationmaster turning from the telegraphic apparatus with a face almost as white as the strip of paper he held in his hand.

'From Vienna?' he asked breathlessly.

'No, from Krakau. They are coming in an hour.'

'Who? Your wife and daughter?'

'The inspectors. The station is to be visited.'

'Ah, is that all?' said the lieutenant, breathing again. Were not these surprise inspections just as

much a commonplace of railway as of military life? All the same he was struck by the other's look. In these past six weeks he had grown almost as much interested in the father as in the daughter—much more interested than he would have thought it possible to be in any one who did not wear a hussar uniform. And there was the sense of obligation to quicken his perceptions, of an obligation which grew more oppressive as the moment of departure approached.

An hour later two elderly and uniformed individuals descended from the Krakau train. In that hour the stationmaster seemed to have recovered at least part of his composure. It was with an unimpeachable bearing that he welcomed his superiors; but the lieutenant, who was watching him, noted that the morning's pallor still lingered in livid streaks about his eyes and mouth.

The inspection took its ceremoniously pedantic course. Warehouses, engine-sheds, coal-bunkers, were visited, menials interrogated, the working of the signals looked to. Finally, the office was reached. Lieutenant Radler, who had here taken refuge from a heavy shower, rose from the patent-leather sofa, and was politely requested not to disturb himself. The books having been gone over, the elder of the two officials approached the money-safe, at the same time putting out his hand for the key.

At that moment the lieutenant, looking across the room, saw a sort of convulsion pass over the stationmaster's face. His nerves, kept under control for two long mortal hours, seemed suddenly to have become unmanageable. The fingers with which he was feeling about aimlessly in his pockets shook visibly.

'I cannot find the key—it is not here,' he stuttered.

At sound of the words the leading inspector wheeled round and looked first at the stationmaster and then at his colleague. The glance exchanged was fraught with ominous meaning. Both of them had heard ere this of lost keys, and in the experience of both it boded nothing good.

'You have mislaid it, no doubt,' said the younger and politer of the two officials. 'Perhaps you will be so kind as to search without delay, our time being short.'

'A locksmith would be quicker, I fancy,' observed the other dryly.

Another spasm seemed to pass over the stationmaster's face.

'Ah, not a locksmith, I beg of you!' he said in a tone which had become abruptly imploring. 'I—I will look for it. It cannot be far.'

'It had better not,' said the senior inspector.

The unhappy man took out his handkerchief and passed it across his forehead.

'If you will go meanwhile—to the waiting-room, perhaps it will be more comfortable. I will turn out the drawers here.'

Coldly they agreed, and were scarcely in the waiting-room before they exchanged another significant look, and then, as though by mutual consent, took their position at the window, which, most fortunately, commanded the road. It was only from some Jew in the village that the suspected man could hope to procure the missing sum. There was no other possible saviour within reach. To the lieutenant they had seen in the office neither gave a second thought, a cavalry lieutenant in Austria being always instinctively regarded as impecunious.

When the stationmaster returned from the waiting-room he walked straight past the lieutenant and into the small back-office, which was used principally as a store. As the door closed the young man, moved by some force independent of his will, started forward.

At the moment that he opened the door his host was taking out of a drawer something which the lieutenant knew to be a revolver before he had seen it. There was a spring and a short struggle. Then the lieutenant, having first drawn the balls, turned to the stationmaster.

'How much have you taken out?' he asked, looking him in the eyes.

'Four hundred florins,' said the man in a voice too flat for shame.

For a moment Lieutenant Radler stood immovable. Four hundred florins was very nearly all that remained to him of his original six hundred. Very quickly a battle was fought in his mind. On one side there was the vision of the Vienna fortnight, that precious fortnight snatched from the ruins of his holiday; on the other side, Anita's face and the look in her suffering brown eyes. The struggle was fierce but very short. Scarcely a moment seemed to have passed before he said in the tones he used when commanding his troop:

'Give me the key of the safe!'

The stationmaster put his hand in his pocket and gave it him automatically. He was looking and acting like a person suddenly struck stupid.

'You must show me where to put it,' said the lieutenant in the same tone. And together they returned to the outer office.

At the last moment something like a flash of intelligence seemed to come over the stationmaster's dazed face. While the lieutenant was replacing the bank-notes he put out his hand as though to stop him.

'But I shall never be able'—— he began.

But the lieutenant only pushed him aside as he closed the safe door.

A few minutes later the two inspectors were making most polite remarks, which had in them a ring almost of apology. In face of the unimpeachable completeness of the contents of the safe, neither of them was now able to understand how, even for one moment, he could have doubted so tried and faithful an official.

Not until another train had borne them farther down the line did Anita's father appear to come to his senses. It was then that, without a word, turning to the lieutenant, he seized his hand, and,

to that young man's extreme consternation, pressed upon it a kiss as fervent as though he had been either a beautiful lady or an old priest.

After a minute the stationmaster spoke.

'I am not a bad man,' he began very low and uncertainly, 'but it was a question of saving her life; and now you'——

'And now it is I who have saved it,' finished the lieutenant, with a strange, new light-heartedness which he had never known before—not even in the Vienna opera-house.

When next day he departed—not towards the capital, for what remained of his money would only just take him back to his station—the light-heartedness still persisted. Was it because he felt relieved of the burden of gratitude that he was able laughingly to receive the condolences of his comrades upon his missed holiday, or was it perhaps the strange novelty of the first consciously useful act of his life?

Whichever it was, he could not manage to regret that that step had been so slippery on that dark March morning.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

OUR COAL-SUPPLY.

TIME after time a note of serious warning has been sounded by geologists and others as to the rate at which we are using up our coal deposits, and prophecies have not been wanting to the effect that in one or two brief centuries the British coalfields will be exhausted. The recently issued final report of the Royal Commission on Coal-Supplies is by no means of this pessimistic character, and we can go on burning coals, and exporting them too, without any fear that we are depriving posterity of its fuel. The commission held forty-seven meetings and examined one hundred and twenty witnesses, and their report is unanimous. They adopted four thousand feet as the limit of depth in working, and one foot as the minimum workable thickness of a seam. Working on this basis, they estimate that we have no fewer than one hundred thousand nine hundred and fourteen million tons of coal in the natural cellars. As to the probable duration of this vast reserve of fuel, that of course must depend on the maintenance or the variation of the annual output, which stands at present at two hundred and thirty million tons, with an increase for the past thirty years of 2½ per cent. per annum. The commission have reason to believe that in the near future the rate of increase will be slower, followed by a period of stationary output, and then a gradual decline.

COAL FOR THE NAVY.

There has of late been so much discussion with regard to conserving the Welsh steam-coal for the use of our own navy that the opinion of the commissioners on this subject is worthy of attention. During the past ten years the consumption of this particular kind of coal by the British navy has greatly increased, and our ships take one-sixteenth of the entire output. Experiments are constantly on foot with different kinds of coal for our warships, but Welsh coal reigns supreme. In the mercantile marine cheaper grades of coal have come into use with improved boilers and furnaces, and in both services oil has been tried with some success; but there is at present a difficulty in securing an adequate and regular supply of a suitable fluid. But for auxiliary purposes on our men-of-war internal-combustion engines, fed either by gas-producers or by oil, are certain to come into extensive use. The commission close their report by observing that 'there seems no present necessity to restrict artificially the export of coal in order to conserve it for our home-supply.'

WIRELESS MESSAGES IN WAR.

Speaking at the Society of Arts, London, Captain L. James, who, on behalf of the *Times*, was the first war correspondent to use wireless telegraphy, gave a very interesting account of his employment for six months of the De Forrest system, after which the Japanese stopped it. During that period he sent messages of one thousand five hundred to two thousand words at a rate of thirty to forty words per minute over distances ranging up to one hundred and fifty miles, and in no case did other systems in use by the Italians, Russians, and Japanese interfere with his messages except when the stations were within a mile of one another. Still, he considered the risk of leakage of vitally important information so great that he thought that if wireless telegraphy be used at all in warfare, it must be controlled by the combatants under international law. Sir William Preece, who presided, agreed with the speaker that this was necessary, and he expressed the opinion with regard to wireless communication generally that the Marconi system was for sea and not for land, and that it was absurd to think that it would compete with submarine cables.

THE STEAM TURBINE AT ST LOUIS.

At the St Louis Exposition a steam turbine of six hundred horse-power, of the Westinghouse-Parsons type, was employed to furnish light and power to the various buildings, and it was at work night and day for five and a half months at a speed of three thousand six hundred revolutions per minute. Never before had an engine of this kind been subjected to such an ordeal, and much interest was

evinced on the part of the engineers present when the turbine was brought to rest after its long run and examined. It was found to be in perfect condition and without the least sign of wear, even the tool-marks which were on the bearings when they originally came from the workshops being distinctly visible. This result is the more extraordinary when it is remembered that the load carried was constantly being varied, and that the total number of revolutions of the shaft was but little short of one billion.

MOTORS FOR TRAM-LINES.

Electricity is undoubtedly the best source of power for tram-lines, but its adoption is fraught with difficulties. The installation is expensive, and if the underground conduit system be chosen—and this is generally considered to be the best method—the upheaval of the roads while the conduit is being built is a most serious hindrance to business and traffic. The cheaper overhead trolley system, on the other hand, means a constant eyesore, while there is always present the element of danger in case of the breakage of any of the wires. The busy metropolitan district of Shoreditch has resolved to do away with its horse-drawn tram-cars; but as it was at variance with the London County Council as to which electric system to adopt, it has been decided to settle the question by the employment of petrol-driven motors. Motor-omnibuses have long ago become familiar in our streets; but the application of this form of engine to tram-line work is a novelty, and the experiment will be watched with much interest.

COLD WEATHER.

The Rev. S. D. Sander, of Thornton Heath, Surrey, writing to the *Daily Telegraph*, reminds us that the cold weather recently experienced cannot be compared in intensity with that of former winters. In December 1874, when he was a rector in Durham, his thermometer six feet from the ground never rose above zero Fahrenheit, and at Carnforth colliery the mercury sank to six degrees lower than that. At Thornton Heath in 1895, when there was such a long spell of frost that the ground was frozen to a depth of three feet and most of the water-pipes were frozen, a thermometer outside a bedroom window showed twenty-four degrees of frost. He is of opinion that the British bear extremes of heat and cold better than any other people of the world, and cites as an example the death through frost of a well-known Swiss guide, while the British tourists whom he was guiding escaped scot-free.

HAUNTS OF THE FAIRIES.

What is described as a rare antiquarian discovery has been made in County Antrim, Ireland, at a farm at Markstown, Cullybackey. The find consists of two subterranean dwellings, which are supposed to date from pre-Christian times, and to have formed the retreats of the ancient Irish. The entrances to these holes in the ground, which are about five feet high and twenty feet long, and lined with rough hewn stone, are very narrow, and were no doubt designed to protect the dwellers from fear of invasion. It is somewhat rashly assumed that these roughly built refuges, which would admit of the inmates popping in and out of sight like rabbits, may have contributed to the belief in the existence of fairies. But the world was far younger when men's imaginations invested every natural thing with its guardian spirit, and when sylphs of the air, gnomes of the earth, undines of the water, and salamanders of the fire laid the foundations of our fairy-tales.

JAPANESE DIET.

The nations of the world have now had the opportunity of learning many a valuable lesson from the general management of the Japanese army. Quite apart from its qualities as a fighting-machine, there is that wonderful power of organisation which has contributed so greatly to success in the field, and which has also tended to lessen the general death-rate. It is interesting to note that the hard work done by the Japanese Tommy is performed on a dietary table which would hardly satisfy the soldiers of any other country. A large quantity of the Japanese soldiers' rations is made up of compressed fish-meal. This is obtained by freeing the fish of all bone, and smoking and compressing the flesh in such a manner that it becomes perfectly dry and hard. It is eaten with rice or made into soup. Another form of food which seems peculiar to the Japanese army is obtained from kelp and other seaweeds, many of which afford very nourishing sustenance. It appears that fish in any form does not enter into the dietary of the British army.

At home this is the bill of fare of a Japanese family in moderate circumstances, according to C. Kadono in the *Times*. Breakfast (about 7 to 7.30 A.M.)—miso soup (with vegetables, tofu, &c.), pickles, boiled rice, tea (sometimes raw egg or boiled sweet soya beans, or natto). Lunch (12 noon)—fish boiled in soya, vegetables stewed in soya, pickles, boiled rice, tea. Supper (6 to 6.30 P.M.)—soya soup (with vegetables, fish, &c.), raw fish sliced and eaten with soya sauce, broiled fish (or boiled) with vegetables (or butcher meat or fowl and vegetables stewed), rice, tea. The Japanese physique is thus largely built up on the product of soya beans, which are grown all over Japan and in Manchuria, and from which miso, soya, and tofu are made. Soya beans, which, we believe, are not to be had in this country, are much richer in albumen than either beef or mutton. The Japanese diet, therefore, mainly consists of rice, vegetables, and fish, with very small and occasional additions of butcher meat.

A NEW LIFE-BELT.

The Gros life-belt, which has recently been the subject of many experiments in France, is a distinct novelty, for it contains no bulky material like cork, nor does it require inflation with air by its wearer.

The entire arrangement is comprised within the limits of a gauze vest, which can be worn without inconvenience or attracting attention. Within the vest are four pouches, presumably of india-rubber, two of which are at the back and two in front of the body. Connected with these are tubes which terminate in small metallic receptacles containing carbide of calcium, which, as every cyclist knows, gives off acetylene gas when moistened with water. In one experiment a man wearing one of these vests or belts was thrown into deep water, and at once went down. He had no knowledge of swimming; but in two seconds he was at the surface once more, the gas having immediately distended the pouches beneath his vest, and he continued to float with head, shoulders, and arms above the water until rescued. Various steamship companies and life-saving societies in France have expressed their approval of the invention.

THE CORELESS APPLE.

We have received many inquiries regarding the new coreless and seedless apple; and many are asking how, under such apparently hopeless conditions, such a fruit can be propagated. The careful experiments which have led to its production are due to Mr J. F. Spencer of Grand Junction, Colorado, who, with the example of the seedless or navel orange before him, believed that similar results could be produced with apples. Many persons have been inclined to believe that this new fruit is the product of a fertile imagination; but, as a rather foolish old adage tells us, 'seeing is believing,' and when we look upon the photographs recently published in the *Scientific American*, we can no longer doubt that a very great advance has been made in apple-culture. To Mr Spencer the fruit is no new thing, for several years have elapsed since he first began his experiments. He first produced five trees which bore seedless, coreless, and wormless apples, and from this quintet he has budded two thousand more, which are destined to supply the world. It is calculated that by the autumn of the present year two and a half million trees will be available for distribution. The tree has no blossom, if we except the little bundle of green leaves which grow around the baby-apple to shelter it. This means that the apple is not attacked by the codling-moth and is immune from the ravages of frost.

MOTOR-BOATS.

The automobile issue of the *World's Work and Play* contains a number of interesting articles dealing with the application of the petrol-engine to industrial purposes. To many readers the paper concerning the motor-boat and its future will prove the most attractive, because there are thousands of persons who own some kind of vessel to which the addition of an engine to take the place of oars or sails would be regarded as a most desirable luxury. We do not here refer to racing craft, in which speed is the main consideration, but to the more humble sailing or rowing boat or punt in which the man of moderate means delights to lazy away an occasional well-earned holiday. The cost of a motor-boat complete is small compared with that of a motor-car, and we have it on the authority of this article that a petrol-motor can be fitted to an ordinary boat for something under thirty pounds. It is not for us to point out any particular form of boat or of motor as being superior to its fellows; our chief object is to call attention to the fact that the internal-combustion engine is adapted to pleasure-boats as well as to racing-craft.

BAUXITE BRICK.

A refractory firebrick made of bauxite, one of the ores of aluminium, has recently been severely tested in some of the principal steel-furnaces. The value of this particular stone as a refractory material has long been known; but there has been a difficulty, owing to its want of cohesion, in moulding it into the required form, and therefore the far more expensive magnesite brick is commonly used. The difficulty, it is claimed, has now been overcome in a patented process which will give steel-makers a brick which is equal to magnesite, but far cheaper. The new material is said to be especially adapted for the lining of basic open-hearth furnaces, the highest-grade bauxite brick being used up to the slag-line, while above the slag-line a cheaper brick containing a lower percentage of bauxite can be employed.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

When the British Association for the Advancement of Science was first established, any one who prophesied that it would ever hold one of its annual meetings in South Africa would have been regarded as an idle jester; but the meeting of 1905 is to open at Capetown for its first part, and will hold a kind of second session at Johannesburg. The secretaries are, we understand, well advanced with their arrangements, and are making haste to ascertain how many members they will have to cater for. It should prove a most enjoyable holiday to those who can spare time for the somewhat protracted journey which a visit so far from home entails. As at present arranged, the official party will leave this country on 29th July, getting back during the first week of October. The Union Castle Steamship Company offer a substantial reduction on the ordinary cost of return tickets to members of the Association, while in South Africa itself the railway companies promise to be generous in the matter of reduced fares and free passes. The organising committee in South Africa have already received numerous offers of private hospitality at Capetown, Johannesburg, and other places which the Association will visit.

BOOK-COLLECTING.

To an outsider, devoid of interest in the game, book-collecting appears a mild kind of madness; and the fact that a man's purchases over a course

of years wander into every room in the house, and meet the visitor at the door, is thought to be further proof, if any were needed. There is pleasure nevertheless—nay, much intellectual and sometimes pecuniary profit—in the pursuit when intelligently pursued. *Memoirs of Book-Collecting* (John Grant, Edinburgh), by Mr W. Carew Hazlitt, will help the reader and purchaser to be more intelligent at the business. The author, a grandson of Hazlitt the essayist, was brought up as a civil engineer, but left that for journalism, literature, and archæology. He has written about his grandfather and Charles Lamb, and has edited, besides, an edition of Lamb's delightful *Letters*. The result of his study of books in all their branches was embodied in the eight volumes of his *Bibliographical Collections* (1867–1903) and *Confessions of a Collector* (1897). Much material and experience so gained has been woven into this new volume. The game is up for the collector now in town and country, we are told; the three kingdoms have been so well ransacked and exhausted. Edinburgh has lost its position too, although Mr William Henry Miller of Craigentinny, an Edinburgh solicitor, gets the credit of founding the Britwell Library, which Mr Hazlitt says is one of the finest private libraries in the kingdom. In default of succession, Mr Hazlitt believes the Advocates' Library may heir this valuable library, which includes the bulk of Richard Heber's Early English poetry. Mr Hazlitt discourses pleasantly on every side of book-collecting, and his book will be valued by all interested in the subject.

THE BEARDMORE TREFILAGE STEEL-MAKING PROCESS.

Messrs Robert Napier & Sons, the Clyde shipbuilders and engineers, owned Parkhead Forge, near Glasgow, when Mr Rigby, one of the partners, invited the late Mr Beardmore, of London, to join the firm. Experiments were then made in rolling armour-plate, which were revived, and have since proved successful, under his son, Mr William Beardmore, head of the firm of Messrs W. Beardmore & Company. The firm purchased the old yard of the Napiers at Govan and engine-works at Lancefield, but have deserted these in favour of what will be one of the largest new shipbuilding yards in the world, at Dalmuir, between Glasgow and Dumbarton, where the plant is of the newest and most up-to-date character. There the new troopship *Lord Nelson* is to be built. The latest addition to the plant at their Parkhead Works, as the *Glasgow Herald* has pointed out, is the Trefilage process of steel-making. In this process, unlike that of the Whitworths, the pressure is applied from below, the metal being forced up into the conical-shaped cast-iron mould. By this means the pressure is applied in the most effective manner, and, the solidification of the molten steel taking place under conditions favourable to the formation of the best structure, segregation is reduced to a minimum; and, as was proved by cutting one of over twenty tons through its longitudinal axis, an ingot is obtained from which piping has been entirely eliminated. Tests taken from this ingot were equal in tensile strength and ductility to the best forgings. Besides getting rid of 'piping,' other defects common to ingots cast in the ordinary way are greatly minimised. The plant at Parkhead is the only one in this country capable of dealing with heavy ingots. Ingots up to forty tons in weight can be treated by this Trefilage process. The War Office and Admiralty are greatly interested in the new process, which offers an effective means of overcoming many of the difficulties attendant on the manufacture of heavy shafts and other forgings, and reduces to a minimum the possibility of failure under working conditions. The process is being applied to ingots for forgings of all kinds, including shafting, straight and crank axles, and also to heavy marine boiler-plates. Its introduction may fairly be said to mark a new era in steel manufacture.

THE EXILES.

THOUGH ours it be to pass beyond the ocean,
Amid some far-off, alien race to dwell,
How often through our mind some memory passes
Of England loved so well!

Perchance some picture of an April morning,
With all its sweetness of unfolding day,
When it was good to live, and every heart
Was young and gay;

An English garden bright with summer flowers,
And brighter down the path of distance seen,
With shady walks and leafy nests of birds
And lawns so cool and green;

Or some high mountain swept by autumn winds,
And dark clouds whirled across the evening sky,
And driving mist, and flocks all hurrying home
With sad, bewildered cry;

An English church with God's own garden circled,
Wrapped in its winter mantle, while there swells
That voice which seems to reach us o'er the ocean,
Of Christmas bells.

O England! Motherland! in rain and sunshine,
Springtime and autumn, to our memory dear,
Remembrance of thy beauty charms our exile
Through all the weary year.

H. L. GARRETT.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SIXTH SERIES.

AN EXPERIMENT IN NEUROLOGY.

By A. M. Belding.

CHAPTER I.

HAD a business proposition been presented to Nathan Winfield of Boston (Mass.) he would have looked it through and through, turned it over, examined the edges, and asked a little time for consideration. But this was merely an affair relating to his son, Nathan Winfield, junior; and, moreover, the stock-market was greatly excited.

His failure to recognise certain facts which were made amply clear to his mind at a later stage did not, it is true, quite lead to a tragedy; but it caused the old gentleman no little anxiety; and it brought to the lighthouse-keeper's daughter at Cliff Harbour, on the shore of the Bay of Fundy, an entirely unexpected and wholly munificent wedding-gift.

Nathan Winfield, senior, was so thoroughly engrossed in business affairs that he had found no time to devote to the affairs of Nathan Winfield, junior. The latter, having little else to do than amuse himself, pursued that course with a vigour and enthusiasm which produced results not wholly creditable to the parental record and training, and at the same time quite destructive to the young man's nervous system.

Of course there had to be an awakening. The family physician presented the case tersely and forcibly to Winfield, senior. 'That young man's nerves,' said the doctor, 'are in such a condition that I tremble for his life. The case is serious—most serious. His whole course of life must be changed—and at once.'

'Bless me!' ejaculated Mr Winfield. 'I shall attend to the case. I had no idea of it. I thank you, doctor—I thank you.'

Thus startled into a consciousness of the need of drastic measures, Mr Winfield made some inquiries, paid some bills, and reflected. Once, on a summer holiday, he had spent a week at Cliff Harbour, in the Canadian provinces. It was quiet, out of the way, picturesque, and blessed with a wholly delightful summer climate. Two or three months spent there would be a tonic and corrective, and the young man would return home healthy in mind and body.

Had Mr Winfield taken a little more time for reflection he might have discovered that none of the tourist literature relating to the region in question claimed for its salubrious climate the power to change a young man's nature. But time was valuable, and the stock-market had become quite feverish. He wrote a cheque; gave it, with a terse command, to Nathan, junior; and once more plunged into business.

The young man received the checque and the ultimatum, to his credit be it said, with dutiful regard—largely due, no doubt, to the doctor's warning and a knowledge of his own physical condition. He went down to the provinces, and in due time found himself on the stage which conveyed passengers from the nearest railway station to Cliff Harbour.

There is something so attractive and soothing in the appearance of a young woman who is at once lovely and modestly self-controlled that even a young man whose nerves have gone wrong is graciously influenced by the subtle and inexpressible charm. Indeed, young Winfield had almost forgotten his nerves, sorely shaken though they had been by the journey, before the stage had proceeded very far on its way from the railway station toward Cliff Harbour. For a young woman who might have ranked as a queen in the class described was among his fellow-passengers. He secretly studied her with growing approval; and when, after a time, her eyes met his, in a casual glance betraying neither timidity nor self-consciousness, he surprised himself by feeling a genuine thrill of exultation. He was no stranger to pretty girls in his own social set in Boston, and was not unknown to certain graceful maidens on the stage; while the fair cashier in a certain busi-

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ness establishment had been heard to say in strict confidence that Mr Winfield was the most accomplished and generous of young men. But all this was in and of the city of Boston. It had nothing to do with an afternoon ride by stage through a picturesque region, amid strange but agreeable surroundings, the central figure of which was the loveliest girl, it seemed to him, that he had ever seen.

She was going to Cliff Harbour. He learned that fact easily enough. She addressed the stage-driver by his first name, and asked him a question. That personage, being interrogated at the moment when he was taking a fresh chew of tobacco, leisurely completed the task, and drawled a reply, with this additional observation:

'There ain't been a thing happened since you went away last week.'

Under ordinary circumstances, a stranger might entertain doubts concerning the attractions of a place where nothing happened for a week; but Winfield was quite oblivious to any such consideration. He was already weaving romances, and wondering how he might make the acquaintance of this magnetic vision of loveliness. He entered into conversation with the driver, who, between copious expectorations and frequent snappings of his whip, imparted general information concerning the region around Cliff Harbour. But while Winfield was talking with the driver, he was conscious that he was talking at the young lady, and was duly grateful when the man with the whip opened the way for him, without ostentation, to say something about himself. He was able, also, to grow enthusiastic over the scenery, for as they approached the village they had frequent glimpses of rugged cliffs and the shining waters of the Bay of Fundy; and when at last they rode down a steep hill, and followed the winding road under the shadow of a frowning height, to see the village ahead of them, and a beautiful harbour, almost landlocked, at their left, his ejaculations of pleasure and praise quite won the heart of the driver, and brought him the reward of an approving glance from the real object of his thoughts.

Unhappily for his nerves, the sense of elation following this coveted reward was short-lived. The stage rolled swiftly along the level village street, and drew up at the hotel. The passengers alighted. The young lady was met and assisted from the vehicle by a broad-shouldered, sun-browned young man, obviously not a relative, whom she greeted with marked cordiality, and who transferred her and her parcels with studious care to a light carriage.

As they drove away, talking and laughing together, Winfield of Boston discovered, with a shock, that he had brought his nerves with him after all. He approached the driver of the stage, paid his fare, and casually observed:

'You have very pretty girls down here. Who was the lady that came in with us?'

The driver ejected a large quantity of tobacco-juice, and replied with enthusiasm:

'Mister, that's the prettiest of the lot around here. She's Mollie Craig. Her father keeps the lighthouse on the p'int over there. You can't see it for the bluff and the woods. But you want to see it. It's only a little better 'n half a mile. Great view over there. But it's no use to go over to see Mollie Craig—while Dave Morton 's around.'

The concluding item of information was accompanied by a wink of familiarity which Winfield of Boston regarded, in the existing condition of his nerves, as a personal affront. He went into the hotel, partook of but little supper, and had a bad night. For Mollie Craig, from the moment the stage stopped at the hotel until she rode away with Dave Morton, had not so much as glanced in his direction.

CHAPTER II.

WINFIELD of Boston stood beside the lighthouse on the point at Cliff Harbour. Craig the lighthouse-keeper, a fine type of man, tall and erect, with long gray beard and piercing eyes under heavy brows, came out of the cottage and joined him.

'You're a stranger in these parts,' said Mr Craig. 'Like to look over the lighthouse?'

Winfield thanked him cordially, and they went into the structure and climbed to the chamber where the great light was placed. The keeper, with fond pride, explained its mechanism, and then they stood and gazed out upon the smiling waters breaking in white spray along the cliffs.

'I should think,' Winfield said, 'that you would have a heavy sea here in stormy weather.'

The old light-keeper swept the horizon seaward before he replied. Then he touched Winfield on the shoulder and slowly answered:

'Young man, since I've lived here I've seen storms; but it was nothing. For twenty years I kept the light on one of the rocks near the mouth of the bay. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, the same—always the same. Only the waters around me—only the men who brought supplies to tell me of the outside world. It was well for me that I believed in God, or I should have gone mad. I tell you there's no experience to compare with it. You're alone—alone with nature and the God of nature. I don't know what you believe; but if you had lived my life you'd thank God that you were able to believe in something.'

'Mr Craig,' said Winfield, 'I had never thought of it in that way; but I think I can understand. It must have been terrible.'

He spoke deferentially, and Mr Craig was pleased. To please the father of Mollie Craig was one point gained. They talked for quite a long time, and then passed out toward the cottage and the road that led to the village. Winfield had in-

troduced himself, and was established on a friendly footing. That, he thought, was enough for one afternoon.

But Mr Craig was the soul of hospitality, and the fact that this young stranger had sought out Cliff Harbour as a health-resort appealed to his local pride. He felt an interest in the visitor.

'Come in,' he said heartily. 'Come in and take tea with us. My wife and girl will be glad to meet you.'

'You are very kind,' said Winfield, 'and I thank you very much. But that would be an intrusion. I shall be glad to call some other time, and talk with you of your experiences. They interest me greatly.'

That settled the matter. Mr Craig would listen to no refusal, and five minutes later Mr Winfield held the hand of Mollie Craig—far more charming in her own little home than when they had journeyed by stage together two days before. Her mother, too, was cordiality personified.

'Now this,' said Winfield to himself, 'is better than I expected. If the old man could see me now!'

He exerted himself to be entertaining, and succeeded admirably, for a man from Boston could talk of many things that were new and interesting at Cliff Harbour. They had enjoyed a tempting supper, and he was in the midst of an animated description of the crush at a championship game of base-ball when Mrs Craig answered a summons at the door and ushered in a visitor.

'Mr Morton,' she said, 'let me make you acquainted with Mr Winfield of Boston.' It was the broad-shouldered young man concerning whom the stage-driver had taken the liberty to indulge in a knowing wink.

'Confound him!' said Winfield to himself; but he returned Morton's hearty grip with assumed fervour. Conversation was resumed, but ten minutes later Mollie Craig asked to be excused, and withdrew; and when she came back, her cordial invitation to Mr Winfield to come again did not allay his resentment at the sight of her departure from the house in company with Dave Morton. They were going to a meeting together, and they would return together. All that was left to him was to make himself agreeable to her parents for a brief period, plead fatigue, and depart. He had another night with his nerves.

CHAPTER III.

THE people of Cliff Harbour and vicinity are of the same stock as the people of New England. Perhaps the former retain a little more of the Puritan in their views of life, and there is a difference in accent between the speech of provincialists and that of modern New Englanders; but in most respects the two people are much alike. Indeed, the difference is largely political. The provincialist to the manner born is not an unfriendly critic of American institutions, but there is a mental reservation. He may not have any sort of respect for the memory of George the Third; but he remembers that at the close of the American Revolution many thousands of loyalists followed the British flag into the inhospitable northern wilderness, and founded a new commonwealth. He also has in mind certain boundary and fishery disputes, and the like, which are part of Canadian history. In truth, he is intensely British in all his views and aspirations.

Winfield of Boston was not aware of the fact. It had never occurred to him, if he thought at all on the subject, that a Canadian could desire a better fate for his country than annexation to the United States. Great Britain was to him a grasping nation that from time to time needed a little discipline administered by the President of the great republic. Had he kept his views to himself it would have been better for his nerves; but it is always easy to be wise after the event.

A group lounging in front of the store at the head of the little jetty where schooners lay at Cliff Harbour were lazily conversing when Winfield joined them. It was a sunny afternoon, and the only sound was the creaking of the hoisting-gear, where two men were leisurely discharging merchandise from a schooner beside the little wharf. The group of men leaned against a railing or sprawled on the platform in front of the store. They were discussing the Boer war, and Winfield threw in a query.

'What possible interest,' he asked, 'can you people have in seeing England gobble up the country of the Boers?'

'The same interest, mister, that England would have if the Americans tried to gobble up Canada.' The tone was aggressive, and the speaker an athletic young fellow who had seen service in South Africa. Winfield was not aware of the latter fact, and was, moreover, in an irritable mood.

'Pooh!' he said contemptuously. 'What's England? The greatest land-pirate on the face of the earth.'

'Stranger,' said the ex-soldier, 'you'd better take that back. We're not used to it down here.'

'Why should I take it back?' sharply demanded Winfield.

'Because,' replied the other, 'if you didn't you'd be expected to back it up.' The speaker shook himself together and eyed Winfield with manifest hostility. The latter was no physical match for him, and knew it. The other men were now alert, expecting a fight. Winfield was trembling, not from cowardice, but from nervous excitement.

'Do you take it back?' sharply demanded the ex-soldier, advancing towards Winfield.

'Take what back?' called out a voice from

the doorway of the store, and in a twinkling Dave Morton was at Winfield's side, facing the others.

'This Yank,' said the aggressive young man, 'wants trouble. He says the English are pirates, and I jist want him to stand for it a minute or two. That 's all.'

'Well, he won't,' said Morton. 'I don't know what it 's all about, but this man is not well. He 's a stranger, and he 's down here for his health. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

'A sick man can be civil,' retorted the ex-soldier. 'I didn't know there was anything wrong with him.'

'You know it now,' curtly rejoined Morton. —'Come, Winfield, I want to show you my new boat.' They went along the shore together, and the incident was closed.

But Winfield would rather have taken a thrashing than feel that he was under an obligation to Dave Morton. For a week he had ardently tried to improve his acquaintance with Mollie Craig, and always the shadow of Dave Morton crossed his path. The effect on his nerves was distressing.

With the very best intentions, and wholly unconscious of the real effect produced, Miss Craig contributed in a large measure to the nervous discomfort of Winfield. She was very gracious to him, and, up to a certain point, sympathetic. Her father and mother liked the deferential young man, and Dave Morton regarded him with good-natured friendliness; while towards herself, when they met, the Bostonian was always politely and unobtrusively attentive. Whatever his thoughts, he wore the veneer of social custom with ease and grace. He saw her frequently, for it was a pleasant walk to the Lighthouse Point, and love of the picturesque in scenery was quite enough excuse for an almost daily stroll in that direction. But it was intensely aggravating, and at the same time increased his ardour, to feel that he was not being taken seriously by the young lady. His neatly turned compliments, his efforts to arouse a deeper personal interest in himself, his allusions to the greater enjoyment of life in a larger world than Cliff Harbour, were heard without emotion. The more futile his efforts the more deeply rooted became his feeling of resentment toward Dave Morton, between whom and Miss Craig, so far as he could learn, there was as yet no formal engagement. But this feeling he was compelled to suppress, to the further distraction of his nerves. For, once when he ventured a rather patronising reference to Morton, the expression of the girl's face, rather than anything she said, convinced him that it would not do. And when, the next afternoon, he capsized a skiff in the harbour, and Morton was the one to reach and rescue him, he cursed his fate harder than ever. The incident gave the lighthouse-keeper a text for a discourse when next they met, and the old man, to the manifest pleasure of his daughter, grew eloquent in Morton's praise.

'That young man,' said he, 'deserves credit. When his father died he came home and took up the work on the farm. He 's paid off a mortgage, made some money by a deal in lumber, taken care of his mother and sister, and stayed right here like a man when he had a good chance to do better away from home. And his word 's as good as his bond.'

To all of which, and much more, Winfield had to give outwardly cheerful assent. But had he been a modern hero of romance he must have laid some deep plot to ruin the reputation of his rival, or to remove him from his path. Being only a young man of ordinary attainments, he took it out of his nerves. They gave him sleepless nights, and in his mind he was a villain and a murderer many times over; but tragedies of that sort are commonplace.

(To be continued.)

'THE PEARL OF THE SILVER SEA.'

By John Oxenham.

SARK—so small a word to represent so much, so much in so little. To those who know, it means perfect rest from the stress and strain and turmoil of life, new delight in living, fresh strength for the work that lies ahead. The air is so sweet and vitalising, every breath is new life. The sea creams and foams like champagne; it is so crisply clear and bracing, you want to be in it half the day. The manners (which are charming) and the customs (which are quaint) are all such a combination of past and present that, with all the necessaries of modern life, you still live in the atmosphere of the feudal times.

We have a Seigneur, who is overlord of the island and is allotted a seat at the Coronation. We have a Seneschal, who adjudicates on the little differences which will arise even in the best-regulated families. We have a Sieur, a Prévôt, and a Greffier, two Connétables, twelve Jurats, and forty farmholders holding the forty farms into which the island was divided by Helier de Carteret in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In forty farms the land still remains, descending by entail, and subject to strange rights. If a holder dies and leaves no heirs the farm reverts to the Seigneur. The Seigneur collects his tithes in kind. When the corn is cut, nine stooks go to the farmer's stack and every tenth to the Seigneur. He has a share in the sale of every sheep and cow, rights of flotsam and jetsam, and right of veto in the Chief Pleas or island parliament, which meets at Michaelmas. Curfew

does not ring at night, but verily one expects it; and in place of it the gloaming lights the twinkling fires all round the wide horizon—Carteret due east, La Hague north-east, The Casquets due north, the beaded lights of Peter Port and St Sampson's in Guernsey due west, south of them The Roches Douvres, and due south the Corbière on Jersey; and up above in the deep-blue dome such quantities of shooting-stars as I never saw before in my life.

To those who have been there that little word Sark means much—it kindles the eye and sets the red blood jumping. It is a bond of union 'twixt man and man. Said one busy man of affairs to me, as we sat on Longue Pointe watching the red sun sink in an amber sky behind Guernsey and the tide race like a mill-stream through the Gouliot Pass, 'I live on this all through the winter, and look forward to it all the rest of the year till I get back here again.'

But by 'been there' I do not mean what some people mean.

'Been to Sark?'

'Oh yes! Ran across from Guernsey. Took trap round. Back same night. Pretty little place!'

And they call that seeing Sark! Why, they get just about as much impression of the real Sark as a dweller in Charing Cross Road gets of the country by passing Crosse & Blackwell's when they are preserving strawberries.

Yet that is how most folks see Sark and are satisfied. But the knowing ones come back year after year, stop a month or more each year, and still find novel beauties and hitherto undiscovered nooks and crannies of delight each time they come. The birds of passage assimilate Sark in five hours. The wise ones long for houses of their own there, and bespeak their apartments for next year before they quit them this.

For the demand exceeds the supply, and there are houses *and* houses, and wells *and* wells, even in Sark; and a deep well of exquisite cold water is a consideration of moment and a perpetual delight.

It is surely the oddest little island among islands to be found, this beautiful island of Sark. The people speak an un-understandable *patois* with a Norman-French basis, and yet are British subjects to the core. My old landlady, for instance, speaks no word of English; but the pictures on my bedroom walls are Windsor Castle, Balmoral, and Queen Victoria as a girl. On Coronation Day the enthusiasm rose to fever-heat. The old guns at Eperquerie, Banquette, Pointe Robert, Hog's Back, and Plaisance thundered as loud for their size as any in the kingdom, though they had lain silent in the short herbage of the headlands since George III. was king, and the firing of them was not without its risks. And no bonfires blazed brighter that night than those on Longue Pointe, Eperquerie, and the head of the Coupée in Little Sark. And the fireworks! and the crowds! Why, there were surging crowds of seven and even nine persons in places! And the strains of 'Rule, Britannia!' which greeted every rocket ring in many minds yet.

Sark is a unique specimen of the *multum in parvo*. It might well adopt the words as a motto. It is grandeur and beauty in its most welcome tabloid form. The island is three and a half miles long and from six feet to one and a half miles wide. You can row round it—or be rowed, which is very much better, since hidden rocks and swirling currents abound—in five or six hours, visiting several of the better-known caves, in the boat, in that time; and you can come for eight years in succession, and stay a month each time, and still find the high delight of novelty. I know a lady who came to stay for a couple of weeks, and has been there over twenty years, and I'll be bound there are places in Sark which even she does not yet fully know, though Sark is her delight and owes much to her.

Looked at from the sea, as the *Alert* or *Assistance* carries you across from Peter Port in Guernsey, Sark looks all rugged, treeless cliff and granite bastion, deep indentations, black caverns, with a circling barrier of rocky islets and sharp-fanged rocks on which the long, slow heave of the blue sea churns everlasting foam.

But land on the little stone pier in Creux Harbour, pass through the tunnel which leads to the interior, and you find yourself in a lovely lane, with high, fern-clad banks and overhanging trees, and hedges of blackberry and honeysuckle; and there are many such in Sark. On the steep braes of Dixcart Valley, up above the little stream where the trees cluster thick and dark, grow hart's-tongue ferns by the million; the bracken is beautiful, the furze gorgeous, and useful too as winter firing; the hillsides are dappled with purple heather; blackberries by the ton are ripening fast; the cottage-fronts are thick with yellow roses; here a pink geranium clothes the whole side of a house; and here are tree-fuchsias eight feet high, blue and white hydrangeas in bushes eight feet wide, and wild rhubarb tall enough to stand under and with leaves like a table-top.

I have been asked many times how Sark compares with my first love, Scotland. It is something like asking how a dainty, perfectly appointed yacht compares with an ocean liner. Compress the beauties of Scotland into three and a half miles by six feet to one and a half miles, and you approximate Sark.

I step out of my cottage door into the dewy grass of a morning, and in one minute am master of Herm and Jethou and Guernsey and the western seas; I turn my back on them and cross a field, and there lies the coast of France; I turn to the north, and there is Alderney and the white pillar of The Casquets; and if I turn south, but for the trees and the long green stretch of Sark, Jersey would lie like a blue line on the horizon twenty-five miles away. In a word, life on Sark combines all the advantages

of an ocean voyage with none of the unpleasantnesses. For it is founded on a rock, and no matter how the wild south-wester roars and the great waves crash against the cliffs—and the wilder the better for a time and again—the little island keeps an even keel, the 'fiddles' never appear on the tables to take away one's appetite with ominous forebodings, there are no empty chairs, and every meal is a sweet satisfaction of healthy, craving hunger. The sun is always bright, except when it rains or is busy elsewhere, and every wind that blows is a sea-breeze.

Out there the stately ships press on across the blue-ribbed sea with piles of snowy canvas gleaming in the sun and curls of white at the forefoot. And here, if you wish, are tennis and croquet, but better still the widespread sands of Grand Grève and Derrible Bay, the sparkling rock-channels of Les Fontaines, the lucent depths of Venus's Bath, and the easier path through the ferns and blackberries to Dixcart Bay, beloved of the children, who wake the arches with their shouts and laughter.

'But whatever can you find to do for a whole month in an island three and a half miles by six feet?' you say.

Well, the coast-line, in and out, measures close upon twelve miles, and every inch of it is a delight and worthy of careful study. Here the great stone altars—the Autelets—stand worshipfully, with the green waves creaming up their rugged sides, and the gulls and cormorants nesting in the chinks and crannies up among the golden lichen. And at low-water the rock-pools below them are sheer wonders of delight: seaweeds of every colour, from purest white as fine as thread to golden-brown and purple with phosphorescent points; anemones in thousands, brown and green and pink and red and white, waving their long arms hungrily for food and closing hopefully on your proffered finger like a sucking calf; tiny fishes in myriads flashing electrically this way and that, as if one mind had shattered suddenly into twice ten thousand tiny bodies; limpets and barnacles which freeze audibly to the rock at sound of your approach; chaotic boulders, overhanging cliffs of granite and porphyry, rifted and weather-beaten, strata all awry, and so pendent to their sometime fall that you eye them cautiously before venturing too close.

And everywhere along the coast are giant *chapelles* pierced through and through by the great waves, where you may wander on smooth yellow sand or sit on black-toothed rocks and think yourself in church.

And the caverns! Caverns red and caverns black; caverns green and brown and purple; caverns with floors of rock and floors of sand, and floors only of sweltering waves; caverns gemmed forty feet high all round with gleaming anemones of every imaginable colour, like studded nails in a fortress door; caverns green with tiny ferns which fringe the roof and lofty sides; caverns in which the waves bark hoarsely at you from unseen depths; caverns where you carry lights, and some where the only light comes up, green and shimmering, through the tremulous water below your boat; caverns where you may see the octopus glide stealthily from hole to hole among the rocks; caverns where you lie on the shelving sides—because you cannot stand on your ankle-bones—and gaze with awe on the stupendous slabs which form the roof, and, with relief, out beyond to the twinkling waters of Havre Gosselin and the smacks at anchor there; caverns into which you descend precariously by finger and toe down the face of a sheer black wall of rock, and are grateful to the man who brought a rope, and out of which you climb by a chimney several hundred feet high, and issue into a bit of Doré's 'Purgatorio'!

Oh yes, there is no lack of things to be done in Sark. Pack the baskets, and don't forget the milk and the methylated spirits and the kettle, for tea never tastes so good as just after a bathe! Fill the big Guernsey can with sweet water from the sweetest well in Sark! Roll up the bathing-things! Apportion the loads to the carriers, and off we go through the quiet lanes, with a cordial greeting in French or English from every one we meet or see across the hedges in the fields, and a quaint, singsongy 'Good-morning, sir,' from every chubby-faced child.

Any letters to post? Here is the little post-office, and we shall not be back till long after the post has gone at 4.30. And here is the island weather-glass on the wall opposite. Going up? All right! Here are some of our friends with their baskets and bundles. 'Where are you going this morning?' 'Grand Grève.' 'So are we.' So we all go along together, with the larks bursting themselves overhead, and the gentle-eyed tethered cows watching us thoughtfully and wondering why we are allowed out loose.

Here we are at Collinette and John Philip de Carteret's. A fine old habitant is John Philip—the very image of Leo Tolstoi—pilot, sailor, universal provider, and general father of the island and omniscient friend of all visitors. His well-provided shop and store-rooms will furnish you with everything you need, from Dutch drops, which cure every ill that flesh is heir to, to dress goods, and soap, and candles, and cakes, and picture post-cards, and cigarettes, and books. If you don't see what you want, just ask for it, and smiling John Philip or cheery Mrs de Carteret will produce it from somewhere or order it from Guernsey, and will chalk it up against you; and when your purchases amount to twenty shillings, if you give them an English sovereign they will conscientiously return you one shilling, the benefit of exchange. All the roads in Sark lead to John Philip's, and round his little counter every one in the island meets every one else several times a day.

'Any fruit left, Mr de Carteret?' 'Ach! I am sorry it is all gone. You should have bespoken it last night. I will keep you some for to-morrow.'

'All right.' So we send a detachment off to another fine old De Carteret's—Philip only this time—by the church, and get tomatoes and great black grapes fresh from the vines, and plums and peaches straight from the tree, and the caravan sets itself in motion again. Down into Petit Dixcart, across the stepping-stones, past the Seneschal's fine house, up the green, shady brae, through the fields past Clos Bouret, past Plaisance (where Philip Carré the Greffier lives, and will delight to have a chat with you), and here we are at the Coupée, the wonder of Sark, safe enough now with its five feet of roadway and a railing on each side. But formerly, and even latterly, through landslips, the path was but eighteen inches wide, with a fall of three hundred feet on the one side and almost so on the other, and three hundred feet long, and across it the timid went humbly on their hands and knees.

Under the railings we go at this corner, down a track that winds and twists and falls in chasms. We slip and slide, and in places pass the bundles like fire-buckets from one to another, to be piled in safety at the end of the line, since all our eyes and hands and feet are wanted for our own comfort. We hold on by ivy-roots and tufts of grass in which the furze-needles love to hide and laugh aloud when our fingers are turned into pin-cushions. At the final slope we fling unbreakable bundles down on to the beach, and let down the eatables with tender caution and a rope, and finally reach sea-level unbroken, hot, and panting.

Now, the eatables into the shade, and scoop a sheltered hole for the kettles, all ready to light up at a moment's notice. There is a merry rivalry in kettles. Every one's boils the quickest and makes the best tea. If we can produce boiling water five seconds ahead of our neighbours we gleefully taunt them with the fact and superciliously offer them tea, and condole with them on the poverty of their stoking arrangements.

Then away to the caves and rocks, and in five minutes we are all racing over the sands to the sea like a party of merry school boys and girls. And we swim and sink and dive and float and shout and laugh and play about to our hearts' delight.

London? Never heard of it. Big place across seas where people work themselves to death, isn't it?

Port Arthur? Don't know anything about it. Fighting there? Sorry—much better to be bathing here, don't you think?

Climb on a rock and dry in the sun, and look out for those barnacles or you'll lose cuticle. Then in again and again and again; and back up the beach to get into a minimum of decent attire and light the spirit-lamps.

Tea is ready in five minutes—before the ladies, as a rule. They have hair, you see, and strange predilections in favour of more than two garments.

So we lie about, and eat and drink, and swop delicacies of the commissariat, and smoke and chatter, and are merry—and wise.

The long-necked cormorants wing swiftly to and fro on business bent, and dive at times, and, getting lost among the rippling waves, seem never to come up again; while round and round the seagulls swoop and float and slide on the wind; and up above, a hawk is poised as motionless as a brown leaf nailed against the sky.

Then we seek Sark stones—agates and cornelians, green and red and yellow and brown jaspers, hornstones and moonstones, crystals of hornblende and chalcedony.

And then, for the destruction of our peace of mind, some villain builds a cairn on a distant rock, and in spite of ourselves we cannot rest till it is bombarded to pieces, and the prize shot builds it up again.

Then we ramble off along the shore, scramble over the rocks at the farther end of the Grève, and loiter among the *chapelles* and grottos and fairy pools till it is time to bathe again, and once more the sands ring with merry shouts and laughter; or, clad only in bathing-costume, we wade neck-deep into caverns unattainable in ordinary gear, and taste the novel joy of exploration. And so, in due course, to tea, and more talk and laughter; and before the sun sets behind Guernsey we climb the tricksy path again—three hundred feet down, ten thousand three hundred feet up—and saunter back through the darkening lanes and fields in the quiet gloaming, with no sound in the air but the boom of the homing beetles and the wash of the distant surf. Now and again a rabbit scuttles hurriedly across the path. Through the tunnel of the trees the bats flit noiselessly. From the hedgerows we gather blackberries sufficient for to-morrow's pie, from the fields mushrooms for to-morrow's breakfast.

The caravan disintegrates as the various homes are reached, meeting-places are arranged for the morrow, and we jog steadily along to the far north. And there at last is the lamp in the dining-room at La Tour gleaming cheerily through the trees, and here are letters awaiting us on the table, and here is our smiling hostess announcing that dinner is quite ready—a wonderful woman and a famous cook, and always smiling cheerfully even though, as frequently happens, we are a good hour behind our time.

That is a typical day in Sark, varying, of course, as to locality. Now it is Little Sark and Venus's Bath and Port Gorey, and the Souffleur blowing out spray a hundred feet high; and again it is the Eperquerie and the Lady Grotto, or Derrible with its awful Creux, or Grève de la Ville with its caves and chasms, or the Port du Moulin, or Saignie Bay; and very often it is Dixcart, where the children frolic all day long without danger of drowning or breaking.

After dinner—one of the amazing things about Sark is that you are always hungry and never

tired; it is all in the air, I suppose—you saunter out for a walk, and ten to one find yourself in John Philip's shop, bumping merrily against the friends from whom you parted an hour ago. And maybe there is a concert in the girls' school or the boys' school or on the vicarage lawn, given by the visitors in aid of the Seamen's Shelter on the pier, or towards the piano fund, or the Cottage Hospital in Guernsey. But wherever it is, and whatever it is for, it is all equally amusing; and when it is over we stroll back home under the falling stars, with the guardian lights winking all round the horizon, hearts at peace with all the world, and grateful for Sark and all that it means to us.

And it is all within such easy reach of London. A smooth, quick run in the famous Great Western express, through Pewsey Vale and Savernake Forest, takes you from Paddington to Weymouth in four hours, and another four and a half hours on one of the same company's finely appointed steamers lands you in Guernsey in comfortable time for dinner. This route gives the maximum of comfort, both on rail and steamer, combined with the shortest possible sea-passage, which is a matter of consideration to most folks. The course of the Great Western steamers also lies well to the west of The Casquets, whose ill-repute, to my surprise, I have more than once heard advanced as a reason for not going to the Channel Islands.

The night in Guernsey breaks the journey pleasantly, and enables you to get an impression of quaint old Peter Port and St Sampson's, and, above all, to visit Victor Hugo's house, which alone is well worth the journey from London. The old oak carvings and the tapestry, with which every room is walled and ceiled, are very wonderful; the glass study on top of the house, where *Les Misérables* and *The Toilers of the Sea* were written, the great balconies, the gardens and vineries, are all charming and tend to the straining of commandments. The Sark steamer leaves at ten o'clock next morning, and a short hour's run past Herm and Jethou lands you at your desired haven, among smiling brown faces and the easiest of costumes and manners. You are already half-friends with every one you meet, simply because you have the good taste to come to stay in Sark.

And as to ways and means. There are in Sark two comfortable and well-managed hotels—the 'Dixcart' and the 'Bel-air,' where you can put up for seven-and-six a day, with special terms by the week. Every cottage takes in visitors, and most of the residents let their houses for some part of the summer months. Ten shillings a room is a customary price for lodging and service, and the commissariat department runs to what you please—for twenty-five shillings a week you can live in clover.

There is something in the air of Sark that promotes good fellowship as well as health and hunger. I never heard one unpleasant word during a month's stay. As on shipboard, you make acquaintances rapidly. Every one is happy, and desires your happiness, and especially that you shall enjoy your visit and come to love Sark as he or she does.

There is a freemasonry and bond of union in the very word. Meet a busy man in a Midland town, or even in lonely London, and though you never met before, if he loves Sark and you love Sark, you strike hands and are friends.

Au revoir, Sark! *À bientôt!*

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of *Barbe of Grand Bayou, Bondman Free, John of Gerisau*, &c.

CHAPTER XVII.—AS BY A MAGNET.

A COUPLE of days in town, a call on the Grand Duke, an evening with Nell and Charlie, and one with Trevor at Grattan Street, and Geoff found himself in the studiously depressing atmosphere of the staff college at Farnborough.

With his labours there we are not concerned, except in respect of this one fact. He worked hard; but whether he was reading in his big bare room, or galloping along the sandy ways among the pines and firs, or out surveying, or grizzling under tormenting examinations and the still more torturing anticipations of them, ever and again there would look out at him, from printed page or written paper, or from dusky roadside covert, a beautiful, high, proud face, and a pair of dark eyes, filled with scorn and detestation, and much more besides.

I am not sure that that face did not spur him on his way. It seemed to despise him. He would show it what was in him. It seemed to detest him. That he could not understand; but within him there began to grow a desire to persuade it otherwise.

His off-Sundays he spent as a rule with the Exmoors in town, and whenever he could get a week-night free he ran up to spend it with Colonel Trevor and in Grattan Street.

The work there was going strong. Results were visible even in this short time. The sight of those boys' faces and already bracing figures repaid Geoff and the others a hundredfold for the little they had done for them.

Exmoor and the Grand Duke were down pretty frequently. Colonel Trevor had made it his hobby, and was renewing his youth in it.

So well, indeed, was the purely secular work progressing, and such a hold had they got on the raw material, that, at Ellen Exmoor's instigation, and in spite of Captain Dicky's pronouncement against preaching, they decided to open Headquarters on Sundays also, and, with the best assistance obtainable, and by the most unobtrusive and non-preachy methods, to attempt a still higher uplift in those opening lives.

As Ellen pertinently said, 'All you are doing is so very good! It would be a pity to stop short of the very best.' And she was right. The seeds sown in Grattan Street have borne rich fruit in many odd parts of the earth.

Geoff forethoughtfully invested a sum large enough to cover all expenses in the names of Trevor and Exmoor as trustees, in case anything untoward should befall himself. And with great gusto, under Nell's presidency, they designed a uniform—cap, tunic, and belts—which nearly sent the boys off their heads when they were allowed to pronounce upon the first-made specimen. A bandmaster was engaged, instruments procured, volunteers selected, and march-outs loomed large in the near future. But even in the tumult of Grattan Street, with its swarms of youngsters who knew no rest, those scornful dark eyes and that high, proud face still looked out at Geoff from the most unlikely corners, and held him captive to their puzzling spell.

To his staff college work he brought a great natural aptitude for learning, the advantages of actual experience in the field, a very great desire to justify the Grand Duke's friendly encouragement, and perhaps an unconfessed intention of proving to Black-eyes that he was worthy of something more than kicks.

That was purely sentimental, of course, since he never expected to see her in the flesh again. But sentiment, after all, is one of the great world-forces, and therefore to be reckoned with.

He passed his December examinations brilliantly, and then was his own man for a time. Exmoor and Nell were in Cairo. He had half a mind to join them. On second thoughts he had had enough of Egypt for some time to come, unless in the way of business; and, besides, they were to be home before Christmas and might already have started.

After three days in town, with sudden decision, having known full well all the time that that was what he wanted, he wired to Donald Cameron that he was coming up to Innismohr, and two days later he arrived there in company with Tom Brading and a couple of portmanteaus and a pair of acme skates, with hopeful recollections of the lonely loch among the hills.

The workaday cutter and old Donald were waiting for them at Innischeil. Geoff got them to take him across to the island, and sent Brading and the baggage round in the boat.

He had left London smothered in mud and swamped with rain. Their springless cart the night before had travelled softly over snow. When he looked abroad in the morning, the world was white and sparkling, and the Innismohr hills across the Sound, which flowed the darker between, were almost overpowering in their soaring majesty. They were mighty links between two worlds. Below, their swelling muscles, at once masked and outlined by their scant, wind-swept covering, gripped earth with ponderous vigour; above, their snowy crowns shone white and dazzling in the thin, pure air of the heavens.

When he took his way up the glen the snow lay waist-high on the bracken on either side; but, to his surprise, a well-trampled path led straight up to the corrie, and over the hill-shoulder, and along the side of the dappled loch towards the glen.

The loch was frozen over its whole length. Here and there the snow lay in coils and wreaths and long white swaths, but in places the wild winds tearing down the glens had swept the surface bare, and there the ice lay black and sullen. All along the hillsides the pines and firs stood in their ranks like a silent white-coated army. Not a thing moved; not a sound broke the solemn stillness of the long white valley.

That trampled path puzzled him. He followed it into the glen, and noticed that a similar beaten path joined it from the other side of the loch.

The glen was, if possible, even more wonderful and fairy-like in its winter finery than when he saw it first. Such tapestry of frozen creeper; such filamental lacery of frozen threadwork; such feathery frosting of every twig and tuft of moss! Every rock-shelf over which the stream still leaped was a reversed sheaf of sharp-pointed spears. The tapestried rocks were bossed with gleaming nobs and points. But his mind was full of the puzzle of the trampled path, and he followed it downwards.

He had to look warily to his footing, for sprained ankles lurked plentifully on that steep rock-path, with its covering of trampled snow. In the very act of springing from one safe foothold to another, one time, he got a sudden, strange impression of a face in front—a fleeting mental snapshot, as it were, between two blinks of the eye. He could not have sworn that he saw anything at all, and yet the feeling was strong upon him that he had seen something, something like a dark, surprised face, something utterly incongruous to all its surroundings.

He came out suddenly on a wind-swept terrace, running to right and left along the mountain-side. The glen cut through it and went wandering downhill. The trampled path seemed to stop there, but the terrace was bare of snow and bore no testimony.

He turned to the right and strolled along, looking down with appreciation on the snow and frost magic below, and far away below them the blue sea smiling

in the sunshine. And presently he came to a small opening in the mountain-side, like a narrow Gothic doorway. He stood looking down a long black tunnel. It was perhaps three feet wide and six feet high, and it seemed to run right into the bowels of the mountain. A tiny stream trickled out over the terrace and disappeared over the outer edge. Two narrow iron rails, rusty and water-bitten, ran into the hole, and he judged that it was some old mine-working, experimental probably, evidently abandoned.

He struck a match and looked in, but saw nothing more than damp, rough-hewn walls, and the tiny tram-rails vanishing into darkness, and the stream trickling slowly between them. He stooped and balanced himself on the rails, and stepped gingerly in. It was damp and tomb-like, and he felt doubtful of the wisdom of proceeding. Still the rails led on, and he struck another match and followed. He heard the slow drip-drip of the falling drops, and the side against which he balanced with one hand was slimy and icy cold. An inhospitable drop put out his match with a sputter. The heavy darkness which momentarily settled on him quickened his other faculties. He could have sworn to a slight sound other than falling drops in the Egyptian darkness ahead.

'Rats!' he said to himself, but struck half-a-dozen matches in a bunch with suspicious quickness, and held them up and peered ahead. And again he got the impression of an alien sound and half an impression of a shadowy movement among the shadows.

Faugh! the place was uncanny. Even a horde of rats would be no pleasant company in such a hole. He turned and crept back to the starry point that marked the entrance, and laughed—when he got there—at a confessed sense of discomfort about the nape of the neck during the passage.

He strolled back and went a short way along the left-hand terrace; but presently it dwindled into the sheer hillside, and he turned and climbed back up the glen. And as he climbed, his mind was full of the sweet-voiced yodeler whom he had met the last time he was there, and who had been so much in his thoughts ever since. He wondered if she were still on the island, and if she would kick him with her great dark eyes again if they chanced to meet, as she had done that other time.

He tramped on round the loch, and never set eyes on a soul until he came down through the glen to the village and the sea.

(To be continued.)

CANDLES, OLD AND NEW.

THE most prosaic things will often be found upon examination to have had at some time much romance hanging around them, and even such an ordinary article of domestic use as a candle has a most interesting past. At a very early period in the history of mankind fire and light were invested with celestial attributes, and the candle especially has been associated with worship even up to the present day. It is not surprising that this should be the case, for the burning of a candle, until the foundation of modern chemistry, must have presented a great mystery. A solid substance is seen in it to gradually disappear, to evaporate, while at the same time light, which is naturally associated with life and all that makes life worth living, is created. The candle is the emblem of the grosser part of matter changing to the ethereal, and it has taken part in religious festivals all the world over for untold ages.

It is impossible to say at what date candles were first used. There are many scriptural references to them; but the words 'candle,' 'candlestick,' and 'lamp' are used indiscriminately in our translation of the Bible, so that we cannot differentiate the one from the others. A Latin author, Apuleius, shows that in his time (A.D. 174) candles of wax and tallow, torches of pine, and lamps were all in use; before that Pliny had recorded that the Romans used wax candles in certain sacred rites; and we now know that at Herculaneum has been found the apparatus of a chandler's shop.

We may be sure that the candle, like other things, was the subject of slow evolution, and its parent was undoubtedly the torch—a mere splinter of pine-wood with resin oozing from its pores. Then would follow the link, a better sort of torch, consisting of rope covered with pitch or resin. Middle-aged Londoners can remember that such torches were sold in the metropolitan streets on foggy days when the thoroughfares were not so brilliantly illuminated as they are now. Going back still farther into London's chequered history, we are reminded by the huge extinguishers which still protrude from the ironwork surrounding some of the old doorways, that footmen and link-boys ran with torches in front of the carriages of the well-to-do—a necessary precaution at a time when the streets were dimly lighted by oil-lamps.

Next came the flambeau, a superior sort of torch, which had a central core of oakum surrounded by layers of resin and crude beeswax. Here we certainly have the germ of the candle, if it had not long before been suggested by the accident of grease from some cooking operation flowing over and coating the sticks which served for fuel. Tallow and beeswax are two natural substances which present themselves for candle-making, one for the use of the poor and the other

for the rich. Time was, indeed, when a man's social status might be gauged by the material of which his candles were composed. The convenient and highly decorative electric glow-lamp has ousted the wax candle, and it would be difficult to find a house where wax is now used.

As a matter of interest it may be mentioned that one of the last public places in London which was lighted by pure wax tapers was the Chapel Royal, St James's Palace. These candles, which were about a foot in length, were used for the Sunday evening service, lasting forty-five minutes, and were never used twice. The scarcely shortened candles became the perquisite of the chapel officials, and even the members of the choir carried away their particular tapers after service.

Like all other manufactures, that of candles began in a humble way—they were made by hand in that hap-hazard, unscientific manner which is commonly expressed by the term 'rule of thumb.' Reference to the pages of an encyclopædia which bears date 1819 will show us in a moment how candles were made at that date. We are told there that a candle consists of a cotton or linen wick loosely twisted and covered with tallow, wax, or spermaceti; that a good candle should consist of an equal mixture of bullock's tallow and sheep's tallow; that the fat of hogs will make a candle gutter, and will make it emit a black smoke and an evil smell. Then we are instructed in the method of making the candle, and are told how the tallow, having been melted, is allowed to stand for a few hours to settle, after which the wicks are immersed again and again until the candle grows to the required thickness.

Wax candles—which, we read, were chiefly used for churches, processions, funeral ceremonies, and the like—were made differently. Melted wax was poured from a ladle on to the suspended wicks until the candles grew to the necessary thickness; they were then transferred to a 'feather bed' to keep them warm, and were subsequently rolled to form on a flat table.

It will thus be seen that very little science entered into the business of candle-making up to the second decade of the last century. But a clever French chemist, Chevreul by name, had for some years been working in his laboratory with a view to determine the nature of fatty bodies. He gave his results to the world in the year 1823, and earned the title of 'the father of the fatty acids;' for he showed that all the neutral fats of commerce, such as tallow, coco-nut oil, cotton-seed oil, and many kinds of grease, were not simple organic substances, as had been previously supposed, but were fatty acids in combination with glycerine. Glycerine, it may be remarked, was discovered by the Swedish chemist Scheele in 1779, who called it 'the sweet principle of fats.'

The researches of Chevreul placed the manufacture of candles upon an entirely new basis, and 'rule of thumb' had to give way to 'rule of head.' He showed that by separating the glycerine from the fats, the substance left, now known commercially as stearine, was not only firmer and whiter than the original fat, but was in every way better adapted to candle-making. Moreover, the glycerine, once regarded as a waste-product, has since become highly esteemed as a valuable aid in medicine and in the arts. An attempt was made by Chevreul himself, in partnership with Gay-Lussac, to start a candle-factory under the new conditions; but the enterprise failed, and the first to succeed in the work was a Frenchman, M. de Milly, who, by a modification of Chevreul's methods, placed stearic acid candles on the Parisian market which were priced at two francs per pound. From this it may be judged that the new process, however efficient it may have been, was by no means cheap in execution.

No great advance took place for the next two decades; but in 1842 we find several English chemists at work upon the problem of producing fatty acids from cheaper materials than tallow. It was found that sulphuric acid acted as a decolouriser and deodoriser of dark and strongly smelling fats; so that from the most nauseous and unpromising materials—bone and skin fats, and malodorous grease of all kinds—a firm, white, inodorous material could be obtained at a moderate price, and thus was laid the foundation of a big industry. The 'stearine' or composite candle soon became known throughout the world, and was without a rival until the year 1850, when paraffin-wax came within reach of the candle manufacturer. This beautifully white solid substance, somewhat like spermaceti in appearance, was originally obtained from the distillation of coal, but later from petroleum. It is now produced in large quantities in the United States, in Scotland (from shale), and in Burma, the total yearly output being estimated at not less than one hundred and twenty thousand tons. Much of this finds its way to the candle-factories; and although paraffin is too soft by itself for candles—especially those intended for warm climates—when it is mixed with stearine in certain proportions an excellent material is obtained. Such candles are known as 'paraffin composites,' and the material is also largely used for the making of 'night-lights.'

There are persons now alive who can well remember the time when the 'snuffers' and 'snuffer-tray' were regularly placed upon a dinner-table by the side of the candles, and unless those candles were snuffed at frequent intervals they smoked and emitted a nasty smell. This was obviated by the introduction of the plaited wick, a wick so made that it had a tendency to bend outwards, so that it met the air on the borders of the flame and was completely consumed. In the evolution of the perfect candle, as much attention has been paid to the nature and material of the wick as to the composition surrounding it.

Many of us will be apt to think that, because in our cities and towns we see the streets and

shops brilliantly lighted by gas and electricity, the candle manufacture is doomed, and that in the near future candles will be seen only in museums as interesting relics of the past. We are all influenced by our environment, and because we may happen to dwell in some busy centre where more modern methods of artificial illumination prevail, we lose sight of the circumstance that there are still in all lands hundreds of thousands of towns and villages where gas and electricity are unknown, and where candles are still largely used. And let it be remembered that a candle, so far as it goes, is a most convenient light-giver. It is a veritable gas-works in itself, with the power of turning into inflammable vapour the solid matter of which it is composed, without the help of pipes, retorts, purifiers, or other cumbrous plant. It is certainly the most self-contained of all artificial illuminants, and in spite of the coming of more brilliant rivals it will certainly hold its own for a long time to come.

If any one has doubts as to the present popularity of candles, he would do well to visit one of the large factories where they are made, when he would get some idea of the present daily output of these light-givers. Such a visit the present writer lately paid to the works of Messrs Price & Company, Battersea, London, which cover an area of eleven acres, and may be regarded as the finest factories devoted to this industry in the world. It is only fair to state that most of the important improvements in the making of candles have been discovered and carried out in this busy factory on the banks of the Thames. The company have established another factory at Liverpool, the port to which the palm-oil comes, where that product is treated for candle-making; but to the premises at Battersea we must confine our attention.

Although most of the candles we see used are moulded, the old dipping process is still employed, and here we can see it in full operation. The 'dip' is too convenient a form of light to be given up, and seems to be preferred to any other kind of illuminant by certain craftsmen. One reason for this is that its broad wick gives a good flame which is not easily blown out by a passing gust of wind. The cobbler likes to work by the light of a 'dip;' so does the miner, who finds that it will stick in any crevice in the wall, or in his hat, as no other light-giver will. So the 'dip' is still made in huge quantities, while its quality is improved by the substitution of stearine for the raw tallow previously employed.

But to watch the manufacture of candles of the better sort we must proceed to another department. Here is a vast hall full of steaming vats containing a mixture of stearine and paraffin. We see these two solids being brought in trucks to the side of the vats and placed therein in certain proportions; then the steam is turned on, and they are left to melt and combine. Later on, the hot liquid is drawn off into tanks on wheels, and is taken to the candle-moulding room.

The candle-machine is a most ingenious apparatus, but difficult to describe. It consists of about one hundred metal tubes or moulds arranged in rows in a casting-box. Below each tube is a reel of wick, and this wick is held rigidly in its centre. The tender of the machine comes along with a large can of melted composition, which he empties into the casting-box, thus filling all the moulds at once; then he turns a tap which causes water to circulate round all the tubes, so that their contents quickly become solid. A crank is then turned, and the candles are pushed up from the moulds, the wicks depending from their ends. The moulds are now ready to receive a fresh charge of composition, the candles above serving as wick-holders for the new batch of candles. When these latter are ready for raising, the wicks of the first lot are cut off and the candles removed to the packing-room. And so the work of candle-making goes on unceasingly and at a prodigious rate. Let it be noted that this is a brief description of the making of only one kind of candle in a factory where many different sorts are manufactured: twisted candles, fluted candles, giant candles for altar use, scented candles, painted candles, and stained candles. Among the last we noted with interest some bright-scarlet light-givers which were destined for the Chinese 'feast of lanterns.'

There is so much to be seen in this huge and busy hive that we cannot stop long in one department. The cardboard box and night-light case-making room, where the deft fingers of dozens of girls work with lightning speed, claims our attention for a moment, and we presently see how the cases are fitted with wicks and subsequently with their blocks of composition. There is also a variety in night-lights, and as much care has been expended upon perfecting their composition and their wicks as in the case of candles.

Candle-making and soap-making are industries so nearly allied that they go hand-in-hand, and at Battersea a large area is given up to soap. It would take us too far from our subject to deal with this part of the factory, which in itself is full of interest. We have been obliged to confine our attention to candles, and, as it is, have but touched the fringe of a very large subject, for the London Directory alone has a list of over thirty candle-makers. Prominent in the list are other famous makers, such as J. C. & J. Field (Limited), manufacturers of osokerit and self-fitting candles; the Broxburn Oil Company; and Young's Paraffin Light Company. In spite of the introduction of gas, of the cheap paraffin-lamp, and later on of electricity, candles are plentifully used all the world over, and not a few of them are made at Battersea.

SOCIAL PIONEERS OF SCIENCE.

By T. H. S. Escott.

'I CARE nothing about *homo*, Huxley, except as a creature of historical tradition.' 'And I, Hannay, care nothing about *homo* except as a compound of gas and water. But if you and I were better educated men than we are, we should know how to respect each other's studies more.' Such was the little fragment of dialogue between two typical representatives of different intellectual cults which (being in their company) the present writer happened to overhear on the steps of the British Museum some time during the sixties of the last century. The *Edinburgh Courant* had been founded in the Whig interest by Daniel Defoe. More than a hundred years later it became a convert to the picturesque and feudal Toryism of Sir Walter Scott; under that dispensation it had as its last editor of any considerable distinction the clever littérateur who wrote two sparkling novels of the Captain Marryat school, *Eustace Conyers* and *Singleton Fontenoy*. Hannay's admiration of 'blood' as an historic force was only less fervent than that of the weak-eyed young man who, at Mr Spenlow's feast in *David Copperfield*, took 'Hamlet's Aunt' in to dinner; his 'blood and culture' enthusiasm was the subject of many jokes. James Hannay also showed himself a spirited historian of the unphilosophic and pictorial sort in his book on the Gurney family, signally combining, as that did, honest reading and original thought with a fine literary instinct and a natural aptitude for happy expression.

Hannay's place in *belles-lettres* may be compared to that of another ex-sailor, the Frenchman best known by his pseudonym, Pierre Loti. Both men prepared themselves for the profession of authorship while they 'occupied their business in the great waters.' Each, under not entirely dissimilar circumstances, prematurely quitted a nautical life. The earliest writings of both are suffused with local colour, drawn from their maritime experiences. In literary criticism and on literary subjects generally, Hannay made his mark, not only as a Quarterly Reviewer, but elsewhere on the periodical press; his *Satire and Satirists* brought him a request from Thackeray that he would annotate a new edition of the *English Humorists*. 'Written by Gentlemen for Gentlemen' was the description said to have been given by Hannay to the London newspaper to which he was attached before going as consul to Barcelona, where he died in 1873. Hannay may have gloried in the phrase, but it was not his. The words occur in the prospectus of the imaginary *Pall Mall Gazette* of *Pendennis*, written by 'Captain Shandon' in the Fleet Prison. Hannay received his consulship, not from the fourteenth Lord Derby, whose literary as well as racial qualities he adored, but from his son, the Foreign Minister whose accomplishments Hannay had himself described as belonging to the 'mechanics' institute order.' The boast of that statesman's father that he belonged to the pre-scientific age might have been truthfully echoed by Hannay himself. This fact contains, indeed, the sum and point of the conversational fragment quoted above. After practically grounding himself in medicine at Charing Cross Hospital, Huxley, on board the *Rattlesnake*, practised as a surgeon in the same fleet in which Hannay had served as a midshipman. The two men, separated by an interval of only two years, began their London careers about the same time. Though not in equal degrees, both at the date of their British Museum conversation were among the men of the time.

The popular taste for Addison's and Steele's essays was the product of the coffee-house. The French traveller Thevenot, in the middle of the sixteenth century, brought from Constantinople, where the first establishment of the sort existed, the idea of the coffee-house to Paris. Before then, however, the institution had been firmly planted, not in London, but in provincial England. Among the undergraduates of Balliol College, Oxford, in 1641 was a certain native of Crete, by name Nathaniel Canopus, who could not stomach for breakfast the small-beer which was then the morning tipple of the place; he produced a tin of coffee given him by a Syrian friend. A college scout of the period, having brewed the beverage for his employer, tasted it himself, found it very good, and gave some to his friends in the buttery below. The fame of this most excellent substitute for the college ale reached the Master and the Fellows, who, between 1645 and 1650, discussed cups of hot and fragrant Mocha round the Balliol common-room. While Canopus was revealing the new drink to the college of Wycliffe, an Oxford townsman, a Jew named Jacobs, was opening the first coffee-house possessed by England as nearly as possible on the spot now occupied by the London and North-Western Railway Station. The keeper of that place of entertainment retailed the berry in its best quality for consumption off the premises; probably he had supplied the gownsman Canopus when the stock brought by that gentleman from eastern Europe began to run short. Canopus seems later on to have entered into a sort of partnership with the coffee-selling townsman; for, during the second half of the seventeenth century, Messrs Canopus & Jacobs were appointed purveyors of coffee to a little club of scientific Oxonians presided over by Dr Wilkins of Wadham, and meeting twice or thrice a term in his rooms.

This little coterie was known by the name of

the Philosophical Society of Oxford. Amalgamating with London savants, some of whom, like Wilkins and his friend Wallis, soon afterwards settled on the Isis, it formed the nucleus of the Royal Society. Both at Oxford and in London, whatever the place of meeting might be, the scientific usefulness of the gathering was extended by its investment with social attractions. Solid refreshment was not furnished, but an abundant and gratuitous supply of their non-intoxicating beverage was provided by Messrs Canopus & Jacobs. The intellectual temper of English society seems to have been scientific rather than literary till quite late in the Georgian era. The 'First Gentleman in Europe' had been trained in an atmosphere of the conventionally classical and literary kind. The wits whom he had gathered round him at Carlton House or the Brighton Pavilion resembled their royal patron in disliking any intellectual exertion which might bring into play a new set of muscles of the mind. Charles James Fox, indeed, to do him justice, possessed a good deal more than merely the clever schoolboy's familiarity with Latin and Greek. Samuel Johnson learned Dutch late in life as something to 'grind his mind upon.' Fox, like his royal master, would have shirked any such disciplinary use of linguistic study, and, in fact, so detested whatever involved abstract thought that he would not take the trouble to read so epoch-making a book as Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, or even to understand the rudiments of English finance.

Droll as it seems, the prejudices and partialities of the macaronis and fribbles of the Regency period had something to do with setting the intellectual fashion for many years after the very nicknames of these dandies were forgotten. The Court under George IV., and to some extent under his successor, reflected the literary temper of the rakish Whig leaders. The fourth George himself knew almost as much about Theocritus and Virgil as his favourite statesman. An educational reformer, incredibly in advance of his time, happening to find himself at Court on the day that Dr Keate had been sent for to Windsor Castle, hinted to his Sovereign that the Eton boys might receive occasional lessons in the applied sciences. The Sovereign frowned disapproval on the presumptuous suggestion; the head-master characteristically barked out in an undertone that he should have liked to flog the man who made it on the spot. Neither the king, however, nor the arch-bircher could prevent or ignore the fact that the social tide was setting in favour of science as a recognised part of English culture. After the Royal Society for Advancing Natural Knowledge (so styled in 1662 by its founder, Charles II.) had ceased to meet at Gresham College, it found its headquarters at Arundel House. A member of its host's family presented it with a valuable library. Other donations and legacies followed. It began to be a wealthy corporation. In 1710 it was domiciled in a house which it had purchased in Crane Court.

Long before the eighteenth century had come to an end polite patronage had done much towards assuring for a knowledge of nature and its laws a recognised place in the educational course. Richard Lovell Edgeworth (1744–1817), by his turn for mechanical inventions, was led into deeper inquiries as well as into an intimacy with Dr Darwin, the great scientific pioneer of that period. Edgeworth impressed on his daughter, the more distinguished Maria, the value of natural philosophy as an instrument in training the youthful mind. Miss Edgeworth's novels and stories, without professedly fulfilling any scientific mission, are written in a scientific tone, and in innumerable passages, as much by what they suggested as by what they said, were calculated to stimulate a popular interest in physical inquiry.

A relation of the Edgeworths, honoured as a west of England worthy, Thomas Lovell Beddoes, is still locally, if not nationally, remembered as an active propagator of the new learning. Dying in 1849, he must in life, to judge from his portraits, have looked like the prose original of Dr Dulcamara on the burlesque stage. His habitual costume was nearly that worn by Toole in the part of Paul Pry. The chief interest attaching to Beddoes comes from the fact that in his 'pneumatic institute' at Clifton he had for his assistant a Cornish lad fresh from a Penzance surgeon's dispensary, Humphry Davy. Coleridge and Southey, then often in the neighbourhood, were the most interested and regular witnesses of his experiments. 'That boy,' said Coleridge, pointing to the future inventor of the safety-lamp, 'will go a good deal farther than his master.' Southey's observation of natural philosophy incidentally proved more useful even than Coleridge's. Southey, indeed, did not become a real power on the *Quarterly Review* till some years after his first acquaintance at Clifton with Beddoes and Davy. But in John Murray's Albemarle Street parlour he was in the habit of meeting the editor Gifford, as well as his chief writers. These latter affected a contemptuous indifference to physical science in all its branches. Zinc wire, gas, water, and liquid manure were said by George Canning the Minister, as by his friend and literary collaborator Hookham Frere, to be the only matters on which science could possibly help its votaries. Fresh from his Clifton experiences, Southey had the courage to differ from his editor and his associates. 'This new knowledge,' he said to Murray, 'is steadily creating a new literary demand that must be met.' The remark was soon followed by condescending references to natural inquiry in the *Quarterly Review*, and by the publication of popular handbooks on natural philosophy, and so forth.

The opening of the nineteenth century saw Davy's lectures at the Royal Institution animate London with an enthusiasm for the subjects on which he discoursed. Gradually the savant became a lion in society as well as a teacher in the lecture-room.

First Sir Humphry Davy, then his pupil and assistant Michael Faraday, were in high request for fashionable drawing-rooms. Lady Blessington did not consider her Gore Lodge receptions complete without one of her open-air philosophers, as she used to call them. Fugitive pieces on more or less scientific themes now commenced to mingle with the literary contents of the keepsakes and albums edited by ladies of quality, like Lady Blessington herself. The exquisites of the old literary caste did not like it. Hence the words attributed to Count d'Orsay when some one spoke to him about vegetable products: 'Yes, I think I once took a pea.' About this time, too, certain associations of personal romance really operated as pioneers of science with the public. There has come up a second 'lion out of Judah:' so said Charlotte Brontë, who had already given the leonine description to Thackeray on the first occasion of her seeing Michael Faraday. The facial resemblance between the novelist and the philosopher was remarkable. The dramatic vicissitudes of Faraday's life; the simple beauty of his character; above all, perhaps, a general impression that his chief, Sir Humphry Davy, now very prosperous, and some thought rather pompous, owed to his pupil more than he cared to acknowledge, had created a deep interest in the great electro-magnetic researcher, who had begun life as a bookbinder's boy in a back street of the West End.

When the present writer's London life began, a little more than a generation ago, the talk in literary circles often used to go back to the weekly gatherings held over a publisher's shop in the Strand. These premises belonged to the Chapmans, who were the first publishers of the *Westminster Review*. Mr Herbert Spencer then wrote for the *Daily News* and for a little weekly paper owned and edited by his friend Edward F. S. Pigott, whose interest in all departments of intellect was as comprehensive as it was keen, and who is known to the present generation as the late censor of plays. Hither also came George Henry Lewes; it was the talk heard by him here which put into his head the notion of a history of philosophy written from the severely scientific point of view. Here also Lewes met Mary Ann Evans for the first time. At the Chapman gatherings, also, the lady herself contracted her earliest intimacy with science, a taste for which, growing with her mental growth and strengthening with her mental strength, did not perhaps prove entirely favourable to George Eliot's literary art. But here it may be pointed out that long before the *Scenes of Clerical Life* announced the advent of a new genius of the pen, the leaven of scientific thought and diction had begun in Charlotte Brontë's novels to influence contemporary letters.

On Michaelmas Eve, 1868, died Henry Hart Milman, Dean of St Paul's. I recall the exact date because not many days previously I had made my début as a London diner-out at his hospitable board in the Deanery. The most interesting, as well as the best, talker among the guests struck me, I remember, as being the geologist Sir Charles Lyell, then just a septuagenarian, with a manner made up of urbanity and distinction. 'I have,' he said, 'just returned from a visit to Oxford, where I find the undergraduates are educating themselves to believe that the Jews, possessing a genius for religion, just as the Greeks had for literature or art and the Romans for law, invented the whole contents of the Old Testament first, and of the New Testament afterwards.' The blending of the personal and the anecdotal with the scientific in Lyell's conversation at Dean Milman's table was singularly happy and delightful. I happened to mention a recent visit I had paid to Paris. 'Ah,' said he, with, I thought, a stronger Scotch accent than he had yet used, 'Paris is well enough in its way; but, as my old friend Robert Chambers, quoting one of his countrymen, used to say, "For pleasure give me Peebles."' This remark led to another about the anonymous *Vestiges of Creation*, whose appearance had been one of the sensations previous to my own birth, and, from a literary point of view, certainly comparable with that excited by the nameless Waverley Novels. 'It was,' said Lyell on this occasion, 'one of those works that mark eras. Without it the public mind would not have been fitted to receive Darwin's *Origin of Species*, published fifteen years later.'

Lyell knew that I came from a west of England stock. 'We have each of us,' he went on pleasantly to say, 'something to be proud of from the physicist point of view. Humphry Davy the Cornishman, and Andrew Crosse the Somersetshire squire with a turn for electricity, were not less necessary to what is known now, and above all to the popularisation of that knowledge, than were my own two compatriots Hugh Miller and Robert Chambers.' Andrew Crosse of Broomfield had gone long before my entrance into this world; but his personal fame, in my childhood, lived in his county and mine. I myself have seen, in the grounds of his former house in the Quantock country, the electric wires, attached by him to the trees, conducting illuminating streams beneath his roof; thus by a distinguished man in a remote region was the electric light anticipated in the heart of an unscientific age. On this occasion of my meeting him, I think I understood Sir Charles Lyell to say he had actually heard Andrew Crosse make his famous prediction: 'I prophesy that before the middle of the nineteenth century we shall be enabled to communicate our thoughts instantaneously with the uttermost ends of the earth.' There were many social prejudices for Crosse to overcome. Something more than a suspicion of uncanniness attached to his pursuits. His humbler neighbours, even the domestics of his own household, looked askance at his workroom as the chamber set apart for his assignations with the powers of darkness. His neighbours in that exceedingly Tory countryside

looked upon physical science in any shape as a dangerous mode of destructive Radicalism, somehow connected with and growing out of the French Revolution. No man in his generation did more to disarm these prejudices than Andrew Crosse, and to reconcile the genteel philistinism of his generation to the study of natural agencies as a blameless, and possibly even a beneficent, branch of knowledge.

Huxley, of the square, straight figure, the fine brow, the clear and remarkably expressive eyes, in other ways than by his historic appearances at the British Association meetings or his work at the School of Mines, socially befriended the cause of natural knowledge. A better writer than he was speaker or talker, he showed for the first time that a man might give his best years and energies to physical inquiry and yet yield to few of his contemporaries in purely literary accomplishments and distinctions. Something of the same sort, though of course in a much less degree, may be said of a clever writer not long since dead. While at St John's College, Oxford, H. D. Traill, as a student of the Humanities, was a favourite pupil of the rhetorician and metaphysician who eventually succeeded Milman as Dean of St Paul's. H. L. Mansel, besides being a philosopher, had an extraordinary gift of literary parody and caricature. Traill was the disciple to whom this teacher most signally imparted his own most attractive acquirements. Yet Traill, having taken a first-class in the purely classical school of Moderations, directly the academic course left him free to choose his studies, went in for the Natural Science School. That school, throughout the sixties of the nineteenth century, was a comparative novelty; it owed existence and early popularity to the geological professor Phillips, to Sir Henry Acland, and particularly, I should say (looking back on my own experience), to the stout presence, the strong mind, and the genial bearing of George Rolleston. 'Bones and stinks' was the unflattering vernacular by which unscientific youth indicated this new branch of learning. The men just mentioned, whether as successful students or as persuasive teachers, popularised it with a rapidity which fifty years ago none foresaw.

With another Oxford savant, Henry Smith the mathematician, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol, must be associated the recent great increase in the attraction to intellectual persons of scientific study. In 1842 Darwin seriously prepared for the great work of his life by settling at Down; his house became the social rendezvous of able and thoughtful men of the world, who found refreshment from their secular labours in the company and pursuits of their host and teacher. Conspicuous among these visitors were Sir John Lubbock and Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. Eventually the former became Darwin's neighbour by settling at High Elms, Farnborough; the latter, after some rural migrations, bought the Orleanist villa, York House, Twickenham. The two men took the same interest in the entire world of physical phenomena; they were frequent visitors at each other's houses; they received an equal number of cultivated guests beneath their own roofs. The Lord Avebury of to-day has never lost in the philosopher the easy and agreeable manner of the polished Etonian. Grant Duff, more recently the Governor of Madras, always united with his scientific interests a knowledge of the inner life of politics and personal ways of statesmen, which made him the most entertaining or instructive of hosts, not less than, in Dr Johnson's phrase, 'the most clubable of men.' Mr Gladstone was only one of the regular political visitors at York House who, even in spite of a natural prejudice against science, gradually found themselves inoculated with a scientific appreciativeness. These lines have been written since John Morley's *Life of Gladstone* appeared. There has been much inaccurate conjecture as to how and where the statesman met his future biographer. It will be of some permanent politico-literary interest if the present writer places it on record that this meeting took place on May 18, 1879, in the drawing-room of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's Thames-side residence, York House, Twickenham.

ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

On sunny days, when skies are blue,
Warm light above, green-sward beneath,
What place so good to wander through
As Hampstead Heath?

The wild west winds all boisterous sweet,
The biting breezes of the north,
Here on the moorland rush to meet,
And eddy forth.

And here's a blue flower like a bell,
The earliest grown for summer's wreath;
And here's a primrose in a dell
On Hampstead Heath.

Then, when the moonlight floods the skies,
And Nature's breath is still and deep,
When, far below, great London lies
In restless sleep,—

The spectral horsemen ride amain,
With useless sword in ghostly sheath;
And all the past grows real again
On Hampstead Heath.

And shades of lovers long since dead
Flit o'er the undulating ground;
Immortal words that once were said
Still linger round.

And all the night and all the day
Is wonderful with life and death,
While men may think, and children play
On Hampstead Heath.

E. E. Ohlson.

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FROM THE BACK OF BEYOND.

By LADY NAPIER of Magdala.

THE potatoes were rattling in the tin cans, goodly pyramidal piles of them, covered with rich brown earth against frost, showing that there was a plenteous harvest of that precious tuber.

The crofters paused in their labour of lifting them, shading their eyes from the long, level rays of the sun to gaze at the last tourist (or 'swift') steamer of the season bearing its load of Southrons to the nearest railway station 'away south,' with their mountains of luggage, their deal boxes with haunches of venison, their hordes of idle, greedy, overfed servants. The country was quit of them—quit of their 'patronising way,' as the crofters called it, their grumblings, their innovations, their many inventions—quit of them all for many months to come.

The roads still echoed with the sound of their horses' hoofs as they trotted away, with the shrieks of their motors, one and all flying south, as though the Evil One were at their heels, the land plague-stricken.

Such is fashion! The weather was lovely, the colour a dream and a glory; but it was the 'time' for going south.

Now the needy laird might return to the home of his fathers, which bitter necessity forced him to let for each shooting season. Now he might come back and shelter in the storm-beaten old house through the long northern winter and spring, pondering sadly as to whether he might dare to count on sojourning in the lands called by his name until the day came when he should be carried out whither he would not, feet foremost. Shooting-rents were going up; but who could count on them for what changes might be in store, what fads might be started by some new Government, inebriated with the exuberance of its own generosity in dealing with and distributing the goods of others—drunk with power, mad with furious desire to reverse the order of things as they are, no matter who went, so long as they stayed (in place and power)? 'Well, well,' said the laird to himself, 'anyway, to-day it is ours; the herring have been plentiful, and there is no potato disease, and this dirty thing is to the good;' and he thrust his shooting tenant's cheque into an envelope, addressing it to his long-suffering bankers.

So peace settled down on the winged isle once more.

A crofter woman stood on the shore, watching her little lad stumbling over the slippery rocks on his way home from fishing, a string of 'cuddies' and rock-cod in his hand, his crooked fishing-rod over his shoulder. Her six-year-old daughter clung to her skirts.

The sun had sunk behind a heavy bank of cloud, and a moan came up from the sea. The tide had turned, and the wind was rising.

The woman sighed, and gazed seawards with fear-filled eyes, for her husband was away at a late fishing, and his boat was old and crank.

The three walked slowly up to the little black house on the hill, one of the poorest-looking in the township, but warm and snug inside, and water-tight withal, with its fine close thatch.

The children in bed, the woman crouched over the peat-fire, her thin hands locked together, her knitting unheeded on the floor, where a little cat played with the ball of yarn.

The wind roared round the house. It had risen to a gale.

At length her head fell forward on her breast, the tired body crying out for sleep and rest. She awoke with a start and sought her bed, but sleep forsook her weary eyes.

The gale was at its height.

Little Mairi moaned in her sleep, and her mother rose and took the child into her own bed, finding comfort in the contact of the soft, small body, and in listening to the regular breathing of childhood's heavy sleep.

Wide-eyed she listened to the howling of the tempest. The peats fell together; and, as a bright flame sprang up, the door suddenly opened, and

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her husband, clad in dripping oilskins, came into the room and walked up to the fireplace.

Something tied the wife's tongue, and also prevented her rising to greet him. He raised his arm and groped in the chimney for a moment, peering up it; then she heard him sigh, and he turned and looked at her, and she knew that he was dead, for as she looked he vanished. With earliest daylight the distracted wife betook herself to the house of her sister, and told her what she had seen.

The women never doubted, and wept together through that day, and alas! and alas! the vision had warned but too truly, and the dread message came in due course, telling the poor wife of the loss of her husband's boat and the drowning of its crew. The heavy days crept on, and winter asserted itself.

The poor must work though their hearts be broken; and little Mairi was often left at home alone to watch the iron pot while her mother carried creels of peats and potatoes on her thin shoulders, the cold rain beating on her bare head, the wind piercing through the ragged skirt she had herself dyed black in respect for poor Donald's memory.

'Mother,' said the child one evening, in the familiar Gaelic, 'there is a stone loose in the chimney. All day I was afraid it would fall into the pot.'

'Where is it, *ghaol* [love]?' said her mother. She looked, and there was indeed a loose stone that she removed with her hand, and behind the stone a hole had been scooped out, and in the hole was a canvas bag containing twenty pounds in gold and one-pound notes.

Poor drowned Donald's savings!

The widow burst into tears.

'Would to God that he had got a better boat for himself!' she sobbed. 'But he never thought of himself, not he; and now he has gone, and we are alone.'

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE CRY OF THE KELPIE.

CARRICK found himself very comfortably lodged in a corner of his big house.

Old Donald, by a stroke of unlooked-for inspiration, had fitted up one of the turret rooms as a sitting-room for him, and his bedroom was just below it. It was not too large to warm comfortably with a peat-fire, the views all round were magnificent, and he had longed all his life to live in a round room.

'Excellent!' was his satisfied comment when the old man began to explain; 'you couldn't have done better for me.'

'Ah, well! I thocht mebbe ye would like to look aboot ye. A man iss lost in thae big rooms below, an' it will pe a savin' in peats forby.'

Geoff had two or three more things brought up from the lower rooms, hung half-a-dozen cheerful pictures on the walls—not portraits, needless to say, since he hardly felt on terms with them yet—and found himself very much at home.

He was tempted to ask the old man about his fair Lady Disdain again, but discovered within himself an odd disinclination to expose his interest in her. She had doubtless departed long since, and inquiry would only excite surprise.

He did, however, inquire about the disused mine, but got little in reply.

'Ay,' said the old man, with a melancholy wagging of the head, 'they pit a sicht money into yon hole, but naething ever cam' oot it.'

'And where does the road through the glen at the foot of the loch lead to? I was astonished at the amount of traffic there appears to be in that direction, judging by the number of footmarks in the snow.'

'Oo ay! That iss to Innisrath, just a wheen wee hooses the ither side the island, fishers mostly, and they wass aye comin' an' goin'.'

Mrs Cameron's provisioning was, like herself, of the plain and wholesome type. Her porridge was beyond praise, her fish and puddings praiseworthy, her mutton, when available, past praying for, probably because her opportunities in that direction had been limited.

However, Geoff was no gourmand, and he had eaten with relish poorer dishes even than Mrs Cameron's mutton. And then that wonderful wide outlook over sea and land, and the restful quiet of it all, made up for every shortcoming.

On Tom Brading, whose only variation from the ceaseless hum of London had been the turmoil of barracks and camp, the remoteness and solitariness weighed somewhat. He moved about noiselessly and spoke with bated breath.

'What's the matter, Tom, my lad? Not feeling ill, are you?' asked Geoff anxiously.

'Not to say ill, Mr Geoff; but it's fearsome quiet. Feels like bein' in church an' no talkin' allowed.'

Geoff laughed. 'It is a bit of a change from London, isn't it?'

'You're right, sir,' said Tom fervently.

'But there's no need to feel that way. You may laugh and whistle and dance if you want to.' At which Tom shook his head, as who would say, 'Not me, sir! I know better.'

'They are making you comfortable down below there, I hope?'

'That's all right, sir. Sight better than St

George's or even the Soudan. There's an old lady down there that's an invalid'——

'Oh!'

'Not that I've seen her myself, sir. Keeps to her bed as far as I can make out.'

'Some relation of the Camerons, I suppose.'

'Shouldn't wonder, sir. They ain't much of talkers at best, the old people, an' as often as not it's Dutch they're talkin' to one another.'

'Oh, well, just enjoy yourself as much as you can, Tom. You'll relish London all the more when you get back there.'

Carrick himself felt that, after all his strenuous work in the stony silences of Farnborough, a few days of absolute loafing in this wide, untrammelled atmosphere would be regeneration. Here he could shake hands once more with freedom and feel himself his own man again. He had brought with him half-a-dozen of the best novels of the year, a sufficiency of tobacco, and an expectant pair of virgin skates bought four years ago and never yet wedded to ice; and with these trusty aids he had no fear of the days seeming long.

After dinner, that first night, he cleared a course round his room and tramped it in vast and insatiate enjoyment.

His aerie topped the roof of the house and afforded him such a view of sea and hill and sky as ministered to his soul. Seaward, all was darkness and mystery, out of which came only the sound of waters, the slow rhythmic surge of the Atlantic on the shores of the loch and on the rock on which his house was built. The blue-black vault above seemed but a remote, impalpable void, in which the greater and the lesser lights swung close and bright. Over the eastern hills a waning moon floated like a golden boat with little light but just a touch of glamour.

He stayed his round each time to look at the hills and the moon; and as he stood so, wondering how the loch and the glen and the serried pines must look under that faerie glimmer, the short, joyous bark of a dog on the terrace below, and a sharp, subdued reprimand, carried his thoughts like a flash to that other dog who had been sharply called to heel one day for just such gladsome greeting of a stranger.

He listened intently. He could almost have sworn to that bark. And then he smiled to himself at the thought, and at the absurdity of the wish which was father to it.

Yes, he would like to meet her again—he would dearly like to meet her again. He had seen so much of her, mentally, in these last few months that he seemed to know her quite well. He would like to compare his mental photograph with the original. He would like to ask her plainly why she looked at him so. And—behind and above all that—there lurked within him a vague desire, barely formulated and as yet quite unconfessed, to draw the venom from her look and charge it with something more to his liking.

He heard quick, light steps go off towards the little stone pier; but, for all his listening, nothing more, and the pier he could not see even if the moon had been brighter.

And so to further tramping, and much tobacco, and frivolling among books, every page of which, with subtle provocation, was curiously water-marked with a pair of dark eyes full of scorn and detestation, and much more besides.

And again a strange thing happened as—unable to fix his attention on printed words, because of those dark eyes that would stare up at him through them—he stood one time looking at the floating moon and the mystic glimmer and glamour of the hills.

From somewhere among those shadowy hollows there came a strange, mournful cry, a long-drawn minor note, with a trembling cadence like a long, low moan or a prolonged sob of mortal agony. It was not very loud, yet it had reached him clearly through the glass. He threw open the window and stood listening intently until the continued silence grew irksome. Uncanny as the sound was, he craved it again, so that, if possible, he might diagnose it.

He began to doubt if his ears had not deceived him. It was some trick of the wind in the casement. It was some unhappy dog on the shore. It was—— But it would not do. He knew perfectly well that it was none of these things, though what it was he could not tell.

He was just about to close the window when his outstretched hand stiffened in the act, as the long, trembling wail pealed out once more from the glimmering mountain fastnesses and came swelling along the thin, clear air.

He could make nothing of it. Whatever made it, it was a most awesome and discomforting sound. He had certainly never heard anything like it in his life before. He had heard many a queer sound in his life, but nothing quite so weird and disturbing as this.

The surroundings were no doubt largely responsible for the sense of discomfort which laid hold on him. Abnormal sound is at all times repugnant, and indeed holds the seeds of panic until its cause is discovered.

The solitude in which he had rejoiced became suddenly peopled with gruesome possibilities. The frosted trees and bushes below stood stark and still. There was not a sound beyond the cold *lip-lap* of the tide on the rocks. The hills glimmered ghostly in the wan light of the moon. And across the peacefulness of it all that baleful cry rasped like a saw across a quivering nerve.

While he waited for it to come still again, he heard the door at the foot of the tower open softly, and, leaning quietly over, he saw Tom Brading standing on the top step looking out towards the hills.

And presently the wailing cry broke out again along the night air, and the figure below proved its identity by a fervently scared 'Good Lord!'

'Well, Tom, what do you make of that?' Geoff asked softly.

'In God's name, what is it, Mr Geoff? It makes one's neck creep.'

'What does Mr Cameron say about it?'

'He 's across in the boat, Mr Geoff.'

'It 's some big night-bird surely,' suggested Carrick.

''T 'd need be a big one, sir, to make that noise.'

'Well, don't you worry about it. I'll tackle old Donald in the morning and get to the bottom of it. Now, I 'm going to turn in. Good-night!' and he heard the door below close quickly, as though Tom Brading preferred not to be last man out when things unexplainable were to the fore.

They heard nothing more that night, and in the morning Geoff was out betimes on the terrace, rejoicing in the white splendour of the clear December day. In that crisp, tonic air, with all the hills sparkling in the sunshine that had no heat but only enchantment in it, and the very wavelets laughing and dancing merrily, it was not easy to understand the discordance of the previous night.

He saw the boat put off from the shore, and presently old Donald came up the terrace steps with a string of fish for breakfast.

'Grand morning, Mr Cameron!'

'Fine mornin', sir!'

'What was that curious noise we heard last night in the hills? Did you hear it?'

'Ay!' and the old white head wagged lugubriously.

'What was it? I never heard anything quite like it before.'

'I wouldna like to say myself. Ye s'uld ask Tuncan Cameron. He iss the man that unterstans these things.'

'And where is Duncan Cameron?'

'He iss the schoolmaster there,' with a backward jerk of the head. 'He iss a ferry cleffer man iss Tuncan Cameron.'

'All right! I'll go over after breakfast and have a chat with him.'

And so, in due course, Geoff and Tom Brading stood on the step of the schoolmaster's cottage and thumped on his door.

'Mr Duncan Cameron?' asked Geoff, as the door opened and a grizzly-headed and bearded man of sixty or so stared at them and round them for a minute, and then invited them to enter with a 'Come away in, sirs! Come away in! The place is no' redd up yet, but ye 'll just excuse it. Ah 'm no' a merriet man, ye see, and am dependent for some things on outside assistance. Ye 'll be Mr Carrick, I 'm thinking. And what can I do for ye, Mr Carrick?'

Mr Duncan Cameron's interior was much on a par with his personal exterior, and stood, as he had hinted, in sore need of redding up. His face, and his supper and breakfast dishes, would have been all the better for a wash, his hair and easy costume and his furniture for a little putting to rights. Moreover, at best he was not prepossessing. He was afflicted with a terrible squint, which at once fascinated and disconcerted the object of his attention, and his eyes and red nose seemed to point to anything but teetotal principles. Geoff felt distinctly sorry for the youngsters entrusted to his care.

'I am told you know more about things in general than most people, Mr Cameron,' began Geoff diplomatically.

'Aweel, I had the advantage of a unevairsity education at Glesca College, ye see, sir; and that iss what no other man hereabouts can boast of.'

'And you know all that is to be known about Innismohr, I presume?'

'Aweel, as much as most, no doubt.'

'I came to ask you specially this morning about that queer noise I heard in the hills last night. Did you hear it?'

'Ay, I heard it;' and the grizzly head nodded portentously, and the strange, twisted eyes settled on a far corner of the room, though Geoff felt uncomfortably certain that their owner was looking keenly at himself.

'And what causes it?'

'Well'—— said Mr Duncan Cameron, reaching up to the mantelpiece for a black clay-pipe, and looking vaguely round for tobacco.

'Try one of these, by way of a change,' said Geoff, and handed him his cigar-case.

'I thank you, sir. They do say it iss the kelpie that lives in the loch. You haf seen the black loch among the hills?'

'Yes; I came round it. What 's a kelpie?'

'Now, that iss no' easy to say, sir, for no one has ever seen one, so far as I know. Some say it iss like a horse, and some say it iss like a cow. But those are just tales. They do say that any man who sees it would never live to tell what it iss like.'

'And what 's your own opinion, as an educated man, Mr Cameron? Do you give credence to such old wife's talk?'

'I 'm no' saying that I do, and I 'm no' saying that I don't—I 'm Highland-born, ye see. And although, mebbe, Glesca Unevairsity wouldna endoarse all they tell aboot the kelpie, I 'm no' caring to prove things either way in ma own proaper pairson.'

'And does the kelpie, whatever it is, often make a nuisance of itself like that?'

'I have heard it three times before in ma life,' said Mr Cameron slowly, emphasising his remarks with sombre baton-strokes of his cigar; 'and each time there wass sorrow came after it;' and his manner was so charged with mystery and foreboding that Tom Brading fervently wished himself back in matter-of-fact, bustling London.

'How then?' asked Geoff.

'Well, sir, I will tell you. And this, mind you, iss what I know of my own knoawledge, not by hearsay. The first time I heard the kelpie cry wass when I wass a boy, and it frichtened me near oot

ma wits. I mind asking ma mither what it meant, and she just said, "You wait, my man, and you will see." And inside a month they found the old laird dead in his room in the castle—one of the round rooms in the tower.'

And Tom Brading shot a swift, scared glance at his master, as much as to say that if he were in the habit of occupying one of these rooms he would change his quarters without delay.

'And the next time I heard it was when the young laird was killed; and the last time was when the laird himself died.'

'So it 's a kind of family ghost?'

But Mr Duncan Cameron shook his head doubtfully at that.

'Once it cried while I was away at the unevairsity, and there was a man died then; but it was not one of the family.'

'Who was it?'

'The laird had let the castle and the shootings to an American, and it wass his son that died. He was drowned in the black loch the day after the kelpie cried.'

'I would rather like to experiment on it with a bullet,' said Geoff. 'Do you suppose it is armour-plated?'

'I know nothing about it, sir,' said the schoolmaster solemnly; 'but I wouldna like to try myself. I'm no' what ye might call a supersteetious man; but there iss some things one does not care to meddle with. There 's mair things, ye ken, in heaven and airth'——

'Yes, I know,' said Geoff; 'but I've an idea that a rifle-bullet is a much more concrete fact than a kelpie. I would rather like to see the result of a meeting between the two.'

At which Mr Duncan Cameron only shook his head expressively, and Tom Brading devoutly prayed that he might not be of that hunting-party, if ever it came off.

'One more question, Mr Cameron. Where do all the people here get their black hair and eyes from?'

'From 1588,' said the schoolmaster, with a quick, odd glance at him.

'I imagined so. The strain shows very distinctly. One of the Spaniards came ashore here, I suppose.'

'So they say; but there iss no trace of it now—except in the people.'

'And that lasts longer than wood or iron. Well, we 'll get along. I am obliged to you, Mr Cameron. If you come across our friend the kelpie, give it a quiet word of advice not to disturb people with its wailing, or I shall certainly try the effect of a rifle-bullet on it. A stuffed kelpie would be quite an addition to the British Museum.' And he strode away through the white sparkle of the sun, with Brading close behind him, and nodded pleasantly to the black-eyed youngsters who peeped shyly round open doors, and to the oval-faced, dark-haired women who stood in the shadows behind them. And Mr Duncan Cameron stood at the door of his cottage and looked thoughtfully after them.

Geoff was making for the glen that led to the loch among the hills when his eye caught a slightly trampled path striking up to the left; and as it promised new pastures he turned into it at once.

Mr Duncan Cameron whistled softly to himself and went indoors.

'And how does Mr Duncan Cameron strike you, Tom?' asked Geoff cheerily.

'He don't look you what you might call very straight in the eye, sir.'

'He don't, Tom. That 's a fact. And whether the defect is entirely physical I 'm not quite sure in my own mind. However, we 'll walk him off. You got the candles?'

'I got 'em here, sir. You don't lay any store by that kelpie thing, Mr Geoff?'

'I don't, Tom. And that 's another fact. Mr Duncan Cameron does not impress me as a man to place implicit reliance on. Now, I wonder where this path leads to. Somebody uses it, that is evident. Perhaps if we go far enough we 'll find out who it is.'

(To be continued.)

THE HOME OF THE PIGMIES.

By Rev. REGINALD A. GATTY, LL.B.

THE object of this article is to stimulate research, and to show how the veriest amateur may in his small way contribute to the sum of scientific knowledge. An old earthwork was the first object which started my zest after archæological investigations, and I very soon acquired the one requisite in all such work: a quick and observant eye. It is surprising how blind many people are, and how little they see what is before their very eyes. I remember asking a friend who had recently returned from a tour round the world what had struck him most when he was in Japan as regards the scenery of the country, and especially the trees and flowers; but none of these had attracted his attention, and all he could remember was that the hotel at Tokio was not equal in its cookery to the accommodation he got at San Francisco. These people hardly deserve the privilege of such an opportunity of improvement as a tour round the world.

The faculty of observation is not sufficiently developed in our educational system; and I believe that when I taught the children of our village school how to pick up flint arrow-heads and scrapers in the ploughed fields they got more good than from plodding hours over fractions. I had previously

taught myself; for, when the land was ploughed round the earthwork I have mentioned, I set to work to find some traces of the former people who had raised this mound of soil. The answer quickly came in a nice series of flint implements, such as knives, arrow-heads, scrapers, and other neolithic tools.

It may be well, perhaps, to make a few remarks about what is called the stone age, as every one has not taken the trouble to read the scientific books upon the subject. Whether man was resident in Britain prior to the glacial epoch is a matter of some doubt, and it would be of little use to repeat here the various opinions upon this open question. What we do know for certain is that in a very remote period a terribly cold time supervened, changing a temperate climate to one of arctic severity, and covering all North Britain with an ice-sheet extending almost to the Thames valley. In the north of Scotland the ice was as much as three thousand feet in thickness. It gradually moderated in thickness as it extended south; but the greater part of England at that time was practically within the arctic regions. This fully explains why up in the north of England palæolithic implements are never found. No life was possible so long as this ice-sheet covered the land, and neither man nor beast could possibly have lived under such severe conditions.

In the south of England, however, appear the earliest traces of man in the river-drift. Here in the gravels of former river-beds are seen the first rude implements of his handiwork, and these are remarkable for their great size. It certainly must have required a hand of no mean grip to grasp the heavy tools of flint six to eight inches long, which, when compared with the small neolithic tools, have the appearance of belonging to a race of giants.

We have, however, to remember that man at that period had to contend with animals of great size and power. The mammoth would be no mean antagonist to face in the forest, and the grizzly bear, hyena, and cave-lion would require some formidable attacks to drive them from the caves which man might wish to shelter in. But there is certainly a remarkable difference between a large palæolithic implement weighing a pound or two in weight and several inches in length, and one of the minute tools I am writing about, sixty of which when put into the scale weigh under half an ounce.

Considering that all palæolithic implements are found in river-drifts or cave-deposits, they rarely come under the observation of the amateur collector. His work must principally be confined to searching ploughed fields and barren places where the flint implements of the neolithic period occur in plenty. The neolithic or new stone age followed the palæolithic or old stone age; but between the two is an interval which as yet has not been clearly defined, and it is impossible to show the connection between the two eras.

A new race apparently had taken the place of the makers of the big rude tools, and the forms and working of the neolithic tools show a marked improvement in every way. The old fauna and flora had disappeared, and animal life and vegetable life were pretty much the same as we see them now. Neolithic man domesticated animals, grew cereals, and lived in settlements on the land, moving, no doubt, from place to place as the pasturage became exhausted. This nomadic existence perhaps accounts for the distribution of flint implements, which is very remarkable. A search in almost any part of England over land which has been ploughed and well washed by rain will be rewarded by a find of flint implements. You need not live in a flint district to prove this. In fact, a flint is much easier to detect when no other stones of similar character are near it, and you may be sure each piece, even if not a true implement, has been imported.

For instance, in my own experience on the moors of South Yorkshire, high up on the Pennine Range of hills, I found splendid examples of neolithic flint tools, but the nearest flint-beds were the Yorkshire wolds, sixty miles away at least. It is difficult to imagine what the inducement could have been in this bleak and desolate region to tempt neolithic man to leave the richer valleys below and face the cold and exposure on the moors. Clad in skins, and with only a rude hut to shelter him, and little game to hunt for food, he could have had but a cheerless existence. He may have been forced to take refuge here by an invasion of a stronger tribe driving him out from his home on the lower grounds, or it is possible that a better climate existed on the moors in those times than we have now. There certainly are indications of a forest having existed on these moors, and sometimes when digging has been going on among the peat the horns of *Bos longifrons* have been discovered.

It was here, at an altitude of a thousand feet above sea-level, that I found the first minute flints which I called pigmy on account of their size. This was more than twenty-five years ago; but I could not get the authorities on flint implements to allow that they were genuine tools.

A more interesting discovery than mine was made by Dr Colley Marsh of Rochdale, who, on the same Pennine Range, at an altitude of thirteen hundred feet, dug ten feet down into a peat-bed, at the bottom of which he found quantities of these pigmy flints associated with ordinary neolithic tools. Here was abundant proof that the makers of these small flints had once lived upon these moors of the Pennine Range, and from finding ordinary flints with them it would be a fair surmise to say the makers of these were also makers of the pigmy flints. Against this, however, is the fact that in only very few places in England have these minute tools been discovered.

In Belgium, M. Pierpont found pigmy flints with no other flints near them. In India, up in the cave shelters of the Vindhya Hills, Mr Carlyle found the floors thickly strewn with these same tiny implements, and he brought some thousands back with him to England. In the account he gave of his

discovery he states that no large tools were associated with them.

The presence of various types in one locality is no sure proof that they were contemporary; and so far I think the evidences are in favour of crediting the pigmy-flint makers with being a distinct race. At any rate, my own experience supports this idea, and the discoveries I made in North Lincolnshire are so extraordinary that I think there is little doubt about the matter. I know this is not the opinion of the highest authorities.

The British Museum has brought out a new *Guide to the Stone Age*, a most valuable book, and beautifully illustrated. This authority says, speaking of the Rochdale pigmy flints: 'These minute and finely chipped specimens of characteristic crescent, triangular, and rhomboidal forms are often called "pygmy flints," and are found in India, Palestine, Egypt, North Africa, Southern Spain, France, Belgium, and in several sites in Great Britain, notably in Eastern Lancashire, Scunthorpe in Lincolnshire, Sevenoaks, and Hastings. The curious persistence of the same forms in all these countries has led to the conjecture that they are the work of one and the same race; but the same argument might be used to prove that the barbed stone arrow-heads of Europe, Japan, and North America were the productions of a single people. However, it may be explained, the similarity of form is sufficiently striking to deserve careful attention. Various conjectures have been made as to the use of these implements, which are manufactùred from small flakes, the natural edges being in most cases left untouched, and the thicker sides or backs carefully finished by secondary chipping. Some have supposed that they were tied to the points of arrows, others that they formed lateral barbs of harpoons, others that they were tattooing instruments, others that they were fish-snags, others again that they were used for making holes in skins or even harder substances like shell. The last suggestion seems to be borne out in the case of the small points found in South Spain, as diminutive shell-discs were found in association with them, but we need not assume that their use was in every case uniform, for very few show any signs of wear. The pygmy implements are usually assigned to the neolithic and early bronze periods.'

Now, the use of the arrow-head, which is universal and absolutely necessary for the support of human life, is hardly a fair implement to bring into the argument when you are dealing with tools so difficult to assign uses for as pigmy flints. It is quite allowable to say the necessities of man developed the arrow-head in all parts of the world. It is simply a point for piercing, to which in some cases, but not in all, is added a barb on the two sides to prevent it from falling out.

On the other hand, there are at least four varieties of these pigmy tools, perfectly distinct in form and make, to which no reasonable use can be assigned. To give Mr Carlyle's designations, they are (1) the shouldered pigmy flint, (2) the rounded and pointed, (3) the crescent, (4) the rhomboidal form.

It is utterly impossible to trace the slightest difference between those forms found in India and those in England, and this fact has led the Rev. Canon Greenwell to write the following opinion: 'I can say without the least hesitation that the pigmy flints are manufactured articles, and brought into certain shapes to adapt them to certain purposes. I can also confidently assert that many show evident and abundant signs of having been in use. The next matter about which I can speak with perfect confidence is the fact that flint or some other stone implements, fabricated after the same fashion and characterised by the same forms, have been found not only in several localities in England, but also in Belgium and other places in Europe, and in very great abundance in India. In fact, so similar are many of the pigmies found in India to those found at Scunthorpe, Lakenheath, &c., that but for the differences of material, any one on seeing them would say without hesitation that the Indian specimens had been picked up at Scunthorpe. Nor do I think it possible—though I do not now speak so confidently as I have already spoken about their being manufactured—that they could have originated among different peoples who had no intercourse or traffic going on between them. A common intelligence, a common purpose, a common material could not, I think, produce forms so marked, and indeed peculiar, as are found among these tools. What the relationship, intercourse, or traffic I have suggested may have been I know not, but that there was a connecting link I believe.'

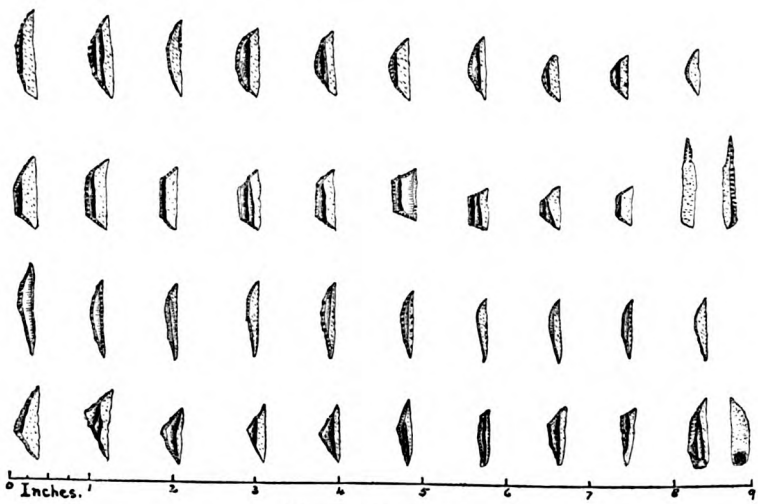
I have, however, further if not stronger evidence than the words of the learned antiquary I have just quoted. It was my good fortune to drop on what I may call the home of the pigmies. Scunthorpe in Lincolnshire not many years since was a small agricultural village, and the land about it had little value, for it was mostly sand, and there were great commons on which practically nothing grew, for the never-resting wind blew the sand to and fro, and the bracken fern and some heather seemed the only plants able to contend with it. Then a discovery was made that beneath the sand, the depth of which in some places was twenty feet, a valuable bed of ironstone existed, and the little village rapidly became the centre of a thriving iron-smelting industry. The process of obtaining the ironstone is simple enough. The sand is dug away and the ore bared, and then a fresh surface of land is laid out, which grows better crops than it did before.

A curious feature about the sand is that it is all æolian, the result of great sandstorms in the past, and not a marine or lacustrine deposit. On the high parts of the common the wind is perpetually altering the contour of the ground, raising and levelling mounds, according to the direction in which

it blows. It will be readily understood that such a place, with its changing surface, would be very suitable for the discovery of flint implements if they were there, and I soon had the satisfaction of finding that it had been the site of human habitation in neolithic times. In various directions I found patches of charcoal and signs of hearths, and here and there flakes of flint lying about just as they had been struck off from the flint cores. In more than one place was a heap of cremated bones, and the wind one day exposed what is called an incense-cup. This is a small hearth-baked pottery vessel, about three inches high, with holes in the side.

Canon Greenwell, in his work *British Barrows*,

SCUNTHORPE, LINCOLNSHIRE.



VINDHYA HILLS, INDIA.

describes these vessels, and as to their use, suggests that they contained the lighted charcoal which was carried in the ceremonial accompanying cremation. He gives a note describing the funeral of an Indian, Narayan Wasudeo, a member of the Legislative Council of Bombay: 'The sacred fire, which had been kindled with due ceremonies at the house, was carried in front in a brazen vessel by the deceased's son. While this (the making of the funeral pyre) was being done, a number of torches of sandal-wood were being carefully ignited by the son of the deceased at the sacred fire which he had brought with him for the purpose. The friends, when the torches were lighted, set fire to the combustibles.' The extract is taken from the *Times of India*, September 1, 1874.

This touch with India is suggestive, but I must own I was perfectly astonished when I found pigmy flints

identical with Mr Carlyle's Vindhya Hill specimens strewn about in all directions. It is true I came across every now and then an ordinary neolithic flint implement; but the pigmies so largely predominated that they hardly counted. This proved that these Anglo-Indian tools had been made on the spot, for in one place, among a lot of flakes of a peculiarly coloured flint, I found a pigmy of the same material. But if the Vindhya Hill specimens were small, the Scunthorpe pigmies were much smaller. When compared with the Indian tools, the respective sizes are as follows: the smallest Indian shouldered form is ten-sixteenths of an inch; smallest Scunthorpe, three-sixteenths of an inch; smallest Indian rounded and pointed, ten-sixteenths of an inch; smallest Scunthorpe, four-sixteenths of an inch; smallest Indian crescent, eight-sixteenths of an inch; smallest Scunthorpe, six-sixteenths of an inch.

With regard to the respective quantities found of pigmies and ordinary neolithic tools, I think it would be fair to say that while collecting two thousand Anglo-Indian pigmies I have got fifty neoliths. It is impossible in an article of this character to describe the exquisite work upon these minute flints. They are covered with delicate flaking, but how this was produced it is impossible to say. When you take up such a mite as one measuring three-sixteenths of an inch it disappears between finger and thumb. How was this held so as to enable the workman to take flakes off it? Flint is a very hard substance; and though you can by pressure remove flakes from it, you have to exert very considerable force. In the case of the Indian pigmies this must have been more difficult, for all of them are made of chalcedony or agate, which are still harder substances to work. Among the Scunthorpe pigmies I found a few chalcedony specimens.

It must not be supposed that every visit paid to the home of the pigmies results in a rich capture of spoil. The wind plays the principal part, covering or uncovering as it pleases. In a high wind you can see nothing. The sand whirls around and above you, fills your eyes, and I have been compelled to lie flat down and cover my head like a camel in a sandstorm.

I often ask myself, what is the meaning of this discovery, and what does it suggest? Before I addressed the Anthropological Society in London I was warned to state facts, and not to speculate. This may be very wise counsel, but it leads nowhere. The *Guide to the Stone Age*, recently published by the British Museum, offers no solution of the problem; but I think it would be unfair to my readers if I closed this paper without expressing my own views. From the top of the common, where the flints are found, you can see a few miles away the broad stream of the Humber, where the Trent joins it. If a migration from India took place in neolithic times, one could imagine the rude vessel of those days being rowed up with the tide, and disembarking its strange occupants near to where they could take up a position on the high ground. It is true the sandy and almost waterless common would offer poor accommodation and means of support; but we need not suppose they remained there for any great length of time. I have shown that they moved on, at any rate, as far as the Pennine Range, and no doubt traces of them would be met with in other directions if people nowadays only used their eyes more. It requires, I know, sharp sight to detect a pigmy flint even when you have merely a sandy floor to deal with. It is doubly difficult on ploughed land.

The next question is, what kind of people were these makers of pigmy flints? Were they a small race, the progenitors of the myths of dwarfs and fairies which delighted us in our childhood's days? Perhaps it would be unwise to follow this line of speculation any further. If I did I should certainly meet with very severe treatment at the hands of the scientific authorities. I have the satisfaction of knowing that what is a mystery to me is equally a mystery to them, and I live in hope that some day the blowing sand will uncover the secret of the home of the pigmies.

AN EXPERIMENT IN NEUROLOGY.

CHAPTER IV.

CLIFF HARBOUR had enjoyed a picnic, to which many people came from adjoining settlements, and in the evening dancing was still in progress in the rough pavilion provided for that special purpose. To Winfield the country sports were rather jarring on the nerves than otherwise, and he had neither the temperament nor the inclination to be amused at the awkward swains and bashful maids who had come in for a day's pleasure. But he was easily the most graceful dancer in the company, and that was a consolation, especially since Mollie Craig was present, tall, graceful, radiant in bright apparel, and as unaffectedly happy as it is given to healthy youth to be. It might almost be said that she exhaled an atmosphere of health and good cheer, and to Winfield, who by this time was possessed of an uncontrollable desire to win her favour, regardless of any other consideration, present or future, proximity to her was like a draught of wine. It chafed him that Morton should have been the man to seek him out and insist that he should join their set, and that Morton's sister, a shy and quiet maiden, should regard him with manifest approval. She danced well, but his thoughts were not of her. They were

all kind to him; but his eyes followed Mollie Craig, and when they danced together a calm fell upon his nerves, and he was content.

'I am afraid,' he said to her once, as they strolled in the moonlight outside the pavilion, 'that I shall grow too fond of Cliff Harbour, and want to stay here.'

'Why not?' laughed Mollie. 'But you would be tired of us in the winter.'

'That would depend,' said Winfield suggestively.

'On the weather?' queried she.

'On you,' he answered, suddenly facing her and speaking in hurried tones of passion. 'You are so different from the people I have known. I can't tell you what I feel. But it seems to me I have only known'——

'Stop—please!' cried the girl. 'Oh! I'm so sorry. You don't know. Mr Winfield, you mustn't speak like that. I never thought—— Oh!'

She had caught his arm and looked into his face with an expression of grief so sincere that it could not be mistaken.

'Pardon me,' he said. 'I—I should not have spoken. Forget it, and let us be friends.'

'Friends always,' cried the girl. 'But—please—don't let us speak of it again.'

By mutual consent they went back to the pavilion, and Winfield saw her take the arm of Dave Morton to join another dance. He was urged to go with them, but pleaded fatigue and went out again, the prey of conflicting passions. Savagely chewing at a cigar, he walked about, paying no attention to his surroundings, seeking to quell the tumult of jealous rage that had swept over him. Suddenly he was accosted.

'Hello, mister! Got any more cigars?' The speaker was one of a group who had come in from the back settlement, and, by some mysterious process known only to communities where local option laws are enacted, had discovered liquor. They were now in the mood for war, and Winfield turned up at the psychological moment. He walked on without a word; but one of them followed him, caught him by the shoulder, and called out:

'Say, mister, don't put on airs round here. It won't go.'

Winfield shook himself free and started to move away, when the fellow seized him again. Winfield promptly knocked him down. In a twinkling the others were around them. The man who had been knocked down got on his feet and threw off his coat.

'Soak him, Bill?' yelled one of the crowd.

'I suppose I get fair-play,' said Winfield savagely.

'You'll git all that's comin' to you, mister,' retorted one of the crowd. Whereat several laughed.

The man who had removed his coat now rushed at Winfield, but the latter was not disturbed. The savage rage that had possessed him had found an outlet. He was not strong; but he knew how to defend himself, and his enemy went down again under a well-directed blow. By this time a crowd was collecting around them, and one of the friends of the fallen man made a vicious blow at Winfield. The latter was on his guard; but the fellow kicked him, and the man who was down leaped up and grappled with him. It was now one against two, and they threw him down.

'You cowards!' he gritted, struggling furiously to protect himself. The crowd was surging around them, the new-comers asking what it was all about, and several calling upon the combatants to get up and fight fairly.

Winfield was getting decidedly the worst of it, when two new-comers arrived on the scene. They were Dave Morton and Jack Allen, the latter a tall, raw-boned fellow, with an expression of perennial good nature on his rough features.

'Dig in, Dave,' he said; and they forced their way through the crowd to the spot where Winfield, panting and exhausted, was struggling on the ground with two men.

The crowd made way for the new-comers, for there was a tradition that once, down in the city of St John, Dave Morton and Jack Allen had stood back to back and put up the gamest fight against a group of 'toughs' the town had ever seen.

'What! three?' roared Allen. 'That's one too many. Get off there, you!'

He lifted one of Winfield's assailants bodily and threw him into the crowd. Morton leaned over the other two.

'It's Winfield,' he cried.

'You leave them alone!' shouted one of the original crowd that had accosted Winfield. 'This ain't your fight.'

Morton gave the fellow a quick glance, observed at the same time that Allen stood at his elbow, and without a word seized the big fellow who was locked in a fierce grip with Winfield, and by a tremendous effort brought the pair to their feet. In a moment he had broken the big fellow's hold and thrust Winfield's slight form between himself and Allen.

'Now,' he said quietly, 'if any of you fellows from Hay Settlement are lookin' for trouble, this is your chance.'

'That's what we're after!' yelled one of them; and the group, who had kept close together, made a rush at Morton, Allen, and Winfield.

'You'll get it,' smiled Allen, and sent the challenger down like a log.

They tell the story with great gusto in Cliff Harbour to-day how Morton and Allen, with the assistance of one or two others, went like a tornado at the men from Hay Settlement and fought them to a standstill, and how the little fellow from Boston, who ought to have gone into the prize-ring, got his second wind and planted blows with a precision and effect that was simply wonderful.

But Winfield was in bed for several days afterwards, and had to bear the condolences of Dave Morton, who would persist in calling every day and trying to do things for him. And Mollie Craig brought flowers from the cottage garden and gave him her warmest sympathy. The condition of his nerves, therefore, did not improve.

CHAPTER V.

JUST offshore from the lighthouse at Cliff Harbour is a reef, between which and the shore a vessel may pass in safety at high-tide. At low-tide (the rise and fall of Fundy's tides are twenty to over thirty feet) the jagged fangs of rock are visible. There, one night when a heavy sea was running, at nearly low-tide, the wind blowing a gale, a schooner tried to make the inside passage and went on the reef. She pounded heavily, and it was evident that her condition was perilous in the extreme. Five men were on board of her. The lightkeeper sent word in haste to the village, and men came to the shore. Among the first on the scene was Dave Morton, and he was one of the lifeboat crew who, at the imminent risk of their lives, brought four of the five men ashore in safety. The schooner went to pieces.

This was the story Mollie Craig told to Winfield as they sat on the shore near the spot on a glorious summer afternoon. He had never returned to the subject of their conversation on the night of the picnic; but his feeling toward her was more intense because of his brooding over the situation and his inability to understand why she should manifest so much sympathy and not give way to more tender regard. And as they sat together on the sunny green-sward in a sheltered nook, looking out upon the bay, his fierce emotions once more mastered him. Her praise of Morton was like the bitterness of gall to him. He could not, even to himself, assert that Morton was unworthy. But Morton was his rival, and was for ever coming between him and the fulfilment of his hopes. Not that he could complain of her treatment of himself. She had been deeply grieved by the occurrences of the evening of the dance, and blamed herself a little for having, though unwittingly, caused a part of Winfield's trouble. He had artfully led her to think that her sympathy was doing him a world of good, and continued his almost daily visits to Lighthouse Point. There was good fishing for cod offshore, and the lightkeeper had boats. Unobtrusively, therefore, Winfield could keep himself in evidence; and he was always welcome at the cottage.

On this particular afternoon it pleased him to appear a little despondent. She had assented to his proposition to stroll along the shore past the lighthouse, and when opposite the reef they sat down and she told him the story of the wreck. She told it well, the expression of her lovely features varying with emotions produced by recalling the terror and the heroism of that dreadful night. Hers was a dark, commanding beauty, for she was tall and strong and graceful, the embodiment of a healthy and fearless, yet warm and tender, womanhood. Winfield saw in her what he himself lacked, and as his eyes devoured her face and form, and he listened to the charm of her voice, and felt, perhaps unconsciously, the influence of the surroundings, all other feelings were swept aside by the one mad desire to set his will against hers and gain the mastery. Her hand was toying with a blossom on the green-sward. She was close to him, and silence had fallen for a moment between them. A tender light was in her eyes, for she was thinking of the man who reckoned his own life of little moment when others hung in the balance. Hurried into blind madness by his own passion, Winfield failed to understand. With a swift motion he caught her hand. Their eyes met, and for a moment her lids drooped under the swift electric message flashed by glance and contact. Then, without withdrawing her hand, she gazed again, quickly, inquiringly.

'Mollie,' he murmured hoarsely, 'do you know that I worship you? No—let me hold your hand—let me speak. I can't help it—I can't. There is no woman in the world like you. I have tried to keep my promise and be only your friend; but I love you so! Day and night it is always the same. I want you. You must care for me—you must.'

He drew nearer and tried to clasp her in his arms, but she was on her feet in a moment, the whole expression of her face changed. He too rose, his burning gaze still on her face.

'Mr Winfield,' she said very quietly, 'when I asked you never to speak like this to me again there was a reason for it. You should have understood. I wish I could have read your thoughts since then. You have not been fair to yourself or to me.'

'But why,' he burst out—'why can you not learn to care for me?'

'There is a reason.'

'Tell me what it is.'

'You have no right to ask that, Mr Winfield.'

'Surely I have the right of a man who loves you to know why you reject him.'

'No—I cannot tell you.'

'You care for another man.'

The girl was silent.

'The man is Morton,' he went on, with sudden rage. 'He has always come between us. Why should you'——

'Stop!' she cried. 'You have no right to speak to me in such a way. When you have thought about it you will be sorry.'

She turned to go, but, yielding to a sudden kindly impulse, wheeled about and faced him, an infinite compassion in her eyes.

'I can't understand, Mr Winfield, how a man who has seen so much of the world could care for a Cliff Harbour girl as you say you do for me. Go back to Boston. You will soon forget. Come, let us go home as we came.'

'No!' he cried, seizing her in his arms. 'You shall not go.' He was utterly beside himself. 'I swear to God if you leave me like this I will never go back alive.'

The girl had given a cry of alarm when he seized her, and now struggled to free herself. He held her frantically, pleading, muttering, almost hysterical in his excess of despairing passion. Neither heard approaching footsteps till a man stood beside them, and with an iron grip broke Winfield's hold upon the girl and sent him reeling to the ground. It was Morton.

'You cur!' he cried with bitter contempt, glancing for a moment at the fallen man and then turning quickly to the girl, who was trembling like a leaf.

'Has he hurt you, Mollie?'

'No, no! I'm only frightened. He must have been crazy. Oh Dave! I'm so glad you've come.'

She sat down limply, and they both looked at Winfield. He lay where he had fallen, motionless. With quick strides Morton reached him and attempted to raise him up. Blood was flowing from a cut in his head, and he was unconscious. In falling his head had struck a ledge of rock. Morton hurriedly placed a hand on his heart.

'He is hurt, Mollie,' he said quietly. 'His head is cut by a stone. I'll wrap it up. Get your father, and we'll carry him up to the house.'

'No, no! I'll help you myself,' said Mollie, completely mistress of herself again. She bound up the wound in Winfield's head, and together they bore him to the cottage, where their arrival caused the greatest consternation.

'He has had a bad fall,' said Morton, with a quick glance at Mollie. By the time they had laid him comfortably down he began to show signs of returning consciousness.

'See what you can do for the cut,' said Morton, 'and I'll get the doctor.'

His carriage was at the door, and at full speed he went to the village, returning at once with the village doctor. Winfield was by this time conscious, but suffering intensely. The doctor's examination revealed the fact that his skull had been somewhat injured, and that he could not be removed for the present.

'And I think,' added the doctor, 'you should notify his people. He will probaby be all right in a week or two; but his general condition is not as good as I would like it.'

CHAPTER VI.

'YOUR son has been injured. Not dangerous. Come down if possible.'

Nathan Winfield, senior, adjusted his glasses, read the telegram, made some hurried preparations, and said good-bye to the stock-market for the space of one week. Within thirty-six hours he was the guest of Craig the lightkeeper at Cliff Harbour, and gazing at a rather hollow-eyed young man whose nerves were giving the doctor no end of trouble, to say nothing of a rather ugly cut near the base of his skull.

'Father,' the young man said weakly, 'you've never let me want for anything; but you've never given me very much of yourself, and I haven't asked it. But I want you to stay right here till you can take me home with you.'

'Bless me!' ejaculated Winfield, senior. 'Why, of course I will. Don't worry, my boy—don't worry. You're a safer investment to-day than the best gilt-edge stock on the market.'

'But there's something I want to tell you,' the young man said. 'Close the door.'

The heart-to-heart talk that followed between father and son seemed to have a beneficial effect on both. The next day the patient was removed to the hotel; but before he left the cottage Mollie Craig was sent for. When she left his room her eyes were full of tears.

Before father and son departed for Boston two weeks later, the former took occasion to call Dave Morton aside and make the following observation:

'Young man, I understand you are soon to be married. I don't expect to be able to come down, though I'd like to; but I want you to send me a card in plenty of time—to this address.'

Which further explains why the costliest of the wedding-gifts received by Mollie Craig came to her duty-paid from Boston on the day before her marriage.

Nathan Winfield, junior, is his father's partner, and his old haunts know him no more. It is said that he displays remarkable nerve as an operator on the Stock Exchange, but is not fond of the society of women. When any charming lady of his acquaintance betrays the slightest partiality for his company, he has an odd way of looking at her which is not easily fathomed, but which proves quite as disconcerting as it may be unexpected.

THE END.

SAGHALIEN, THE ISLE OF THE RUSSIAN BANISHED.

By W. C. CHISHOLM.

IN these days when transcontinental railways and speedy ocean-transit have given a great impetus to travel, and enterprising spirits, led on by the love of adventure or bent upon the advancement of science or commerce, have pressed far afield from the beaten tracks into countries of which little save their names was known, it is no small distinction to be a pioneer-traveller and give to the world authentic information about peoples and places concerning which rumour had been busy, but which had been unvisited by the explorer.

Such a distinction has been won recently by Mr Charles Hawes, who in 1900 started on a tour which included India, Australia, New Zealand, China, Japan, and Siberia; and it was in connection with his explorations and investigations in Saghalien, or Sakhalin, that he made his mark. Fond of travel and gifted with an aptitude for languages, Mr Hawes had visited most European countries before he started on his long tour, which he undertook partly as a fitting complement to a university education, and partly as a valuable preparation for public life. Australia and New Zealand, usually neglected by the globe-trotter, who finds his chief fascination in the Orient, were included in his programme because there he hoped to see what an advanced democracy was accomplishing; whilst in India it was his purpose to study the working of a benevolent despotism modified only by the public opinion of a nation which believes in representative government. Only the fringe of the vast Chinese Empire was touched by visits to the treaty ports; and as illustrating the variety of its languages and dialects, of which those who have not travelled in the East have no conception, Mr Hawes mentioned to the writer the following incident. He was staying with a friend in the hinterland of Hong-kong when the latter had occasion to engage a second 'boy.' They were in Hakkaland, and he sent 'boy' No. 1 some ten miles to interview and bring along 'boy' No. 2; instead of which he returned, with tears in his eyes, to explain that he had not been able to make the other 'boy' understand: he spoke another language. The time available for Japan proved all too short for the traveller to compass his purpose of making even a hurried investigation of its government and administration, and of the industrial reform movement, so drawn away was he by the natural beauty of the country and the art productions of the people. Moreover, he was bent upon visiting Siberia; and to remain longer in the Island Empire would have meant his abandoning one of the chief items of his programme.

Siberia may not have an attractive sound for the ordinary traveller, but Mr Hawes included it in his tour inasmuch as he was anxious to solve the question whether or not the treatment of the exiles and convicts by the Russian Government was such as was depicted by the attackers or defenders of that administration. His study of the question had informed him that on the island of Saghalien, separated from the mainland by the Straits of Tartary and from northern Japan by La Pérouse Straits, he would find Russia's worst criminals, and had led him to believe that he would discover a state of things approximating to the condition on the mainland fifteen years ago. Further, there were primitive tribes on the island of whose history and habits next to nothing was known, and his leaning towards the study of ethnology confirmed him in his desire to reach them and place on record an authentic account of their manners, customs, and traditions ere they were overtaken by the well-nigh inevitable fate of the aborigines, whether in New Zealand or North America, who dwindle and die out before the steady advance of the white man. The story of what Mr Hawes saw in Saghalien is told in his most interesting volume, *In the Uttermost East*, and his is the distinction of being the first Englishman to penetrate into the north-eastern portion of the island and visit the Gilyak and Orochon tribes. For reasons which will be mentioned later, he was unable to visit any of the Ainu settlements.

Saghalien—or, to use the Russian official spelling, Sakhalin—means 'black,' and it is indeed a fitting name for the most notorious penal settlement in the world. Black are the crimes which brought large numbers of the convicts to that 'dreary isle of punishment,' black in many respects has the administration often been, and black are the prospects of those outcasts of humanity who have been deported to the farthermost portion of the empire, from whose sea-girt shores there is but the slenderest prospect of return. Its very name is under a ban at St Petersburg, and so evil is its reputation that to receive an appointment there is a stigma. The Russian occupation of the island dates from 1852, when its acquisition became necessary to guard the entrance to the river Amur, where the Russian flag had been placed in the previous year; and so inhospitable a spot was it, and such were the difficulties and dangers of navigating its coast and effecting a landing, that it was not until 1849 that it was discovered by Captain Nevelsky, who was searching for a naval base in eastern Siberia, to be an island. Up to that time it had been regarded by the civilised world as a peninsula and part of the Chinese mainland.

In size it is somewhat less than Scotland, having an area of about twenty-nine thousand three hundred

and thirty-six miles. Its extreme length is five hundred and ninety miles, whilst in breadth it varies from seventeen to one hundred miles. The greater part of the island is covered with primeval forests of such density that even the natives do not track them, but rely chiefly upon the rivers as their highways; in the summer traversing them in canoes dug out of the trunks of trees, in the management of which they are most expert, and in the winter travelling over their frozen surface in sledges drawn by dogs or reindeer. So sparsely is the country populated that on a journey to the east coast by the route most used by the natives, Mr Hawes for three days saw not a single person or dwelling. The heat in summer is considerable, and the winters are long and severe. Snow may be expected about the middle of October, and generally lies for one hundred and seventy or one hundred and eighty days. By the beginning or middle of November the Straits of Tartary begin to freeze, and are closed to navigation for about six months. Then, were it not for the cable, the inhabitants would be cut off entirely from the rest of the world until the ice was thick enough to allow dog-sledges to cross to the mainland; but as that is not possible, as a rule, until at least the end of December, and as the cable was broken for months before and after Mr Hawes's visit, the connection is at the best precarious, and the isolation sometimes complete.

Mr Hawes found that the climate of the country has been much maligned. Far from fogs being prevalent, as the reports of mariners had led him to expect, he discovered that, whilst they are very frequent at sea, a margin of four miles from the shore is generally clear; and during the seven weeks he was on the island there was not a single fog, and often the coast-line of the continent, sixty miles distant, was clearly visible. In fact, the average annual cloudiness and rainfall is much less, whilst the sunshine is considerably more, than that recorded in England.

Fish—especially salmon, which forms the natives' staple article of food—abound in the larger rivers. Reindeer, foxes, sables, and otters are found in considerable numbers, and wolves still exist in the south; but the most striking animal in Saghalien is the big brown bear, which plays an important part in the religious ceremonies of the Gilyaks.

According to the latest statistics available when Mr Hawes was there, the total population of the island in 1898 was about thirty-six thousand. Of that number only about one-eighth were natives, the remainder being Russian officials and convicts, and a few wives of prisoners who voluntarily had followed them to that terrible prison-land from which hope is almost wholly banished.

For administrative purposes the island is divided into three districts, each presided over by a chief, subject to the military Governor; martial law obtains everywhere. The Russian occupation, however, is really confined to those districts of which Alexandrovsk on the west coast and Korsakovsk on the south are the centres, whilst the biggest prison is at the former town, where the Governor resides. It was at Alexandrovsk that Mr Hawes had facilities such as had not been enjoyed by any European traveller for observing the everyday life of the convicts and the political exiles; and his impressions of the results of the penal system as it exists there, and the records of what he saw, form an intensely interesting part of his valuable book. The political exiles, it should be said, form but a small part of the population; and as they generally have been well educated and are quiet in prison, they are soon promoted, and find employment as doctors, school-teachers, book-keepers, or metallurgists. As, however, they are entirely dependent upon the caprice of the officials as to the places they are sent to, the posts they fill, and the remuneration they receive, their existence is precarious in the extreme, and many have the greatest difficulty in pulling through.

The Russian law with regard to deportation is severe. 'It provides that any criminal with a sentence of not less than two years and eight months, any woman (not exceeding forty years of age) with a sentence of two years and over, and any political exile (at the discretion of the Government) may be deported to Saghalien.' In 1898 the number of men and women on the island who had been sent out as convicts was nineteen thousand seven hundred and seventy and two thousand three hundred and ninety-seven respectively, and according to an invariable rule, they had been classified according to their sentences. Those who have sentences of twelve years or upwards are put into the worst or 'testing' prison. That class consists chiefly of murderers, and, sad to say, a considerable proportion are women. Executions, except for regicide, are very rare in Russia, and even in Saghalien the punishment for murder is seldom death save if the victim is an official, or if the culprit is a member of a desperate band of criminals, or if the crime has been carried out with exceptional brutality. The next class includes those whose sentence varies from four to twelve years, and they are placed in the 'reformatory' prison; whilst those whose sentences are less than four years are treated, after a short term, as 'free commands.' The ordinary course is for promotion, according to good behaviour, to take place from one class to another, the average length of service in each class being a third of the original sentence. One of the weak points in the system is that a large number of those who belong to the worst or 'testing' prison are kept in enforced idleness, and thus fall into yet deeper moral degradation; whilst others, under the charge of soldiers or of overseers who are ex-convicts, are sent to work in the coal-mines or on the jetty. The third class, or 'free commands,' are really men and women who are on 'ticket of leave,' and they go daily to the prison to have their work assigned. The best hope for a convict in Saghalien lies in his wife's following him; for should she do so he is at once transferred from

the 'testing' prison to a 'free command,' even although his crime is murder.

Another and most dangerous section of the criminal population consists of the *brodyagi*, or escaped convicts; and as it is by no means easy to track and capture them in the thick bush, to which they at once make their way, many succeed in eluding the authorities; and as they think nothing of committing a murder for the sake of a few kopecks or even a pair of old shoes, they are a terrible scourge to the island. Others, however, are soon forced by hunger to surrender themselves, whilst many fall into the hands of the soldiers or of native trackers, and, having no passport, are handed over to the officials. But even then, strange as it may seem, a few of them succeed in avoiding serving their long term of punishment by having made such a bold bid for freedom; for if the *brodyagi* cannot be identified and they profess to have forgotten who they are and from what district they came, they escape with a punishment of only four years! Is it much wonder, then, that the most desperate of the convicts are on the watch for an opportunity to escape, being willing to run the risk of a flogging and an additional sentence, which may range from a quarter to the whole of the original term, if they are identified?

Flogging for theft, attempts to escape, and deeds of violence is still in force, although the *knut*, with its six-foot thong and bags of lead attached, has been abolished. Women, according to the law, are immune from corporal punishment; but in Saghalien, if they provoke the resentment of brutal officials, they do not always escape it. Another peculiarly degrading form of punishment, abolished on the mainland, but still resorted to in Saghalien in the case of the most desperate convicts, is that of being chained to wheelbarrows day and night!

Though there is promotion from class to class and consequently some slight amelioration of the lot of the convicts, it must not be supposed that on the expiration of their sentence they are free to return to Russia. Nothing of the kind. The island is, indeed, one vast prison, and of those who are deported there not more than one in a hundred ever succeeds in quitting it. To be sent to it is, for most, an edict of perpetual banishment; for the ex-convict must remain in Saghalien as an 'exile-settler' for six years after his prison-days are over, unless he has the promise of employment on the mainland, in which case the chief of the district may grant him leave to go. But in Siberia he must remain yet another six years as a 'peasant,' and in no case can he return to Russia within twelve years after he has served his full term.

It is easy to understand what the moral conditions and atmosphere of such a community must be. Refining influences on the island, until recently, there have been almost none; for the Government makes no direct attempt to reform the convicts through the priests. Every year about sixteen hundred prisoners arrive, and the children born on the island are brought up amongst surroundings of the greatest immorality and crime. Neither person nor property is safe. Murder is committed on the slightest provocation and for the sake of the smallest gain; and in the frequent brawls of the 'exile-settlers,' even if life is endangered, the officials seldom interfere. If death results, what does it matter? There is one convict less! It was to the hospitality and tender mercies of such desperadoes that Mr Hawes often had to trust himself. A revolver was an absolute necessity, even if he was going only a couple of yards from his abode. Outside the town it was well to carry a rifle in addition; whilst on his journey to the north-east of the island, to which he was the first white man to penetrate, he and his interpreter, himself an ex-convict, were rowed part of the distance by two settlers of the lowest type, and it speaks volumes for Mr Hawes's nerve that he should have ventured upon so perilous an undertaking, although, with characteristic modesty, he declares that one soon accommodates one's self to such conditions and loses all sense of fear.

In his opinion most of the evils of the penal system, as it exists in Saghalien, are due to maladministration rather than to the defective state of the law. Its aims and provisions are not, on the whole, less humane than those of most civilised countries. But Saghalien is six thousand seven hundred and fifty-two miles from St Petersburg. Consequently, anything like effective supervision and control of the local officials is impossible, and the chief hope of improvement lies in the appointment of men of a higher type. Some of them, of course, take a high view of their duties, and are just, considerate, and clean-living; but the lax morality, the peculation, the harshness, and the indifference of the majority to the moral and physical welfare of the prisoners may be held mainly responsible for the terrible conditions in which most of them drag out a precarious and miserable existence.

The other purpose that took Mr Hawes to 'the isle of the banished' was to reach the native tribes and put on record authentic information regarding their customs, traditions, and religious observances; and on all these points he has written in a most interesting and graphic manner. In addition to the Russians, he found five different peoples—namely, Ainus, Gilyaks, Orochons, Tungus, and Yakuts; but of the last-named there were only ten men and three women. It is probable that the Gilyaks came over from the mainland before the Orochons, attracted by the abundant hunting that the island then afforded; but be that as it may, Mr Hawes ascertained that their traditions testify to their having found the Ainus already in possession. The latter, it has been conjectured, either came from Yezo, when the Japanese settlement drove them to that northernmost island of the empire, or the original emigration was from the mainland. The Ainus in Saghalien number about one thousand three hundred, and are settled in the southern portion of the island; but, greatly to his regret, our

traveller was unable to visit them, inasmuch as he could find no means of transport, and the Governor refused his permission. The Tungus, who are the best hunters, number about two hundred, the Orochons about seven hundred and fifty, the Gilyaks not less than two thousand; and it was to visit the two last-named tribes that Mr Hawes undertook a fifty miles' land-journey from Alexandrovsk and a perilous six hundred miles' journey by river and sea in dug-out canoes to the then unexplored north-eastern portion of Saghalien and back. The Orochons he found to be better hunters than the Gilyaks, and distinguished from them by the fact that they use their dogs only for hunting, whilst the Gilyaks use them for sledges, whereas for that purpose the Orochons use only reindeer. Many of them are still clad in fish-skins; but a sign that they have made greater advance than the Gilyaks may be found in their slicing their salmon and curing it over the fire in their huts, whilst the Gilyaks dry their fish in the sun, and thus are at the mercy of the weather for their store of winter food.

In appearance the Gilyaks resemble the North American Indians, but are short of stature as well as spare of limb, the men averaging five feet three inches, and the women some nine inches less. They are true children of the forest; agriculture is unknown to them, and for their living they are dependent upon fishing and hunting. Their year consists of six months, commencing in April and October. They have no written language, and the following legend to account for its loss is current in the tribe: 'A Gilyak and a Chinaman were talking together upon the shore one day. The former was showing his books and letters to the latter, when most unfortunately a great wind arose, and blew away all the letters save five; and, to complete the great catastrophe, when the Gilyak's back was turned the Chinaman made off with the small remnant.' News travels amongst them most rapidly in the mysterious way common to nearly all untutored tribes, and they have a tradition of a great flood which cut off the island from the mainland. Their religious rites are few and primitive. They believe in a future life, and worship as their chief deities the lords of the forest, sea, and fire, and the creator (or judge of right and wrong), before each of whom they must appear after death.

But even that land of moral darkness and abject misery—the home of primitive tribes and the prison of abandoned criminals—has not been left wholly without a ray of light. Some five years ago Miss Eugenie de Mayer, the daughter of a well-known Russian general and philanthropist, touched by their sad story and in the face of the greatest difficulties and hardships, left a wealthy home and all the social attractions of St Petersburg to minister to the material and spiritual needs of the convicts. She has received encouragement and support from the highest quarters, and little though a single worker can do compared with the most piteous and pressing needs of twenty thousand convicts, it is wonderful how much she has accomplished. Her coming has been hailed with delight by the roughest of Saghalien's worst criminals; and as illustrating her courage and devotion and the ascendency she has already obtained over them, Mr Hawes narrates the following incident. Unaccompanied by any of her sex, she went far into the interior with a gang of some two hundred convicts who had been sent under the charge of a handful of officers and guards to erect a telegraph-line through the primeval forest to a station in the south. One night as she lay in her small canvas tent she thought she heard voices, and on looking out, discovered two convicts, who, on seeing her, called out, 'All right, lady; we are watching to see that you come to no harm.' Even from the most hardened and abandoned some response may be expected to such devotion as Miss De Mayer's; and may her going to Saghalien on her work of good-will and mercy prove the dawn of a brighter day for the dreary isle of banishment.

THE EMIGRANTS' TRAIL.

THERE'S a path across the sea for the bold who would be free;
Lo! it stretches fair and wide before our eyes.
It may skirt the shining sands of some golden wonder-lands,
It may lead us where a Vale of Eden lies.
Would we read its hidden tale? Through the far horizon's veil
We must tread it, in the shadows and the sun,
With a steady step and strong, though the journey may be long,
For the goal is not too distant to be won.

It is gleaming clear and bright, with a sheeny silver light,
Fascination from that luring shimmer streams;
For each sparkle seems to say, 'Travel on this lustrous way;
It is trending to the haven of your dreams.'
Can we, timorous, turn back from that star-bespangled track
While the waters murmur 'Follow!' in our ears?
Hope's imaginings inspire in our veins an eager fire,
And the tide is rushing outward with our fears.

There are marvels over sea: lands for nations yet to be,
Buried treasures for the pioneer to win.
Fortune opens many doors on these distant sunlit shores;
They are wide enough for all to enter in.
In some vast, unhampered place we shall found a lusty race,
Potent players on the universe's stage;
And our children's sons shall be wiser, mightier than we,
We shall hand them down a priceless heritage.

J. M. MASTERTON.

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SIXTH SERIES.

SAN THOMÉ, WEST AFRICA.

By a Resident.

THE one and only idea of the inhabitants of San Thomé, or St Thomas, in the Gulf of Guinea, is cocoa, which is likewise the only topic of conversation among them. Practically no interest is taken in anything else. Coffee grows well, and a certain amount is cultivated and exported; rubber also flourishes, and would probably eventually be more remunerative than cocoa or coffee. A plantation-owner will always acquiesce in the fact of its being so, but will invariably say that rubber requires much more care and labour than cocoa or coffee. With regard to rubber, the supply has not yet been able to meet the demand, and its cultivation should therefore be seriously considered. A few casual trees may be seen here and there, but no regular plantations of it.

The port of San Thomé is good as regards formation, but very shallow, and steamers with anything above a couple of thousand tons displacement have to anchor a good hour's pull from the shore, an inconvenience which one good dredger, if kept continually working, would do away with in a very short time. The bay is infested with sharks by no means small. Still, accidents are seldom heard of; presumably only natives supply an occasional meal to the ever-watchful man-eater, so the occurrence is taken no notice of. The town of San Thomé itself is most unhealthy, owing chiefly to want of sanitation, and partly to the Government not seeing their way to covering up or filling in the existing marshes. Native huts are allowed to intermingle with European houses, which are themselves in anything but a sanitary state, and therefore the multitudinous variety of odours one encounters during a walk through the town is appalling. There is absolutely no drainage at all; the refuse is thrown on the beach; stagnant waters are allowed to adorn the gutters of the roughly paved streets. Consequently malarial fever exists to a great extent, and yearly one hears of cases of black-water fever, which is about the most fatal form of malaria, but luckily by no means so frequent as the latter. Beri-beri also exists, chiefly among the natives, and a good many of them have of late been victimised by this dreadful disease. Its existence in the island is attributed to the importation of Chinese labourers some years back, and it has ever since made its presence felt with an increasing tendency. The extremely insalubrious habits of the natives, who, sooner than call a doctor, allow the patient to die, greatly assist in the propagation of the disease, the death of one of them being a good excuse for a feast, with drinking and dancing; the feast generally ending up with a fight, in which very frequently the knife comes into play.

The native of San Thomé is a character apart from other Africans. Although fish abounds in these waters, it is one of the most expensive items of daily food. A native will go out in his small dug-out and catch one or two fish weighing four to five pounds each, for which he will probably get eight to ten shillings. This money will keep him in food and drink (more of the latter than of the former) for about a fortnight. Work he certainly will not until his money is finished. They are a bad and treacherous lot, and to be avoided as much as possible. There seems to exist a certain strong magnetic attraction between their fingers and all purloinable articles; they cannot resist the abnormally strong temptation to steal. The cocoa-plantations are in ninety cases out of a hundred worked by natives of Cape Verde and Angola. Hundreds come by almost every ship under some kind of contract which they sign, and which, from the fact of San Thomé being an island, they are almost bound to fulfil, the alternative being starvation or stealing, which they know perfectly well must sooner or later bring them within the grasp of the law.

There are no boats for hire. Five or six business firms have them for their own use, and an application for a seat in a boat to go on board a steamer will often be met with the reply that they can supply the boat if the applicant can supply the 'boys' to row!

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The crews of the Government port-boats consist of natives from Cabinda in Angola, who are considered good and hard-working, and they certainly look it physically, being strong, well-developed men, and always happy. Cooks and house-servants are likewise imported from Cabinda. Occasionally an Accra or Sierra Leone 'boy' is to be had. These 'boys' also supply the needs of a European, being hard-working and fairly honest. Their strong recommendation is that they have no relatives near them, and are not on friendly terms with the natives of San Thomé. In walking through the town one is occasionally greeted with a 'Good-evening, sah,' denoting at once the presence of an Accra 'boy.' They are very handy at most things, and can, should the cook be ill, take his place, and turn out the most extraordinary culinary concoctions imaginable, even to serving up liquid bread-and-butter puddings in claret-glasses. Quite lately one of them, in a European's house here, produced a most extraordinary soup and stew. When called in to explain, he said that the soup was Spanish and the stew Italian. His master then told him that the next thing he would become acquainted with would be a Portuguese thrashing if he again attempted to indulge in such high-class cookery!

The writer had occasion lately to visit the most up-to-date cocoa-plantation, and was able through the courtesy of its manager to see all the interesting stages of cocoa production. The scenery up in the hills is magnificent, the predominating plant, of course, being cocoa. Still, one sees hundreds of rubber, coffee, avocado-pear, coco-nut, tamarind, and mango trees, besides other huge and tremendously high kings of the forest, from the trunks of which enormous dug-out canoes are made and used for carrying from twenty to thirty bags of cocoa to the outlying steamers. Thousands upon thousands of little green parrakeets or love-birds are to be seen, many of which are caught and sold, on the property in question.

Six hundred natives are employed, housed, fed, and dressed, the latter item not being a very heavy one. They are well looked after, and are often given better habitations than many a white man has reason to expect or dreams of possessing in most of the Congo towns. On Sundays a bullock is killed and distributed among them in the form of a stew, with potatoes, paw-paws, beans, &c., and rations of money are doled out to every man and woman. It is interesting and amusing to see these hundreds of natives, all in gaudy garments, answering to their names, which consist in most cases of articles of dress or short expressions, such as 'Mr Don't-go' or 'Mr Trousers,' of course expressed in Portuguese, which is the language they more or less understand; but even in British places on the coast such names as 'Mr Half Day Dollar,' 'Mr Come Quick,' &c. are by no means uncommon. The writer happened to notice two natives tied together by a yard or two of rope. On his questioning the manager, the latter said there were two couples like that, and surely enough the second couple turned up just then. It happened that the first was an inveterate drinker of palm-wine, and although he had made many promises to improve, and had been set free dozens of times, he always broke his promises, and could not be kept sober when at liberty. All his companion had to do was to follow the would-be inebriate wherever the latter chose to go, the captive carrying double loads, his own and his keeper's, as a punishment. The other case of double-harness was of a more comical nature, the prisoner in this instance being periodically mad. The manager used to find dead poultry almost daily, and could not understand the cause of it. Discovering two dead geese one morning, he thought the time had come for investigation, and determined to watch on a moonlight night. He had not long to wait before he observed a native with a short stick in his hand stalking a duck round and round most perseveringly until he actually ran it down through sheer fatigue. The native then quietly administered two or three sharp taps on the duck's head, and started dancing round it, accompanying his dance by a monotonous song, every few minutes taking a rest by sitting on the dead duck. The manager, after watching this queer performance for some time, decided that his turn had now come, and approaching the native, he gave him a thoroughly good thrashing, and next day supplied him with a sturdy companion attached by a rope. Many are the amusing stories told by these experienced dealers with the natives, but they are far too numerous to quote, and in most cases point to their thoroughly bad character and to their hatred of the white man.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER XIX.—AN ALIEN FACE.

CARRICK and Brading tramped on for over an hour along the sides of the hills, with the blue sea below on the left. It was very rough walking, for every now and then they came to deep cleavages in the hillside through which streamlets cascaded through ice-rimmed banks to the sea; and if the streams were small, their ages-old channels were deep and wide out of all proportion. And the climbing down into these and the climbing up again took time and called for caution. But the slender, trampled path led them on, and where it went they followed.

'Ah, there we are!' said Geoff at last, as they came in sight of a white cottage some distance ahead. 'I thought we'd come to something in

time. We'll just take a look at that and then go on over the hill.'

It was a fair-sized cottage, standing all by itself in a little break of the hill, with a wide outlook over the sea and just a glimpse of the turret of the big house on the rock. There was a thick belt of firs behind it to ward off the cold north-easters when they came shrieking down the glen, and there were evidences of a garden under the snow.

Carrick tapped on the door, then knocked more loudly, but got no answer. He scrutinised the windows carefully, but the curtains drawn across inside permitted of no discoveries. And yet in his own mind he felt certain that, as he glanced that first time at the distant cottage, the darkness of the window had been momentarily lightened by what undoubtedly suggested itself to him as an out-glancing face. But now the windows were all blind and dark, and the place was apparently tenantless.

He knocked once more, and then turned and went off through the firs.

The rough little glen brought them out at last on to the side of one of the western hills overlooking the dappled, ice-and-snow-bound loch, where dwelt, according to local tradition and Mr Duncan Cameron, the fearsome beast that cried ill-news by night.

'If Mr Kelpie lives in there I don't quite see how he got out and in again last night. Do you, Tom?'

'Unless 'twas by one o' them black spots, sir,' said Tom, with evident inclination towards an open mind rather than to any definite, and possibly exasperating, implication of impossibility where such things as kelpies were concerned.

'Tuts, man! Those are only where the wind would not let the snow lie. I'd like a couple of hours on that ice. It's not often one gets such a chance nowadays;' and he seemed half-inclined to send Tom back, there and then, for the skates that had been waiting four years to be fleshed.

However, he contented himself for the moment with a walk on the ice when they scrambled down to it, and some vigorous stampings to test its strength, and then tramped on by the side of the loch towards the fairy glen.

And, strangely enough, as they stumbled down the slippery rock-path, Carrick once more got the strange, fleeting impression, between two blinks of an eye intent at the moment on nothing but safe footing, of a dark, startled face somewhere in front of him.

He stopped as quickly as circumstances permitted, and stood stiff as a pointer, examining intently the hollows of the rock-walls ahead and the tangle of frosted lacery below. Surely, he thought, it must be some patch of lichen, or some chance combination of tree-trunk and branches, that conveyed the impression. The curious point about it, however, was that this was the second time it had happened.

He said nothing to Brading, for Tom, if he had seen anything unusual, was certainly in no state of mind to keep it to himself; and, discovering nothing with all his looking, Carrick went on down the terrace that ran round the hillside.

The mouth of the old boring seemed just as he had left it. But his senses were quickened, and he noticed what, under ordinary circumstances, might not have attracted his attention.

The water from the mine still trickled across the pathway and went to lengthen the icicles that hung over the outer ledge; and, unless his eye deceived him, the water that was coming out of the hole just then was discoloured and full of sediment.

He hesitated for one moment, with a not unnatural disinclination to tackle a mystery in the bowels of the earth and in so circumscribed and uncanny a place.

'Those candles, Tom!' and he lit one and went boldly in, with Tom at his heels and devoutly wishing he was not. For Tom had no hankering after mysteries, but only a faithful, not to say prudent, inclination to keep very close to his master under present conditions.

They made their way without difficulty along the rough tunnel, with water dripping deliberately from roof and sides, and oozing slowly between the rusty iron rails on which they did their best to walk; and so they came at last to a point where trial-shafts had been run in various directions, and the ground was ankle-deep in damp slush. Three of these borings they tried to their extremities, which were, indeed, no great length. The fourth, which vanished into the darkness to the left, was much longer; but just when Carrick was beginning to hope it might really lead to something, they came suddenly face to face with a stout barricade of unbarked fir-poles with cross-ties of the same, which effectually barred their progress. They put shoulder to it and did their best to break it down with their feet, but in that confined space power was limited, and at last, to Tom Brading's great satisfaction, Carrick gave it up as a bad job, and they crept back to the open.

He would see, however, where the terrace led to; and, following it, they came presently over a buttress of the hill into a small bay with a very curious formation at the head of it. For the head of the little bay consisted of a sheer rock-wall standing straight up out of the sea. The top of it was flat like a table, and was covered with short herbage, on which the snow lay lightly. It was evident from the appearance of the rock and the cliff that at some time or other the cliff-top, overhanging perhaps, had toppled over into the water, for the under-part of the cliff still arched outwards, and, at a point, the flat table-top rested against it. Subsequent detrition had filled in the spaces between rock and cliff. Ages of wild Atlantic fury had welded

these together, so that now the pediment of the table was a concrete whole, bitten and honeycombed indeed, but solid and impervious as the mother-rock itself.

'Capital place for a picnic, Tom,' said his master; and they scrambled down till they stood on the table-top, with the waves washing its base sixty feet below.

'Want better weather, sir,' was Tom's matter-of-fact suggestion.

'Yes, better weather would be—— What's that?'

For from under their feet the solid rock seemed to give forth sounds: dull thuds, metallic clinkings, blows as of great hammers.

'Curious!' said Carrick, after listening for a time. 'It's the water, I suppose, in among those holes below. As you say, Tom, for picnicking purposes warmer weather would be desirable. There's a village somewhere over there that I want to see, and perhaps we can get a bite there.' And they scrambled up the cliff again and went on towards Innisrath.

The village was, as old Donald had said, just a number of scattered houses with crofts about them, and the dark-eyed woman in the first house they came to responded to their request for something to eat by setting out oatcakes and cheese and whisky, all of which they found exceedingly good.

The housewife's English seemed limited, for her one reply to all questions was, 'Ay, jist thaat!' or a shake of the head if the other seemed wide of the mark; and so no great reliance could be placed on her information that the men were all away at the fishing, that the whisky was home-made, and that her oatcake was the best on the island. She flatly declined payment for her hospitality, and Carrick had to get round her by surreptitiously placing a shilling in each hand of a wide-eyed youngster who reconnoitred them from behind chairs in profound astonishment, and whose fingers closed on the coins by instinct.

Then they set off for home along the eastern shore of the island, struck up the first corrie that led westward, and so came down through the pines and firs to the black-and-white loch, and tramped back along the opposite shore from the one they had come by in the morning.

They did not meet a soul till they had rounded the head of the loch and were turning into the glen that led to the sea, and the person they met there was somewhat of a surprise to them.

He was a slim, under-sized man, dressed in thick pea-jacket and blue trousers stuffed into big sea-boots. His blue cloth cap was pressed down over his brows, and his coat-collar was up to his ears, as if the cold was not congenial to him. His head was down, and he was pressing energetically up the glen, and it was not till they were close upon him that he caught sight of them. And, as he did so, it seemed to Carrick that he gave a start of surprise or annoyance, and slacked his pace to the simulation of a stroll.

His face was thin and swarthy, his eyes and hair coal-black. Not a bad-looking face, Geoff thought, except inasmuch as the Latin type of face carries, as a rule, no overpowering conviction of straightforward honesty to the bluff Teuton. He took a good look at it as he passed, for, as laird, it behoved him now to know what went on in his own land. And, assuredly, this man was not of the soil, though he might, indeed, be distantly connected with it through that strange old-time link which dated back to Armada times.

He bade the stranger 'Good-day,' and received a murmur in reply.

'Well, Tom, what do you make of that young man?' he asked.

'Frenchman, I should say, sir, unless he was I-talian,' said Tom, whose studies in ethnology had been limited.

'Not a native, you think?'

'Not by a very long chalk, I should say, sir. If he is, they must be a rummy, mixed lot.'

'If you can learn who or what he is from old Donald, let me know. I don't want to seem to be poking too much into private matters; but that fellow certainly seems a curiosity.'

'I'll try and pump old Sawnie, sir; but he's not what you might call over-talkative at best of times.'

(To be continued.)

THE APPLE INDUSTRY OF TASMANIA.

By F. A. W. GISBORNE, Castle Forbes Bay, Tasmania.

THE Tasmanian apple has probably by this time lost its novelty, though we will hope not its charm, to the public of Great Britain. The large and increasing quantities of fruit that are now being exported from this remote corner of the Empire to its great capital must enable the London street arab as well as the alderman to obtain an occasional taste of Tasmania in a rosy and succulent form. As a resident for some years in the heart of the chief apple-producing district of Tasmania, I propose to give a brief description of an industry which combines in a large degree pleasure with business, the picturesque with the profitable; and which, from the many opportunities of self-advancement it offers to the intelligent and industrious, might well attract some enterprising denizens of overcrowded rural districts in England.

Possibly Tasmanian geography is less familiar to

people at home than Tasmanian apples. A brief sketch of the district to which the heading of this humble contribution refers may, therefore, be appropriate. The district generally called the Huon, from the river of that name which flows through it, lies in the south of the island, some twenty-five to thirty-five miles south-west of the capital. The orchards extend in a long, narrow strip on both sides of the river for about ten miles, with detached patches here and there scattered among the hills at the back where the land is suitable. The chief centres are thriving little townships called Huonville, Franklin, Geeveston, and Lovett, the first-mentioned lying about twenty-five miles up the river, and the last on an extensive branch of the Huon estuary, not far from its mouth, called Port Cygnet. Franklin and Geeveston—the former named after the heroic but ill-starred Arctic explorer, at one time Governor of the colony, and the latter after an enterprising north of England family that emigrated thither many years ago—occupy intermediate positions on the right bank of the river, Geeveston extending some distance back along the valley of a small tributary called the Kermandie. The doubtful or inquiring tourist tramping, or rather wading, along its muddy streets might safely accost any passing stranger in Stanley's famous fashion: 'Mr Geeves, I presume?' and find his presumption verified.

An oasis of smiling orchard-land encircled by a gloomy ring of dense forest, gradually widening under the successive attacks of woodmen and pioneers, with the Hartz Mountains, snow-capped the greater part of the year, extending in a long, irregular line to the west, forms altogether a very charming scene. Franklin, ten miles away to the north, is far less picturesque, though the town itself is the oldest and still the most populous in the whole district. Its single long, narrow street winding along the river at the foot of a steep hill presents to the eye an unpleasing combination of the old and the new colonial styles of architecture. Bald, two-storied brick houses, more or less plastered, and resembling a common type of village inn at home, stand side by side, with trim wooden bungalows brightly painted and cheerful. Along the river-front unsavoury mud-flats are exposed at low-tide, and the shore bristles with tumble-down wooden jetties, built to accommodate the first generation of settlers, but no longer required. Still, the place is prosperous, possessing several large stores, a factory where apples are literally cut and dried, a couple of doctors, and twice as many clergymen, with their respective places of business. Hotel accommodation is somewhat beyond the requirements of the place, though the half-dozen coaches that pass daily, and more than as many weekly steamers, deposit during the summer months a fair number of travellers. Huonville, however, five miles farther up the river, is the beauty-spot of the district. The streets of the township, or rather village, are wide, and planted with trees; and the houses, each with its orchard, large or small, attached, are scattered about with charming diversity. The valley of the Huon here opens out into an extensive basin surrounded by wooded and beautiful hills, and the low ground in spring-time is covered with a chequered carpet of apple and pear blossoms, forming one of the loveliest sights imaginable. Being above tidal influences, the river flows along in a fine stream some fifty or sixty yards wide, overhung with willows and native shrubs. It is the delight of the angler as well as the lover of nature, for salmon and trout abound in its waters, and many a fine fish twenty pounds and upwards in weight is landed during the fishing season by local and visiting fishermen. Apple-growing is, however, the great business of the inhabitants of all the townships I have mentioned, and I propose now, having briefly described the district, to give a short general description of the industry.

The total area of orchard-land in the Huon district now in full bearing probably exceeds three thousand acres. Several thousand acres more will become productive in a few years' time; for since the business has become profitable an immense number of young trees have been planted out, and every year more are being added. In the early days of the industry, before the English and Australian markets had been developed, apple-producers found their occupation a very precarious one, the local demand for their products being small and fluctuating. Some men, I have been told, actually cut down their apple-trees and turned their orchards into pastures, thinking success hopeless; while but few thought it worth while to plant out extensive areas in the hope of finding a profitable market later. At present the average size of the orchards is but small—some eight or ten acres each. The largest orchardist in the state, whose property is situated in the valley of the Derwent, has one hundred and thirty-seven acres of orchard-land; while two other members of the same fortunate family possess nearly two hundred acres in addition of productive plantations. The largest apple-producer in the Huon district possesses nearly eighty acres of orchard; and a considerable number of properties, averaging from forty to fifty acres, are held by individual growers. The great majority of the latter, however, possess much smaller holdings; indeed, five or six acres of good orchard-land is considered quite enough to keep a family in comfort.

The land on which apple-trees are raised is of but medium quality. A clay subsoil—this is considered indispensable—with a light covering of sandy loam, is all that is required; but in a well-managed orchard a little bone-dust, about two hundredweight to the acre, is usually applied every second year. In its natural state, land well adapted for orchard purposes is by no means inviting in appearance, being covered with the usual scraggy and unsightly gum-trees that grow alike over valley and mountain. Such land is sold by the Govern-

ment as second-class land, and can be obtained at the modest sum of ten shillings an acre, a similar amount in addition having to be expended on improvements within a fixed period of time; but to clear it thoroughly, fence, and plant it costs quite fifteen pounds an acre more, and no appreciable return is derived for six years. Some men, it is true, grow various crops, such as hay, oats, or small fruits—raspberries, strawberries, &c.—between the rows of apple-trees while the latter are growing, and so pay their way; but this method of cultivation tends to weaken the young trees and lessen their future productive power. If situated on low ground, thorough draining is a necessary and expensive requirement to a good orchard; but the hilly nature of much of the country makes it easy for an intending orchardist to select a piece of ground where the natural slope will obviate the necessity for such operations. The trees are usually planted one rod apart. Some planters have as many as two hundred trees to the acre, but one hundred and sixty are considered by most experienced men to be a quite sufficient number. Where the trees are planted too close the soil is apt to become exhausted the sooner; the dense foliage retards the ripening of the fruit by excluding the rays of the sun, and there is considerable difficulty in ploughing and harrowing the intervening spaces. Labour being both scarce and expensive—thirty shillings a week represents the minimum wage of a competent man—as little hand-work is done as possible, the hoe only being used just round the roots of each tree. A very large number of varieties is grown. At a recent exhibition in Hobart one grower alone showed two hundred and fifty-three different kinds of apples; but the general opinion is that only, at most, ten or twelve are worth cultivating for profit, the chief requisites, of course, being good flavour, capability of standing a long sea voyage, early maturity, size, attractive appearance, and immunity from the attacks of insect and fungus pests. New York pippins (also called Cleopatras), Scarlet Pearmains or Nonpareils, Alexandras, Ribetons, Sturmers, and Jonathans seem to be considered the favourite varieties; though for powers of production the apple called the French crab is highly esteemed. It is usually advisable, I may add, in laying out an orchard of any extent, not to plant trees all of one kind, no matter how good; for when the fruit matures it may be impossible to obtain a sufficient amount of labour to gather it before it becomes too ripe for sending any distance. A gale of wind, too, at such a time might entail the loss of hundreds of pounds' worth of fruit.

To make an orchard a profitable possession attention to pruning and spraying is absolutely necessary. A single year's neglect in these matters might practically ruin the most valuable property. Pruning is one of the orchardist's chief employments during the winter months, and the traveller passing through a fruit-growing district about the months of July and August hears the constant click of the pruning-scissors as he passes each orchard. What is called 'spur' pruning is the favourite method adopted in southern Tasmania. Only fruit-buds attached by short, thick shoots to the main branches are allowed to remain; the longer twigs are all lopped away. The branches themselves are trained so as to grow upwards rather than outwards, for evidently the lateral branch is apt to break or droop under the load of its fruit, and also greatly impedes the ploughman in working the ground beneath. The foliage must not be allowed to be too dense, otherwise the apples will not sufficiently colour or attain their full flavour; but enough leaves must be left to keep the tree in good health and prevent the soil beneath from drying up too rapidly. Above all, the tree must not be allowed to bear too prolific a crop of apples in one year, for not only will the fruit in such case be small and of indifferent quality, but the tree itself will probably require a year or two to recover from its exhaustion. Various estimates have been given me by good practical judges of the amount of fruit a full-grown apple-tree should be allowed to yield year by year, the average being about five bushels. Individual trees have been known to give astonishing returns—as much as twenty-five bushels in a single crop; but the yield of the vast majority of the trees in a large orchard averages less than ten bushels apiece in the best seasons, and generally, allowing for those that only bear intermittently, falls considerably short of that quantity. Pear-trees in the Huon district thrive wonderfully. Two that were planted in the early days in the garden of an old resident of Franklin produced in a recent year one hundred and five bushels of pears, all of marketable quality.

The enemies the Tasmanian orchardist has to contend with are numerous. Insect pests such as the codlin-moth, pear or cherry slug, mussel-scale, and various kinds of aphides make havoc among the orchards if their depredations be not checked by spraying. Fungus pests in damp districts like the Huon are even more troublesome, black spot and bitter pit, the former especially, being exceedingly prevalent. Constant spraying with various mixtures, such as Paris green, Bordeaux mixture, red oil, and a mixture of kerosene and soap, is found to be the best preventive against the ravages of these pests. The parasite *Ephialtes carbonarius* is being cultivated to clear the codlin-moth from the orchards of California, and might be as useful here.

Between the months of February and June apple-picking is in full swing. From daylight to dark hundreds of men, women, and children are engaged picking fruit for conveyance on rough sleds drawn by horses to the packing-houses. On every large orchard the packing-house, or 'store,' as it is generally called, is a substantial wooden building some forty or fifty feet long by twenty or thirty wide often with a second story where boxes are made

inferior fruit stored, &c. The apples when brought in are sorted and graded with wonderful expedition, each class of apple being thrown into a canvas trough and neatly fitted by the packer into its respective case. The speed with which the operation is performed is marvellous. An expert packer will fill a hundred cases with wrapped apples in a day of eight hours, though seventy is considered good work. The rate paid for packing is usually one penny per case, so from six to eight shillings a day can be earned by a skilled hand. Women, I may add, are frequently employed in this capacity, and earn from one pound to thirty shillings each per week during the busy season.

The operation of packing is less simple than it looks, as a novice would soon find. It is very trying to the wrists, and standing for hours at a stretch in a cold shed (for fruit-stores are never heated lest the fruit should be damaged) is exceedingly wearisome. The arm of the expert packer seems to work with machine-like precision. Seizing a piece of paper in one hand, he grabs an apple from the heap before him with the other, and the moment his hands meet it is enveloped in the wrapper, and in half a second more neatly fitted into its place in the box. It requires great sureness of eye to select at a glance an apple of just the size required. Three are generally packed abreast, and they must exactly fill the width of the case, otherwise the fruit will receive injury through the shaking it must undergo in the course of its journey to market. Only the apples intended for England or some other distant country are wrapped in paper. Cases destined for nearer markets are merely lined with newspapers, and the apples are then fitted in as close together as possible.

Men engaged in supplying timber and making cases for the export of apples usually do a very good business. Of late years the demand for what is called box-timber has increased so enormously that the local sawmills are now scarcely able to satisfy it, and several unfortunate fruit-growers this year have been obliged to keep their fruit for several weeks after it was fit for sending away, the result being deterioration and considerable loss, through the inability of the sawmill owners to supply their wants.

For a very small community—the whole population of the island, it must be remembered, is not more than a third of that of Birmingham alone; and certainly not more than one-twentieth of the people, say ten thousand at most, are engaged in the industry now dealt with—Tasmania may feel proud of her achievements in fruit-production. Besides several thousands of tons of jam, dried and preserved fruit, pulp, &c., it is estimated that the state will export this year about a million and a half bushel-cases of apples, rather more than one-third of the whole quantity being sent to England, and the greater portion of the rest to Australia. Twenty-seven large steamers will have left Hobart for London and Liverpool ere the season closes, carrying from twelve thousand to forty-five thousand cases apiece. Roughly speaking, as their share of the proceeds derived from the sale of this large quantity of fruit, excluding the much larger amount that will be sent to various colonial markets, the Huon apple-growers expect to receive about one hundred thousand pounds clear, and probably a quarter of a million sterling would not be an excessive estimate of their total receipts for the season. Of course prices fluctuate and accidents happen; but the Tasmanian agriculturist, like his English brother, though eloquent in adversity, is extremely reticent in prosperity, so it is hard to derive exact information as to his actual profits. In one exceptional instance, I have been told, the owner of a remarkably good though small orchard received over three hundred pounds for the crop off five acres, the purchaser taking the fruit as it hung from the trees, and performing all the work necessary to prepare it for market. Other apparent signs of prosperity are to be seen. New and attractive residences are rapidly springing up, and many men who twenty years ago made a laborious living by cutting timber for sawmills now indulge in such luxuries as well-equipped buggies, ninety-guinea pianos, yachts, and oil-launches. Thank-offerings, too, in the form of chapels and churches appear in every orchard district; and I fear the establishments that supply spirituous consolation are attended by yet larger congregations of votaries every Saturday night.

No signs of destitution are to be seen. The very rarely seen tramp is quickly snapped up as he saunters along the road, and set to work picking up 'bag' apples or windfalls to be sent to the local drying-factory and sold at one shilling per bushel. He cannot well starve, for he can eat as many apples as he pleases. I fear, by the way, the thrifty eye would be shocked by the wasteful manner in which fruit is disposed of. The very children when sent to school are usually supplied with half-a-dozen or so rosy apples apiece to flavour their bread and jam or sandwiches; and they seldom honour a single apple with more than three bites. A story is told of some potentate several centuries ago who entered a large monastic school in Switzerland and ordered a basket of apples to be upset on the floor to test the discipline of the students. The latter, it is said, calmly went on with their work, paying no attention whatever to the incident; whereupon the august visitor, delighted with their application, bestowed a substantial endowment on the school. Such a test applied to a school in south Tasmania would not be a very severe one. The pupils would hardly think it worth their while to stoop to pick up apples even in the playground. They have, indeed, rather too much of this kind of work to do at home.

Let me conclude with a rough summary of the practical inducements offered by fruit-growing in Tasmania. At the outset, it is as well to repeat, the new-comer must be prepared to follow Long-

fellow's advice. He must both labour and wait. The cost of land suited to the industry is but trifling—if taken up from the Crown only ten shillings per acre; but clearing, fencing, planting, &c. will probably bring the cost of his orchard up to from twelve to fifteen pounds per acre. Some orchardists consider the latter figure rather too low; but of course a great deal depends on good management. The immigrant entirely destitute of all knowledge of agriculture would certainly do best if he worked as a cadet or apprentice on a good orchard for a year or two before he started in the business himself, for a man without experience would be certain to make serious and costly mistakes at first. If we assume he has gained a little local knowledge, five hundred pounds should be enough to enable an industrious man to begin with. A ten-acre orchard would cost him, say, one hundred and fifty pounds; and a similar sum might be devoted to building, laying down a grass paddock, buying a horse and cow or two, &c. He would have to pay his way somehow for six years until his orchard became profitable, but he would find little difficulty in getting employment from time to time, and a dairy or a plot of raspberries and strawberries would greatly help him along. Additional ground might be prepared for planting apple-trees meanwhile, and his original orchard gradually enlarged. As to the profits, commencing in the seventh year, each tree should average at least three bushels a tree, or about five hundred bushels of saleable fruit to the acre, which, at half-a-crown a bushel—a very low price—would give a return of sixty-two pounds ten shillings per acre, or six hundred and twenty-five pounds from the whole orchard. Expenses would take perhaps 50 per cent. off this amount, but a substantial balance would even then be left. A very good authority told me that a well-managed orchard, ten years old and upwards, should average six bushels of apples per tree every year; and this, taking the average selling price at half-a-crown a case, would represent the large return of one hundred and twenty pounds per acre, without deducting expenses; but many orchardists would regard this as an excessive estimate. If we adopt that before given, a well-kept orchard of ten years' growth should give its owner a clear annual return of from twenty to twenty-five pounds an acre, probably more; and when one considers the advantages other than pecuniary that the occupation offers—a healthy and charming climate, delightful scenery, fairly cheap living, and work highly interesting in itself and free from many of the irksome and laborious duties of the ordinary agriculturist—it may be confidently stated that to the intending emigrant from Great Britain the fruitful and salubrious valleys of Tasmania offer at least as many attractions as are presented by the veldt of the Transvaal or the prairies of Manitoba.

DIPLOMACY.

By Arthur O. Cooke.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'AUGUSTA, my dear, we must settle this business of the living at once.'

Sir John Fortesque had just seated himself at the breakfast-table and chipped an egg as he spoke. Both speech and action had a brisk decision that seemed perfectly in keeping with the baronet's appearance—that of a well-built, broad-shouldered man of sixty-five or more. Keen gray eyes gleamed from below bushy eyebrows, a pair of closely trimmed 'mutton-chop' whiskers framed cheeks in which good health glowed ruddily, and full but firm lips disclosed teeth which owed nothing to art. A gentleman of the old school this—a Tory and a John Bull: fully convinced that Old England was the finest of lands, his native Bordershire first of her fair counties, and his own particular estate of Bredon Court the most perfect example of good management to be seen therein.

The lady seated behind the gleaming silver of the breakfast equipage bore her burden of sixty years with ease and grace. Time had contented itself with whitening the thick masses of hair which framed a fine oval face, and had left untouched that rare beauty of complexion which had made her the belle of the county in her *debutante* days. The broad white brow was unfurrowed and the quiet brown eyes undimmed. Women sometimes said that Lady Fortesque had had an easy life; into the question of how far that ease was due to her sweet serenity of temper, gracious manners, and never-failing tact they did not always enter.

'We must settle the matter at once,' repeated the baronet, throwing the top of his egg to a fox-terrier who sat with an air of confident expectancy at his side.

'It is really time, John. Four months now since Mr Halling died. Variety is charming, but I am getting rather tired of these constant "supplies."'

'So am I too, my dear. But whom are we to have? That is the question.' A slight testiness crept into the good-humoured fullness of Sir John's voice as he spoke.

'Well, John, as you have quite decided against

Frank Maddison, the only alternative is to settle on some one else. There ought not to be much difficulty in disposing of such a good living. How would you like Mr Seaton? I fancy he might not be averse to a change.'

'Seaton! Why, he's always quarrelling with his churchwardens. You know that, my dear, as well as I do.'

'Well, he would not bring them here, you know; perhaps he would get on better with Martin and Passey. I am sure poor Passey speaks the truth when he says he's all for peace and quiet.' Lady Fortesque smiled as the stout figure of the asthmatic and peace-loving parish-warden rose before her.

But her husband shook his head.

'We won't risk it,' he said decisively. 'I've led a quiet life here for forty years, and I don't want to end with any fireworks. We'll leave Seaton where he is. Think of some one else, my dear.'

'There is Sir Charles Wilmot's youngest son.'

'He's a fool, like his father.'

Lady Fortesque laughed softly.

'Poor Percy! he is not overburdened with brains, I am afraid. But will not the thought of Louisa Wilmot's gratitude move you to pity? She would be your slave for life. Only last week she was telling me what a wretchedly paid curacy he has. Percy is her favourite, you know; and with him snugly settled, she could concentrate her energies on a husband for Hilda.'

'She must continue to divide her energies, my dear. She'll succeed, I've no doubt. Always wanting something, and always getting it, that woman is.'

'Not *always*, John!'

The baronet leaned back in his chair with a jovial laugh.

'Ha! ha! ha! Gad, what a narrow escape I had! But we're not getting on, Augusta.'

'There is Mr M'Vittie. The living at Claughton is very poor.'

'No, no. I'm not prejudiced—not a bit; but let's keep to Old England.'

'Mr Lascelles, then, of Overton. There you have a Bordershire-man born and bred.'

'Yes, and a Bordershire woman into the bargain. His mother rules the whole parish and him too. Put him into the rectory, and I vow she'd be telling me how to farm before a month was gone.'

'She's a masterful lady, I admit. However, there is Mr Beavan; he is an orphan and a bachelor, and has neither kith nor kin that I ever heard of.'

Sir John set down his cup and gazed at his wife in undisguised astonishment.

'My dear Augusta, do suggest something reasonable. The man is not a gentleman.'

Lady Fortesque folded her serviette and slowly rose.

'Really, John, I fear I am at the end of my resources. It seems our clerical acquaintance is not very extensive after all. I have, I think, quite run through the list. But there is another way out of the difficulty: allow the presentation to lapse to the Bishop—or, rather, ask him to choose a suitable man. He would be more than pleased to do so.'

'I've no doubt he would. Much obliged to him—and to you, my dear—for the suggestion. But I'm not quite on the shelf yet, and I think I can dispose of my own patronage.'

The baronet's tone betokened as much displeasure as he ever allowed himself to show to his wife. Lady Fortesque laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

'My dear John, it was only a suggestion, quite as a last resource. Think the matter over, and I am sure you will be able to decide satisfactorily. Only, you know, dear, we cannot have everything. Your position is rather unusual: we have no son or nephew to whom to offer the living—hardly even any relative or friend for whom you have a personal liking. Mr Halling was your college chum, and his views and yours agreed perfectly; but after forty years of such a rector we must not expect to find another man like him—it is impossible.'

The baronet's little gust of temper had blown over in a moment, and at his wife's mention of the lack of a son a shade passed over his face. For the Fortesques were childless, and the heir-at-law was a distant cousin—a fact which did not, however, cause the baronet to remit for a day his untiring efforts to keep his estate in the highest possible state of order.

'It's a confoundedly troublesome business. I wish poor Halling could have lasted our day; and why must that boy take up all these ritualistic notions?'

'I really think you exaggerate the ritualism of the service at St Agatha's; ours is very plain, you know, and when old people like ourselves get up to London and into a strange church they are perhaps apt to take alarm needlessly. Frank naturally has to conform to his rector's wishes in matters of detail; but it by no means follows that he would want to introduce all such details into a little country church—especially against the wishes of his oldest friends.'

'I can see you want me to appoint him.'

'My dear John, I want you to do nothing but what you feel clear is for the best. You have settled that Frank is—though, as we both agree, a very nice boy, and in many ways just suited for a country parish—not one whom you can have at Bredon. But don't let the affair worry you. Think it over for a day or two quietly, and I'm sure you will come to a right decision.'

Sir John seemed about to continue the discussion; but Lady Fortesque, gathering a basket of keys and a little pile of books from a side-table, left the room.

Her husband heaved a sigh, and, rising, seated himself in his easy-chair to peruse the London paper which formed part of the contents of the morning post-bag at Bredon Court. It was a paper which had given two generations of Fortesques unfailing satisfaction; but this morning even the unadulterated Conservatism of its leading article failed to soothe Sir John's perturbed spirits, and after a few minutes he tossed it aside, took his hat from a side-table and a stout, spud-shod stick from a corner, and stepped through the French window on to the terrace.

The prospect before his eyes was as desirable a one as could be viewed by any landowner. From the terrace the close-cut turf sloped away beneath a spreading copper-beech and two stately cedars to the half-concealed dividing-line of a sunk fence, where it gave place to the rougher grass of a well-timbered park, bounded in its turn by a circling line of plantations half a mile distant. Beyond this was visible a fertile plain of pasture-land, in which the eye caught the gray stone of ancient ruins and the gleam of the Abbey fish-ponds. Farther still, the view closed in with the hill on which the village of Great Bredon straggled irregularly past the church to the summit, where a conspicuous stone column testified to the virtues of a former Fortesque.

There had been rain in the night, and every foot of the smooth sward sparkled with a thousand crystal drops. Blackbirds and starlings were busy in pursuit of the early worm, while on the topmost branch of the copper-beech a thrush carolled forth its song of gratitude. Sir John was grateful too, for he well knew the value of a shower after a week of hot May sunshine; he could see the wheat springing in the eighty-acre field of the Home Farm, the grass coming thick and fast for his flock of blackfaced sheep. But between him and these pleasant sights and sounds of the spring morning hovered the shadow, ever drawing nearer and nearer, of this unwelcome demand of duty—the duty of finding an occupant for the snug rectory from which his friend of half-a-century had slipped so swiftly away. A year ago the task, could he have foreseen it, would have seemed easy enough; for who had so good a claim upon him as Frank Maddison—Frank, the son of another college friend who had been second only to Halling in his esteem; Frank, who had stayed times without number at the Court, played such a capital hand at whist, took so kindly to the farmers and workpeople, was such a judge of a horse, and had even very tolerable notions on farming generally—better, certainly, than poor Halling, who was a sad book-worm, and scarcely knew a cow from a gooseberry-bush! Who so suitable as Frank—till a year ago? A year ago! Why had he, Sir John, gone to London last spring? He hated London, with its functions and fallals, its dusty tan instead of green turf for a morning gallop, and its rascally livery-stable keepers. And then his wife must needs drag him down to the West End church where Frank was curate, and at which he was to preach that morning. Sir John dug his spud into the ground with an impatient gesture as he recalled church and sermon: the one full of overdressed women and kid-gloved men, the other of allusions to science, poetry, and what-not; not good, solid quotations in Latin—those he could have understood—but modern claptrap to tickle people's ears. And then the service: the interminable procession of choir-men and boys, the measured intoning, the rapid reading of the lessons—he could have read them better himself.

True, his wife had said the boy was young and had much to learn; that he was tactful and anxious to do right, and would soon find the sort of sermon which would appeal to rural listeners. How did he (Sir John) know that? Once in, there would be no turning him out; he might set the whole parish in a blaze with his newfangled notions. No, let young Maddison stay where he was; he should not come to Bredon. Some one else should come; there must be some one. Augusta should settle it; only not Beavan—he drew the line there; nor Lascelles, with his mother—an interfering woman. That was settled; he washed his hands of it. Augusta should choose.

But in spite of this mental ablution he failed to rid himself of the cloud on his face, and the morning's occupations lacked their accustomed savour. Even the improved condition of a swelled tendon in the off fore-leg of his favourite cart-mare did not give unmitigated satisfaction, and his lack of cheerfulness during the inspection left the head-wagoner oppressed with the fear that his master's well-known discernment in such matters had detected some obscure but unfavourable symptom. The two short-horn heifers who, in the seclusion of a loose-box, were in course of preparation for prize-winning, displayed every sign of good health and condition; but here again their owner left a vague air of trouble behind him. 'Sir John did seem to be kind o' absent-like,' their attendant remarked later to the bailiff; and forthwith that functionary worried himself throughout the day to discover the cause.

Lady Fortesque, on the other hand, went about her household routine with a countenance placid and untroubled. She interviewed the housekeeper and the cook, gave audience to the head-gardener on the subject of 'bedding-out,' combed her old Aberdeen terrier, and then, seated at her escritoire, occupied the half-hour before luncheon with tearing up an accumulation of letters and papers. And she too had her unspoken soliloquy.

'Poor, dear John!' and the soft, brown eyes took a still tenderer look; 'he is sadly worried over the business. But I think he is nearing the end of it now. I brought him face to face with the alternatives this morning—and such alternatives, too. The Bishop—John can't bear him; Lascelles—Beavan—and poor Percy Wilmot! What a

selection; and what a thing it is to be a fool! I suppose, now, if my case were Louisa Wilmot's, her only notion of gaining the point would be to keep up a perpetual teasing, interspersed with floods of tears when the teasing didn't seem a success. Well, poor thing! I dare say her mother was foolish before her—never told her, as mine did, that the best of men need a little humouring and management at times—a little diplom—— Yes, Cooper, what is it?'

'Miss Deane, my lady.'

'Ah, Dorothy, my dear, has this lovely morning brought you out?'

The visitor was a very pretty, fair-haired girl of nineteen or twenty, who greeted Lady Fortesque with an affection bespeaking an intimacy free to dispense with the calling-hours of strict etiquette. But after the first exclamations were over, it did not appear that Miss Deane's visit was the result of any particular urgency, for she devoted herself to the terrier, and allowed her side of the conversation to languish.

'How is your aunt, my dear?' Lady Fortesque asked presently.

'Very well—at least—no, not very well, I think, this morning. Shall you be coming to see her to-day, Lady Fortesque?'

'I had not thought of doing so. But does Miss Manners want to see me? If so, I will certainly come.'

'No, I don't know—at least—I thought perhaps you were coming,' was the not very coherent reply.

Lady Fortesque looked at her young friend attentively; but Dorothy was examining the terrier's coat with an attention which did not permit her eyes to meet those of the elder lady.

'She's had a letter from Fr——, from Mr Maddison—at least I think so; and I thought you might—might—say something, Lady Fortesque.'

'Oh-h-h-h! a letter from Mr Maddison. I *see*. And are you in any way concerned in the correspondence, little girl?'

Dorothy's fair head sank still lower over the dog, but a glance at her burning cheeks answered Lady Fortesque's question.

'I see,' she repeated.

'Oh, dear Lady Fortesque! he wants me to be engaged to him; and you know how tiresome auntie is about things sometimes. It's not unkind to say so to you, is it? Of course we shouldn't be married yet. He has to get a living, and I wouldn't even like to be engaged without auntie's consent. And she thinks he's *low*.'

'*Low!*' repeated Lady Fortesque, with great amazement in her voice. 'Frank Maddison *low!*'

'Yes. Oh! not that,' exclaimed the girl, in a conflict between tears and laughter, 'but Low *Church*, you know. She doesn't think he pays enough attention to fasts and vigils and—and things. And when he was here in November she was talking about daily services, and he said—but very respectfully, you know, Lady Fortesque—that he didn't think they were quite necessary or suitable for a village, when auntie complained of Mr Halling's not having them; and since then auntie has not spoken of him, or only in a cold, severe way.'

Here the tears had quite conquered the laughter, and Dorothy's handkerchief came into use. Lady Fortesque laid her hand on the girl's arm.

'My dear, a girl who wishes her aunt's consent to her engagement will have, I hope, no great cause for tears. I will drive across and have a cup of tea with your aunt this afternoon, and see what can be done.'

'Oh, Lady Fortesque! if you only *would;* but you won't say that I'——

Lady Fortesque laughed merrily.

'Have no fears for my discretion, dear. A very clever man once called my mother a born diplomatist, and I am supposed to take after her. But dry your eyes, for I see Sir John coming across the park.'

(*To be continued.*)

A JOURNEY WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT IN 1815.

By A. Francis Steuart.

THREE years ago there died in Edinburgh a charming old lady,* ninety-six years of age, who had known Sir Walter Scott well. Lively to the last, hearty and conversational, she was a curious link with the past. She had been married to Scott's friend and nearest neighbour, who planted his trees, with those at Abbotsford, according to the positions of the French and English lines at Waterloo. It was interesting to hear her talk of Sir Walter's gentle kindness when he drove over to her husband's house the day after her marriage, limped into the room, claimed the privilege of twice kissing the young bride, and then insisted on driving her and her husband in his carriage in hot haste to dine with his family at Abbotsford, where, until Scott's death in 1832, she spent much of her time.

Among this old lady's papers rested a thin diary, now imperfect and slightly worn, but not without interest, as it is the journal of her brother-in-

* Margaret Steuart, born 4th January 1806, married, 6th March 1828, Thomas Bruce of Langlee, Depute-Clerk of Session; died 22nd January 1902, in her ninety-seventh year.

law, Robert Bruce, advocate (afterwards Sheriff of Argyll, who died 29th June 1851), who with John Scott of Gala, and Alexander Pringle, younger of Whytbank, had the good fortune to go with Sir Walter Scott on the tour to the field of Waterloo in 1815, which Scott described in *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, and which was the inspiration of his poem 'Waterloo.'

Walter Scott was considerably older than his three friends. Born in 1771, he was in 1815 forty-four; Bruce was then about thirty; Pringle, called 'Whytbank,' twenty-four; and John Scott, 'Gala,' twenty-five. Such was the party that set out from the Scottish Borders to see the field of Waterloo.

All the travelling companions knew their friend's worth. Walter Scott was by this time a very famous poet, and that he was the Author of *Waverley* and its successors was known to all his Border friends. Gala's journal of the tour, full of what Walter Scott said and did, was afterwards elaborated and published (posthumously) in 1842. *Paul's Letters* tell not exactly what Scott was interested in, but what he knew his public would be interested in. I am not sure, therefore, that Robert Bruce's diary, now before me (though the writer was not to any extent by profession a man of letters), does not give us the best idea of what actually happened during the tour, as it was Bruce's first journey abroad also, and he was naturally as much interested in his own observations of foreign parts as in those of his greater companion.

Robert Bruce's journal commences: 'We left Edinburgh on Friday the 28th July, at 5 in the morning, in the Wellington Coach, and got to Newcastle that night. Thence we proceeded to York in another coach on Saturday the 29th. On the morning of Sunday we went to the Minster to hear the Cathedral service, which is there performed in great perfection, and to see the building, which is certainly remarkably fine, though I was hardly so much pleased with it as I expected after all I had heard. The stone of which it was originally built seems in many places to be going fast to decay; and though they are busy repairing it, apparently with great judgement and taste, yet the junction of new and old building in one edifice seems always to produce a bad effect.' From York the party proceeded to Hull, and on the 31st crossed the Humber, 'for which the tide was not favourable till 11 o'clock,' and when safely across they found 'the Mail for Lincoln did not go off from the other side till 3.' However, they were through this rewarded by a sight of the Cathedral at Lincoln by moonlight. 'This Cathedral is particularly fine, apparently much more so than York, though it seems to be less talked off or known—at least in Scotland.' On 1st August they left Lincoln and arrived at the next town, Peterborough, where the writer thought the Cathedral 'a very Noble Building,' and then proceeded to Cambridge, which University had been the *alma mater* of Gala and Whytbank.

At Cambridge, in order to see 'the sights,' they 'got up at 7 and went to the Chapel of St John's College, which is a very noble piece of architecture, and, as Walter Scott said, the most perfect specimen of Fine Gothic which he had ever seen;' and then, with a glance *en route* at 'the ruins of a very old, extensive, and curious Abbey' at Bury St Edmunds, they went (in a couple of post-chaises from Ipswich) to Harwich on the 3rd, to find they had just missed the Continental packet! However, by inquiries, they discovered that 'besides the ordinary packets which went with the mails there were others which might be hired.' They examined one of these, and found it 'extremely neat, being quite new and never having been a voyage, we hired [it] to carry us over for twenty guineas,' and they sailed on the 4th for Holland; and all being miserable—'Walter Scott said he suffered more than he had ever done before'—they were thankful to land at Helvoetsluys on the 5th. There their linguistic troubles began, for the writer 'was shaved by a Dutch Barber who could neither speak a word of French or English, so it was all Dumb Show between us.' They went in a 'skuyt or open boat' up the Maas to Williamstadt, and there got a '*voiture* . . . this large old-fashioned carriage which contained three rows of seats and was drawn by three horses yoked abreast of each other,' and proceeded along the roads made on the tops of the dykes, much impressed with the peaceful look of the Low Countries; 'indeed, there is an appearance of quietness, soberness, or what the Scotch would call "*Douceness*" about the country, the inhabitants, and the Horses, which I think is very striking.' At Bergen-ap-Zoom they secured a cicerone who 'originally had been a Scotchman,' who took them round the ramparts, explaining the scene of the operations of Generals Skerrett and Cooke on 8th March 1814. According to him, when Skerrett received his mortal wound 'he offered his watch and purse to a French soldier to carry him to the bottom of the Rampart, who took his money, seemed to comply with his request, but as soon as he got to the bottom gave him three mortal stabs with his bayonet.' On the 6th they started in 'a much more roomy' *voiture* for Antwerp, and visited the fortifications and the Cathedral, where, 'though the service of the day was over, we found many Catholics, apparently pious, kneeling before the several Altars.' At this time the Rubens paintings which had been removed by Napoleon to Paris were still unrestored, and the Cathedral denuded of them. The travellers were indefatigable in their sight-seeing, with the result that great fatigue ensued, and this was only dissipated by 'an excellent dinner, with sauterne and burgundy.' On the 7th they proceeded to Mechlin, then went on to Brussels, reaching it after midday, and in the evening attended the Theatre Français, 'which was but poorly attended, the genteel part of the audience still almost wholly military.'

The next day was taken up with seeing St

Gudule, 'the Cannon which had been taken at Waterloo,' and the 'Château de Lacon [Laeken], which was fitted up under the directions of the Empress Josephine, and does great honor to her taste.' The place was full of war memories. 'It was from this Palace that the proclamation which was prepared by Bonaparte, to be issued by him after the battle of Waterloo had he been successful, was dated.' At Brussels the friends separated for the first time. 'On our return, Walter Scott called on the Duchess of Richmond and afterwards went to dine with General [Sir F.] Adam,' leaving his friends to derive consolation from a restaurateur's dinner, white hermitage and claret. On the 9th the party drove to the goal of their ambition—the field of Waterloo. Their minds were eager for every souvenir of the war, and they desired to see and hear everything they could about the battle. 'Walter had fixed with Captain Campbell [General Adam's aide-de-camp] and a Mr [Major Pryse] Gordon to go with us. . . . Captain Campbell, who was in the action, described it minutely, and showed us where the different lines were placed.' They saw 'John d'Acosta [Jean de Coster], the peasant who acted as guide to Bonaparte during the whole of the 18th, and had a good deal of conversation with him.' 'This day,' Bruce naïvely writes, 'was extremely interesting,' and he marvels at the peace and quietness of the place, which he saw little more than one month after it had been the scene of 'the great and bloody conflict' which decided the fate of Europe.

Next day 'Walter,' who was apparently the manager of the whole tour, hired a carriage 'for the whole way to Paris for six louis, so that we posted in it the whole way,' resting at Mons, where 'Walter' presented a letter to the Governor; and next day they went on by Valenciennes, which, though 'still wholly occupied by French troops, travellers were allowed to pass through' to Cambrai.

On the 12th they stopped at Roye, hearing many tales about the behaviour of the different allied troops; and leaving it, arrived at Chantilly, then occupied by the Prussian Guard, 'but the inhabitants are not very fond of them.'

Paris was reached on the 14th, and before St Denis was sighted the travellers had seen two English regiments, which, with the other foreign troops, forced them to look upon France as a conquered country. At the Hôtel de Bourbon they met 'George Forbes, Sir William's brother'—it must be remembered that Sir William married Miss Stuart, Sir Walter Scott's 'first love'—who took them out, and then they enjoyed the pleasures of Verreys, the Opera Comique, and the 'Milles Colonnes.'

Bruce writes on the 15th: 'Sir John Malcolm called while we were at breakfast, and Walter went with him to the Duke of Wellington,' which allowed the rest to see the Procession de l'Assomption at Notre Dame, and to walk to where they could see 'the fires of the English camp.'

The opera, the hearing of a criminal trial, the École de Médecine, the 'Hall of the Marshals' in the Tuileries, and like pleasures took up the next two days.

On the 18th they went to see the Luxembourg, where they found the Prussian troops (who 'had behaved tolerably well') encamped, and on this day they 'had the good fortune for the first time to see the Duke [of Wellington] himself.' From this time the diary slightly loses in interest for us, as the future Sir Walter, we can see, was too much in request in society (for Lords Cathcart, Aberdeen, and Castlereagh introduced him there, as Lockhart shows in his 'Life') to be much with his own party, though he did not forget them, and they continued, with other Scotch friends, to have a merry time. They saw Talma and Mademoiselle Georges in *Britannicus;* and Bruce, though pleased with the former, preferred the British Kemble. On the 20th he rode out to the English camp and to St Cloud. Next day he went to the Jardin des Plantes and the Gobelins, *inter alia*, and notes: 'We dined with Walter Scott at the "Cordon Bleu" in the Boulevard de Temple,' coming 'quietly home in the evening.' On the 21st, visiting the Louvre paintings (which still included Napoleon's plunder), and the delight of seeing Mademoiselle Mars, were the chief occupations; 'some loyal allusions to the present situation of the King' (Louis XVIII. *le Désiré*, or, as his enemies called him, *l'Inévitable*) in the theatre 'were rapturously applauded.' On the 23rd they went to see the King of Prussia review his cavalry, and then rode round Paris, but could not see the castle, which, though it had declared for the king and so remained French, had not surrendered to the allies.

The short diary ends at this place, for John Scott of Gala's journal shows in a note, 'Our friends Mr Pringle and Mr Bruce left Paris about this time on a tour to Switzerland.' Unfortunately Bruce's Swiss journals are not known now to exist. Gala himself left Paris with Sir Walter Scott on 9th September, on their homeward journey.

DEATH IN THE DESERT.

By A. C. Simkins.

TO the average person the desert has no charm and no interest, and surprise is felt that anything can be written of it worth recording. Every one knows it has dangers, and that those who traverse it meet with hardships, and in many instances lose their lives; but unless he has dwelt in it he cannot understand that, sun-scorched and awe-inspiring as it appears, the desert has so great an attraction for many that they would refuse to live elsewhere. The Bedouin, at home in some oasis of the Sahara, would not change his surroundings if he could; and the North American Indian on what is known as the Great American Desert, the subject of this article, might readily move to the green, rolling prairies or to the still greener foothills of the Rocky Mountain range did he care to do so; but he does not, and ever remains the most contented in appearance of all those wild tribes now vanishing before the white man.

Year by year great stretches of desert land are being reclaimed by the sinking of deep wells and the installation of powerful pumping-plants as well as irrigation works, and prosperous communities now thrive where in times past no man remained except he had abandoned all hope to look for the coming of the vulture and the buzzard. Yet in spite of all that is being done, and rapidly as the work progresses, there will be deserts for centuries, and lives will be lost as well as gained. 'Lives gained?' may be the surprised expression of those unfamiliar with the life of the desert. Yes, many are the lives saved annually by a residence there. Indeed, for one now lost there are hundreds saved. For pulmonary troubles no climate compares in beneficial results with that of the desert. The dry air, the wonderful profusion of sunlight, the freedom from sudden atmospheric changes, work wonders, and lives apparently hanging by a thread seem after even a short residence to hold on with a grasp so strong as to say to the world the white man's scourge has been conquered there. And so it is that the desert has something to be said in its favour, while it has undoubtedly much of interest too for those who have a fondness for wandering from the main highways. Settlements on it are necessarily few and far between, and the extent of each is confined to the number which can be supported by the wells dug frequently to a considerable depth, or to the reservoirs built at convenient places to hold the waters which would otherwise go to waste during the rainy season. The industries on what may be properly termed the Great American Desert are numerous, and many of them are exceedingly prosperous. The extensive borax-deposits of Death Valley (a valley well named, for the number of its victims is legion) supply the market with a large proportion of this useful product, and the mountain-ranges which dot the desert here and there produce millions of pounds' worth of gold, silver, and copper annually. Each year sees some new discovery, some poor man suddenly made rich, and towns added to the map. Every one of these towns soon becomes as safe as, and, from a health standpoint, more desirable than, even old established cities, and one is prone to forget the lives which have been lost in discovering the mines before deep wells and modern pumping appliances made the place habitable.

From these towns the tireless prospector now starts for fresh fields to conquer, perhaps to win in the rugged race for wealth, perhaps to die in the attempt, leaving his bleached bones to remind another of his kind of the desperate chances the search for gold too often implies. Rarely a prospector writes of his experiences for publication. He is not of the writing sort; but strange subjects make strange writers, and the story of a single trip may give to others an idea of what desert-life is.

Away from the last vestige of civilisation, and that but an Indian trading-station consisting of a general store, a white man and his family, surrounded by an Indian settlement of some two hundred souls. Seventy miles away from even that, on the desert which lies along the border-line of Mexico and the territory of Arizona, two prospectors were starting homeward bound. The thermometer registered one hundred and fourteen degrees Fahrenheit, and there was a drought in the land. It was San Juan's Day, the 24th of June, when there on the desert the Indians expect to see a gathering of the clouds and the life-giving waters come. Yes, it was San Juan's Day, and the Indians, Catholics as they nearly all are along the frontier, knew when they saw a cloudless sky, in spite of all their prayers, that a drought was upon them. And there were other things equally ominous to those who live so near the soil. The leaves of the ironwood-tree were curling up, and the ants were raising no protecting walls round the entrance to their underground dwellings. It was time to go. From all over the desert the Indians were gathering their ponies and long-horned cattle for a flitting, which ere it ended would see their little herds decimated and themselves face to face with a summons for happy hunting-grounds in spirit-land. No rain, no clouds, and it was San Juan's Day! The prospectors' reservoir—*chaca* is the name used on that desert—had but one more day's supply of water for men and beasts. It was certainly time to go. Taking as much water as they could carry, they started. There were twenty miles to be covered before the first stopping-place was reached. When they arrived they found no water there. A day had nearly gone, for twenty miles on the desert at that time of the year with pack-animals was a

day's travel. To the next was seventeen miles. A few hours' rest for men and beasts, and they were off again. The full moon and the stars gave ample light, and with a drop of several degrees in the thermometer, the second stage, made with as little delay as possible, was wisely undertaken. But here also there was no water, and the supply taken at the commencement was exhausted. The soft, trampled mud in the *chaca*, marked with the tracks of horses and cattle, told the prospectors that a band of Indians with their stock had passed but recently and consumed the last drop of water in this second *chaca*. The exhausted animals, with their packs taken off, pawed the mud and whined pitifully. Too dry to eat the blades of *gramma* grass around them, they stood, after vainly licking the soft earth, dumb and helpless. To carry a load farther was out of the question, and the packs were abandoned. Another rest until the cool of the evening, and the third stage of fifteen miles was begun. The pace now was necessarily slow, the animals needed urging, while the men themselves were suffering from the fierce sun above and the burning ground underfoot. That ground was too hot to recline on, and there was no shade. Sand, cactus, and stunted greasewood, far as the eye could reach—that is the desert there. On they plodded.

Little clouds of dust moving northward from ten to fifteen miles away told them that the scattered bands of Indians were driving their cattle before them out of the country. At noon the third *chaca* was reached. Heaven help them! it too was dry, drained of its last drop. Like the previous one, it had held water until a few hours before. But there was none left, and there had not been enough for all the animals which had been driven to it, for some fifteen or sixteen cows and calves lay there in the fast-drying mud, unable to get up, unable, too, to utter a sound, painfully dying. High above, circling in the clear, blue sky, the buzzards were keeping watch. The moment death came they would be there, gruesome, repulsive scavengers. The prospectors grimly looked at each other. They had made a determined effort to reach this *chaca*, hardly speaking a word during the last stage, for talking wasted strength, and that they had carefully husbanded. Both were typical men of their class, the elder a man of about fifty-eight, wiry, and of medium height; the younger, a man of thirty, tall and athletic, and wiry too, for men of the desert do not take on flesh. As if moved by a common impulse, they walked into the mud, and each turned over a large stone and sat on it. The underside was cool, and enabled them to sit and relax in something like comfort for the first time that day since the sun had been high. That neither yet had given up hope was evident. There was no sign of surrender, though each face was badly swollen and the eyes bloodshot. The elder man looked at his companion and then in the direction of the goal they were striving for. 'Eighteen miles yet,' he soliloquised. 'Can we do it?' 'We will try,' his companion replied. 'But, first,' he continued, pointing to the foothills to the west, 'there 's water up there. Hard climb and very little of it; but it is always there in a *tinaja*.' 'Sure?' queried the other timorously. 'I 'll stake my life on it,' came the ready response. And they trudged a mile to these foothills, and then climbed up for a thousand feet to where they hoped to find it. It had been a hard climb. Footsore, feverish, and all but done, they staggered into a recess beneath the overhanging rock. With eyes straining, and eagerness stamped in pose and expression, they peered ahead. 'Thank God!' spontaneously from two throats broke the silence, and the men went down on hands and knees and sipped the veritable water of life.

Their thirst gradually allayed, for they were cautious in drinking after so long an abstinence, they looked over the valley. Far as the eye could reach it was the same expanse of sand and cactus, barely relieved by an occasional short range of mountains. It was in one of these little ranges now nearly twenty miles away—for they had come out of their course for water—that the Indian trading-post was situated, and the outline of the settlement could be seen through the clear desert atmosphere even at that distance. Converging towards it from every quarter were the little clouds of dust made by the Indian bands of cattle. And still farther away the prospectors saw the dust made by parties which would never reach it, for had they themselves not been over the route to be taken, and just barely escaped with their lives? As they looked over the broad expanse before them, involuntarily they shook their heads, and marked the soaring buzzards, keen-eyed and graceful, on the wing scouting for their prey. The Indians, of course, knew of the *tinaja*, and would make for it as soon as they abandoned their cattle, which they must at the last *chaca*. The *tinaja* was a pool, holding perhaps three gallons, in the solid granite rock. From above the water dripped drop by drop, each drop so far apart that evaporation offset a great portion of the supply. It had saved two lives that day, and ere another sun went down on that long valley it would save several more.

By the time the shadow had stretched clear across the desert sleep claimed the wanderers. Sleep, nature's sweet restorative, put fresh life into them, and on the morrow at the break of day, with a canteen full of water, they started on the final stage of their journey. It was the last, but not least eventful. Four miles from the *tinaja* they came upon a band of Papago Indians breaking camp. Their ponies and the jaded remnant of their band of cattle seemed too weak to complete the journey. Nevertheless, the Indians drove them along with that stoical patience that so often sets the white man wondering. No word of complaint, not a murmur, came from these desert men of an inferior race trudging beside the prospectors, with whom they had, after very few words, joined company. Two leagues were put behind them in the space of perhaps four hours, and the cattle were still all able to make head-

way; a trifle more than three leagues yet remained. The rate of progress was necessarily slow, and several furtive glances had been passed between them to see if any one of their number threatened to fall by the wayside.

A stout heart is a gift of the gods—perhaps the most precious that can be bestowed. It was saving life now just as it has saved many a one before at other times and in other places. In circumstances such as these companionship means much. The example of others bravely facing the same risks reinforces the will-power, and aids materially in overcoming hardships. No one can imagine how it feels, unless he has been there, to face just such dangers as these alone, what it means to be near death on the desert, so still, so merciless. How near they were to death was brought prominently before them now. There on the sand, with face upturned to the blazing sun, was a prospector stark and stiff. An Indian moved his arm, looked him over carefully, and remarked, 'Dead one hour.' He was probably right—Indians generally are in cases of this kind. Nothing could be done for him, burial was impossible, and so he was left, a derelict on that tideless sea of sand. Presently one of the Indians picked up the trail of another man travelling ahead alone. It had come from the dead prospector, and the surmise was that it was the track of his companion pushing on. And now the cattle began to lie down. It was no good trying to get them up. To beat, to urge, took strength, and there was none to spare. In a short space of time the last of the animals had lain down never to get up again. And there were yet five miles to travel! The landmark was a blue limestone mountain covered with Indian graves. It had been one of their burying-grounds for hundreds of years. Beneath it, sitting on an upturned boulder, was a man, his head resting on his arms, which were folded across his knees. At the approach of the little party he arose and became one of them. He was asked no questions; none were needed. They all knew he was the survivor of the two, one of whom had fallen some miles back. The hours that it took to pass over the last five miles, the pain and suffering of it all—white man succouring Indian, and in turn Indian helping white man—need not be told here. The entire party saved their lives by a narrow margin. To the resident Indians on that little oasis they told of the complete drying up of the *chacas* over the route they had come, and as soon as packs could be adjusted the men of the tribe were taking out water to the little clouds of dust which told of other slowly advancing men in need of assistance.

Such is one phase of desert life. The other may be seen in sanatoriums in the settlements where the development of water has made bright garden spots of the sandy waste. There the invalids, brought often when many would avow it was too late for mortal help to avail, can be counted by the score, winning their way back to health and strength. And the desert, sun-scorched and awe-inspiring as it is, demonstrates once more that every single thing, little as we sometimes realise it, has its place in the economy of nature.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD.

THE STORY OF THE FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD.—'I asked to-day why the sea was so full of stars last night. I had never noticed it until these July days. And then I was told the story of the Festival of the Dead, which is kept religiously in the provinces still. . . . When summer broods over the land, they who have laid by the tasks of earth come back in shadowy myriads to visit their old homes, to hover round those who still love and remember them. Just for those three days of July—the 13th, 14th, and 15th—heart-broken mothers feel the little lost son or daughter close at hand. The dead come back, and take, unseen, their old places in their old homes. They find the house garnished for their coming; the holy lotus-flower, never used save for their honour, is gathered and set by their shrine. Always do they come from the sea; and when the three days are ended and the travellers must go back reluctantly to their shadow-homes, lighted torches are stuck in the sands to guide them, and tiny straw ships of lovely designs are launched, freighted with dainty foods and lighted by small lanterns. And then they go—their little cargoes of love-gifts visible and their spirit-travellers invisible.'—*Extract from 'A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan,' by Mrs Hugh Fraser*, vol. ii. p. 310.

A HOST of stars is in the skies—
The glorious Eastern skies;
And, mirrored in the sapphire sea
That far beneath them lies,
They shine, a path of dazzling light
Which unseen feet will cross to-night.

The night of stars! the night of stars!
The silent souls they see,
Who from the unknown land come back
To fountain, flower, and tree,
The dear old haunts, the simple things
To which their yearning memory clings.

The little child has entered in,
The mother feels him near;
He is not lost! he is not lost!
He tarries with her here,
These summer days and nights of dreams;
Closer than earthly child he seems.

Myriads of souls: they come! they come!
To find that none forget;
The love-gifts wait, the garnished house,
And by each death-shrine set
The flower whose gathered bloom is shed
Only for spirits of the dead.

Alas! while still in mortal robe,
That holy lotus-flower
They gathered for their own beloved,
And for such mystic hour
Whose secret now they know so well,
But unto none on earth may tell.

Perhaps they wonder why we grieve,
So swiftly all things pass;
Our fears and hopes may seem to them
As shadows on the grass
Which flicker at the wind's light will;
But, oh! they love the old home still,

And leave it as we leave the land
Round which our heart-strings wind;
Unseen they crowd the torch-lit sands,
Their freighted ships they find.
Launched 'neath the stars o'er ocean wide,
What hand shall steer, what compass guide?

Silently, as the tide flows back
From the warm, living shore,
So melts the spirit-band away,
Their shadow felt no more.
Yet, sweet, wild legend of the Past,
Is not that shadow ever cast?

MARY GORGES.

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DEER-FORESTS ECONOMICALLY CONSIDERED.

IT is not easy for any one intimately connected with the system of sport at present pursued in the Highlands to understand the agitation in certain quarters which has arisen against it. It is perfectly obvious, however, that this agitation arises amongst people at a distance from the scene of the sporting industry—people who understand nothing whatever of the conditions under which it is carried on or of the localities devoted to it. They assume, for the purposes of their own argument, that the deer-forests occupy a fertile tract which capital and labour would convert into one shining and smiling field of golden grain. They carefully stop their ears when one attempts to tell them that this region never has been and never will be one in which an agricultural industry can succeed. When to a barren soil and a rigorous climate comes to be added the unprofitable return for any possible production of the land, a reasonable man will see that agriculture, which at present is bearing such trials in the most favoured localities, has become utterly impossible to the Highland wilds.

No true sportsman would ever go to the Highlands of Scotland if he thought the indulgence in his taste took bread from the mouth of a single individual. For thirty years a gentleman has taken a grouse-moor or deer-forest, and in discussing this very matter, affirms that not for all he possesses would he allow his sport to interfere with a man's means of livelihood. Years ago, Mr Winans, an American, spent no less than three hundred pounds per month on labour alone. Deerstalkers are in receipt of regular wages, varying from eighteen shillings to thirty-five shillings per week. A more active, intelligent, and capable body of men it would be difficult to meet; and although the land were offered to them for cultivation, they would refuse to change their present condition. From this class, mainly, the Lovat Scouts were chosen in the late Boer war.

Since 1884, the date of the issuing of Lord Napier's report, a great extent of land has been added to deer-forests. In the ten years immediately following the report five hundred and ninety-one thousand acres had been added. In Lord Napier's report of 1884 it is stated (p. 93): 'We have considered it our duty to record unequivocally the opinion that the dedication of large areas exclusively to the purposes of sport, as at present practised in the Highlands, does not involve diminution of food-supply to the nation; and we have amply recognised the various benefits which are in many cases associated with the sporting system where it is exercised in a liberal and judicious spirit.' In an investigation before the House of Commons, Mr Mundella admitted that, supposing all the land now devoted to deer had gone back to sheep, the difference in the price of mutton would not be one penny per pound.

Lately, a respected Edinburgh divine, who is, first of all, a good Highlander, referred to the insufficiency of the necessaries of life in the Highlands. The concluding seven years of the seventeenth century were years of great dearth over the greater part of Scotland, and the Highlands then suffered very severely. It was stated by Fletcher of Saltoun that in 1698, in addition to those very meanly provided for 'by the church boxes,' there were in Scotland two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. The year 1740 was another year of scarcity of food, when a great frost, with 'deep and untimely' snow, occurred in spring. The bad and late harvest of 1782 led to another season of severe and alarming famine. Then the strong tide of emigration began to flow to America. In 1807, 1817, 1836–37, and 1847–48 there was much destitution and want—bleeding of lean cattle for human sustenance, and actual starvation of men and cattle.

The 'removals' or 'clearances' in the Highlands at these periods were in the main an unavoidable outcome of inexorable economic laws operating upon the depressed and hopeless condition of the smaller agriculturists in the Highlands rather than the effects of purely arbitrary landlord power. Remarkable success, for a time, followed sheep-farming. The large sheep-farmer introduced, and depended

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largely for success upon, improved breeds of sheep, and gave his utmost attention to other methods of increment of both carcass and fleece. The importation of wool ten years ago was fully six hundred and seventy-one million pounds. Is it any wonder sheep-farmers have manifested, and are still manifesting, a decided desire to escape from the business? The most desirable sheep-farms of a quarter of a century ago are now neglected, or can only be let on terms very much reduced. Herein lies one of the chief reasons for the formation of additional deer-forests. The deer-forests contain little arable ground and much less low-lying pasture-land than sheep-farms.

Of one hundred and thirty deer-forests appearing in the parliamentary return of 1891, no fewer than one hundred and twenty-six reach an altitude of over one thousand feet, one hundred and six exceed two thousand feet, sixty-one exceed three thousand feet, and seven exceed four thousand feet; the highest being four thousand two hundred and forty-eight feet. Only thirty-one descend to the level of the sea. In Argyllshire there are nine forests which touch sea-level, five of the nine being islands. In this county a very large preponderance of the land afforested is over five hundred feet above sea-level. In Inverness-shire there are upwards of forty-five deer-forests; the height of the land varies from one thousand three hundred and eighty-six feet to four thousand two hundred and forty-eight feet; and here the most sterile and valueless land from an agricultural point of view is found. Twenty-six of these deer-forests, or 60 per cent., attain an altitude of three thousand feet, and no fewer than thirty-nine, or 90 per cent., exceed two thousand feet. Ten of the Inverness-shire forests touch the sea. Of these, five are insular and five have a seaboard of the most rocky and absolutely unimprovable character. Ross and Cromarty has forty-six deer-forests. In this county nine touch the sea. Sutherlandshire has eight deer-forests. The extent of arable land in, say, one hundred and ten deer-forests is less than three thousand acres.

Then, the rental is from sevenpence halfpenny per acre in Sutherlandshire to one shilling and sixpence three-farthings in Caithness-shire. While the average rent per acre for the whole of Argyll is four shillings and a penny three-farthings, the land afforested is only worth eightpence per acre. For Inverness-shire the average rent per acre is two shillings and fourpence, and the deer-forest rent per acre tenpence halfpenny. For Ross and Cromarty the average rent per acre is two shillings and ninepence three-farthings, and the deer-forest rent per acre elevenpence halfpenny. While the average rent per acre of the counties of Argyll, Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness considered together is three shillings and threepence farthing, that of the deer-forest area in the same counties is only elevenpence farthing. But there are deer-forests in Aberdeen, Banff, Bute, Forfar, and Perth to which we make no reference. Generally, however, only the poorest land is devoted to deer in any of these counties.

The red-deer is a hardy animal, and is perhaps better able to endure the privations of hunger or inclemency of weather than the hardiest breeds of sheep; but though during the milder portion of the year he seeks the highest mountain retreats, he is compelled, in common with every four-footed animal in the British Isles, to betake himself during winter to the lower expanses, where alone shelter and herbage can be obtained. So that it is indisputable that withdrawal of the arable land from deer-forests—very limited as it is—and withdrawal of the lower pasture-ground, say, under five hundred feet level, would be fatal to these institutions.

The great sheep-farming industry has, it will not be disputed, exercised an enormous influence in the marvellous development of the Highlands. But sheep-farming, from inflexible economic causes, has been for some time, and is at present, greatly depressed. One has only to contrast the wool-markets of Inverness and Oban of to-day with those of twenty years ago to see that no further proof is required for the statement. But so important and indispensable to the welfare of the Highlands does this great interest remain, even in its present less flourishing condition, that the evils which would result from its permanent downfall need no demonstration.

Deer-forests have been described, sometimes in ignorance and sometimes in malice, as the fruit of the riches and luxurious idleness of the present day, and the outcome of gilded temptations offered by a Southern and American plutocracy to a financially feeble Highland proprietary. Deer-forests are not a growth of yesterday. The poems of Ossian are full of allusions to the chase. There is a story told in the song of a nurse to one of the chiefs of Chisholm, who was for some cause or another condemned to banishment to the Laigh of Moray, and was granted any request she might like to make before leaving. Her request was to have a house erected on the scene of her banishment, in which she might live, the house to be made of timber from Strathglass. The request was complied with, but she had not been long there when she bewailed her sad lot in words to the effect that, although living in this house of Strathglass wood, and beside a field of waving barley larger than the people of Strathglass ever dreamt of, she could never be happy till she returned to the sight of the dun deer and the brown in the woods of Comar. The Highlander is not naturally an agriculturist. He lived on the produce of his bow and spear. The earliest records in the Highlands—the sculptured stones—whilst bearing no traces of a ploughshare or even of a sheep-shears, except as a symbol of women's art, exhibit many scenes from hunting-life. There is ample evidence to show that the Highlander rather despised agriculture. Sir Walter Scott tells the story—printed in the 1876 edition of

Burt's *Letters from the North of Scotland*—of a Highland chief named Donald the Hammerer, who was so enraged at finding his son engaged in farming and directing farm-labourers that he pursued him with his sword. The son took refuge in his house, and crept for safety under a bed. Donald followed, and in the uncertain light, thinking his degenerate son had concealed himself in the bed-clothes, made a deadly stab at his supposed son; but, instead of killing him, his sword went through the heart of his old nurse, who was then nearly eighty years of age. After the unfortunate accident Donald became very religious. With his natural taste for sport, the native Highlander in the hunting districts is only too pleased to find a congenial occupation, and one for which his services are handsomely rewarded. After the pastoral industry fails, after the agricultural industry fails, he goes kindly back to hunting. Besides the wealth which sportsmen have brought into the Highlands, and which has built schools, endowed churches, made roads and bridges, introduced medical aid, improved dwellings, and raised wages, the contact with men of wealth and education from all parts of the world has helped to widen the native's range of thought, and gives him the self-reliance of the man who has measured himself with his superiors, and is not ashamed of the place he takes beside them.

Opponents of deer-forest extension ask, are the Highlands of Scotland to be definitively converted into an uninhabited wilderness? It is not sound economy to hold that the Highlands should, as the best use that can be made of them, be converted into desert habitation for wild animals, in which the wealthy may enjoy fashionable sport. And the opinion of Sheriff Brand's Royal Commission (Highlands and Islands, 1892) is that 'provision should be framed under which the crofting class would be protected against diminution, for the purpose of afforestment, of arable or pasture area now in their possession, and by which the areas which might thereafter form the most appropriate scene for expanding cultivation and small holdings should be preserved from curtailment.' But the fact remains that the young people of the Croft will not remain at home. Thinking and far-seeing men miss the Scottish Highlander. So-called Highland regiments have for some years past been made up in growing proportion of the sweepings of southern towns—feeble specimens of humanity, who can no doubt be greatly improved by attention to diet and regimen, but whom no amount of training can supply either with the great limbs or with the great heart that carried the flags of the Highland regiments through Quatre Bras and Waterloo. But never again shall the Highlands witness the animation of human life the late Queen Victoria's visit to Taymouth, in 1842, called forth. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's *Memorial of the Royal Progress* tells of Her Majesty's arrival being awaited by a regiment of the Breadalbane Campbells, which was fully one thousand strong. To-day the men are gone, never, we are afraid, to return. The economic conditions are quite changed. The young will not labour on the land. It is to them exhausting drudgery. Off to the towns they go from the remotest Highland clachan, with the result that the very young and the very old remain, perforce, at home. Thinking imperially causes one to cast one's eyes abroad, and Highlanders and their descendants are seen in thousands in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada—the strength and glory of the Empire.

Since the able report of Lord Napier's Commission in 1884 (uninstructed criticism may be said to have held the field before that), a better state of public knowledge and of public opinion has prevailed. The Commissioners in that report stated that 'during the course of their inquiry they had only come upon one clearly established case in evidence of the removal of crofters for the purpose of adding to an already existing deer-forest' (p. 84).

It would not be too much to say that in some localities abolition of deer-forests would dislocate the whole economic arrangements, and be for those localities a transmutation from prosperity to poverty. The whole of the Highlands, indeed, are intimately dependent on gains from visitors. The acquisition of money from shootings and fishings especially is immense, and correspondingly great is its circulation among the trading and labouring classes, to whom, it is needless to say, this is of vital moment. Through the great rents for the lease of sporting subjects, especially deer-forests, the parish rentals are very largely increased, and the pressure of taxation upon the poorer ratepayers is correspondingly alleviated. Over the whole of the sporting areas this is computed to be not less than 25 per cent., while in many Highland parishes the contribution of rates and taxes from sporting possessions is far higher, amounting in some instances to half of the whole rating. In not a few of these parishes rates are abnormally high, unavoidable though it may be, reaching to five, seven, and even ten shillings per pound of rental; and in such districts it is evident that a withdrawal of the sporting rental would be speedily followed by financial collapse. Further, these big rents enable the landlords to devote more of their means to improvement of their estates and to the employment and comfort of their smaller tenantry and employés than they otherwise could possibly do.

But not through rents alone do the Highland people benefit from the sporting system in their midst. Every lessee of a deer-forest or a grouse-moor, or of a salmon-fishing, must, in the mere maintenance of his establishment, be at considerable charges. In some cases these are upon a great scale. But though responsibility for removals of the population cannot be truthfully laid to the charge of deer-forests, the dedication of so much land to purposes of sport has not entirely escaped condemnation, both on economic and sentimental grounds. Here again, however, a due appreciation of the circumstances and the motives which have

induced the owners of these properties to adopt the course of afforesting them will, in nearly every case, compel the candid inquirer to admit that not only was there no other course open to these gentlemen, but that the course adopted has been for the best in the public interest as well as their own. The severe and protracted depression in sheep-farming has in many cases compelled the owners of high wedder-lands either to afforest them or let them lie tenantless, rentless, and useless.

Take a typical case. A large sheep-farm, probably carrying five thousand sheep, falls out of lease. The outgoing tenant has intimated that he does not desire a renewal of the lease, and the farm is consequently advertised to be let. No offers for it are forthcoming—a common experience in these times. In such a case the proprietor, if he ventures to take the farm into his own occupancy, is obliged at the outset to find a capital of ten thousand to twelve thousand pounds wherewith to buy the sheep-stock on the holding. He is very probably obliged to borrow this amount at a high rate of interest, and upon security other than the sheep-stock itself, which no financier will accept as sole security for an advance. He may be in a position precluding him from even this expedient, and at the best he knows there is no probability, under the financial burden thus imposed, and in view of the unprofitableness of sheep-farming, of his carrying on the farm successfully. He is, therefore, pressed into a very tight corner, out of which the only means of escape is through afforestment of the farm. What else could he have done, or ought he to have done, than embrace this mode of relief? He thereby saves and benefits himself, no doubt, and self-preservation is the primary law of nature; but he benefits his neighbours as well. He secures a substantial rent, and thereby not only prevents the increase of local taxation, which would obviously occur were the farm unlet, or let at a largely reduced rent, but he actually contributes to the amelioration of the taxes then existing, besides having brought into the district a new source of employment for the local population. Many deer-forests have originated in circumstances such as have been here described.

The loss of meat by the displacement of stock in all the deer-forests in existence is but the fraction of a fraction of the total consumption of meat by the nation. So also it is with regard to wool. The extent of land afforested is two million five hundred and fifty-two thousand three hundred and eighty-three acres, and it has been officially laid down that five acres of average land devoted to deer-forests are necessary for the maintenance of one sheep (Napier Commission Report, p. 86); therefore the deer-forests are capable of maintaining five hundred and ten thousand four hundred and seventy-seven sheep. But, under the universal system of management of hill-stocks in the Highlands, the number of sheep sent annually to market is only, at the most, one-third of the total stocks, which gives a possible annual output from the deer-forests of one hundred and seventy thousand one hundred and fifty-six sheep; or, reckoning the weight of each sheep at sixty pounds, a total quantity of ten million two hundred and nine thousand three hundred and sixty pounds of mutton. Let this be now compared with the national meat-bill, which is 110·444 pounds per head of the whole population. Contrasted with the supply of mutton which the grazings comprising the whole of the deer-forests would be capable of yielding if restocked with sheep, the proportion is found to be only ·002 pound per head of population.

The increasingly valuable benefits derived from shootings and fishings are at present the only prosperous possession within the Highlands. The loitering march of prosperity of the Celtic Highlands, in so far as it is due to dissimilarity of race or duality of language, is a condition which is gradually, and at an increasing pace, wearing itself out.

The recent circular on Gaelic of the Scottish Education Department, the first by the new Secretary (Dr John Struthers, C.B.), is a futile attempt to galvanise a decaying and dying language into some semblance of growth. Gaelic is admitted as a subject of examination for the Leaving Certificate. No fixed course is laid down. The Celtic societies may be trusted to make the most of this concession to Highland sentiment; but the proof of the whole-heartedness of the cry for Gaelic teaching by Highlanders is yet to come. It can only be found in the numbers of the youth of the Highlands who, by hampering the progress of the programme of a modern education already overcrowded, shall come forward and voluntarily acquire a language which is of no utility whatever in the busy workaday world. The greatest difficulty Highland school boards will now have is to secure competent Gaelic teachers. A new terror is added to the teaching profession, whose burden is already greater than it can bear.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER XX.—TOUCH-AND-GO.

THE kelpie did not cry that night, or if it did, Geoff did not hear it. He waited expectantly. But the fresh air had made him sleepy, and he went to bed early and slept like a top. The last thing he thought of before he fell asleep, and the first thing he thought of when he woke up, was of those miles of smooth, wind-swept, black ice on the dappled loch among the hills. It called him irresistibly, and he set off immediately after breakfast, with his skates jingling, as merrily as any schoolboy. And Tom Brading, whose metropolitan upbringing had provided no opportunities for learning to skate, was to follow later on with some lunch.

Geoff found excellent sport. His skates were new; the ice was like a mirror, except where the snow had drifted and frozen. He had not had such a good time since he was a boy, when winters were still winters. Company would have been pleasant, of course. But you can't get everything in this world—not all at once and just when you want it, anyway.

There was no sun that day. The sky lowered the colour of lead against the nearer white of the hills. The pines and firs stood in their gloomy phalanxes like a frozen army, and big feathery flakes were beginning to fall in a business-like way. Another day and he would have been too late, he said to himself.

To any onlooker, that solitary figure gliding and skimming over the long desolation of the frozen lake could but serve to emphasise the loneliness of the scene. He seemed to have the whole valley to himself, and to be quite content. Then suddenly he fell in need of company.

He was racing at speed down a lane of black ice, when his right skate ran into a projecting snag of wood that barely showed above the surface. It snapped the spring off its clinch, loosened the skate, twisted his foot, and flung him headlong into a white patch of snow which gave way beneath him, and he was in the deadly-cold water.

Now, ice, like many another body we wot of, is strong while whole, but once broken, its strength is gone. Carrick tried cautiously all round his hole for support, but the treacherous stuff broke under his arms wherever he rested on it. He was a good swimmer, and the hundred yards or so to the shore would ordinarily have been a matter of small account. But to chip a way slowly through a hundred yards of ice, with his limbs already numbing with the cold, was out of the question.

He thought suddenly of the kelpie's warning, and wondered if Mr Duncan Cameron was really going to have the pleasure of chuckling over his unbelief and his dead body. He wondered if Tom Brading was anywhere within reach of a call. But that was not likely. He had not been there more than an hour and a half, and Tom was not to start till twelve. He was getting very cold. Very soon he would get cramp and sink quietly out of sight. He tried desperately to drag himself on to the ice, but it broke always and let him down with a splash. He could rest his chin or his hands on it, but no more. He did not shout, because shouting seemed futile, and by nature he was not given to shouting, no matter how tight the place he was in. And, curiously enough, his silence in his desperate plight stood him in good stead.

Suddenly the sharp bark of a dog fell on his dulling ears, and looking that way, he saw a girl racing down the hillside. She stopped to pick up one of the pine-poles that lay in the slide, and then came hurrying towards him, the dog leaping joyously about her.

She came out on the ice.

'Don't come too close,' he called. 'Keep off the white places.'

She came as close as she dared and shoved the pole at him, but it was still beyond his reach.

'Take it, Colin!' and the dog laid hold of the pole by one end and tugged it across the ice till Geoff could lay hands on it.

'Thank you, old boy!' he said; and the dog stood off, panting, and watched him intelligently.

He laid the pole across the shore-end of his pool and drew himself gingerly up on to the ice. Three times it broke beneath him just when he thought he was safe; but the fourth time, either through extra caution or a stronger streak of ice, he managed to drag himself out, and lay spent, while the collie danced excitedly and barked encouragement.

Presently Geoff wriggled along till he deemed it safe to venture on to his knees, and so came at last to the shore, and saw, what the dog had already told him, that it was the girl with the scornful dark eyes who had come to his rescue.

'I am greatly indebted to you,' he said. 'I think you have saved my life;' and then, as he put his right foot to the ground, his face suddenly twisted with pain and his leg gave under him.

'I feared that was so,' he said with tight lips. 'My skate caught in something and twisted my foot.'

She looked at him unyieldingly for a moment. Then the woman in her trampled down the other things, and she softened towards him.

'What can I do?' she asked.

'I think, perhaps, if you could bring me another pine-pole I could get along.'

She found him a pole, and he essayed progression.

'You can't possibly get home that way,' she said, with a decidedly worried look in the large dark eyes.

'My man was to come about one o'clock. Perhaps I can limp along till I meet him.'

'You would be dead with cold before then.'

'Yes, I am very cold.'

There was no help for it. Her face showed plainly that the proposition was forced from her by dire necessity alone.

'You had better come with me.'

'Thank you. I'll come anywhere that offers me a fire and some whisky. My very bones are cold.'

'Up this slide, then. It's steep. You'll have to crawl.'

He hopped with his pole as far as it would serve, and then took to his hands and knees and crawled slowly up the steep slide after her. And, in spite of the chill of his soaked clothes and the pain of his swelling foot, he still found pleasure in the sight of her neat little brogues and firm, springing tread alongside him. The collie danced round them with gladsome barks, and so they came slowly and painfully to the top of the slide. There she found him another stick, and he limped down the glen, among the pines and firs, till they came upon the cottage on whose door he had thumped the previous day. She took a key from her pocket and unlocked the door, and motioned to him to enter.

Above all things he craved warmth. Here was a red fire on a wide hearth. He saw nothing else at the moment, and went straight to it. The girl threw on several handfuls of pine-cones, and laid on top of them some split pine kindlings with the ribbed bark still on, and the fire roared merrily up the chimney. Then she brought him a glass and a large, square bottle of whisky, and he took a big dose, and began to feel that it might, after all, be not quite impossible to get warm again sometime.

Then the girl looked at him consideringly for a moment, and there was the shadow of a frown on her face as she brought her mind to that which was repugnant to her, but he did not see it. His soaked clothes were steaming in the heat, and the happiness of warmth was tingling through his veins and making his head feel at once light and heavy.

'I will get you some dry things,' she said, and returned presently with an armful of garments which proved to be a Highland suit.

'They were my father's,' she said, and something in her voice made him look up at her quickly.

'And you would very much sooner I did not use them. I think these would dry all right.'

'It does not matter,' she said quietly. 'I am sorry there are no others; but you will get rheumatism if you sit in those. I will give you a towel, and you had better change quickly.'

He got himself into a glow with the towel, and then, with much consideration and many doubts, under the close, laughing observation of the collie, got himself into the strange habiliments, and was sitting over the fire with the dog when the girl came back. And there was almost a twinkle in her eyes as she noted some of the details of his costuming.

He stood up when she came in, but had to support himself by the back of a chair, and she noticed that he had bound his handkerchief tightly round his right foot and had made no attempt to put on shoe or stocking.

'Please sit,' she said. 'Is your foot much hurt?'

'It's badly sprained, I'm afraid; but I have tied it up as well as I could. I am quite ashamed to put you to all this trouble, Miss Leslie, and I assure you I am very grateful.'

'It could not be helped,' she said quickly. 'How do you come to know my name?'

'I asked old Donald Cameron that morning when I met you near the glen. May I be permitted to inquire after your mother? I got an impression that she was an invalid, though I really don't remember that he said so in so many words.'

'Yes, my mother is still not well. She is not here just now.'

'Well, I am very grateful to you for making so long a stay in the island. I might have fared badly but for you this morning. And do you live here all alone?'

'I am alone just now, but I do not feel it lonely. I have my dog, and he is good company.'

'He is a fine fellow. I am very fond of dogs.'

She got up and began putting on a thick, long cloak.

'You are surely not going out in that snow?' he asked, looking at the flakes whirling past the window.

'I am going to tell them where you are.'

'Oh, but you must not. As soon as my things are dry I will get along myself some way or other.'

'You won't walk with that foot for ten days. They might carry you, perhaps, but it is a very rough road and difficult when the snow is on it.'

'The more reason why you should not attempt it on my account. I have troubled you quite enough already. Please don't think of it. If you insist I shall go too, foot or no foot.'

'But you cannot possibly go,' she said, with a wrinkle in the broad white brow.

'I don't know whether I can or not; but I shall certainly try if you do. Perhaps my man will follow my tracks. He's a sensible fellow; been in the army, you know, and has his wits about him.'

The girl hesitated. The journey was not a tempting one, and he looked obstinate enough to do as he said.

'The snow will long since have covered your tracks,' she said. 'But I could send a letter,' looking doubtfully at the dog.

'By Colin? Capital! That solves the difficulty. Shall I write? Where will he take it?'

'To the village, and he will bark until they take the letter from him.'

'Good dog! If you could oblige me with a scrap of paper and a pencil I will tell Tom Brading what to do.'

He told Brading briefly of his accident, and how and where he was situated, and bade him consult

with the schoolmaster and old Donald as to the best means of getting him home. It would mean porterage of some kind, he feared, as his foot was still swelling and very painful.

Miss Leslie placed his letter in a tiny leather bag, which she buckled to the dog's collar with difficulty on account of his exuberant delight at the prospect of a three-mile scamper through the snow. He knew perfectly what was required of him; and when she had given him a final commendatory pat and opened the door, he was off like a shot, and they heard his joyous barks fade away along the hillside.

'It looks like being a big storm, I'm afraid,' said Carrick.

'I am afraid so,' she said, and passed into the inner room.

She was back presently with a basin and a kettle, and a bottle and a roll of medicinal bandaging.

'You should bathe your foot as hot as you can bear it; then put on some of this, and bind it up very tight,' she said, in the tone of a Samaritan constrained to good deeds against her liking.

'You are very kind,' he said, and proceeded to carry out her instructions, while she flitted to and fro, setting the table for a meal, and busying herself in the kitchen.

'I am absolutely ashamed of imposing myself on you in this way, Miss Leslie,' said Carrick, and he looked it.

'There is no need,' she said simply, and left him to his medicaments.

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES OF A SEED-WAREHOUSE.

By Carnochan Douglas.

THE remarkable tulip-mania which swept over Holland three hundred years ago, when the cost of bulbs rose above that of the most precious metals—as much as four thousand five hundred florins being paid for a single root—still remains without a parallel in the history of gardening. Nevertheless, far larger sums change hands in a season over simple seeds than the outside public, however devoted it may be to the art of gardening, has any idea of.

Take the innocent sweet-pea, for instance. Who would believe that, of the better varieties, an average wholesale price for its seeds may be estimated at from one hundred to three hundred pounds per ton; and that anywhere from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand pounds would represent the output, wholesale, in one season alone? A specially choice novelty would command at least five pounds per ounce retail—which would total out to one hundred and seventy-nine thousand two hundred pounds per ton, if such a quantity were ever required. This is a truly astonishing figure—an ample fortune for many a man.

As compared to these, we find the cost of the cheaper varieties of seeds—say, the common convolvulus—would probably amount to only fifty-six pounds per ton wholesale.

Even so, the vegetable and agricultural seeds vary in representative money value: cauliflower, onion, celery, parsnip, mangold, swede, turnip, clover and grass seeds, all differ in price according to their quality and novelty.

It is obvious that the enormous quantities of seed required are not grown within the British Isles; they are gathered together from every corner of the world, and the intermediary between the grower and the retailer or market-gardener is the wholesale seed-merchant.

The heads of these wholesale houses are not known to the general public. Advertising in any form is as strictly tabooed as it is by the members of the Royal College of Surgeons; the retail houses only may advertise to their heart's content.

The bulk of the seed imported is temporarily stored in large warehouses, whose mysteries are strictly guarded and inaccessible to the outsider.

The flower-seed department alone of one of these large depositories occupies a whole building consisting of a basement and four floors. The ground-floor is entered through massive double iron fireproof doors, which effectively protect it from fire and thieves.

In the centre of this floor are large bins filled with seeds, mainly sweet-peas; whilst round the sides run long fixed counters where men are busily employed, one of each couple weighing out the quantity ordered, whilst the other puts it into seed 'pockets' or brown-paper bags, according to the size required.

Behind these workers the walls are lined with innumerable drawers filled with loose seed. These contain every known variety of flower-seed carefully labelled each with its Latin name. Some of these drawers, when filled with choice kinds of seeds, such as primulas and cinerarias, represent an enormous money value. One pound of such seed would cost from one hundred and thirty to two hundred pounds wholesale; or a choice petunia-seed, for example, would range at about ten pounds ten shillings for a single ounce.

On the next floor, in place of the drawers of seed, part of the walls are filled with pigeon-holes, into which the packets of different varieties of seeds are put. At the counters in front of the pigeon-holes men and women are engaged rapidly filling and making up the packets, which are placed in the holes ready for despatch at a moment's notice.

The centre of the floor of the third story is piled

high with sacks to replenish the drawers and bins on the lower floors. Here are bales and bales of nasturtium-seed from Great Britain and the Continent; tons and tons of sweet-pea seed from California; also tons of mignonette-seed harvested on the banks of the Loire, the native land of Margaret of Anjou, queen of our Henry VI., or grown on the fields near the Bodethal, in the neighbourhood of the fairy-haunted Brocken; whilst the rest was harvested in Essex. In addition to all these, there are innumerable bags of marigold and eschscholtzia seed.

On the shelves that flank the sides of this granary are placed smaller-sized bags containing costlier varieties of different seeds—one with six and a half pounds of a choice variety of pansy, representing a money value (wholesale) of eighty-four pounds. Asters are there in endless variety, for of these seeds some growers order as many as twenty pounds to be used for cut flowers alone.

A large portion of the top floor is covered with bags of seed piled high to the ceiling, which are likewise used to replenish the stock on the lower floors. The more interesting portion of this story, however, is that part partitioned off with strong wire-netting and securely locked. Behind this stout barricade are kept what are known as the stock seeds of the firm. These seeds have been carefully selected and improved on the firm's own trial-grounds, to ensure that the seed for disposal one or two years hence may be of the very best strain. These are sent to those countries whose climates are best suited to their reproduction and their products, and received back after harvest. Before the seed thus obtained is allowed to pass into the hands of the retailer it is once more tested to see if its growth is perfect.

As in the case of famous racehorses, the pedigrees of these precious stock-seeds are carefully preserved in large, heavy-locked ledgers, so that the family tree of each class of seed may be readily traced back through generations of ancestors. This is a highly important and intricate part of the detail of the business.

The trial-grounds on which these test results are obtained are likewise replete with interest. The seeds to be tested are sown in short rows, each row being numbered, and a full description kept in the firm's books. When the blooms have reached maturity they are examined as to colour, habit, size, &c., and should any 'rogues' be present they are carefully noted in the firm's trial-books.

In another warehouse there is to be seen a large staff busy with the execution of orders for bulbs. These also had travelled far and wide ere they reached the heart of foggy London. The bulk came from Holland; for instance, such hyacinths as Czar Peter and La Grandesse, with their gorgeous scented blooms, or the stately *Tulipa Gregii* and delicately tinted Murillo tulips. There are, however, also lilies from Japan, freesias from France and Sicily, beautiful ranunculi from Italy and Anjou, not to mention narcissi from the Channel and Scilly Isles, tuberoses from the United States, and lily of the valley from Germany.

The vegetable department is equally fascinating. For example, Rochfort's Market, one of the choicer varieties of cucumber-seed, has a wholesale value of about eighteen shillings per ounce, or thirty-two thousand two hundred and fifty-six pounds per ton —if such an immense quantity were required by any individual, which is never the case.

When we realise that one ton of this seed might, on an average, produce something like seven hundred and sixteen million eight hundred thousand cucumber plants, we may have some faint idea of the truly appalling and colossal vista of indigestion for which it would be responsible should an unwary public have no proper regard for its *petites Maries*.

Cauliflower-seed is here in abundance, and not less interesting from the fact that it has been grown on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius and fertilised by the lava poured out in past ages, possibly even by that which engulfed historic Herculaneum itself.

Tiers and tiers of sacks are piled high up on this floor, all filled with broad beans, the greater part of the early varieties of which have been grown near Seville or on the plains of Italy. Quantities of peas of all varieties are collected on another floor, hundreds of tons of the seed of this favourite vegetable passing through the building in one season. Hundreds of bushels of these have come the three months' journey by sailing-vessel from New Zealand; others have been brought from Canada; others again have been harvested in the fertile plains of Germany near the Hartz Mountains.

Elsewhere are stored immense quantities of the scarlet-runner bean. How little the amateur gardener, when he invests threepence in half a pint for his garden, knows about his purchase, or realises how far these beans may have come! There flashes through his mind no picture of the districts in far-away Galicia, behind the Carpathians, where they have been harvested. The work of farming and harvesting these beans is done mainly by peasants quaintly dressed in their native garb of sheepskins, who cultivate small portions of ground. After harvest these men flock to the local markets, each with the produce of his small plot of land, which he disposes of to the buyer. The buyers, chiefly Jews, make a good profit as middlemen between the peasant cultivators and the British wholesale merchant, and hundreds of bushels of beans are thus sent *viâ* Danzig and Hamburg to London. In a lofty granary are piled quantities of radish-seed, of which some growers plant as many as twenty bushels. How insignificant seems the ordinary ounce one buys when compared with this! Close by are stored tons and tons of the seed from which our favourite spring onion is raised, and which claims southern France as its home.

It is wonderful to note the care necessary for the production of those velvety lawns for which the British Isles are so famous. The answer given by the old gardener at one of the Oxford colleges to

the American who asked him for his lawn-recipe does not quite suffice.

'You cuts un and rolls un and cuts un and rolls un,' replied the old man.

'Is that all that is required?' asked the stranger.

'Ye-es, just cuts un and rolls un for two hundred years, or more, and you gets your lawn all right.'

Something more is required than even this, however. The seed has been collected from many countries. Germany, Holland, Canada, New Zealand, Ireland, and the county of Kent all contribute their share towards it. The different samples thus obtained are thoroughly cleaned and 'screened,' so that no foreign weed may remain. The natural grasses are then mixed with just as great care as the tea-merchant devotes to the blending of his teas or the chemist to the making-up of an important and intricate medicine; indeed, the sheet descriptive of the ingredients resembles nothing more than a doctor's prescription. The quantities of each variety are all accurately specified and the names written in Latin (Latin, be it said, peculiar to the seedsman and scarcely admissible in classic circles).

Another interesting department is that of the pea-pickers. About a hundred women are employed for the work. They are seated in rows at desk-shaped benches, and bright and happy they look working away as their tongues keep tune to their hands. Rapidly they pick out the bad peas and allow the good to fall through a hole in the desk into a bag beneath. This bad seed, when carefully separated, is used for feeding purposes. In an ordinary way these women pick from five to six bushels per day; but should the peas be weathered, as in the last season, it might take two days to pick a single bushel.

Wonderful to tell, the seedsman has also his incubator. In a room at the top of one of the buildings are found hundreds of small pots containing growing seeds. These are tests to ascertain whether or not the seeds will really grow, and in this way every lot of seed which comes into the warehouse is at once sampled—that is, fifty or one hundred seeds are counted out and placed in the testing-chamber. The results of these growths are recorded in a book, and later transferred by the testing-man into the large locked ledgers which have been already mentioned; thus percentages of the growths are obtained.

To prove the correctness of these results, a duplicate sample of seeds is put into an incubator, much after the fashion adopted by the scientist to propagate his bacilli. The seeds are wrapped in blotting-paper, then put on thick sheets of the same, and placed on zinc trays; they are then thoroughly damped and left in a hot chamber to germinate, which takes about two days. The necessity of the portly pedigree-books becomes at once apparent, because no matter what information is required, they can give it all. At a glance one can see what quantity of stock exists, where grown, and from what parentage.

The busiest time in one of these warehouses is naturally from November until February, when enormous quantities of seeds and bulbs pass through the buildings, and any one who is then lucky enough to obtain permission to visit one of these closely guarded depositories, teeming with interest, will scarcely regret the hour thus spent.

DIPLOMACY.

CHAPTER II.

PUNCTUALLY at half-past three Lady Fortesque set out for her promised call. The cobs trotted steadily through the park and surrounding plantations, rabbits and pheasants moving leisurely from the grass-border of the winding drive into the thick cover on either side as the carriage passed. Once through the lodge-gate at the foot of the slope, they dashed at a brisker pace past the ruins of the Abbey and along the level mile of road that separated the park from the village, but were checked to a quick walk as they ascended the cottage-studded hill. The lord of the manor of Bredon was proud of the village, and of the fact that there were no two houses alike in it—forty years of judicious repair and patching having been successful in retaining the century-old cottages, whether of stone, red brick, or timber-work, in snug and habitable repair. Men touched their hats, and more than one woman came hastily to her door to make her curtsey and receive Lady Fortesque's pleasant smile and nod in return; for the baronet and his wife having adhered to their resolution to dwell among their own people, the old-fashioned relations between landowner and tenant still obtained in the village, notwithstanding that coal-pits and ironworks were plainly visible from the summit of Bredon Hill.

Lady Fortesque stopped at a house which presented a shoulder of back premises to the road, and telling the groom to return for her in two hours' time, opened the little wicket of the garden. At an open casement-window which looked upon a sloping lawn her visitor of the morning was seated with a book, which she still held as she welcomed Lady Fortesque in the porch. The girl's eyes were bright with eager anxiety and expectation; but she said nothing as she led the way to a low, quaint drawing-room where her aunt was seated by a smouldering fire.

Miss Manners, to whose care Dorothy's mother—a sister much younger than herself—had left her

orphan child fifteen years ago, was a little old lady, plain in features but dainty in dress and movement. Any pleasure she felt in seeing Lady Fortesque—and nobody could have been more welcome to her at that moment—was to a great extent concealed by a formal and somewhat cold precision of manner. Her guest being seated in a low chair near to her own, she turned to her niece.

'Dorothy, my dear, I will get you, with Lady Fortesque's permission, to carry a small parcel which you will find on the dining-room sideboard to Mrs Deaves. I shall be glad to know how she is to-day.'

Dorothy, considerably relieved, disappeared, and for ten minutes the conversation meandered through a series of commonplaces, the elder lady evidently skirting the brink of some more serious depth into which she longed, yet hesitated, to plunge. At length her visitor, who felt herself in possession of the situation, determined to give her old friend a lead.

'Dorothy looks well,' she remarked.

'Dorothy—oh yes,' said the old lady, with the nervous flutter of one conscious of having received a sudden push—as indeed she had; then, making a decided half-turn in her chair towards Lady Fortesque, she went on: 'I am really quite glad—particularly glad, I may say—that you happened to call this afternoon, my dear Lady Fortesque, for I feel myself—that is—I am rather troubled about Dorothy.'

Lady Fortesque's features expressed sympathy without the assistance of her lips, and Miss Manners continued:

'Not about her health—which, as you say, is excellent; nor her conduct—always a dear, dutiful child to me; but the fact is, I have received a letter—it came yesterday—which gives me very great anxiety.'

Here she paused, but Lady Fortesque decided to await greater explicitness in the safety of silence.

'It is from a gentleman—a young man, you know—who wishes to marry her—ultimately that is, of course.' Having at last disgorged her secret, Miss Manners leaned back in her chair with a momentary air of relief.

'Indeed? And, meanwhile, I suppose he writes to ask your sanction to their engagement?'

'Yes, that is what I gather.'

'Well, his writing thus to you speaks for his good feeling and honour—especially nowadays, does it not? when young people are so much inclined to settle such things entirely between themselves. And the young man is'——

'It is young Mr Maddison.'

'Ah! Well, it is only what I should have expected of him, certainly; a more upright, gentlemanly young fellow I do not know, and I have known him twenty years. Dorothy is young, of course; but they can wait. You will soon set their anxiety at rest—or perhaps have done so already.'

'No—no. I have not written as yet, and I have said nothing to Dorothy.'

'Does she know of his application to you?'

'No. I gather from his letter that any understanding between them must be merely—tacit.'

'Dorothy is unaware of his having written, then?'

'Yes—that is—she did indeed bring up the letter, I believe. Yes, the post was late, and Jane had already brought up my early cup of tea. So she may have suspected.'

'Most probably,' said Lady Fortesque.

Miss Manners fingered her shawl nervously for a minute in silence. 'It is, as you say, a straightforward course to take. I could show you the letter'—but she did not pursue any half-formed resolution to do so—'and the young man's character is, of course, excellent, in many ways; but it is not what I should have chosen for Dorothy—not at all!'

Lady Fortesque smiled.

'For Dorothy we should all like to choose perfection, I am sure; but I do not think that Frank Maddison falls so far short of that as to give much cause for doubt as to her happiness with him.'

Miss Manners shook her head slightly and looked steadily at the carpet.

'I fear his views on Church matters are very wanting—in firmness,' she said at length.

Lady Fortesque prudently held her tongue.

'I could wish dear Dorothy's husband, when she has one—especially if a clergyman—to be a person prepared to make a firm stand against indifference to ritual—and to—to so many things.' Then, with a not very successful air of changing the subject, she added, 'I suppose we shall soon be having the new rector announced?'

'Very shortly, I think, you may expect news.'

Miss Manners looked a score of questions, and Lady Fortesque went on.

'There have been reasons for the delay; indeed, Sir John has not even yet announced his decision to me; but I have reason to think his choice will give general satisfaction.'

Miss Manners looked as if she were doubtful as to her feelings following the general current.

'Sir John, like you, finds it difficult to get absolutely everything he would like. But when there are solid, sterling qualities, one must put up with slight differences of opinion in unessentials. That is so, is it not?'

Again Miss Manners shook her head slightly to herself. After a moment's silence she ventured another cast of her line.

'Sir John will probably appoint some one whom he knows well?'

'Well, you know Sir John's regard for old things in general, and old friends in particular.'

Miss Manners determined to try a more circuitous method.

'If I declined—that is, refused my consent to Mr Maddison's proposal—it would be awkward if he should happen to settle anywhere near?' she said.

Lady Fortesque smiled enigmatically.

'It would, of course. On the other hand, if you

decide to sanction the engagement, and he *should* come into the neighbourhood, it would be pleasant always to have Dorothy somewhere near at hand. You and she will both feel parting after so many years of love and kindness.'

Both words and tone struck home, and a tear rolled down the thin cheek of the elder lady. There was silence for a minute; then, as the click of the garden-gate announced Dorothy's return, Miss Manners, feeling herself in a sad dilemma, did what was with her a rare thing.

'What would you suggest—that is, if you were in my place? I merely ask—of course I must consider.'

'Of course, dear Miss Manners, you must act on your own discretion—which, I think, is not likely to fail you. But as a good foundation of pounds, shillings, and pence is desirable for married life, and Frank's fortune is small, what if you were to tell him that before any definite engagement is entered into you would wish him to have a living in prospect?—a curacy is such a terribly uncertain thing, of course.'

Dorothy's entrance was followed by tea, and soon after Lady Fortesque drove away.

As she kissed Dorothy at the gate she said, 'Cheer up, my dear; I think things will go well—after a time at any rate.'

. . . . . .

'Poor Frank!' thought Lady Fortesque, as she drove home through the fragrant evening air, 'between Sir John's fear of high ritual and doctrine, and Miss Manners's desire for it, a middle course seems likely to contradict the proverb and to bring you anything but safety. But let me see if I cannot steer your barque successfully between Scylla and Charybdis, and so bring you into the port of a comfortable living and a sweet wife. Only, I must lose no time, for there is none to spare.'

That evening, when the baronet and his wife had adjourned to the library after dinner, and the candles were lit, Lady Fortesque opened the last battery upon her unsuspecting husband.

'John, we must, I fear, begin to look forward to losing a friend.'

'Eh—what?' exclaimed Sir John, starting out of a speculation as to the result of a new theory for improving damaged hay, propounded to him that afternoon by an enterprising tenant. 'Lose a friend, Augusta? No one ill, I hope?'

'No; but a certain lady is growing weary of a single life.' Then, as her husband continued to regard her with utter bewilderment, she added, 'Dorothy is as good as engaged, I think.'

'Dorothy! You don't say so. And to whom, pray?'

'To Frank Maddison.'

'Did she tell you so?'

'I had a cup of tea with Miss Manners this afternoon. The old lady has had a letter from Frank, asking her sanction of the engagement.'

'Umph! She'll consent, of course.'

'Yes, I think so; but reluctantly. She thinks Frank "Low"—a different point of view from yours, you see,' said Lady Fortesque, with a little laugh.

The baronet sat in silence. The news was, as his wife had foreseen, a great blow, for the girl was very dear to the childless couple. Lady Fortesque fired another volley.

'I am sorry in a way—selfishly, of course. One could not hope to keep Dorothy near us for ever, but that doesn't make the prospect of parting any the lighter. These changes don't suit old people like us, John.'

Her husband uncrossed his legs and shifted in his chair with an impatient movement. Lady Fortesque went on.

'I certainly could not wish her a better husband, and so I told Miss Manners.'

'Good husband enough, as far as that goes; but why could she not marry some one in the neighbourhood?'

'I think I should be as much at a loss to select a husband in the neighbourhood that would meet your approval—not to speak of Dorothy's—as I was this morning with the clergy. Well, John, I am a little tired, so will leave you to finish your cigar.' And Lady Fortesque left the room.

Any thought Sir John had entertained of justifying his decision by argument had to be abandoned. Looking into the dying embers of the fire, he did indeed attempt to adjust the pros and cons of the question of the living fairly in his own mind. But he found the task a difficult one. And here was a fresh complication—a new wrench out of the old groove threatened him. Dorothy going—would be gone in no time—young folks were so impatient. The child he had danced on his knee, and who was but a child still in his eyes! Going goodness only knew where—to some factory-town perhaps, for there were good livings in such places, and the lad would get a living quickly enough, no doubt. He was clever—yes, and a good lad too—just like his father in face and manner. His father—there again, poor Maddison! Many a kindness he had had from him when he, John Fortesque, was pitchforked, a raw country boy, into the little world of Rugby—for the Fortesques had always been a stay-at-home race. Yes, many a kindness had Jack Maddison done him; and now he was going to return them by passing over his only son, and giving the little he had to give to a stranger.

The baronet brushed his hand across his grizzled eyebrows and started to his feet.

'No, no,' he muttered to himself, 'I'm getting an old fellow and can't understand these newfangled notions; but I know the difference between gratitude and ingratitude. Let's live by the lights we have—they'll last my time.'

He seated himself at the great oak writing-desk at his elbow, and for ten minutes his pen scratched vigorously. Then he rose from his seat and rang the bell.

'Wade,' said he to the old butler who answered the summons, 'see that the postman has this when he comes in the morning. I want it to catch the midday post. You can put the lights out, Wade —good-night!'

The morning hours are well known to bring 'cool reflection' upon many a deed done overnight; and though Sir John by no means regretted his sudden decision and consequent action of the evening before, yet he prudently decided to await an answer to his letter before telling Lady Fortesque of the step he had taken to rid himself of the load of care which had gathered on his shoulders. It was not impossible that Frank might already have received the offer of a living; at any rate, he would not shout till he was safely out of the wood. But the second morning brought Frank's letter of grateful acceptance, and set his fears at rest. He passed it to his wife.

'My dear,' he said, 'I've offered the living to Frank Maddison, and he's coming. I suppose his views are rather beyond my comprehension, and I don't quite know how he'll get on here. But I can't pass over the son of one of my oldest friends. If he does wrong it's his fault, not mine.'

Tears sprang to Lady Fortesque's eyes as she laid her hand on her husband's.

'My dear, you have come to a very wise decision, as I knew you would. Believe me, you will never regret it.'

Nor did Frank Maddison ever give his patron cause.

Later in the day Dorothy appeared, radiant with happiness.

'Oh, Lady Fortesque, only fancy! I have heard from Frank, and we are to be engaged. Auntie wrote to say "Yes" after you called. And—oh, but of course you know what else!'

Lady Fortesque placed her hands on the girl's shoulders, and looked into her happy face with kindly, smiling eyes.

'What else, you greedy child? Surely nothing else was wanted after that?'

'Yes, because auntie said there must be no definite engagement till Frank got a living; and Sir John offered him Bredon by the very same post, and I know you did it all.'

And diplomacy being no longer necessary, Lady Fortesque did not deny it.

THE END.

IN THE ALBAN HILLS.

WHEN the spring in Rome—which is, of course, much earlier than it is with us—begins to advance, and the air is full of the scent of orange-blossom; when the picturesque green carts of the venders of lemonade and *gelati* appear; when the morning cry of '*Ricotta fresca*' gives place to that of '*Acqua acetosa*,' and the town goes fast asleep between the hours of 11 A.M. and 3 P.M., then the few *forestieri* who have lingered to enjoy the delights of the Eternal City begin to think longingly of fresher air and cooler heights. We were among these after our winter sojourn, and I suggested to my commanding officer that a month in the Alban Hills would be delightful, and that, if he would only accompany me there, I would make everything easy, so that there should be no rough places for his feet to tread on. '*Facilis descensus Averni*,' quoted he with much irrelevancy, for we were going up, not down, and I hoped that we should find ourselves in a paradise of cool breezes and mountain air, after the heat in Rome, which was just beginning to be trying, and from which we were longing to escape. Often, as we drove along the Appian Way, over the hot stretches of the Campagna, we lifted up our eyes to the hills, and thought that from thence would come our help. But, although we scoured the surrounding villages, it was very difficult to find anything in the way of comfortable lodging, and the hotels were most unpromising; so we had almost given up the hope of finding what would suit us, when a friend who had a small house in one of the hill-villages most kindly offered it to us, as she was suddenly recalled to England, and could no longer occupy it that season.

I must mention that my friend is a very brave woman. She was the only *forestiera* in the village —as far as I could make out, the only person above the rank of a peasant, excepting perhaps the village priest—and she used to walk all over the surrounding hills and country with only her dog for company and protection. I felt too cowardly for this; but then I had the C.O., who, though he thinks me rather a nuisance when I ask to be escorted to some delightfully sketchable but out-of-the-way spot, is yet far too chivalrous to desert me and leave me a prey to Campagna dogs (which are first-cousins to wolves) or to predatory brigands. So, after a little discussion, his 'Nay, nay,' becomes 'Yea, yea,' and we prepare to migrate.

It is late on a lovely spring afternoon as we steam slowly across the Campagna through a sea of golden mist which fades into dim, blue distances where lies our goal, a village perched high above the calm waters of Lake Albano. At the little station we find Emilio—a *vetturino* known to us in Rome—who is to drive us up the hill to Casa D., where our two maids, Marietta and Veronica, are already awaiting our arrival. Long before we reach the house we see their heads hanging out of the window, and they rush tumultuously down the stair to greet us, chattering with true Italian volubility, and pouring

forth their delight with everything: the house, the furniture, the village, the people, the kitchen, and the view. '*Venga, venga, signora,*' they cry, and I am half-pushed, half-carried up a good many steep stairs, till I reach the *appartamento* and am dragged triumphantly to the wide-open window.

What a view! Far, far away on the horizon lies a faint blue streak which I know is the Mediterranean merging into the deeper blue of the Campagna, itself a sea into which have been engulfed so many centuries. Here and there an ancient ruin of tomb or temple, splendid in decay, is touched by the declining sun, and the medieval fortress of the Savelli, which once gazed proudly down on them, is crumbling to the same ruin, sinking to the same decay. But the forest of great ilexes to our right stands firm, and the centuries only add to its strength and beauty; a temple not made with hands, into which, spring after spring, come cyclamen and anemones, 'the pied wind-flowers,' golden daffodils and narcissi, 'the fairest among them all,' to worship in serried ranks. The tall spires of the cypress-trees sway gently to and fro in the faintly stirring breeze, whispering softly to each other. Of what hidden things do they discourse? What stories of generations passed away, of lovers' vows, of deeds of blood and rapine do they tell? They have seen them all; but, though I strain my ears, I catch no echo of those ancient tales. They keep their secrets and nod their graceful heads to each other as though in pity for us modern mortals who know so little. Away on the horizon, almost lost in the evening mists, looms the great dome of St Peter's, which scarcely ever seems to be blotted out. If at any time storm or rain-clouds obscure it for a moment, the peasants are unhappy and look for some great calamity.

Marietta draws me back to prose with a demand that I shall at once proceed to admire the kitchen, to her by far the most important room in the house, the casket in which her genius—and she *is* a culinary genius—is to be enshrined. And I find the kitchen is a poem too, for 'Soracte' has invaded it; the cupola of the old church looks in at the window, dark against the primrose evening sky; and the joyful clangour of the bells says, 'Good people, come and pray, come and pray.'

It is a muezzin which calls me to the house-top, from which I look sheer down (for our village is set on a hill) into the clear depths of Lake Albano, where I see reflected in its calm waters Monte Cavo and the modern church and convent which have replaced the magnificent temple of the Latian Jupiter once crowning its summit, where those Roman generals, who for some reason were denied the honour of a triumph at the Capitol, could receive a kind of minor triumph called an ovation, and where they were crowned with myrtle instead of laurel.

But the sun sinks, and quickly comes the dark; a somewhat icy chill sweeps up from the plain below. I hasten down to unpack and arrange the few books and sketches we have brought with us, and to the unwritten poem of Marietta's excellent dinner. How she manages to provide it I know not. Her kitchen-range consists of what an English cook would call two small holes in a hot-plate, and declare to be absolutely incapable of cooking anything. But there it is, tempting and dainty as though manipulated by Soyer himself, though I doubt whether even he could have produced such delicious *spaghetti* or such succulent *salt' in bocca*. These dainties are washed down by the wine of the country, cheap and delicious; and, hungry after our journey, the C.O. and I do full justice to Marietta's cookery. It is too late and too dark to explore on the first evening, so we retire to rest, to be serenaded by the nightingales in the gardens of the Villa Barberini, and to listen to the croaking of the frogs that hold their parliament in the garden by the lake, and apparently have a Speaker and a good many Irish members whom he in vain endeavours to silence.

Our village, from the time of Pope Urban VIII. (Barberini) up to 1870, was the summer residence of the Popes, and Pius IX. was often to be met riding on his milk-white mule and attended by his Court and Cardinals. Now the palace is closed and the gardens neglected, though perhaps they have gained in beauty by being left to their own wild, natural luxuriance.

Two roads lead from Castello to Albano, the *gallerie di sopra e di sotto*. They are overhung by magnificent old trees, ilexes for the most part. Oddly enough, the trees belong to the Pope and the road to the municipality (at least so we were told); but I never could discover who was the owner of the roots.

In the morning we are roused by hearing Natale, who afterwards proves to be our much-valued factotum, carrying in barrels of water, our supply for the day; and we rise and dress with all the speed we can command, knowing how much we want to see and do. But there are many interruptions: the life of the village street, as seen from my window, is so picturesque and amusing! Here are orange and lemon sellers with barrows piled with the golden fruit, fresh, I am sure, from the Garden of the Hesperides, delicious little wood-strawberries from Nemi, and a cart containing *finocchi* (fennel), onions, and potatoes. This one is greatly patronised by the villagers, who appear to live principally on beans (*fagioli*), *finocchi*, and garlic. Then the village priest comes by on his way to church; all the children run to him, and, curtseying, kiss the trembling old hand which he lays on their heads and blesses them as they trot off to school. Presently we hear the murmuring of a chant, and a humble funeral climbs the hill—a simple coffin enough, with one poor wreath of roses for decoration, but followed by hired mourners all dressed in scarlet and carrying lighted candles: a pagan custom which still survives all over Italy.

After breakfast I have a consultation with

Marietta, who wishes to know if I think the C.O. can live on *finocchi* and beans, as there appears to be nothing else procurable, and the bread turns out uneatable. So I write to Rome to have our bread sent out by parcel post, and then Marietta and I start for Albano, a pleasant drive through the woods, to see what we can find there. I leave her there to struggle with the housekeeping difficulties; and, picking up the C.O., we drive on towards Nemi, through Ariccia and Genzano. We cross the valley, high above the gorge, by a splendid viaduct built by order of Pius IX., probably to render less difficult his own drives from Castello rather than for any other reason. The modern Via Appia is thus carried across, without descending into, the valley.

Emilio points out to us the tombs of the Horatii and Curiatii, a huge square base supporting four cones and a central chamber with many creepers which cling lovingly to the time-stained walls. Unfortunately for us we cannot give absolute credence to Emilio's statement, as we have already seen the sepulchres of these heroes close to Rome, on the old Appian Way; and later, on reference to learned authorities, we are told that it is probably the burial-place of Prince Aruns, the son of Lars Porsenna of Clusium, the opponent of that Horatius who kept the bridge so well 'in the brave days of old.' But neither the C.O. nor I are antiquaries, and it makes small difference to us who found his last resting-place in these grand old ruins, spared by the centuries and dressed by them in mantles of green to hide the scars left by time and war and tumult.

We drive on, sometimes through dim and silent woods—silent, for it is high noon, and the birds are taking their midday siesta—sometimes along the open highway, where golden cistus grows wild by the roadside and the banks are flushed with a blue cloud of forget-me-nots and violets. We see over long stretches of Campagna, whose opalescent hues are ever shifting and changing, to where the misty blue distance of the sea bounds the horizon. It is difficult—nay, impossible—on a hot and hazy day to see where blue Campagna melts into bluer sea; and as I gaze, the centuries roll back. I see Roman galleys riding proudly into Ostia, whose stately temples and villas rise out of the mists of time. Nearer are droves of mules laden with skins of wine, the plebeian's humble wagon, the patrician's chariot, villas whose dimensions almost equal those of a town, altars, shrines, splendid tombs and temples, and cultivation everywhere. Alas! now it is but a malaria-haunted plain, but so beautiful in death that one almost dreads the moment, slowly but surely coming, when advancing Rome will seize it in her arms, will repopulate and cultivate it, and Art and Poetry, which dwell there now, will spread their wings and flee away before approaching civilisation.

Leaving Ariccia—with its lofty dome, its mimulus-covered fountain, and its huge Chigi Palace—behind us, we reach Genzano, known for its wine and for the lovely gardens of the Villa Cesarini, which slope down to the borders of the Lake of Nemi. From the top of the hill we obtain a distant view of Civita Lavinia, which occupies the site of the ancient city of Lanuvium, celebrated for the worship of Juno Sospita. We long to pass beyond its dark and frowning walls of Peperino; but that must be reserved for another day, and soon we turn off to the left and climb the hill to Nemi, sitting aloft on the edge of the cliff which overhangs the lake, towered over by its grand old castle. We meet the peasants coming home with well-filled baskets from the strawberry-beds which now cover the ground once sacred to Diana, singing *stornelli* as they go. They are handsome but poor and ill-fed, a contrast to our Castello folk, who are apparently well nourished and well-to-do. From the top of the hill we get another of the many glorious views which surround us. We look down into the glassy 'mirror of Diana,' as ancient writers call the lake, 'all coiled into itself and round,' and guarding jealously within its waters the ships of Caligula which, possibly, were used to convey the worshippers from the other side of the lake to the famous temple of Diana which once stood on its shores. Nibby, who was present at the investigations carried on in 1827, believed that the pretended ships were only the wooden piles and timbers used in the foundations of a building; but as recently as 1895 it was ascertained by thorough and satisfactory diving that two Roman galleys do actually lie in the embrace of the soft and smiling lake, which clasps them so closely in its arms that up to the present they have resisted all attempts to raise them. But splendid trophies were brought to light: bronze heads of lions and wolves holding mooring-rings in their jaws, a fine head of Medusa, and a water-pipe bearing an inscription from which archæologists have concluded that these galleys were constructed by Caligula about the year 37 A.D.

We have driven almost round the lake, and on the opposite shore we see below us the Villa Cesarini, surrounded by its plane and olive trees, and our sight vaults the hill and is once more met by the golden Campagna.

We turn our horse's head reluctantly; but we have a long drive before us, and it will be late before we reach home, and Marietta's *chef-d'œuvres* and her temper will suffer.

Another day we drive to Grotta Ferrata, passing through the picturesque town of Marino, once a medieval stronghold of the great family of the Orsini, but apparently entirely held by an army of beggars now, who pursue us for a good mile, undeterred by objurgations in the C.O.'s best Italian or even by vicious slashes from Emilio's whip; only exhaustion and want of breath at last cause them to drop off one by one, and we are left to pursue our way through lovely lanes made musical by the tinkling bells of the goats or the deeper tones of those of the convent. We fill the carriage with

wild-flowers: blue, white, and red anemones, cistus, daffodils, cyclamen, violets—almost the last, alas! for they will soon wither up before the scorching breath of summer. The fair one with the golden locks, the lovely yellow banksia, nods at us in great masses of golden bloom over the garden walls as we drive into Grotta Ferrata and make straight for the church and great fortified monastery, which is what we have come to see, and where the service is performed in Greek according to the Greek ritual. It was founded by St Nilus, a Calabrian Greek, who became a monk after the death of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached. After many adventures he went to Rome, where he opposed Pope Gregory V., who had been set up by the Emperor Otho III. after he had deposed Pope John XV. and put out his eyes.

St Nilus, after writing a strong rebuke to the Emperor, threatening him with the vengeance of God, fled to the spot now called Grotta Ferrata. Here the Virgin appeared to him in a dream, and commanded him to build a church. He placed a picture of her in the grotto, and surrounded it with an iron railing; hence the name Grotta Ferrata. The castellated convent was built in his memory by his friend and successor, St Bartolomeo. At a distance it looks more like a fortress than a monastery; but it possesses a fine campanile of the tenth century. There are some interesting mosaics in the church, the doors are beautifully carved, and in the chapel of the first abbot, St Bartolomeo, are Domenichino's famous frescoes of events in the life of St Nilus.

The villagers are not of particularly good repute, and Emilio tells us that until quite recently he used always to carry a revolver with him; but now the roads and woods are strongly patrolled by the Carabinieri, and are considered to be quite safe within this distance of Rome. Veronica, who has a brother in this fine corps, tells me that farther in the mountains the Carabinieri lead a very perilous life, and if they have to make an arrest, are very likely to get a knife into them for their pains.

It is not late, and we are not tired when we reach home, so after dinner we go for a stroll in the gardens of the Villa Barberini, of which we have the key.

What words can describe the beauties of the sunset as we watch it from the terrace of the villa, perched so high above the plain that we seem to float between the glories of heaven and earth? The hills are soft rose and amethyst, the earth on fire with flames of crimson and orange, a conflagration in which all the ruins seem to burn in a golden furnace. Away in the west a shining streak meets the sunset and melts into it in floods of scarlet light. Above, in the peaceful heavens, light clouds are floating, pale-pink islands in an ocean of tender green and yellow, into which we sail away on the ship called Fancy, trimming the sails of imagination as we go. Then the tender tones deepen, the sunset comes with a rush, the opalescent hues fade; crimson, scarlet, orange, gold, take the western sky by assault, and the sun melts in some giant crucible of the gods. Waves of blue and purple shadow, shot through and through with a rosy splendour, steal over the Campagna, except where from north to south, as if drawn by some titanic brush, lies a streak of sharpest, purest yellow. Then, softly, a dim veil of mist is drawn between us and these glories; the fires fade into gray ashes, a chill creeps up from the plain, and the stars come out one by one. The notes of the nightingale bubble up from the garden behind us, and a little downy owl, who has his home somewhere in the grand old avenue of umbrella-pines, calls to us softly through the twilight. 'Come,' says the C.O., 'it is not safe to stay here any longer;' so we go in, and before long, with an early rise before us, we are in our beds; but the nightingale and the little downy owl have so much to say to me that it is long before I am able to sleep and become unconscious of their importunate voices.

The next few days I devote to sketching, while the C.O. takes long rides and walks in all directions, accompanied by Pasquale, my friend's big white sheep-dog, very friendly to us—we have been introduced—but likely to make himself disagreeable to a troublesome beggar or even to a brigand. We lock up the house; and Marietta, in the intervals of her culinary labours, poses for me, kneeling at a shrine on the public highway, while Veronica carries most of my sketching-traps, and, bringing her work, sits beside me and discourses affably while I paint. Imagine the feelings of an English cook and housemaid under these circumstances! All the *contadini* stop for a chat as they pass, and often offer themselves as models. They are always polite and friendly, and are kind enough to express favourable opinions as to my work. '*Come rassomiglia*,' they say of my picture of Marietta, quite untruly, as I have flattered her greatly and considerably diminished the size of her waist; but whatever their feelings, they are too courteous to do anything but praise.

One day we drive to Frascati through a land of corn and olives, where masses of pink almond-blossom bloom amid the green. The little place boasts of no beauty, and is only important as being the centre of the villas which give its charm to the town. The buildings do not attract us; they are mostly of the seventeenth century, and possess the pretentious ugliness of that period; but the trees are glorious, and there are fine old moss-grown fountains in abundance, and views over the Campagna of surpassing loveliness. The Villas Aldobrandini and Mondragone are considered the finest; but my heart is won by the smaller Villa Falconieri, which possesses an exquisite garden and a tiny green lake which looks like a mirror made from one big polished emerald.

Leaving the carriage at Frascati, we take donkeys for the excursion to Tusculum—at least I mount a

donkey, for the C.O. prefers using his own legs; and, passing through groves of laurustinus and between banks carpeted with wild-flowers, we reach first the slight remains of the small amphitheatre, of which the ruins excavated in 1839 are quite important. Higher still are the remains of the *arx*, or citadel, which was besieged in 457 B.C., and only taken when the garrison was starved out. Its high situation gave it great advantages, as its defenders were able to see a Roman army as it issued from the Porta Latina. Cicero's villa is also a great attraction here. The climb is too much for me, so I leave the C.O. to go on alone; and, enthroning myself on one of the seats of the theatre, I drink in the lovely view over the Latian plains, the soft blues and grays of the distant hills, far away on the horizon Rome, the great dome towering over it, and in the foreground the remains of what were once 'the white streets of Tusculum, the proudest town of all.'

I have time to make a hasty sketch, and Veronica (who, accompanied by the tea-basket, has been brought with us) has prepared our afternoon meal before I am rejoined by the C.O. We greatly enjoy our tea in this invigorating hill-air, and empty the dregs from our cups over a bit of ancient marble pavement where, doubtless, the Romans of old poured to the gods libations of Chian wine from priceless myrrhine cups.

But of all the exquisite views which we find day after day in these most exquisite hills, I love best the one from Rocca di Papa. The village itself clings almost vertically to the volcanic cone on which it is situated, the houses (or hovels) appearing to be built one on the top of the other, the cellars of some standing on the roofs of those beneath them. The people are dirty and savage in appearance, and have an unpleasant reputation for brigandage and violence, though they are picturesque; and the little half-naked children are often of exceeding beauty. Driving through the village and by the beautiful terrace overhung with ilexes, we come to the little church of the Madonna del Tufo, from the platform in front of which we get a view of dream-like loveliness over the Lakes of Albano and Nemi, Castello with its palace and dome, the great rolling Campagna in waves of green, yellow, rose, and violet; and sometimes at sunset may be descried Corsica and Sardinia hanging like gray ghosts on the horizon.

There is so much to see that the days race by with Atalanta-like speed. We pay a visit to the Emissarium, constructed in 394 B.C. in answer to the Oracle, which declared that the Romans should not conquer Veii until the waters of Lake Albano ceased to flow into the sea. We scramble down to the water's edge through thickets of genista, and find the opening enclosed in a lovely *nymphæum*. The *custode* opens the grating, and we set fire to our little paper-boats which the Italians call *fates*, and see them disappearing in the distance, to be carried into the Tiber where the waters empty themselves.

We take another scrambling walk to the Franciscan monastery, gathering hepaticas and every shade and variety of anemone by the way, and examine with much interest a consular tomb cut in the rock.

But the day is approaching when we must leave these lovely Alban Hills and follow the swallows which have already flown northwards. Our last evening comes, our packing is done, Marietta and Veronica are dissolved in tears, and even the cheerful Emilio looks dull and out of spirits.

We take our last walk under the solemn pines; for the last time we watch the sunset from the terrace blazing as if for a burnt-sacrifice; for the last time we watch the moon rise over Monte Cavo and flood the lake with silver. The frogs under our window are more loquacious than usual, and croak what we fervently hope may be '*A rivederci.*' The noisy cicala chatters in the garden below, the little downy owl cries plaintively at intervals, and the nightingale's song, borne on twilight's wings, floats up melodiously from the pines. Monte Cavo looks like a silver mountain and is reflected in the calm waters of the lake. We almost fancy we see a procession of warriors winding their way up the Via Triumphalis, ghosts of the mighty past. All things above, beneath, around us are glorified by the moonlight into a grace and poetry not theirs by day. One by one the stars light up their lamps and hang them in the sky. The mists creep up along the plain and blot the Campagna from our sight.

A TRANSLATION.

FROM SCHEFFEL'S 'TROMPETER VON SÄKKINGEN.'

A God of hatred in this world hath sown,
For every rose is on a thorn-bush grown,
And what poor minds all longingly descry
A parting ends, unlooked for, suddenly.
In thy dear eyes have I the first time read
Of love and joy whose rays therefrom are spread.
O God of Love! 'twere heaven itself in feu;
O God of Love! it never could come true.

Want, sorrow, hatred, with their wearying strife,
Have driven me, storm-tossed, through my wandering life.
Of peaceful hours and still I dreamed, for me,
Along the road that led me forth to thee.
In thy dear arms for me 'twere heaven enow,
To thee my grateful life—to thee—I'd vow.
O God of Love! 'twere heaven itself in feu;
O God! in mercy, can this ne'er come true?

The wind drives through the leaves—on, on, the storm-clouds lead;
Hail, storm, and rain sweep over wood and mead.
Fit storm and rain! when driven from thy home
Life looms before me dark, like yon gray dome.
Let Fortune frown, let Fortune smile benign,
Thou beauteous maid, my senses make me thine.
O God of Love! 'twere heaven itself in feu;
O God! O God! it never can come true.

C. W. W.

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BEFORE THE DAWN.

A FAINT breeze shivered in the leaves of the aspen-tree. Above the stream lay a long line of mist where the vapour condensed in the chilly morning air. The fields in the distance appeared indistinctly through the gray twilight. Pewits called above the nearer ones, and a sedge-warbler sang continuously from the bushes of the marsh. Bats were returning from their nightly parish haunts and flitting round the old aisle. In the churchyard the light flutter of their wings could be heard—there were so many. Some of them disappeared through the crannies of the loosely slated roof; others came to a wooden-barred window in the end of the church. As the light grew increasing numbers came. Sometimes six or eight bats returned together to the window, like bees to their hive.

While the bats were still coming home, two owls hooted to one another from neighbouring woods. A fainter note preceded the long-drawn *hoo-hoo-hoo-oo* of the nearer one—half screech—as if the bird were clearing its throat. From the open cart-shed barn-swallows twittered, and two presently flew past the church. A wild-duck crossed overhead with whistling flight, returning from feeding among the fields. In the sky to the north-east a steely glare was the only sign of the coming dawn. Overhead the colour grew deeper, and more of a sapphire tint to the south.

As yet the hoot of the owl, the call of the pewit, and the song of the sedge-warbler were the only bird-sounds. But about two o'clock there was a marked stir of life. A redbreast began the general chorus of song. Two blackbirds followed, and a minute after a thrush joined them, whistling loud and clear from the highest sprays of an ash. Chaffinches and willow and common wrens gradually added their song-tribute, and a lark rose into the air to pour forth its matin hymn. *Chee-chee—cheeah*, the yellow-hammer sang lazily in a hawthorn bush. The chilliness of morning gave a crisp, spring feeling to the air, and the swelling song increased the impression of spring. All the promise of the day lies in the morning, as in spring lies all the promise of the year.

Bees were busy among plane-tree blossom, humming pleasantly. Ring-doves cooed, one in the elm-tree by the field-wall. The rookery near the railway sent forth a constant cawing. A cock crowed, and others answered him. The twittering of barn-swallows and house-martins increased. From the moor came the notes of a cuckoo, sounding faint from the distance. Pheasants called in the copse beyond the church. Two horses were eating quietly in a meadow on the other side of the stream. A hare fed quite near them; farther away some cattle were resting. The grass on the embankment was wet with heavy dew. Above, the shivering aspen leaves had two different motions—a circular as well as a swaying one.

Whitethroat, corn-bunting, greenfinch, and more larks had joined the growing bird-chorus. Sometime before sunrise it seems to reach its fullness; then it dies away about dawn, to swell soon after again into a great outburst of song. For more than an hour before dawn the light steadily grew brighter. As we leaned on the tennis-green gate, it was interesting to watch the approaching sunrise. Over the north-east horizon the sky had grown clearer. Suddenly a wave of light swept across the fields. On the green and under the beech-trees the difference was very marked. A strong light seemed to have been turned on all at once where there was a feeble glimmering one before. Across the stream it passed to the woods beyond, then up the rising ground farther away. It was difficult to explain this sudden increase of light; the sun was still a good way beneath the horizon. Nature always works towards her ends by impulses, with sensible pauses between.

A faint rose-tint crept into some cirrus clouds in the north-east. The bright, steely glare moved farther up the sky; to the south, by contrast, the blue had become deeper. A cat returning from hunting the fields crossed the green. Some one was early at work hammering at the metals near the station. *Clank, clank, clank*, sounded clearly on the

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fresh morning air. Gnats were flying about, and midges had begun to be troublesome; a wasp, heavy with night-dews, lit on a beech-leaf near. In the loose tennis-green wall, hidden by ivy-leaves, was a redbreasts' nest. Every few minutes one of the old birds flew to it with food for the young. They often lighted on the branch of a tree above the wall—not by way of precaution, but for convenience. Neither of the birds betrayed any fear; they had never been molested, though people continually passed the nest.

The rosy flush on the cirrus clouds became more decided, changing to carmine and vermilion tints. A line of carriages on the railway reflected from their windows the ever-brightening glow. The centre of radiance on the horizon was behind a beech-tree in the middle of a field, but it moved slowly to the moor farther east. A sparrow gave a lazy chirp about three o'clock; soon after more began to chirp in the ivy. Starlings were calling and whistling on the roof a little before them. The sparrow is the latest of all the birds to get up of a morning though he goes so early to bed. But, once begun, the bright, cheery chirping drowns for a time with its volume every other sound.

The cirrus clouds were merely touched, at first, on their northern sides with rose and bright carmine from the hidden glow. But as it increased the light saturated those that were nearest to the dawn. The height of the cirrus clouds in the air enabled them to reflect the early sun-rays. Nearer the earth a heavy, vapoury cloud moved slowly; it was still a dull grayish-white. The light increased, changing the carmine tints to saffron. It rose higher with growing brightness. Everything was distinct and clear-cut in this early crystalline light, suggesting a picture by Beattie-Brown. Ring-doves began to coo again; the larks sang louder over the fields. With the increasing clearness the hawthorn showed white from its masses of blossom. Into the fresh morning air they distilled their sweetness like the breath of dawn itself.

The rose and carmine tints had mounted the sky; lower there was a golden glow, lighter than buttercup gold, half-way between the beech-tree and the moor. The heavens in the north-east were beautiful beyond words—an embodied aspiration of beauty. The low-hung cloud caught a portion of the upper radiance. Far above it the cirrus became more and more suffused with golden lights. They were pieces of heavenly cloth that invisible hands had strewed before the coming of the king of day. Each cloud was a centre of radiance. Some smaller ones were like sparks of living flame from an unseen furnace, seraphim, spirits of the dawn. But the loveliness was exhausting. All the heart's powers were too feeble to gather it. Heaven's beauty was a thought too great for the mind.

It became a positive pleasure at last to turn from this overpowering radiance to little earthy details. A heron rose from the stream where it had been fishing through the short summer night. Pewits chased it with scolding cries, and the larger bird doubled, when they came near it, with strangely awkward flight. Overhead the rooks were flying to the fields, one or two of them croaking low and half-complacently. A long goods train rolled slowly past the station, and stopped beyond it to shunt off some heavy-laden wagons. The cat was still among the bushes; two blackbirds, with angry *pink-pink*, sought to drive it away from their young. Another blackbird note of alarm is a long-drawn, plaintive *tseep*.

The centre of light had moved to a fir-tree by the edge of the moor. Its dark branches were transfigured by the glow behind them. The silvery radiance dazzled the sight. Suddenly from the wood a strong ray shot up; the upper edge of the great sun followed it. Higher and higher he rose like a huge shield of burnished silver. The birds sang with renewed energy; from all around came a full-throated concert of song. Earth was beautiful in the new-born light. Over fields and stream and woods it passed, recreating everything. The heart paid its orisons in silent admiration. All nature rejoiced to welcome the risen sun.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER XXI.—A DAY OF STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

SHE was certainly very charming, both to look at and to listen to. The little room was dark in the shadow of the storm; but the dancing flames glanced on the shining coils of her dark hair and gleamed in her dark eyes, and the dark room brightened each time she entered it. She moved swiftly and silently, and the soft, light sibilants of her Highland speech taught his ear new possibilities of delights in the English tongue. And the veiled hostility which still peeped from her eyes, and was, to him at all events, observable in her manner, added to the charm of her that touch of piquancy which is more bewitching even than mere beauty of face and figure.

What on earth could make her dislike him so? he wondered, and determined to find out. For he placed no unreasonable value on all she had done for him. She would have done just the same for Mr Duncan Cameron or any one else in similar case. He was in need, and the good Samaritan in her would not let her quite pass by on the other side; that was all.

And presently she came in, more charming than ever in a big white apron, and set a smoking dish before him and went quickly out. It was the

inevitable mutton, of course, but not after the style of Mrs Cameron's weird compositions. Dainty cutlets, brown and bread-crumbed, and delicate slices of potato fried and crisp.

He waited for her to return. As she did not come, he rose and limped to the door through which she had gone, and for the first time took note of his surroundings.

The furnishings were not such as one usually meets with in a whitewashed cottage. There was an unusually comfortable and solid-looking couch, two deep, soft easy-chairs (one of which he had just been using), a mahogany table, well-filled hanging bookshelves on the wall, a large shaded reading-lamp, a heavy curtain against the door—all well used and past their prime, but only the more homely and comfortable in consequence.

The impression of all this he took in at a glance; but as he looked at the wall opposite the fireplace, the wall towards which his back had been turned ever since he entered, he came face to face with two large portraits in oils—a man of perhaps sixty, tall, upstanding, bold-faced, in full Highland costume, the costume undoubtedly which he himself was wearing at the moment—and a younger man. And at sight of the young man's face Geoffrey Carrick stood and stared in very great surprise. But staring solves no riddles, so he opened the door.

'Miss Leslie?' he said, pushing open the door.

'Is there anything I can get for you?' and she jumped up hastily from the kitchen-table, where she had been getting her dinner.

'I am only waiting for you.'

'Thank you. I am getting my dinner here.'

'Oh, but you must not. I am dying of hunger, and those cutlets have made me twice as hungry; but I couldn't eat a bite if I thought I was turning you out of the room.'

'But you are not. I often eat in here.'

'Will you add to all your kindness by joining me? Besides, I want to speak to you, and I am really very hungry, and the cutlets are getting cold.'

She carried in her plate without a word, as one might humour a child or confer a favour on an importunate guest.

'Permit me,' he said, and filled up her plate before she could remonstrate. 'These are a very great treat, you must know. Mrs Cameron gives me mutton; but it is surely a different kind of mutton from this.'

He chatted lightly through the meal, for he really was hungry, and he did not want to broach weightier matters to the spoiling of her handiwork. She answered him, when necessary, in a brief word or two, but showed no inclination to unbend. And it was not until pudding and cheese had been disposed of that he said, 'Now, may I ask you a question?'

She looked at him with quiet reserve, but gave him no encouragement.

'I want very much to know why you hate and scorn and detest me. I have been wanting to know for the last three months. Will you please tell me?'

There were implications in his words which sent a flush of conscious colour into her cheeks; but she did not speak.

'I believe you are misjudging me, and I cannot conceive why. I am not conscious of ever having wronged you in any way. Even a criminal is entitled to know the charge against him.'

She regarded him thoughtfully, and knew that he was very much in earnest, and that the matter really had been troubling him.

'You bought Innismohr,' she said with a touch of bitterness.

'I did. It was for sale. Is that against me?' he asked in surprise.

'And you beat down the price.'

'I think you can hardly say that,' he said in quick surprise. 'I told the agents to have it valued, and to offer that amount on my account. Would not you do the same if you were buying an estate you knew absolutely nothing about?'

'And it never struck you that the amount you knocked off might make all the difference in the world to those concerned?'

'It certainly never did. I'm afraid I don't understand even yet.'

But she was on the war-path and could not stop to explain.

'And what is your name?' was her next surprise.

'My name? Geoffrey Carrick, at your service.'

'And who gave you that name?'

He looked at her twinklingly for trace of humour, but the beautiful face was hard and the dark eyes gleamed with battle.

'My godfathers and my—— No, as a matter of fact, it was my uncle, General Carrick, who left me all his money on condition that I took his name.'

'And before that you were that Mr Geoffrey Challis who left the young prince to die among the Arabs;' and there was a ring of scorn in the soft voice.

'And you thought I had changed my name because you also thought I had disgraced it? I see. And how did you know me, Miss Leslie? I am quite sure we never met until three months ago.'

'I knew you as soon as I saw you.'

'You certainly had the advantage of me. May I presume so far as to ask how?'

She pointed to the portrait of the young man on the wall.

'Through my brother, who died out there.'

'Then you are not Miss Leslie, but Miss Cameron?' and he jumped up in his excitement, but dropped into his chair again, since a useless foot is ill-fitted to heroics.

'I am Lesley Cameron. My brother is dead. My father is dead. This is his estate that you have bought, and the little difference between what we wanted for it and what you paid would have made all the difference in the world to my mother and me. It would have given us a pittance to live on, and she is ill'——

'Oh, don't—pray don't! You hurt me. Will you believe me? You must see, Miss Cameron, that I could not possibly know anything of all this, except, indeed, that Evan was dead, for his head was on my knee when he died at Tembé Wells. He was my dearest friend. Surely, if he wrote to you about me at all, he must have told you the true facts.'

'He told us what had happened, and that he believed you would come out all right. After that we heard very little.'

'Then I am sure some of his letters went astray. We were very close friends. He would never knowingly have left me under an imputation. Of that I am certain. You know that I was reinstated?'

'You were engaged to the daughter of the Secretary for War, they said.'

'I was. She is married to Lord Belturbet. She will shortly be Duchess of Cashel. I hate defending myself. In most cases I would not attempt to do so. If people wish to think ill of me they are welcome. It does not affect me in the very slightest, since I am conscious of no wrong. I will tell you one single thing, and if that does not convince you I leave it there. One of the warmest friends I have in London is the Grand Duke of Eisenach, Prince George's father. I called on him as soon as I was free to do so. He had followed the whole matter, as you can imagine he would. He gave me his hand, and has been a true and very dear friend ever since. Largely through him I have the hope of the military attachéship at Vienna, one of the great prizes of army life. Prince George was his only son, his only hope. Can you reconcile these things with any failure on my part?'

'Why did they court-martial you and send you home?' she asked, still unwilling to yield her preconceived notions.

'Ah, now, if I went into that I should have to say hard things of other people, and I have got past it all. I have told you simple facts, but they are weighty ones. Except with my sister and her husband, Lord Exmoor, I have not discussed myself so much since I came home. I have only one other thing to say, Miss Cameron: if I had been in the very slightest degree guilty of what was imputed to me I would never have come home at all. Even as it was, it was far harder to come home than it would have been to stop there. I think you must believe me. I very much wish that you should.'

She was thoughtfully silent for a time. He liked her the better for it. Then she said quietly, 'I will believe you. It was not easy to think ill of one whom Evan had called friend, for he was not quick at making friends. But we could only go on the facts that came to us.'

'I thank you. Now, tell me, where is your mother?'

'She is stopping in your house. I am sorry now. But she had such a craving to be there again, and—well, she is very weak and had strange fancies at times, and I had to humour her.'

'You did quite right. And now you will go and stay there with her for just as long as you wish.'

'No,' with a doubtful shake of the head, 'I think not. It is quite different now.'

'How different? It would please me greatly if you would.'

'If my mother insists on stopping there I would not like to have to take her away. With myself it is different.'

'But how different? I don't understand. Do you mean that when we were enemies you would not have minded stopping there in spite of me, but that now we are friends you won't stop there at all?'

'That is something like what I feel.'

'Well, I will beg of you to think better of it. Your brother would not have objected to stop with me.'

She shook her head doubtfully. 'It is quite different. To stop as a guest where you have lived at home'——

'But, if I understand rightly, you would not have minded stopping there unknown to me, and yet'——

'That again is quite different, you see. I should have helped Mrs Cameron to take care of the house. You would have known nothing about it; and if you had you could not have complained. But now'——

'But now, because it would be a very great pleasure to me to think of you there, you will not do it. That is sheer perversity.'

'Perhaps, when you are gone, if I find it too lonesome here, my good resolution'——

'Perversity.'

'Will give way, and I shall go there for a short time after all.'

'You deprive me of a pleasure.'

She jumped up and began to clear the table—a new creature, her natural self without the cloud.

'I wish I could help you,' he said, with a sudden new sense of enjoyment in the sight of her at her homely duties.

'I'm very glad you can't. This is woman's work. If you will put that kettle in among the peats you can bathe your foot again.'

As she passed the window with her hands full of dishes she gave a startled exclamation and stopped to stare out at the snow.

'You will never be able to get home to-night,' she began.

'It is coming down, isn't it?' said his voice over her shoulder.

'I have never seen it like this before. The drifts will be very dangerous. I doubt if the men will be able to get through themselves. They could never get you back again;' and her brow knitted at this fresh complication.

'I'm sorry. But I'll try and be as little trouble as possible.'

But it was not only of him she was thinking. If the north-easter held they might be penned up there for a week.

Man-like, his thoughts turned to possible commissariat difficulties.

'Are you provisioned for a siege, Miss Lesley, or shall we be reduced to eating our boots?'

'I have plenty of meal and flour, and there is bacon, and still some mutton, and there is half a cheese, and tea and coffee.'

'Oh, come, we shall do famously. It can't last very long, and I'll promise to eat as little as possible.'

But, woman-like, there were to her other considerations of even more importance than these. She had, however, learned during the last twelve months to endure quietly what she could not cure, and so she went soberly to her kitchen to wash up her dishes.

He was still gazing out through the whirling flakes when he caught sight of some dark object slowly approaching in a series of violent bounds, like a dolphin or a wounded kangaroo, and visible only at intervals above the snow. A joyous bark settled its identity, and he hurried to the door.

'Here is Colin back, Miss Lesley!' and she was there as soon as he, just as Colin's final leap brought him to their feet, spent but glad.

He was one mass of snow, and had evidently had a bad passage. Miss Cameron drew him away to the kitchen, and Carrick heard her talking to him in a way that excited his envy; and presently they came in together, Colin cleaned of snow and almost himself again, and she without her apron, and carrying a letter in her hand.

It was from Tom Brading, and told of the fright he had got at sight of the broken ice and no signs of his master. He had run back to the village for help; 'made sure that kelpie thing had got you, and the schoolmaster seemed to think so too, and I'm inclined to think he wasn't half sorry.' Then the dog had come in with the letter just as they were about to start. 'The men say they are not sure we can get through to you, as the snow will pile deep in the gullies, and that if we could get we could not possibly get you home. But if we can't get now they say you'll be all right, as Miss Lesley had supplies in only two days ago, and I'll come first chance that offers. Very glad things is no worse, and that kelpie thing has not got you.—Yours obediently, Tom Brading.'

He handed her the letter, and when she had read it, asked with a smile, 'Do you believe in kelpies, Miss Lesley?'

At which she showed momentary confusion, and then said, 'I do not believe in such things myself, but most of our people do.'

'When it cries aloud, as it did the other night, it is not hard to believe in it. Mr Duncan Cameron did his best to make me believe it was crying for me. But for your assistance to-day the idea would have had an immense impetus. You have helped to knock one of your old legends on the head. I had threatened experiment with a rifle-bullet. Now, I wonder what it was that made that curious noise.'

But she only shook her head, and said quietly, 'There are many strange things among the hills and lochs,' and went away to make preparations for his longer stay, while Colin stretched himself gratefully to twice his usual length in front of the fire and forgot past trials in present enjoyment.

Night fell without any cessation of the snowfall. If the cottage on the hill sheltered any anxiety, it was not in Geoffrey Carrick. On the contrary, and in spite of his twisted foot, which was swollen and painful, he was in a state of suppressed exultation and extreme enjoyment.

The riddle of the months was read, hostility had given place to friendliness, and the great, dark eyes, which had provoked his admiration and troubled his soul with their scorn and dislike, were glorious in their conversion.

For months she had done him gross injustice. In the very nature of things—since by nature she was large-hearted and high-souled—she took shame to herself for her flagrant misjudgment, and the swing of the pendulum made for quick friendship.

He found his tobacco-pouch not very much the worse for its immersion, and took surreptitious advantage of her absence to dry his tobacco.

And presently she came quietly in with the tea-things, and set a little black kettle in the ashes, and knelt by the hearth and tidied it up with gentle little touches of a small brush, with soft pattings here, and lingering caressings there, as though she were ministering enjoyably to the comfort of a dear old friend. And to Carrick, who had not been used to these little homely observances for very many years, the sight of her kneeling there, with the firelight in her face and bronzing her dark hair and haloing her shapely head, was a fascinating one. Every movement was full of quiet grace. She was doing just what she had done a thousand times before, unconscious of anything but a desire for a tidy hearth. But Geoffrey Carrick was aware that somewhere within him there was a great well—nay, a bubbling spring—of rejoicing that the sweet, high face no longer frowned upon him, and that the great, dark eyes no longer regarded him with scorn and detestation and many things besides. And if she, in her new friendliness, was a discovery to him, no less was he to her in the sudden reversal of her hard thought of him, and discoveries such as these strike rosy sparks in lonely hearts.

'I am so very glad you are not what I had been thinking you,' she said suddenly. It was very naïve, very frankly ingenuous, just a glimpse of her true inner self without any conventional veiling, as though she had simply thought aloud. It was the reparation her conscience owed him. It was also very charming.

'I am more than glad that the chance has been given me to set myself right in your eyes,' he said. 'It is always hard to be misjudged, and I have had my full share. It makes one somewhat callous and scornful in return. I thought I had left it all behind me, and it was something of a blow to meet

it full in the face the very first day I got here. I am very grateful to that ice for letting me in.'

'I am very glad you did not call out when you were in,' she said musingly.

'Why?'

'Because if you had done so, I should probably not have come to help you,' was her startling reply.

'Do you mean to say you would have let me drown?'

'Possibly,' she said, nodding thoughtfully at the fire. 'Yes, I think so.'

'I don't believe it.'

'That is how I felt towards you, you know. I hated you. And when we Camerons hate, we hate; and when we—— Oh, I assure you'—she turned her sentence suddenly—'we are very elementary here. It is living so close to nature, I suppose.'

'All the same, I will not believe it. If you saw a dog drowning you would rush in after it.'

'A dog? Of course! Any one would. But that is quite different. I had been watching you from the time you put on your skates, and I said to myself, "Suppose the ice should break and let him in, and he should drown," and the Cameron in me said "Amen!" And then *crack!* and you were in, and I stood and watched you. And then you did not cry out, and I could not stand it, and so I ran down.'

He looked at her in quiet amazement.

'If I had known you were there perhaps I should have called out.'

'I do not think it,' she said, with a decided shake of the head. 'Least of all to me.'

'Well, you did come, and that is the chief thing. I am grateful to the ice, and to you, and to Colin.'

She made the tea and some crisp slices of toast, and offered him cheese.

'We have only tinned milk in the winter-time,' she said apologetically; 'but you could have lemon if you like it better.'

'I am used to tinned things, and have been mighty glad to get them at times. Ass's milk is not bad, and camel's is bearable; but the man who turns up his nose at good tinned milk deserves to starve.'

They sat long over this first friendly meal, and he told her many things: about his sister Ellen and Exmoor, and about his hobby at Grattan Street, and Colonel Trevor, and the Grand Duke.

'Don't you smoke?' she asked suddenly.

'I do, when I may.'

'Please do. I found some tobacco of father's in a drawer the other day;' and she jumped up, and came back with a round tin nearly full. 'And I lit some on a plate just to smell it again, but it did not smell the same. We have always been used to it, and have felt lonesome without it.'

And his pipe was going before she had finished.

'Now,' she said, sitting on the hearth with her hands in her lap, 'will you please tell me all you can remember about Evan. We had nothing but the bare facts, and have longed for more. Bare facts are dreadfully hard upon those at home.'

'If I had known; but, close friends as we were, he never spoke upon home matters. I never even knew that he had a sister.'

'Poor boy! The shadow was over us. Home matters were the last things he would talk about.'

'He was always so brave and cheerful—not in spasms like some of the others, but always. You would not have thought there was a cloud on his horizon. I never remember one single growl from him, and he was always ready to bear a hand at anything. And those sketches and caricatures of his were just a sheer delight to us all, even to his victims. He was amazingly clever that way.'

'I have heaps of them here—you among them. That is how I knew you as soon as I saw you. And George Eisenach, and little Bittrel, and Colonel Everett.'

'It takes one right back into it all,' he said soberly.

'Sometime I will show them to you; but now, please tell me about my brother.'

And he told her the story of the fight at Tembé Wells, and kept himself out of it as much as he could; but that was impossible altogether, and there was much that she would have asked him about himself, but she would not ask him then.

She sat silent for a time when he had done, and the world outside was full of the rush of the storm. It hummed round the little house and bellowed in the chimney, and now and again the snow came whirling down and fell hissing on the fire, and the sweet, thin reek of peat and pine puffed out into the room and tempered the cruder smell of his tobacco.

She rose at last, with a sigh for the past, and then she gave him another surprise.

'You will be tired, and should go to bed early;' and he felt like a little boy again. 'We always have worship.' She placed a couple of books on the table. 'Perhaps you will read.' And he felt as one who has been neglectful at times of outward observances may feel in the presence of a sweeter soul. And an hour ago she had confessed that she might have left him to drown!

He flushed. 'I am but a tongue-tied man in such matters.'

She opened the books where the markers were laid, and said quietly, 'You can read.'

And he read where she indicated, and then a prayer from the other book, and she said, 'Thank you!' and went with Colin to show him to his room, which opened out of the sitting-room.

'I think you will find everything you want,' she said, and held out her hand to bid him 'Good-night,' and the dark eyes that had looked at him with scorn and detestation were soft and shining.

'I thank you most gratefully,' he said, and raised her hand gently to his lips.

She drew it quickly away and went out of the room.

Verily, a day of strange happenings to Geoffrey Carrick!

(To be continued.)

SNAKES AND CHILDREN.

By J. O. Byrne, Sydney.

I HAVE found that children in the bush show very little fear of snakes. The bigger the snake the greater the joy in getting near to it and the stronger the desire to play with it. The snake's bright eyes and sinuous motion probably charm. And snakes, even the most vicious, respect the confidence. I have known numbers of cases in which they returned it with what must be called affection. A snake that will wriggle away from an adult will placidly survey a child and wait for encouragement to approach.

Here is an instance to my hand. We all knew there was a snake in the house. Glimpses of it had been caught on three separate occasions, but it was too swift in getting under cover. Bush houses in Australia are roughly put together, and odds and ends of various sorts are littered about with occasional heavy articles against the walls. To move the heavy things is somewhat dangerous unless the light is good and an experienced bushman be of the party. The usual plan is to watch and wait. The sides of the cottage were built of round timber, and there was a likelihood on each occasion that this particular snake had wriggled through and out.

Minnie, a child of three, was more vivacious than usual next morning. She sat on an opossum-rug on the floor of the room adjoining the breakfast-room, where most of the family were collected. The chattering excited comment. 'Stay,' whispered her father; 'something strikes me. She's talking to something, and I bet it's the snake.'

With his riding-whip in his hand, he stepped softly to the open door and peeped in. The snake had its head on Minnie's lap, and was being fed with little snips off a square of lump-sugar.

It was a black snake of a dangerous size, and the father was doubtful how to act. If alarmed it might viciously attack the child. He surveyed the possible means of escape, and whispered to his wife to call Minnie. The child moved at the call, and the snake drew back and made a sudden dive toward a chest of drawers at the opposite wall. That was what was wanted, and the riding-whip did the rest.

A friend tells me an incident of a similar kind. At Koondrook, a little settlement in Victoria, a woman heard her child, eighteen months old, laughing as if she was having great fun. The child was supposed to be asleep in bed. The mother went to the room, and found the child scrambling over the bed after something she could not see. That happened several times. Once, however, the mother went in suddenly and heard something drop off the bed. Looking hurriedly under the bed, she distinctly saw a large snake, that turned upon her with evident intention to fight. When the husband came home he pulled up the boards of the floor, but there was no sign of the snake. Next day, however, snake and child were discovered lying together on the floor, the child asleep, and the snake apparently so. That night the husband tried a plan. He placed a candle on the floor alongside the child, and asked his wife to play a slow air on the harmonium. Movements of the snake could be heard; but the rustle was all he vouchsafed. Next night the child was similarly posted, and the mother tried the effect of working her sewing-machine. The sound was too tempting. The snake wriggled to the child with alacrity, and was promptly despatched by the father. It was a tiger-snake nearly five feet in length, and when killed was fondled by the child as an old acquaintance.

We never hear in the bush of a snake biting a young child. On the other hand, numbers of cases are recounted in which mothers have laid infants on the bed in dark rooms, and discovered a second later that a snake was underneath the child. The snatching up of the child released the snake, and invariably the trouble ended there.

A governess in charge of a child was fond of sitting among the rocks at the seashore. She read a good deal, and was contented so long as the child played about without making noise. At last—perhaps she had finished her book—it struck her as strange that at that particular place among the rocks the child was always preternaturally quiet. She rose slowly and noiselessly glided to a projecting boulder, behind which she knew the child had crawled. The child was motionless on hands and knees, and was staring at some small object beside a tuft of withered grass. The governess watched intently for several seconds. Gradually she made out two bead-like eyes, like little points of fire, and with further inspection was able to define the small head of a snake similar in colour to the withered grass. A hole ran under the rock, and the snake's head alone protruded. The pupils of the child's eyes were dilated, but in other respects it was half-asleep. This would help the claims of those who endow snakes with a power to fascinate birds. But there was nothing to indicate that the snake in question meant injury to the child.

A bush clergyman visited me on one occasion, and, dismounting, threw his saddle-bag on the veranda. The flap fell open and a green whip-snake popped out. It happened that there was no weapon handy, and the snake disappeared under the house. The clergyman was greatly frightened. He calculated that the snake must have been in his bag during his last ten-mile ride, and reflected that he had put his hand in several times for one article or another. He carefully examined

his right hand for marks of fangs, and became reassured when not a single scratch could be discovered.

We kept a sharp lookout for some days for the snake, and renewed acquaintance with it under singular circumstances. Minnie, the child previously alluded to, was overheard giving something like words of command near the stump of an old iron-bark tree a little way from the end of the house. On stealthily approaching I was thunder-struck. I beckoned to other members of the family to tiptoe to me. It was no optical illusion. There, in real fact, was a green whip-snake dancing before the child. The inference was, of course, that it was the clergyman's whip-snake. Its motions were most grotesque, its head lolling from side to side and occasionally shooting straight up. It evidently danced for the entertainment of the child, and responded with alacrity to her words. The spell was broken by the incautious movement of one of our party; but though the snake made off, it was pursued and despatched.

It is right I should complete this somewhat astounding narrative by adding that the clergyman, on his next visit, complained of having been made the victim of a practical joke on the previous occasion. The hotel-people had placed in his saddle-bag a showman's performing snake, not at all dangerous, and altogether too valuable for the fate that befell it.

But when a snake is pleased or desires to please, it displays, even in its wild state, gyrations which may be described as dancing. I have seen them semi-erect, bobbing heads and moving protruding tongues with a near approach to waltz-time. They are very fond of going partners with infants in the contents of feeding-bottles. While snake and infant take turn about at the bottle, the former will bow and bob and curtsy as assiduously as a pouting pigeon.

A storekeeper, who had a private cottage adjoining his store, closed his garden-gate about eleven o'clock at night and returned to the sitting-room. It had been burning hot all day, and every one was exhausted. He says he was aware of some weight pressing on his shoulders, but was too dead-beat to think about it. On a sofa under the window lay a child with the tube of a feeding-bottle between its lips. The storekeeper soon realised what weighed upon him. A tiger-snake leaped from his shoulders to the sofa and went straight for the feeding-bottle. At the close of an exciting couple of minutes the members of the household had forgotten their exhaustion, and the snake was killed. The storekeeper, in his alarm, made the leap much greater probably than it really was. It is likely, indeed, that he stooped towards the sofa. When his senses were so dulled that he did not feel the reptile crawling on to him from the gate-post, he was not likely to be much of a judge as to how it got off. Snakes do not—in fact, cannot—execute the prodigious jumps with which they are so often credited.

But while it can be held that snakes are friendly to young children, on occasions showing what may be called affection for them, they can be charged with harbouring unstinted enmity for boys and girls of from eight or ten years up. The antipathy appears to be mutual. The bush chronicles an endless war between them. Numbers of boys die from snake-bite year by year. When the bite is on the finger or toe the average bush-boy chops the member off. It is quite a common thing to find two or three of a selector's family short of a finger or toe on this account. It thus happens that devoted friends in childhood become implacable enemies later on.

THE SECRET OF CARONDELET.

THE war between the Northern and Southern States had been ended several years when I, a young fellow of six-and-twenty, set sail from Liverpool to take possession of a sugar-estate in Louisiana which, acting on the advice of a friend whom I had consulted as to what to do with myself and a capital of five thousand pounds, I had purchased. At that time many of the mortgaged estates of the ruined planters were in the market at almost nominal prices; the emancipated negroes, it was said, were willing to work for small wages, and the luxurious lives and great wealth enjoyed by planters before the war were still remembered in England.

I had a pleasant voyage to New Orleans, and after a few days in the strange, half-French, half-Spanish 'Crescent City,' took passage in one of the fine river steamboats for my newly acquired property, which was situated about eighty miles up the Mississippi.

It was evening when I reached Carondelet, and having landed on the wooden stage which abuts from each plantation on the river, stood gazing with a not unnatural interest at my future abode, a huge, three-storied brick building in the form of a cross, with open galleries along the shaft. In front was a wide expanse of grass dotted with giant cedars, and on one side, in what had once been a garden but was now a tangled mass of vines and creepers, the sunset glow fell redly on a white marble tombstone which seemed to stand close beside the windows. Descending from the levee, I was met by a tall, bronzed man, dressed in a blue linen suit, who, taking off his hat, addressed me in French:

'Good-evening, sir. I have the honour to address Mr Selby, have I not?' I bowed. 'Then I have much pleasure in welcoming monsieur to Carondelet.

My name is Felix Imbeaux, at present overseer. I shall be glad to be of service.'

I had heard of this man from the agent through whom I had bought the estate. The mortgagees into whose hands it had fallen had been working it until such time as it should find a purchaser, with Imbeaux as manager. He was, I knew, desirous to remain; he was well recommended, and for the present I had resolved to keep him. Until lately, he told me, he had resided in the mansion, but had now removed to the overseer's cottage near the negro quarters.

A few minutes brought us to the house, which we entered by a side-door opening into a kind of parlour, tolerably well furnished, where was a table laid for supper, to which an old barefooted negress was putting the finishing touches. She grinned, curtsied, and, talking volubly in a strange kind of *patois*, led me through a huge, almost empty dining-room, across a wide, bare hall, and up a black oak staircase to a bedroom on the second floor. It was a large apartment, with low French windows opening on one of the side-galleries, from the farther end of which a flight of steps descended to the ground. Standing in the gallery, I looked down on the neglected garden and white gravestone, upon which, in the fast-dying twilight, I could read that it was erected to the memory of 'Auguste Chaston, aged sixty years,' and that the date of his death was twenty-five years ago. Strange, I thought, that he should be buried here.

On descending to the parlour, I was somewhat disappointed to find Imbeaux had departed. The old negress, however, having brought in an excellent repast, I made a hearty meal, and, the mosquitoes beginning to make themselves unpleasant, went out into the veranda to smoke.

It was quite dark now. The air was heavy with the scent of magnolias, orange-flowers, and jasmine; fireflies darted hither and thither in the gloom; the hoarse bellow of alligators in the distant bayoux mingled with the croaking of frogs and whir of the cicada. The damp heat was oppressive, and, my cigar ended, I began to experience a sense of loneliness, and resolved to send for the overseer. I looked about for the bell, but none was visible. Opening the door which led into the dining-room, I stood listening for any sound that might denote the whereabouts of servants. I called, and my voice echoed strangely through the empty rooms. I would have gone in search of Imbeaux, but it was pitch-dark, and I was uncertain of the way. Picking up an old copy of the *Picayune*, I lit another cigar, and between reading and smoking, beguiled the time till about nine o'clock, when, wearied of my own company, I resolved to go to bed. The French windows of my room had been left open, and the atmosphere being insufferably hot, I did not close them.

I was long sleepless, but after a time fell into a doze. When I awoke the moon had risen, and the light, falling full upon the open gallery, showed everything almost as clearly as in daylight. How long I lay awake I do not know. I was just dozing off again when I was aroused by the sound of a footstep slowly ascending the stairs. A servant, I thought. On coming to bed I had passed through a glass door leading from the top of the staircase to the gallery. The person, whoever it was, seemed to come through this door, walk close past my windows, and descend the steps at the farther end; yet, though my face was turned that way and the intruder must have passed between me and the moonbeams, I saw no one.

The next day I spent on mule-back, riding with Imbeaux about the estate. In the evening I invited him to dinner, and as we sat smoking in the veranda, asked casually where the servants were located, adding that on the previous evening I had been unable to find any one.

The man glanced at me for a moment with, as I thought, a somewhat curious expression as he replied, 'None of them stay here at night; they all sleep over at the quarters.'

'That is a queer arrangement,' I remarked. 'At any rate, one of them came in late last night. I heard some one walk upstairs and along the gallery to the back.'

'Yes,' said Imbeaux, puffing vigorously; 'did you see anybody?'

'No; and the strange thing about it is, that though my bed is right opposite the window, and the moon was shining, I saw no one. Is the place supposed to be haunted?'

I said this laughingly; but Imbeaux looked a little embarrassed as, after some hesitation, he replied, 'Well, to tell the truth, there *is* some story of that kind; but before the coming of monsieur I used to sleep here, and certainly I never *saw* anything.'

'I don't suppose you did,' I said, with another laugh. 'What form is the ghost supposed to take?'

'No form; it is only heard. Old man Chaston was a bad master to his slaves—kept bloodhounds to hunt them; and my father, who was overseer here, has himself laid on three hundred lashes by the old man's order. He died without the rites of the Church, so he had to be buried in the garden. The negroes say he cannot rest, and that he walks at night along that gallery. For myself, I believe not in *revenants*, and when I first came here, thought soon to discover who walked; but at present I have not done so, although many times when that footstep has ascended the stairs I have jumped up and stood waiting.'

'But surely,' I exclaimed, 'you do not for a moment imagine that the footsteps I heard last night were supernatural?'

'As to that, monsieur, I say nothing; all I know is that *I* could never find out what caused them. They used to startle me a little at first, but at last I grew accustomed to them and took no notice, and so, doubtless, will monsieur.'

'I suppose old man Chaston was the former owner of Carondelet. Has he been in the habit of walking for the last twenty-five years?'

'It is only since Madame Chaston left that the negroes have said anything about it. The old man left the place jointly to his two sons, Auguste and Frédéric. M. Frédéric left the South, however, and settled in New York, where, people say, he made much money. He only came here occasionally. M. Auguste managed the plantation till the war broke out. He and his only son were killed at Gettysburg.'

'What became of his wife?'

'When the war was over and the blacks were set free, she just lived on here with a little girl she had adopted and old Phillis. How they contrived to exist God only knows. The Northerners had promised every negro three acres and a mule, and they were all too *exalté* to do any work, even if there had been money to pay them, which there was not. Carondelet, like almost all the other plantations, had been mortgaged far above its value, and in the first years after the war it was hopeless for the mortgagees to think of getting any money from the estates. Nearly all went out of cultivation; but their old owners, mostly women and children, stayed on in the houses and lived as best they could. Madame Chaston might have remained, but she was too proud to live on sufferance, so she took a few articles of furniture and moved into a small cottage at St Etienne. She died soon after.'

'But the other son, Frédéric, whom you say was rich, did he not assist the poor lady?'

'No; M. Frédéric forgot his birth, and became an officer in the Federal army. It was reported he was killed; at any rate he never answered when the curé wrote and asked him to do something for his daughter.'

'His daughter?'

'Yes. It was in this way. Madame Chaston had for a maid a beautiful Creole girl whom she brought with her one time when she went on a visit to St Augustine. Madame was very fond of her, and treated her more as a companion than a servant. M. Frédéric, when here on a visit, met and made love to her. I used often to see them walking together in the moonlight down there under the pecan-trees. Madame was angry, and told Dolores M. Frédéric was engaged to a young lady in New York, but she would not listen, and the week after M. Frédéric went back to the North she left Carondelet, and no one knew what had become of her. Madame Chaston fretted about her, and when, in a few months, she received a letter from the mother-superior of the Good Shepherd saying Dolores was in the convent dangerously ill, and imploring madame to come to her, she set off for New Orleans at once. She was too late to see Dolores alive; but she brought back and reared as her own the helpless infant, whom its mother had named Elodie, after her old mistress. As for M. Frédéric, he came no more to Carondelet. Two years after the war broke out'——

'What became of the child on Madame Chaston's death?'

'Pierre Dubois, who had formerly been valet to Monsieur Chaston, but had afterwards turned barber, tailor, what you will, took her, and the good nuns at Bon Secours educated her for nothing. She sings like an angel. Monsieur will hear her if he cares to attend mass at St Etienne on Sunday. It is only ten miles off, and the music is very fine; many strangers go to hear it.'

The following Sunday, not caring to pass the long day alone at Carondelet, I accompanied Imbeaux to mass. To the 'acts,' said in French by the officiating priest, I fear I paid but little attention; but when the low notes of the organ vibrated through the building, and an unseen choir of strings and voices burst into the Kyrie of one of Mozart's divine masses, I was as one entranced. Certainly Imbeaux had not overrated either the music or the lovely liquid soprano which, taking up the solo 'Christe Eleison,' thrilled through the church in tones of passionate entreaty. The same pure voice soared high above the others in the 'Gloria;' and when the last soft notes of 'Dona Nobis' died away it was as the awaking from a dream. All through the sermon my thoughts kept running on the tragic story of Dolores and her daughter. The voice which had so charmed me must belong to Elodie. I was impatient to see her, and on leaving begged Imbeaux to point her out. We missed her, however.

Returning by a somewhat different way, Imbeaux drew rein at the gate of a wooden cottage bearing a sign, 'Pierre Dubois, Tailleur et Perruquier.' He begged me to excuse him for a moment; he had business with M. Dubois. In a few minutes he returned, followed by an elderly Frenchman, who, with a polite bow, at once accosted me.

'Is it that monsieur wishes to return immediately? It is a long ride to Carondelet. Close by is a pleasant arbour. Would it not be well to wait until the sun declines a little?' He, M. Dubois, would be charmed if monsieur would condescend to taste his peaches.

I was hot and thirsty. I accepted, and followed my host through a well-kept garden to a large arbour furnished with table and cane lounging-chairs. Dubois produced some excellent cigars, and I was not sorry to postpone the long ride in the intense heat. Presently the garden-gate opened, the sound of a light footstep, the rustle of a dress, and from behind a clump of oleanders, with a startled look at the unexpected presence of strangers, appeared a lovely Creole girl of about sixteen, whom M. Dubois at once introduced as his daughter. After an elaborate curtsy to me she turned to greet Imbeaux, who gravely kissed her hand.

'Thou art late, Dédee; hasten, then, and prepare coffee. Afterwards thou canst gather some fruit for us.'

'*Oui, mon père.* Etienne Jumel is asking for thee.'

With a word of apology the old man hurried off, followed by Dédee.

'That, monsieur,' said Imbeaux, 'is Ma'amselle Elodie, of whom I spoke and with whose voice you were so well pleased. Dubois always calls her his daughter, and he and madame are good parents to her.'

Presently our host returned, followed by a negress bearing a tray with coffee and *galettes*.

I was disappointed. I had been hoping for the girl to return. Time passed; the evening shadows lengthened; it would soon be time to go.

Imbeaux was, he informed me, having some garments made, and with my permission he would like to have them fitted. He and Dubois disappeared, and I was left to stroll about the shady, perfumed garden. I longed to catch another glimpse of Elodie; nor was I disappointed. Emerging from a trellised alley, where the grapes were ripening on the vines, I saw her standing under some bananas, fastening a flower in the front of her dress. She did not notice me at first, and I had time to mark the lithe grace of her white-robed figure, the slender waist outlined by a scarlet ribbon, the wavy masses of her blue-black hair, and the long eyelashes that cast a shadow on her creamy cheek. Suddenly she looked up, her great, dark eyes met mine, and I saw the blood suffuse her face and neck. How I commenced a conversation I cannot now remember. I know I talked and Dédee for the most part listened, hazarding now and then some little remark in pretty broken English, her velvet eyes raised for a moment timidly to mine.

The others came back all too soon. We made our *adieux*, mounted, and set off for home.

I was, I fear, a poor companion, and profited little by the information Imbeaux bestowed upon me as to the cultivation of cane, for all the time I was planning as to how I should contrive to see Dédee again.

M. Dubois was a tailor; I discovered that my English clothes were unsuited to the climate. He was a barber also; my hair was much too long.

Before a fortnight had elapsed my outward man, thanks to the care of M. Dubois, had assumed a very French appearance. My object was accomplished. I made the acquaintance of madame and frequently I saw Dédee—not often alone, though. Creole etiquette was too strict for that. Yet sometimes madame and monsieur, seated in the arbour, would leave us free to wander in the garden, and here one evening, as the gorgeous tropic sunset drew towards its close, in the cool, tender twilight of the broad bananas where I saw her first, I told Dédee I loved her. She bent her head like a St Joseph's lily, the fair brow touched my shoulder, I breathed the perfume of the flowers in her breast, as in soft answer to a question she murmured very low, '*Je l'aime.*'

In the early spring Dédee and I were married, and went to spend our honeymoon in New Orleans. This was her first visit to the city, and her childish pleasure was delightful. I took her to the theatre, the opera, the churches. We visited the great French market and bought strange West Indian fruits, the very names of which possessed a kind of glamour; we joined the idlers in the streets at sunset and listened to the band between the rows of orange and magnolia trees, or from our rooms in the 'St Charles' looked down upon the crowd below. We were very happy; all was so new, so strange, so charming. Dédee looked forward with delight to once more living in her childhood's home, and when we stepped on board the steamer to return we were in the gayest spirits.

Although of late the papers had told of heavy rains in the far north which had raised the level of the river, I had paid little attention, and was surprised when one of my fellow-passengers told me that owing to the force of the swollen current it would probably be three days before we reached our destination. As we ascended I noticed that the water seemed to have risen almost to the top of the high levee, and occasionally on either side we saw bands of people strengthening the embankment.

It was midnight when we reached Carondelet, and a heavy rain was falling. The jetty was submerged, and it was with some difficulty we landed. Lights were moving all along the levee, and a little distance lower down a bonfire shed a lurid glow on the dark figures of a crowd of negroes who, with a sprinkling of white men from our own and the neighbouring plantations, were working with planks and shovels at the embankment. Imbeaux received us as we stepped on shore. He carried a lantern, and as he held it up we saw that he was only half-clothed and splashed from head to feet with mud. In answer to my eager questions he told me that, the river being so high, it was necessary to watch and strengthen the levee, which at the place where the men were working had showed signs of soakage. He for his part thought there was little danger; however, it was best to take precautions, and in case of a *crevasse* he had thought it best to send the negro women and children to the Carondelet mansion, which stood farther up the river than the quarters, and on slightly rising ground. The levee was reported strong for many miles above, and should the dreaded break take place the house would be safe. My heart sank within me as I listened. Of the damage done by the great floods on the Mississippi I was not ignorant, but until now I had not realised the danger. We hastened to the house. A group of dusky women and children were gathered in the veranda, some crying, some with camp-meeting fervour imploring the mercy of 'de Lor',' all evidently frightened, though not sufficiently so to prevent them from pressing forward to get a sight of the young 'mis',' whom many of them remembered as a child.

Dédee, though very pale, was calm; she strove to reassure the trembling blacks, and only for a

moment when I left to join the workers did she lose her self-control. I kissed her hurriedly, and, promising a quick return, hastened with Imbeaux to the river.

The rain had ceased, and the newly risen moon showed us the water almost on a level with the top of the embankment. The workers, tired out, were resting. No further leakage was reported; the weak place seemed to have been repaired effectually. Still no one thought of leaving. Imbeaux, at my suggestion, despatched a messenger to the house for coffee and refreshments, and pending their arrival all gathered in knots to discuss the danger.

Suddenly, with a loud crack, a portion of the wall gave way. All hands rushed to the place, and with desperate efforts strove to stop the fissure. Sand-bags were piled by willing hands against the aperture, but to no purpose. Slowly the crack widened; the sides seeming to crumble away gradually as the water, in ever-increasing volume, poured through. Further effort was useless. No power on earth could stop the torrent; our only thought was for self-preservation. Fortunately for us the levee on the right towards the house stood firm, and along this we hastened, while with a crash and roar some fifty yards of the embankment lower down gave way, and the turgid waters of the Mississippi surged over the plantation, carrying all before them.

The morning dawned upon a waste of waters. The house, indeed, was safe, but that was all. Right through the centre of the plantation rolled a mighty torrent. Quarters, cane-shed, and mill had all been carried away; the crops were ruined. The low-lying land which here slopes backward from the river was completely submerged; not an acre of cane in any stage whatever had escaped. My ruin was complete.

I pass over the time when the flood-waters were around us, and Carondelet was filled with homeless people. By degrees the blacks departed—some to other plantations, some to build cabins and make shift as best they could. For me, any hope of ever again working Carondelet was at an end. The money I possessed, when all was sold that could be sold, sufficed to pay all debts and leave a slender sum until such time as I should be able to gain employment. Leaving Dédee at St Etienne, I went to New Orleans, and there used every effort, but without success. After a month I returned and had a conversation with my wife as to our future plans. I was convinced that in the Southern States, not yet recovered from the exhaustion caused by the war, I had little chance; but in the great cities of the North things might be better. At first I thought of leaving Dédee with her foster-parents or the nuns of Bon Secours. To this, however, she would by no means consent. She had four hundred dollars of her own, earned before marriage by embroidery and teaching music; 'and if,' she said, smiling, 'I got pupils in St Etienne, where there are few people and all are very poor, I shall get many more in Philadelphia or New York.' My sweet Dédee! I listened to her prattle, but my heart was sore. The following week we settled to take passage to St Louis and thence to Philadelphia, where Imbeaux had already obtained employment in some capacity on the railway. His success had given me courage and decided me in favour of Philadelphia.

One night, owing perhaps to mental excitement, neither Dédee nor I could sleep. The moon shone brightly, as it had done when I arrived nearly a year ago, and once more upon the stairs and along the gallery sounded the same firm, measured footstep. I had heard it at intervals during the whole time of my residence, and though still unable to account for it, had almost ceased to notice it. Since Dédee came it had been silent. On hearing it she started up, listened, and clung tremblingly to me.

'It has gone to my old nursery,' she said.

'It—what?' I asked, with a forced laugh, fearing to frighten her. 'Phillis is promenading in my old boots.'

'That is not Phillis, Bertie; it is the *zambi*. We used to hear it long ago, but no one ever saw it. It does no harm; the good nuns say it is a wandering spirit condemned to bear its purgatory upon earth, and we should pray for it and not have fear; but, all the same, I have a little. The coloured people say it is the spirit of M. Paul Chaston. Have you not heard it before? M. Imbeaux told us that it walked as usual.' Further evasion was useless. I confessed to an acquaintance with the sound, and told Dédee that although I had been unable to find out what caused it, I was convinced it had no supernatural source.

Dédee, however, was incredulous, and murmured 'Ave Maria!' softly to herself. The mysterious footfalls were, I felt sure, due to some kind of echo; but to-night I noticed that instead of descending the lower stairs they had stopped short, and seemed to enter the end room, which, strange to say, I had never yet examined. The windows seemed securely shuttered, and, like the door and the balustrade, were overgrown by the tendrils of a creeping vine. The following morning we spoke of the strange foot, and both agreed that it had stopped at the closed door of what Dédee now told me had been her nursery. She remembered, she said, that before Madame Chaston went to live at St Etienne she had removed into it a good deal of her furniture, her piano, pictures, books, &c. No one since then had occupied the house save Imbeaux and myself, and it was probable the things were still intact. Nothing at that time was saleable, and madame had never claimed them.

No key was to be found; but, tearing away the creepers, I put my shoulder to the door and forced it open. A strange smell of mould and dust greeted my entrance. Spiders and cockroaches, undisturbed for years, scuttled away in all directions; swarms of moths rose from a decaying pile of carpets and bedding; and the strong Southern sunshine, entering through the door, showed that the place was filled with household furniture. Dédee, who

had entered with me, looked round and said, 'It is the garniture of madame.—Phillis'—to the old negress who stood beside her—'dost thou remember these things?'

'La sakes, yes, M'sel Dédee; it bin hyar dis ten year. Mas' Imbeaux gib ole mis' de key and tell her lebe it hyar. Dar her peanny and the lookin'-glasses, and dis yar de bes' bed all full ob dust an' mof.'

Dédee opened the long-closed piano, and the yellow keys gave out a jangling sound. I threw back the jalousies, and we all moved about examining. Great cobwebs shrouded the pictures and mirrors; the stuffing and brocade of the once handsome furniture crumbled beneath our touch; the costly hangings and carpets were a heap of rags. Some of the things, however, were uninjured; and Phillis having dusted them, we carried a few of the lighter articles into the gallery, amongst them being a tall Dresden vase. Looking inside it, I perceived a letter, and drawing it out, read on its yellow and mildewed cover the address of 'Madame Elodie Chaston, Carondelet Plantation, La.' Turning it over, I noticed that the large red seal was still unbroken, and a closer examination proved that, though the post-mark bore the date of eleven years ago, the letter had not been opened. I drew Dédee's attention to the circumstance, remarking on its strangeness, when Phillis, who had overheard, exclaimed, 'La! dat's de bery letter come for ole mis' de day Mas' Guste was killed; ole mis' she bery sick, 'peared like as if she'd die, so I jus' done put dat letter in de vase, an' sure 'nuf I clean forgot until dis day.'

Dédee broke the seal, and as she did so I heard the whistle of the steamer coming round the bend, and wishing to hail her, hurried off at once. When I returned Dédee met me in the veranda, looking pale and excited.

'Bertie,' she said, 'it is so strange; that letter was from M. Frédéric Chaston. It is about me. I am not sure I understand it rightly, but I think he writes to tell madame I am his daughter.'

'I have known it all along, dear,' I said, drawing her towards me; 'it makes no difference. Show me the letter.'

'There were two letters, Bertie, one inside the other; this one is in English, and I cannot read it well.'

I took the paper she held out, and saw, to my surprise, that it was the will, properly signed and witnessed, of Charles Frédéric Chaston, bequeathing to his beloved daughter Elodie the whole of his property, and appointing as guardians Madame Chaston and General Beaumé; while attached to it by a drop of wax was a certificate of marriage of C. F. Chaston and Maria Dolores Gomez. The other letter, in French, was from Frédéric Chaston to his sister-in-law. In it he told her that Dolores and he had been married in New Orleans, he at the time believing her to be a slave. In the eyes of the law such a marriage was, as he well knew, invalid. Subsequent inquiry proved, however, that poor Dolores really was, as she persistently stated, a Spanish Creole of untainted lineage, and as such a lawful wife. M. Frédéric being at that time engaged to a Northern heiress then on a visit to Europe, such a discovery was, as he naïvely confessed, awkward in the extreme. Having obtained from Dolores a promise that for the present at least their marriage should be kept secret, he established her under a feigned name in New Orleans, and returned north to extricate himself from his difficulty as best he could.

This was no easy matter. The betrothal had been made public; the lady's father was prepared to advance money for a speculation by which M. Frédéric hoped to obtain wealth. The relations with whom his fiancée was travelling prolonged their tour, and M. Frédéric, like the villain he undoubtedly was, deferred breaking off his engagement with Miss S. During this time he wrote to and supplied Dolores with money, and of the reasons which led to her taking refuge with the nuns of the Good Shepherd he professed complete ignorance. Madame Chaston's letter informing him of her death, and indignantly reproaching him, showed a way, as he said, out of his embarrassments. Dolores had kept his secret; he would not reveal it. His sister-in-law having the child, it was in good hands; he was in no haste to claim it. Her letter remained unanswered. M. Frédéric's Northern friends knew nothing of his Southern marriage, and he of course did not enlighten them. In the end, the girl he was to marry jilted him; but his speculation was successful: he was rich. Many times, he wrote, he had thought of doing justice to his child, and to-night, upon the eve of a battle which might be fatal to him, he had made his will and written to Madame Chaston the confession which would vindicate the name of poor Dolores.

I have little more to add. The General Beaumé mentioned as trustee was living in New Orleans, and rendered all assistance. The strangely discovered will was valid, and in due time Dédee came into the possession of a considerable fortune. Her foster-parents, needless to say, had no cause to complain of her ingratitude. In the beautiful French cemetery of New Orleans is a white marble cross erected to the memory of 'Dolores, wife of Frédéric Chaston, erected by her loving daughter Elodie.'

The old plantation-house is, I believe, yet standing; but whether the mysterious footfalls are still heard in the gallery I know not, for Dédee and I have long since made our home in England. Dédee is a good Catholic, and still prays for the vanished spirit, maintaining that to its agency we owe the revelation of the secret of Carondelet.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

FIGHTING BY TELEPHONE.

WHEN Dr Graham Bell produced that wonder of the nineteenth century, now so familiarly known to us as the telephone, he could hardly have anticipated the varied uses to which the instrument can be put. Quite apart from its commercial and social importance as a means of communication, it is one of the most sensitive detectors of feeble currents of electricity yet known, and is highly valued in the physical laboratories of the world for this reason. But perhaps the most unlooked-for service it is rendering is its help in warfare. It has remained for the ingenious Japanese to show how the most mighty conflict ever known—with a frontage of about one hundred miles, in a country so flat that usual means of signalling are not available—can be directed from headquarters by telephone. It is as if the vast battle area were provided with a nervous system of extraordinary sensitiveness, which yields up its impressions to one grand centre where the human ear waits to listen to the messages, and to profit by them.

THE RECOVERY OF TIN FROM OLD CANISTERS.

It would hardly be thought worth while to attempt to recover from old tin canisters and tin-plate waste generally the thin coating of the white metal which is so firmly attached to the sheet-iron that it can only be removed by electrical means. Yet in Germany alone no fewer than thirty-five thousand tons of tin scrap are treated annually with this object in view. From 2 to 2½ per cent. of pure tin can be recovered from the tin-plate treated, which represents no less than eight hundred tons. The details of the work are jealously guarded by the proprietors of the factories, for there are many who are eager to enter upon even this apparently unprofitable enterprise. Roughly, however, the method employed is as follows. The tin scrap to be dealt with is placed in an electrolytic bath, the electrolyte being caustic soda. One pole of the electric supply is connected to the mass of waste material, and the other pole to a suitable electrode also immersed in the solution. In a few minutes the passage of the electric current tears from the thin sheet-iron every particle of the tin with which it is coated, and this can afterwards be recovered from the bath and used over again.

FISH FOR THE DOGGER.

We have heard much of recent years of the stocking of inland and river waters with valuable fish from distant localities, and much interest is at the present moment being aroused as to the possibility of once more turning the historic Thames into a salmon-stream. But the notion of replenishing the sea with live-stock seems to be one so fraught with difficulties that it is almost utopian. However, an experiment in this direction is now being made by some British naturalists at the famous fishing-grounds off our east coast, which were recently the scene of Russian naval activity. The idea is to bring shiploads of live plaice from other parts of the North Sea, and to dump them on the Dogger Bank—to make, in short, this famous fishing-ground a nursery from which can be filled the gaps made by the greedy trawlers. The results of the experiment cannot be made plain for a long time to come, and even then it will be next to impossible to say whether any increase in the supply of plaice is due to this or natural causes.

A WEATHER-LORE EXHIBITION.

More interest is now being aroused by weather-forecasting than ever before, and the reason is that the art has lately been brought to a very high degree of perfection. Like most mundane things, it went through the usual stages of incredulity and ridicule; but now it is established on such a firm basis that the laugh is altogether on the other side. Weather-forecasting has indeed advanced sufficiently in public estimation to make previous scoffers turn round and ask, 'How is it done?' and an exhibition recently opened at the Institution of Civil Engineers, London, has been designed to give them the necessary information by means of instruments, charts, drawings, and photographs. Here is the kite which was used to carry meteorological instruments skyward during the Scottish Antarctic Expedition, with the appliances employed by the officers of the *Discovery*. Among these is the world's record sunshine measurement—a chart into which the sun burnt a continuous line for three consecutive periods of twenty-four hours. One of the most popular exhibits is a series of photographs showing the effects of the vagaries of lightning on buildings, trees, animals, and human beings.

THE LARYNGOSCOPE.

Signor Manuel Garcia, the eminent singing-maestro, who recently celebrated his one hundredth birthday, has the credit of inventing the laryngoscope, or throat-mirror, which has proved of such signal service to the physician. In his younger days Signor Garcia took up the study of anatomy, and made many experiments with the breathing apparatus of different animals. But in his later years his great desire was to watch the action of the vocal chords, and he finally adopted the device of a tiny mirror set at an angle on a rod to insert in the mouth, while a second mirror outside reflected the image of the larynx. Of late years all kinds of surgical instruments have been much improved, especially those for exploiting the cavities of the body; while the possibility of introducing an electric glow-lamp in a glass bulb as small as a pea

has naturally caused many of the older instruments to be superseded. Still, it is interesting to note that the idea of the laryngoscope came not from a surgeon, but from a teacher of singing, who was scientific enough in his methods to seek information from the fountain-head.

RADIO-ACTIVITY OF MINERAL SPRINGS.

It has been found that various mineral springs exhibit a certain degree of radio-activity due to the presence of radium or some other similarly radio-active substance. At the time when radium was hailed by enthusiasts in its turn as the future cure for cancer and other malignant complaints, for which it is only human to search eagerly for means of relief, it was said that the undoubted curative properties of these springs might be due to that fact. Experiments have recently been conducted with the water of the hot springs in Wiesbaden, and it has been found that the property of radio-activity largely disappears on boiling the water so as to dispel the gas which it contains. A large number of hot mineral springs in France have also been examined, and it has been found that helium was among the gases of them all. Some of the springs were, however, found to contain much more than the others.

IS THE EARTH'S HEAT DUE TO RADIUM?

Among the many astounding qualities attributed to radium, one of the most remarkable is its apparent power of continually giving out heat without appreciable loss to itself. Professor Mark Rutherford calculates that a pound of this precious mineral would emit in the course of a year as much heat as could be obtained from the burning of one hundred pounds of the best coal, and at the end of that time the radium would still be practically unchanged, and probably capable of doing the same work for a thousand years more. Radium and other radio-active matter continually evolving heat are found in minute quantities throughout the crust of the earth; and Professor Rutherford comes to the remarkable conclusion that even the small traces which have been found point to the existence of a sufficient quantity to account for terrestrial warmth. To do this involves the presence in the crust of the earth of about two hundred and seventy million tons of radium. Immense as is this amount in proportion to the few grains which have so far been isolated, it in reality corresponds to only one part in twenty million million uniformly distributed; and the observations of Elster and Geitel of the radio-activity of soils point to the presence of about this proportion.

COPPER SULPHATE AND THE GERMS OF DISEASE.

The destruction of algæ or scum in water by the addition of a very minute quantity of copper sulphate or blue-stone has already been mentioned in these columns. A minute trace of this chemical in water, while totally destroying these low forms of vegetable life, does not interfere with the growth of higher forms of plant-life, such as watercress. It is thought that this is due to the fact that the former plants are unicellular, and are, therefore, attacked in their entirety and killed; while the more complex multicellular organisms escape by the distribution of the poison among the numerous cells. Bacterial life—probably for the same reason, for bacteria are unicellular vegetable organisms—succumbs to the action of extremely dilute copper sulphate, although not quite as readily as the algæ. The micro-organisms of cholera and typhoid present in water have been destroyed in three or four hours by the addition of one part of copper to every one hundred thousand parts—a proportion far too small to have any effect whatever on man or other higher forms of life. If the germs of these deadly diseases can be themselves slain by a poison administered in such infinitesimal doses as to be absolutely innocuous to the human system, is there not ground for hope that this simple chemical may prove in this connection a very valuable addition to the resources of medicine?

A NEW ELECTRIC GLOW-LAMP.

For some time past experiments have been conducted with a view to finding a metal which would be suitable for the manufacture of filaments for incandescent electric lamps in place of the carbon threads at present used. Various metals, such as vanadium and niobium, whose melting-point is considerably over two thousand degrees centigrade, were dealt with, and finally tantalum was selected as being the most suitable. After various experiments, tantalum powder was melted in vacuo to free it from the residual gases, and then manufactured into a very fine wire. It was found that to get the greatest efficiency in a lamp suitable for use on a one hundred and ten volt circuit, the wire filament would have to be over twenty-five inches long, and in order to contain this in the glass bulb recourse was had to a peculiar device. In the new lamp the centre of the globe is occupied by a short pillar of glass, into the upper end of which are fused a number of separate wires much in the form of the frame of an umbrella which has been blown inside out. A similar arrangement the other way up is formed in the lower end of the central pillar, and between the extremities of these wire spokes the thin filament of tantalum is zigzagged. The lamp is said to give twice the efficiency of the ordinary carbon filament, and its advent upon the market will be waited with considerable interest.

THE SAFETY OF SUBMARINES.

The recent lamentable accident to the submarine *A 5*, by which several men lost their lives, has drawn attention to the great danger which accompanies the employment of petrol in places where good ventilation cannot be obtained. There are many means of producing the explosive gas for internal-combustion motors; but petrol furnishes one of the

easiest, because it spontaneously gives off the inflammable vapour without the employment of heat or other special aid. For this very reason it is one of the most dangerous to use, and a small leakage of the liquid means the production of a large volume of gas, which may probably lead to a very serious explosion. Small explosions have frequently occurred on submarines, but have not previously been attended with loss of life. Alcohol is not open to this objection in anything like the same degree, and it is nearly as efficient as petrol. In France, where spirit is cheap, it is largely used for motor-cars, and gives very satisfactory results. The terrible abuse of alcohol by the incontinent has necessitated the restrictions which at present so seriously limit its legitimate use in many industries; but now that explosion-engines bid fair to oust all others for a great number of important purposes, some other way may perhaps be found of overcoming this difficulty. Men who are brave enough to voluntarily face the perils of life in a submarine boat should not be exposed to any danger which can reasonably be avoided. The substitution for petrol of some less volatile fluid may be recommended to the serious consideration of the Admiralty. If, through the warning given by this accident, it ultimately becomes practicable to use alcohol in all cases where petrol or gasoline is now employed, the men who lost their lives on the *A 5* will not have died in vain.

SOPHISTICATED BOOTS.

A report has been published in Melbourne by the Victorian Agent-General in London, to the effect that the British War Office has rejected large quantities of Australian leather owing to the fact of its being adulterated with weighting material. He states that leather chemically treated so as to add to its weight has been on the market for some time past. Barium chloride, which costs in quantities about one penny per pound, can be worked into a side of leather to the extent of about five pounds; and as leather sells at from eightpence to tenpence per pound, it will be seen that the gain to the unscrupulous tanner is very considerable. The unfortunate wearer of boots made from this material is probably better off than he would be if paper entered largely into the composition of the soles; but certainly the conditions of life are not improved when unnecessary weight has to be carried about without any corresponding gain in strength or durability. Besides, there is no guarantee that paper is not used in combination with this weighted leather, just as it might be with the unadulterated article.

FLOUR WHITENED BY ELECTRICITY.

A new electric process for whitening flour has recently been introduced in Paris, and Monsieur Baland has examined some specimens of flour so treated. Analytical experiments show that in the flour treated by this method the wheat-oil is partially converted into fatty acids, and consequently the aroma and flavour of the flour are depreciated. There is also a 30 per cent. increase in acidity. The process is described as being essentially an artificial aging or whitening.

PLANT-BREEDING.

Mr Luther Burbank, according to a writer in the *Century* for March 1905, has succeeded in 'creating' new forms of plant-life: of fruits, nuts, and flowers. Since 1893 he has sold a large and flourishing nursery business that he might give his whole time to plant-breeding at Santa Rosa, California. There is a cactus plant which he has made thornless, adaptable to any climate, and which now yields a delicious fruit, which may be eaten raw or cooked, and the leaves preserved in the same way as ginger or melon rinds. He has a bramble, too, without thorns; and a brilliant crimson poppy has been made from a yellow one. The shell of the walnut has been thickened; the 'plumcot' is a combination of the American wild-plum and a Japanese plum, and he has a rhubarb which yields every day in the year. There is also an improved prune, a 'pomato' (which is a tomato grown upon a potato), and a white bramble. Mr Burbank, from long study and intuition, seems to read plants like human beings, and chooses those which can be successfully fertilised and crossed. At Sebastopol he has now growing three hundred thousand distinct varieties of plums, thousands of peaches, nectarines, cherries, almonds, and grapes, with myriads of other fruits and flowers. It is difficult to describe how this is all done by means of cross-pollination and selection, the instrument being a watch-crystal or a small saucer, and the finger-tips are used to take the pollen, which has been dusted on the crystal, and place it on the stigma. The public will only want some assurance that the flavours have been improved and not destroyed in these wonderful processes.

THE OLD CHURCH BY THE SEA.

High on the bleak and barren down,
Where salt winds wander free,
The gray old church o'erlooks the town,
The old church by the sea.
And ever through the people's pray'r,
And through the preacher's tones,
There comes the sigh of the briny air,
And the ocean's restless moans.

Above the swelling organ-strain,
When the northern tempests roar,
Is the angry surge of the mighty main
As it beats against the shore.
Ever and ever, murmuring nigh,
Is the sound of the washing sea,
And over the people's pray'r and cry
The voice of eternity.

A. L. Salmon

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE DOUBLE ANEMONE.

By M. HARDY.

PART I.

MISS CATHERINE SCOTT entered the drawing-room of the Belle Vue Hotel and glanced quickly round it. Her eye alighted on a lady who was sitting comfortably in an arm-chair reading, and she smiled. Then, with the aid of one of the many mirrors, she composed her expression into a grim frown, and stepped briskly across the room.

'I have a bone to pick with you, Amelia.'

Mrs Hinton looked deprecatingly over the top of her book.

'You needn't explain what it is, Kitty. I can read it in your eye. It's because I introduced you to that poor young man at *table-d'hôte*.'

'I'm glad you have a conscience. Whatever made you do it?'

'I don't see that it mattered. He was sitting next you; and he was bound to speak to you, anyhow.'

'Now, Amelia, that's wriggling—disgraceful wriggling! If he had spoken without an introduction I could have frozen, couldn't I? But I couldn't turn into an icicle when I had just been introduced.'

'I am very sorry, my dear. But you seemed to get on excellently. You were chattering all dinner like a pair of magpies.'

'Well, if magpies have the same difficulty in keeping up a conversation as I had, I am sorry for them. In sheer politeness, I was bound to say something; so I tried him on theatres. He had never been to one. He didn't care for pictures or music. He didn't dance; he didn't skate; he hadn't ever heard of a toboggan. At last, by the merest fluke, I hit on wild flowers. He is devoted to wild flowers; so, out of pure good-nature, I pretended I was too. But it was an awful strain.'

'Well, I'm very much obliged to you, Kitty. He's some sort of connection of mine: second-cousin to my brother's wife, I believe. Laura wrote and asked me to be kind to him, and I thought I couldn't do better than introduce him to you.'

Miss Scott shook her head at the implied compliment.

'You are terribly insincere, Amelia,' she said. 'Three days ago you told me you were only too thankful the Cartwrights were leaving, because I was such a dangerous companion for their young male child.'

'I was only speaking from Mrs Cartwright's point of view, my dear. Archibald Kent—I think Laura said his name was Archibald—looks far too old to have any anxious parent.'

'Then you had better take the post,' said Miss Scott.

Mrs Hinton, construing this last remark as a reflection on her age, retired, offended, to her book.

While the two ladies were discussing him in the drawing-room, Archibald Kent was sitting in the smoking-room, blinking his eyes and coughing at the cloud of smoke which from time to time a neighbour blew into his face. Kent was not himself a smoker. He had only come into the smoking-room because the neighbour at his side had volunteered to show him the way. Now that he was there, he was longing to get out. But he stayed for fear his neighbour should notice his departure and take offence. If only he could find a good excuse! He had a morbid dread that if he rose without one, his neighbour, who at present was not paying the smallest attention to him, would suddenly take an interest, and ask him why he moved.

Presently his neighbour dropped his paper on the floor and began to doze. Kent, keeping a guilty watch upon him, got up and took one step towards the door. His neighbour's eyes opened, and rolled sleepily towards him. Immediately Kent fell into a panic, shifted first one foot, then the other, and finally dropped back into his chair again.

'Cramp?' asked his neighbour, working himself into a more upright position in his chair.

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'No,' said Kent; 'I don't think so.'

'Ah, fidgets!' said the other. 'I get 'em myself sometimes. It's these confounded native wines.'

Kent had never in his life drunk anything stronger than water; but he suffered the odium of his fidgets to lie where it fell. His neighbour, warming to the topic, sat up a little higher.

'It's the same in all these confounded little Swiss hotels. Not a drop of liquor fit to drink; and if you bring in your own, there's a king's ransom to pay by way of corkage.'

Kent nodded politely. He would have liked to ask the meaning of 'corkage,' but refrained, for fear his ignorance might seem unpardonable.

'I have been a bit of a traveller in my time,' continued his neighbour; 'and in my humble opinion, though I know most other people don't share it, there's nothing like one of our big English hotels for solid comfort in the commissariat.'

'Do you think so?' said Kent.

'Don't you?'

Kent hesitated. 'I really don't know,' he said.

'Well, which do you reckon the most A1 hotel, bar none, you've ever stopped in?'

A faint blush crept over Kent's sallow face.

'As a matter of fact,' he said, 'I—er—to-night is the first time I have ever been in one.'

His neighbour sat himself bolt upright with a jerk.

'You're rotting!' he said.

'No, it's a fact. I have never been in one before in my life.'

His neighbour stared at him with interest.

'You'll excuse my saying it, but, for a man of your age and position, I should think you're pretty well unique. Bless me! I couldn't have been more surprised if you'd said you'd never been to school.'

The blush on Kent's face deepened. His neighbour marked it.

'Don't tell me you haven't been to school either.'

'I'm afraid I haven't. I was taught at home.'

'Well, I suppose your parents knew best. But'—— An expressive shrug of the shoulders finished the sentence. 'I never went to college; the provision trade was more in my line than higher education. But I did go to school—a jolly good school, too, where they whopped you, and gave you a meat-dinner in the middle of the day, for five-pound-ten a quarter.'

Conversation languished for a time, while the smoker puffed contentedly at the stump of his cigar. That finished, he drew out his case, and, before lighting another, offered the case to Kent.

'Thanks very much, but I don't smoke,' said Kent.

'Humph! I wonder you like the smell of it, then.'

'I don't particularly,' confessed Kent.

The other looked at him, and laid his cigar down unlighted.

'Here, I say, Mr'——

'Kent is my name.'

'Mine's Higgins—J. B. Higgins. I beg your pardon, Mr Kent. I've brought you to the wrong room. I expect the drawing-room was what you were looking for.'

Kent flushed.

'No offence meant,' said Higgins hastily. 'I should be there myself if it weren't for the nicotine. There are a couple of very pleasant women there most times. I don't suppose they'd take much notice of me if I weren't the only man in the hotel, besides the waiters, who speaks their tongue. But that being so, they're jolly affable. You come along, and I'll introduce you.'

'If you mean Mrs Hinton and Miss Scott, I have been introduced already.'

'Oh, that's all right, then. You can just drift in on your own.'

Kent rose with alacrity.

'Turn to the left, first door on the right,' directed Higgins, and he resumed his paper.

Ten minutes later he awoke from a snooze to find Kent standing dejectedly before him.

'Couldn't you find it?' he asked.

'Yes, I found it all right.'

'You don't mean to say they turned you out?'

'I didn't go in. I—well, the truth is, when I got to the door it occurred to me that perhaps I had no right to enter without an invitation. You see, I'm not used to hotels.'

Higgins exploded in a loud burst of laughter.

'Well, you're the most modest man I've met. I don't meet many. But if you're shy, I'll give you something that'll see you through.'

He searched in his pocket, and produced a card, on which he scribbled, 'Please admit bearer. —J. B. H.'

Kent received it gratefully.

'It's awfully good of you,' he said.

Thoughtfully regarding the card, he walked across the room and out of the door. But scarcely had the door shut behind him when it opened again, and he poked his head in.

'Ought I to knock?' he asked.

'Not unless you intend to masquerade as a comic waiter.'

'Thanks very much. I didn't know,' said Kent humbly.

As he walked to the drawing-room he endeavoured to prime himself with a subject of conversation. He need not have troubled. As the light fell on his timid face framed in the open doorway, Mrs Hinton positively screamed at him:

'Now this is too kind of you, Mr Kent, to take pity on two lonely women! We were getting so tired of one another's society—weren't we, Kitty?'

Miss Scott was sitting sufficiently close to her friend to tread reprovingly on her toe. She was in the middle of a very interesting novel. But politeness compelled some sort of greeting to the intruder.

'Have you come from the smoking-room, Mr Kent?' she asked.

'Yes,' said Kent, advancing hesitatingly into the

middle of the room, and fidgeting with Higgins's card, uncertain of the right moment to present it.

'Mr Higgins there?' inquired Miss Scott.

'Yes,' said Kent.

'I am sure he offered you a cigar?'

'Yes,' said Kent, wondering whether either of the ladies would offer him a chair, or whether he ought to take one uninvited.

'I thought he would. The first night he arrived he offered one to Amelia.'

'Oh Kitty! how can you say such a thing? He never did anything of the sort.'

'It's quite true, Mr Kent. He took his case out of his pocket and poked it under Mrs Hinton's nose. "Do either of you ladies go in for weeds?" he asked. You should have seen the poor man's look of surprise when Amelia rapped out, "Excuse me, sir; I'm not a widow."'

'Don't you believe a word, Mr Kent. Kitty is much too fond of telling stories.'

'I prefer reading them,' said Miss Scott, fingering the pages of her book suggestively.

'Please don't let me interrupt you,' said Kent.

His tone and look were so plaintively apologetic that Miss Scott felt remorseful. She had not intended her remark to be appreciated in any further quarter than her friend Amelia.

'Won't you sit down?' she said. 'All the seats are free.'

Kent let Higgins's card slip to the bottom of his waistcoat-pocket, and took a chair.

'We English are a wonderfully reserved nation; aren't we, Amelia?'

Kent, with the exhilarating consciousness of being a bold adventurer, rose from his chair by the door and took the seat left vacant on the sofa. He sat very forward on it. Miss Scott revived an interest in her novel.

'Do you play bridge, Mr Kent?' asked Mrs Hinton.

She had been rummaging in her small-talk cupboard for a likely topic, and had seized the question in a moment of despair. But no one except an intimate friend could have guessed that fact.

'I am afraid I don't quite know what it is. Is it an indoor game?'

Mrs Hinton gasped, and looked at Miss Scott, uncertain whether to giggle or to cry. Miss Scott, to her friend's astonishment, shut up her book with a sudden bang.

'Yes, it is an indoor game,' she said, 'played with stiff bits of paper called playing-cards.—Come, Amelia, we'll teach him.'

Mrs Hinton stared at her helplessly. She suspected that the proposition sprang less from charity towards Kent than from a desire to retaliate on herself for introducing him.

'Wouldn't you prefer to play "Beggar my neighbour" with Mr Kent, Kitty? It's an easier game to teach. Besides, we are only three.'

'I think we'll play bridge,' said Miss Scott firmly.

To the surprise of all, Kent proved himself an apt learner. Miss Scott had started to play with the idea that two or three hands would be quite sufficient teasing for Mrs Hinton. But her pupil did such credit to her teaching that she played on for the game's sake. At the end of the second rubber, when the party broke up for the evening, she felt called upon to shake him by the hand and say, 'I'm very glad indeed you came in, Mr Kent.'

Kent blushed, and was so confused that he forgot to thank her for the lesson.

'Amelia,' said Miss Scott, as she and Mrs Hinton sat sunning themselves on the veranda next morning, 'as there is absolutely nobody in Hundehof, I intend to give up pleasure and go in for education.'

'Dear me, Kitty, what are you going to learn? Political economy?'

'No, Amelia. How silly you are! I'm not going to educate myself. I'm twenty-five, and I should hope that by now I am a sufficiently finished article. I'm going to educate your brother's cousin-in-law.'

'Isn't he finished too? He's thirty if he's a day.'

'I look upon him as a child in long clothes, Amelia.'

Miss Scott began her education of Archibald Kent in a curious way. She professed a desire to learn all about wild flowers. Very timorously he hinted that the best way to learn was to go out on to the mountain and collect them, in company with some one who could explain. Miss Scott's head drifted slightly to one side as she looked at him.

'There isn't anybody I can ask,' she said. 'Amelia is as ignorant as I am, and I don't fancy Mr Higgins would be much good.'

Kent hesitated. He was by no means insensible to the charm of Miss Scott's appearance and the novelty of her manners and conversation; but he was uncertain whether the offer of his company might not be improper, and lay him open to a snub. He hesitated so long that Miss Scott grew impatient.

'I taught you bridge,' she said reproachfully.

And before he had fully framed his application, Kent found himself installed in the vacant post.

In the course of the next few days Miss Scott learned a good deal about wild flowers. It was spring, and the lower mountain-slopes were covered with furry anemones, oxlips, primulas, and early gentians. Higher up among the rocks were rarer specimens, which she would never have seen at all had not Kent been with her. In return for his information she taught him a thousand things.

'Really, Amelia,' she confided to her friend, 'his innocence is positively awe-inspiring. Sometimes, when I am talking to him, a puzzled expression creeps into his eyes that makes me feel like a ballet-girl strolling into a Quakers' meeting-house. You can't think how easily shocked he is.'

Mrs Hinton's memory recalled a flippant remark of her own the night before.

'Oh yes, I can,' she said.

'If his brains were as simple as his soul I could

understand it. But do you know, Amelia, that he is astonishingly clever. Mr Higgins has found out that he is the author of two scientific books which are more original and more difficult to understand than anything else that has been published in the last ten years. What do you think of that, Amelia?'

'It's a pity that he is so plain,' said Mrs Hinton.

'I don't think he's plain at all,' said Miss Scott coldly. 'His eyes are beautiful.'

Mrs Hinton looked alarmed.

'I hope you haven't been talking nonsense to him, Kitty. Because, if you have, it's most unfair. Please remember that I am responsible to my sister-in-law, and that you mustn't trifle with that young man's feelings.'

Miss Scott assumed a deeply injured look.

'Have you ever known me trifle with anybody's feelings but my own?'

'Yes,' said Mrs Hinton severely; 'lots. That Cartwright boy's, for instance.'

'Nonsense! The Cartwright boy was too young to have any feelings. I was only educating him.'

'Well, please don't educate Archibald Kent into a similar condition of volcanic misery. Have you told him you're engaged?'

'No, of course not. I don't go about like a notice-board, crying, "Trespassers will be prosecuted." He can see for himself that I wear a ring on my third finger.'

'Humph! Much though I love you, Kitty, I don't trust you. I believe you take that ring off occasionally.'

Miss Scott poured a torrent of indignant protest into Mrs Hinton's suspicious ear till she was stopped by the church clock striking.

'Oh, I must be off,' she said. 'I am keeping him waiting.'

'"Him" being Mr Kent, I suppose?'

'Yes,' said Miss Scott defiantly. 'We're going up the Kleineralp to look for a double anemone.'

'I hope you won't find something that you're not looking for; that's all I can say, Kitty.'

At that moment Kent appeared. His manner of approaching them, Mrs Hinton noticed, was much less diffident than it had been a week before. He could now stand quite comfortably on both legs.

'I am quite ready,' said Miss Scott.—'Good-bye, Amelia.'

With a defiant nod she set out on her walk, determined to show her contempt for Mrs Hinton's charges by especial graciousness to Kent. Kent, however, was in a thoughtful mood, and met her sprightliness rather slowly. She decided to stir him up.

'Poor Amelia seems rather lonely. Would you mind if we brought her with us?'

He stopped in the middle of the road and looked at her. For a minute she thought that he was going to take her at her word and turn back for Mrs Hinton, and it piqued her to think that her education should have done so little. A minute later, however, she feared her education had done too much.

'I should mind,' was all he said in words. But his look and tone said more.

For some time they walked on in silence, and in silence they left the road and began to mount the grassy slopes at the base of the Kleineralp. Miss Scott found the silence oppressive. With a feeling as if she were turning a dangerous conversation, she remarked, 'I do hope we come across a double anemone to-day. I have set my heart on finding one.'

'I have set my heart on getting it for you,' he said.

The words were innocent enough; but Miss Scott's conscience gave them an inner meaning. She took her gloves off. He was watching her attentively.

'Shall I put them in my pocket?' he asked.

She dangled them in her left hand. The glaring Hundehof sun sent a thousand colours glancing through the diamond in her ring. But he did not notice it. He took the gloves, folded them tenderly, and put them in his pocket. Then they continued the climb.

'I want to find a double anemone and give it you myself. Can you guess why?' he asked.

They had halted on a ridge of the mountain, and were gazing down at the village of Hundehof five hundred feet below. The houses were little more than blue-and-yellow specks dotted round the spire of the Lutheran church. Miss Scott eyed the steepness of the smooth, green slope, and wondered whether she would break her neck if she started to run home.

Kent was apparently encouraged by her silence.

'It's a symbol,' he said.

Miss Scott's mind groped wildly for the flippancy which was her usual weapon of defence. But nothing flippant could she find. Unwillingly she maintained the encouragement of silence.

'The night before last I had a dream. I dreamt I was hunting for a double anemone. I found one, and gave it to you; and then—then you gave me something in return. I confess I am superstitious over dreams. When I woke up I determined that the moment of finding the double anemone I would make the moment for speaking out what's in my mind.'

'What an interesting dream! You can't think how flattered I feel at being an actor in it. But to change to a less romantic subject, don't you think it's time we were going home?'

'No, no; not just yet. I want to speak to you.'

'Hadn't you better wait till you have found your anemone, Mr Kent?'

He shook his head. Again she tried to warn him; but the movement of her left hand was misinterpreted.

'I'm not saying good-bye, Mr Kent. And if I were, my hand doesn't need both of yours to hold it. It's not so heavy as all that.'

'Please listen to me, Kitty.'

'That's my Christian name, Mr Kent. I think,

if you don't mind, we'll stick to surnames. They are just as easy, and much more dignified.'

He seemed quite unconscious of the rebuff. He still held her hand. The alarming thought occurred to her that, in his slow and deliberate way, he was making ready to kiss it.

'I must trouble you to let go my hand, Mr Kent. Charles would not like your holding it.'

'Who's Charles? What does Charles matter?'

'If you let go my hand I'll tell you.'

Reluctantly he dropped it. She looked at him, half-frightened, half-triumphant, at the completeness of his education.

'Charles gave me the ring,' she said.

'Is Charles your brother?'

She shook her head. There was no room for flippant evasion now.

'He is my young man—my betrothed.'

Though speaking in the easiest tone at her command, she had found it necessary to turn her head away, and to become absorbed in contemplation of the view. Exactly how he took the news she could not see. She had feared an outburst of reproach. But the prolonged silence that ensued was even more embarrassing.

At length Kent broke it. His slow, matter-of-fact tone gave no clue to the state of his feelings.

'I beg your pardon. Did you say you were betrothed?'

'Oh yes. Didn't you know? I have been engaged to Charles Meredith for nearly a year.'

The sound of her own voice so far reassured her that she managed to turn round. She found Kent looking at her intently, with a somewhat puzzled expression on his face.

'I suppose you thought I knew?' he said.

She skirted a direct answer.

'Well, I wear an engagement-ring, you see.'

'And it never occurred to you that I shouldn't understand?'

Why would he persist in asking awkward questions? She objected to telling untruths. Besides, she really wasn't quite sure what she had thought, or whether she had ever thought at all.

'I don't know,' she said. But only the 'know' was audible.

'No, no, of course; you would never have dreamt of it. Anybody but a poor ignorant fool like me would have understood everything long ago.'

Miss Scott experienced the novel and unpleasant sensation of feeling extremely mean. She was very thankful when, on the hotel veranda, the walk ended, and she was free to rush to Mrs Hinton's room and unbosom her iniquities. Tragically she threw herself into the nearest arm-chair.

'You were quite right, Amelia.'

'You don't mean to say that my poor relative has gone and done it?'

'Well, we had to have an explanation. He took it awfully well; and I feel about as mean as Mrs Cartwright's sham pearl. In fact, I'm so dreadfully penitent that I'm going to wire to Charles to come and comfort me.'

'Poor Charles! Poor Archibald Kent!' said Mrs Hinton.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD-WORLD SCOTTISH SERVICE MEMBER.

By the Rev. CANON TETLEY.

CHARLES LAMB tells us, in his essay *My Relations*, that his cousin Bridget Elia—that is, his sister Mary—'was tumbled early, by accident or design,' into a library 'of good old English reading, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage.' The books were those of their kind friend the Bencher Samuel Salt; and the room must indeed have been, as my delightful friend the late Master of the Temple wrote, 'a blessed resource for them in face of the monotony and other discomforts of their home, and against more serious evils.' It is scarcely probable that a similar experience befell any of my readers in their childhood, but some at least no doubt have shared the writer's pleasure in roaming at will among the books and the annals of an ancestral home. What a treasure-house of manifold contents is the dwelling where many generations have lived their lives! Not only the books that tell the taste of successive owners; but, much more than these, the long-forgotten romance, the episode once so full of incident and force, that stirred so strongly the individuals concerned, and to which now the clue is lacking, the records of sorrow and of joy, the triumph and the tragedy alike: there they lie in dust and oblivion till a descendant or an antiquary comes across them in his quest. In such wise, this last summer, while with my kinsfolk in their Highland home, I lighted on the diaries which form the basis of what is written here.

Their author, Sir Andrew Leith-Hay, M.P. for the Elgin Burghs from 1833 to 1847, with an interval of three years during which he was Governor of Bermuda, was the son of a most distinguished Scottish soldier, General Leith-Hay of Leith Hall, by Mary, co-heiress of Charles Forbes of Ballogie. The gallantry and skill of the father were a legacy of undying honour to his descendants. Sir Andrew served throughout the Peninsular war, of which he wrote an excellent History. 'The father,' it was said in the lifetime of both, 'is worthy of the son, and the son of the father.'

Only two volumes, unfortunately, survive. The earlier pages of one are filled with extracts from authors to whom he had evidently devoted a great

deal of time and attention. Every entry, I may mention, from earlier life until the close, is made in that beautifully formed and clear handwriting which might so often be imitated with obvious advantage by the present generation. The other is chiefly a record of parliamentary work during the session of 1833—Mr Gladstone's first session, by the way.

The extracts to which I allude are from the *Mémoires* of Cardinal de Retz, Gibbon, a variety of writers concerning the Dukes of Buckingham, Swift, Cardinal Dubois, and Schlegel. After these there comes a sketch of that extraordinary career which had recently closed at St Helena, and had in its course so deeply affected the writer's own life; and much besides, closing with an extract from Dr Chalmers bearing date of 14th March 1829. Then begin the miscellaneous entries from which I proceed to make a brief selection.

'Lines on reading in the newspapers that Lord John Russell's health has been seriously impaired by his anxiety and fatigue in carrying through the Reform Bill.' By the way, they were certainly not the composition of our compiler, a sturdy Whig and the son of one who bore the title of 'the Patriarch of Liberalism' north of the Tweed:

> 'Jack and Will brought in a Bill
> To create a Revolution.
> Will fell down and broke his crown,
> And Jack his constitution.'

The next entry runs thus:

'I recollect Sheridan's play of *The Rivals* cast as follows at Drury Lane Theatre:

Sir Anthony Absolute	KING.
Captain Absolute	JOHN PALMER.
Acres	BANNISTER.
Faulkland	JOHN KEMBLE.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	R. PALMER.
Julia	Mrs SIDDONS.
Mrs Malaprop	Miss POPE.
Lydia Languish	Mrs JORDAN.

A combination of histrionic talent never in all probability to be again equalled.'

The following page stands in tragic contrast. It records the death of Sir Andrew's second daughter, and gives a sketch of her short life, ending pathetically:

'The testimony of a father to the dawning virtues of his child may be as worthy of the consideration of the best portion of mankind as the eulogium on the conqueror, the statesman, or the lawgiver who has attained pre-eminence and fame by subjecting to his purposes the best and noblest feelings of our nature.'

Death was busy in his household, for the next entry to this is of another daughter's removal, concluding with a notice that reads strangely to our modern ideas:

'Upon Thursday, Aug. 22nd, 1833, dear Mary was laid in the vault belonging to the Parish of St George, Hanover Square.'

Turning over various pages, the contents of which would be not devoid of interest to Aberdeenshire readers, but for which it is impossible to find space, I come to the following:

'After the battle of Waterloo, Sir Walter Scott published a poem entitled *The Field of Waterloo*, when the following lines appeared in the periodicals of the day:

> Of all the gallant heroes slain
> On Waterloo's ensanguined plain,
> None by sabre or by shot
> Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

To which Lord Erskine added the following:

> Though none before with spear or shield
> E'er fought so well on Flodden Field.'

The page that faces this reminds us how very far the world has travelled since the writer's days:

'During my life it has been my fate to be called upon to act as a friend in affairs of honour, and I have as a second settled disputes between the following parties without ever permitting recourse to arms:

Lord Kintore and Mr Dowbiggen.
General Ramsay and Major Hunter.
Mr Farquharson of Finzian and Mr James of Ballogie.
Mr Farquharson and Sir John Barnett.
Lord Palmerston and Colonel Sibthorp.
Mr Grantly Berkeley and the Mayor of Bristol.
Capt. L. Bulkeley and Col. Cecil Forrester.
With many others.'

An honourable record indeed, surpassing his boldest deeds on the battlefield.

And so we pass on till the day comes when, in the evening of his life, the brave old soldier tells how his Devonshire bride of long ago, Mary Margaret Clark of Buckland Toussaints, passes from this lower scene, and is laid in the strange old graveyard at Kennethmont, beneath which the Great North of Scotland Railway runs. The end was near now. There is only one entry after this. The instinct of the old sportsman leads him to tell:

'*July* 2, 1859.—This afternoon a trout was found dead in the pond at Leith Hall, weighing six and a quarter pounds.'

The measurements follow, and with them the book is done.

I turn now to the pages that are for the most part parliamentary. It will be of interest to my readers to know that they are part of a substantial volume of information representing, in fact, the *Whitaker* of those days. On 4th February 1833 we have the first entry on a sheet of fine quality which has retained its whiteness all these seventy years: 'I took my seat in the House of Commons.' It is highly characteristic of the period when coaching was at its zenith that almost his earliest business is to 'call on the Duke of Richmond on the subject of mail-guardship for Mr Forrester of Banff. Promised the first vacancy.' The postal service accounts for a good deal of his attention, and there is a constant stream of petitions, political calls, dinners, committees, and obtaining places for constituents besides. There is a touch of humanity

and humour in the following: 'Received letter from the Duke of Richmond on the subject of mail dining at Elgin going south.' With a significance little to be apprehended then, a neighbouring entry runs: 'Committee on Birmingham and London Railway three o'clock.' And here is an early murmur of the storm that burst ten years after: 'Received petition from Elgin against Lay Patronage.' On 7th May he writes: 'Saw Mr Phillips, Under-Secretary of State, on the subject of Newlands, sentenced to death at Inverness;' and on the 11th, 'Received respite; forwarded the same to Elgin.' Thus briefly he records one of the first movements in what was destined to become an enterprise of vast importance: 'National Provincial Bank.—Articles of co-partnership read and altered, June 15, 1833.' Meetings follow rather frequently after this—daily, indeed, towards the close of the year; the member for the Elgin Burghs being evidently much occupied by the business on hand. On 13th August the committee of management meet for the first time, 'Mr Barnes, Mr Farrer, Mr Joplin, Mr Remington, and myself.' Again his strenuous work is interrupted by the illness and death of a daughter, the pathetic entry of a 'pair' being duly made.

All through this volume the name of Lord Althorp is constantly recurring. And here I am able, by a happy stroke of fortune, to tell again, after the lapse of two generations, a story of the soldier-member's chivalry towards his political ally. I found it in a volume called *Random Recollections of the House of Commons, by One of no Party, 1836*, on which I lighted in my rovings:

'At the Meeting of the Session of 1834, Colonel Leith-Hay did one of the noblest things I ever witnessed. On the second night of that Session, when the question was about to be solved which of the Irish Members (as affirmed by Mr Hill, Member for Hull) had played the traitor by admitting, while he violently opposed the Coercion Bill, that that measure was indispensably necessary for the peace of Ireland, and that he only opposed it to please his Constituents—on that occasion, when Lord Althorp was badgered by Mr Shiel to give up his authority for the statement, and when Mr Shiel plainly intimated to his Lordship that if he did not give the name of his informant he would hold him personally responsible, Colonel Leith-Hay rose up, and in the most energetic yet dignified manner said, addressing himself to Mr Shiel, that precisely the same statement as that made to Lord Althorp had been communicated to him, and that he would not, any more than the noble Lord, give up his authority, but would hold himself personally responsible. I never yet knew anything produce a greater effect on the House. There was not an honourable Member in it but deeply felt for Lord Althorp at the time, and when they saw him in a great measure relieved from the embarrassing situation in which his refusal to betray the confidence reposed in him by a friend had placed him, by the generous and well-timed interposition on the part of the gallant Colonel, a murmur of suppressed admiration of the conduct of the latter was heard in every part of the House, and was with difficulty repressed even by the strangers in the Gallery.'

And here my gleanings cease. Times are changed indeed since our old-world Scottish service member travelled to and from the House by the Scottish mail. But the staunchness of principle, the unflagging industry, the unshaken courage, the tenderness of heart withal, made up a character which in every age is of priceless worth, and of which the nation was never more in urgent need than she is at this moment, when from their long-forgotten place these records of a bygone day once more have seen the light.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of *Barbe of Grand Bayou, Bondman Free, John of Gerisau*, &c.

CHAPTER XXII.—CLEANING SLATES.

WHEN Geoffrey Carrick looked out of his bedroom window next morning it was still snowing, though not so relentlessly as on the previous day. The sky above the great white waste was lighter, the wind had fallen, and the bit of sea visible from his window looked like a sheet of lead.

He dressed again in his borrowed plumes, since his own clothes were evidently not yet fully dried; but when he opened his door he found them in a neatly folded pile outside. Miss Lesley and Colin got up from their usual crouching-place by the fire as he stood in the doorway for a moment, and his face showed his appreciation of the charming picture they made. The long low windows on two sides of the room, looking south-west and west, showed Nature outside at her whitest and coldest—the white plain of the snow, the leaden plain of the sea, the feathery flakes falling slowly and packing on the sills. And inside, by contrast, all the tones were rich and dark and warm: the large oil paintings, the dark curtains to the doorways, the solid old furniture, the friendly books on the walls, the black-and-tan collie, and—crown jewel of them all!—the beautiful dark girl, with the glow of the blazing fire in her hair and in her eyes and in her face, still tuned to warmest friendliness.

'I hope I have not kept you waiting?' he said. 'My watch stopped at five minutes past

twelve yesterday morning and declined to go on again.'

'There was no hurry,' she said. 'I hope you slept well?'

'I slept like a top, thank you.'

'And the foot?'

'I think it's going down a bit, but it is not much good yet. It seems to me it is not snowing quite so heavily. Does it often behave like this on Innismohr?'

'I never saw it so bad in my life before. The back of the house is buried. But the wind is changing, and it will go as quickly as it came.'

He had enjoyed beyond words their friendliness of the evening. They had slipped into it by degrees as matters between them unfolded, and he quite appreciated the fact that, under the stress of unusual emotion, she might have been unconsciously led into the display of more feeling than was customary with her. He was quite prepared for some return on her part to a not unnatural reserve —to what, indeed, was probably her natural state. But she was as frank and cordial as before, and his heart rejoiced the more to find her so.

His thoughts had naturally been full of her. He had fallen asleep thinking of her, and wondering dreamily at her prompt and full acceptance of all he had told her. And when he woke his first thoughts had been towards her. He craved sight of her again, for, strangely enough, the beautiful face was less distinct to him in its new friendliness than the scornful dark eyes had been in their hostility. And when they met, his eyes had sought hers anxiously for sign of reserve or withdrawal on her part. But the large, dark eyes were full of friendliness, and held neither reservations nor withdrawals, and he was glad.

And if he had thought much about her, not less she concerning him. She was no simple Highland girl to be imposed upon by any glib beguilement. Before the deluge the family had had a house in Edinburgh, and spent part of each year there. She had visited London more than once, and had passed two years in Germany. But, above and beyond all that, she was possessed of a strong, healthy brain, and had been taught to use it; and she had a large and lofty soul, widened and deepened by much close contact with Nature, and a loyal heart which readily recognised truth and uprightness in others. She was satisfied that these things were equally in Geoffrey Carrick, and, once satisfied, she held him friend.

Perhaps it was, to some extent, this sudden acquittal of her from what he had feared that made her seem even more charming than before. She was housekeeper again in her large white apron, and wholly sweet and beautiful, with the added charm of knowledge, strength, and usefulness—applied beauty in its most wholesome form.

As she passed quickly into the kitchen to serve the waiting breakfast, Carrick sank into his chair before the fire with a little sigh—half content, half something else. For he could not but remember that this delightful state of affairs was only temporary and dependent on the state of the weather, and there was within him already, and almost unconsciously, a desire for its continuance. And at his sigh Colin looked up at him knowingly, as much as to say, 'That's so. She *is* nice, isn't she?' and then, in response to a friendly rub on the head, stood up with his paws on Carrick's knees and licked his face.

'Can you eat porridge without milk?' she asked, as she set out three plates on the table.

'I'm quite sure I can. It looks delicious.'

'You could have some whisky,' she suggested. 'Some people take it so.'

'I wouldn't spoil the taste of it for anything. I am quite sure it needs no whisky or anything else.'

'Oh yes, it is very much better with milk, but I have none.'

He would have found it good even if it had been smoked, and the coffee and bacon and crisp oatcakes which followed were excellent. Never in all his life had he enjoyed a breakfast so much.

Truly, I feel for him, mere scribe as I am, at thought of his losing it all so soon. Perhaps it was the certainty of its evanescence that accentuated all his enjoyment of that simple, most delightful meal.

How keen the enjoyment, mental as well as physical, of the guests at those ancient poison-banquets! What a fine and final point to every tight-strung perception and discrimination both of mind and body, the thought of that approaching bowl which should snap the golden cord and end all tastes and time! Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for presently we die!

But that is a fool-cry after all; and Geoffrey Carrick, if his enjoyment was quickened by thought of coming loss, was anything but a fool. He would eat, drink, and be merry, but he had no intention of dying, either literally or metaphorically. There was, in fact, growing within him a very strong desire for continuance, or at all events renewal, of this new and great enjoyment, and somewhere deep down inside him a seed of deliberate intention that way.

One thing, however, weighed upon him. Three indictments she had brought against him in justification of her unjustifiable ill-will. Two of these he had rebutted and reduced to nothing. The third remained importunate. By paying but bare valuation for Innismohr he had unwittingly deprived Miss Cameron and her mother of the slender livelihood which would still have rendered them independent. That she recognised his innocence of intention, and exonerated him from blame, and had cast it all behind her, served only to accentuate his feeling in the matter.

Yet how to right the unintentional wrong? He would have given much to know, and more, very much more, to accomplish it.

And when, after breakfast, she introduced him to her bookshelves, and betook herself to her household

duties, he chose a book and sat and smoked, but brooded over this matter more than he read.

And presently she was standing at the side-window looking out over the sea, and telling him that the wind was certainly changing, which was no joyful news to him. And then she took up some sewing and sat down before the fire, and began to question him about the Soudan again; and, before he knew it, he was discussing it all with her as he might have done with Nell.

She had a quick apprehension, and in this matter a long-unsatisfied curiosity; and her deft questioning drew from him, bit by bit, pretty nearly all the facts concerning himself and the death of George Eisenach and the fight at Tembé.

'You have made me talk of these things as I have not talked to any one but my own people,' he said. 'But I am just as glad that you should know the whole matter. In return, I crave a favour.'

She looked contemplatively across at him.

'Will you grant it?'

'Certainly not until I hear what it is.'

She waited for him to explain, and he found it difficult to begin.

'You have acquitted the prisoner on two counts,' he said, with an attempt at light disguisement of his feeling. 'But there still remains one on which he pleads guilty, though without intention.'

'Then he cannot be guilty,' she said quickly.

'Unfortunately the wrong remains, or its results, and he will know no peace of mind till it is righted. But he is only common clay, and he has no idea how to do it without offence.'

'I know what you mean. From your point of view you did what you believed right, and what, I suppose, was right. If you had known all the facts no doubt you would have done differently.'

'I most certainly would. I would like to do differently now.'

'You cannot do anything now,' she said decisively, and went on with her work.

'Not even if, by doing nothing, I am left with a gaping wound?' he asked earnestly.

'Time heals all wounds,' she said didactically.

'It is so much easier to be philosophic when you are the wounder and not the wounded.'

'I dealt no wound.'

'You are doing so now. Besides, you stabbed me with your eyes for three months on end.'

But she would not admit it, and tried to change the subject. He was not so easily turned from his purpose, however.

'You have made me discuss myself quite beyond my custom. Now let us discuss your affairs for a few minutes.'

'I would very much sooner you didn't.'

'But I very much wish to.'

'We can find many more cheerful subjects.'

'Only if you persist in being self-willed and unreasonable about it.'

She was thoughtful for a moment, and then said, with a smile lurking in the corners of her eyes and mouth, 'Well, proceed. But don't cry for help if you get under the ice.'

'Well,' he began briskly, 'here's how matters stand. Through no fault or grace of my own, but through the kindness of a dear old man, I have a great deal more money than I know what to do with. Through no fault of their own, the mother and sister of my dearest friend are left but poorly provided for. Quite unintentionally I deprive them of a sum of money which would be useful to them. Incidentally the young lady saves my life'——

'And dries your clothes and makes your porridge.'

'The most delicious porridge I ever tasted. But, as I said, that was incidental, and perhaps should not come in. If I had known the facts it is quite certain I would never have done as I did. As soon as I learn them I am sorry, and would get back and make amends.'

He waited, but she offered no help.

'What I would very much like to do now would be to do what I would have done if I had known the facts, and'—he got red in the face when it came to the point, but went on doggedly—'place to Mrs Cameron's credit in the bank the sum that I quite unwittingly deprived her of.'

He had a lurking fear that she might rise up splendidly, and scorch him with her eyes, and sweep out of the room. But she was much too sensible, and she gauged fully the good-will that lay behind the impossible suggestion.

'And would it be for conscience-money, or for drying your clothes, or making your porridge?' she asked. 'You see it is impossible. We have no kind of claim upon your'——

'Oh, but you have. If it comes to claims, where should I be now but for you?'

'Well, where you are: a bit under water,' she said quaintly. 'No, we can't get back, and we cannot accept your money. The future may lighten for us. I am very much afraid that for my dear mother it will lighten upwards; but we are both prepared for that, and she has no great wish to stay, except on my account.'

'And yourself?'

'I think I can always earn a living, and perhaps the necessity for it will be useful.'

'Earn a living! How?' he asked.

'Music—violin. They credit me with a certain facility, and I love it dearly. Now,' she jumped up, 'I must cast an eye on my cooking;' and he sat looking into the fire and smoking thoughtfully.

'All the same,' he began when she had resumed her seat and her work, 'I wish very much'——

'Please, don't begin it again! It is quite out of the question. Let us talk of something else;' and wisdom was vouchsafed him not to press the matter any further just then.

He drew her on to talk of the island and the people, and she gave him many curious sidelights into matters which would be of use to him. And more than once she seemed on the point of telling

him other things, and then suddenly checked herself and went off at a tangent.

He had been questioning her about the old mine-shaft, and asking if she had ever ventured inside it, and she had acknowledged that she had.

'Will you cut the timber at all?' she asked.

'Not more than is necessary for thinning purposes.'

'I am so glad. We had to, you know, and every tree they felled was a fresh pang to me. I hope you will replant the slides too.'

'Do you know, I have had two curious experiences in that beautiful glen at the foot of the lake,' he said.

'Oh! What were they?'

'Twice, when I have been going down it, I have had the curious impression of a face—a dark, surprised man's face, I think—looking up at me from below. But when I hurried down and searched for it, it was gone, and I could find nothing to account for it. Has anything of the kind ever happened to you?'

'No; I don't think so. The people about here are mostly dark-faced; but if there had been any one there you would surely have found him. Perhaps you have a very vivid imagination.'

'I never had any to speak of, as far as I know. But if any place could kindle one's imagination, it is this island of Innismohr. What with its kelpies, and its wood-nymphs, and its bottomless lake, and its Spanish blood, it is an island of mysteries. There's another curious bit I want to look into sometime—that green, table-topped rock at the head of a tiny bay on the way to Innisrath. Can you tell me anything about it?'

She gave him one quick, startled look; but he was gazing into the fire and did not see it.

'They say the top of the cliff slipped down long ago, hundreds of years ago, and has been there ever since,' she said quietly.

'Yes, that's what it looks like. And it's probably all honeycombed with the waves. I was standing on it the other day, and could hear them rumbling inside it.'

'And you went on to Innisrath?'

'Yes; Tom Brading and I had lunch there, and then walked on down the east coast, and over the hills to the loch, and home round the head. By the way, we met a curious fellow there—a foreigner, I should say—going along towards Innisrath. He seemed, somehow, out of place in a Scottish island. Who would he be, do you suppose?'

'There is a very curious old bond between Innismohr and Spain, she said quietly and with a touch of reserve. 'It is said that one of the Armada ships came ashore here, and that the races got mixed. We frequently see Spanish sailors here.'

'What on earth do they come for?'

'To visit their distant relations perhaps. But they seem quiet and inoffensive, and we have never had any trouble with them.'

For the first time since they had become properly acquainted, Carrick got the impression that she could have told him more if she had wished to. But he had a vague apprehension of the clannish nature and of the primitive codes of honour that prevailed among the Highlanders; and a moment's consideration suggested that there might be trifling matters of business between these foreigners and the natives which it would be as well not to inquire too closely into. If Miss Cameron was aware of them, or suspected them, the very last thing she would dream of doing would be to discuss them with an outsider; and his own feelings fully approved her attitude.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON MEMORY.

By J. Cater, M.D.

Memory comprises the twofold process of conservation and reproduction. The former is the essential element of memory, because without a storage of thoughts and events reproduction is impossible. As impressions reach the brain, if they are to be re-collected they must be organically registered. They must be fixed there in some way ready for future use; and the means by which this registration is accomplished constitutes the all-important question for consideration.

The latter process, that of reproduction, is readily comprehended when once the mechanism of conservation has been satisfactorily explained.

Immediately an impression is received by the brain, whether it be that of a word, an image, or a fact, there is *a modification of the constituent elements* in the nervous structures. The molecules of which the nerve-cells are composed undergo alteration in respect of their relative position and arrangement. The result of the disturbance is that an imprint remains on the nervous structure like that of a seal upon softened wax. No change takes place in the quality or composition of the nerve-cell, but there is a fresh distribution of its tiny particles. The effect of this modification is something akin to that of walking on a sandy beach, where an imprint of the foot is left at every step though each particle of sand maintains its normal structure and character.

As illustrating this kind of molecular modification, it has been observed that on brushing the surface of still water with a feather the liquid does not resume its normal condition. The water may again present a smooth surface; it may even

appear as though it had never been disturbed; yet, as a matter of fact, many of its molecules have changed their places, and an eye of sufficient power would detect traces of the feather's action. If the procedure were never repeated, the disturbed molecules would *tend to return* to their natural form; but if a similar passage of the feather were made over the same spot on several occasions, the molecules would then lose their power of returning, and soon become identified with the new conditions forced upon them.

Thus it is with molecules in the nerve-cells of the brain. When once they have been disarranged, and forced to vibrate in some other way, they never return exactly to their primitive state. Their new arrangement becomes, in turn, the natural one, and obeys the slightest cause that sets them vibrating in their modified form. An impression never repeated tends to disappear, to fade from the memory, as we say; but one that is recurrent causes its effect to be more permanent. And, since every fresh impression received involves further changes in the disposition of component molecules, these nervous elements must be capable of an almost endless variety of modification.

The next important point to grasp is the enormous multitude of cellular structures contained in the brain. It is computed that there are no less than *six hundred millions of cerebral cells*, many alienists placing the number at still higher figures.

Supposing, therefore, the nerve-cell is capable of but one modification of its particles—that is, competent to store only a single item for remembrance—then there would be ample scope for extensive conservation. But it is more than probable that when an impression is received by the brain it affects several cells, involving changes in their heterogeneous elements, and producing associated or grouped results rather than a single effect. If such be the case, we have each of the six hundred million cells, with its unnumbered units, entering into combination with molecular changes in its immediate neighbours. This offers not merely a sufficient contingent of active elements, but suggests possibilities beyond conception as the outcome of varied and combined modifications.

By way of illustration, compare the molecules of a nerve-cell to a letter of the alphabet. The letter preserves its own identity although it enters into the formation of millions of words, and that not in one language only, but in many. There may be some variation of form according as the letter is written or printed, yet it is readily identified whatever may chance to be the tongue. Moreover, when associated with other letters, according to its relative position, it both modifies the sound and effect of its neighbours, while it is modified itself by them in its turn. Similarly by association, and by complex combinations, the molecular constituents of nerve-cells interact, and thus afford opportunity for unlimited storage of imprints.

It is well known that every ordinary movement of the body is produced by the activity of numerous nervous elements, not only of the cells immediately concerned, but also of their branches and connecting motor-nerves. Because these movements are almost automatic we are apt to lose sight of the complicated mechanism that brings them about. Mr Herbert Spencer has observed that the wing of a fly makes from ten to fifteen thousand vibrations a second, each of which implies a separate nervous act, so that in the flying fly we have exemplified a nervous condition in which complexity and rapidity of action are simply astounding. The extreme minuteness of the parts concerned does not appear to present any difficulty.

Withdraw the attention from muscular movement, and direct it towards the action of the cerebral cells. Suppose, for a moment, we have been looking at a watch, and that the result of our observation is an appreciation of its form, size, and metal, as well as of the time of day. The several impressions which reached our brain were duly registered there, and may be recollected as a memory. Now, what really occurred was this. There were modifications, first of all, in the complicated nervous structures of the retina; then of molecules along the optic track, as the impressions were transmitted thence from the retina; and still further modifications of elements lying in various localities through which the impressions passed, till the final effect was produced in nerve-cells on the cortical area of the brain.

Inspection of the watch, therefore, involved activity on the part of widely separated nervous elements; and the concerted action of these elements resulted in definite imprints on the cortex. Some elements concerned merely oscillated to and fro, speedily returning to their normal condition; but those eventually disturbed in the cortical nerve-cells maintained their modified form. From imprints thus left on these molecules, we are able to describe the appearance of the watch, and to quote the hour its dial indicated.

Much the same elaborate process takes place in regard to spoken and written words. In the latter case, the eye being the organ concerned, the mechanism is similar to what has been outlined above; but spoken words travel by means of the auditory apparatus, producing corresponding modifications of the cell molecules on reaching the cortex of the brain.

To summarise what has been said, memory is entirely a function of the nervous system. Its operation depends upon a faculty which nervous elements possess of becoming modified by rearrangement of their molecular particles. Impressions reaching the brain are as literally stamped upon the molecules of the cortical nerve-cells as our footprints are upon the sandy beach. Imprints of the impressions thus conserved are available for future use as memories. And in consequence of the cerebral cells numbering upwards of six hundred millions, and of their associated and conjoined action,

the multiplication of possible imprints is practically without a limit. The elaborate details of the process, the prodigious number of elements concerned, and the speed with which they operate are no matter for surprise, seeing what the common fly accomplishes by rapid successive nervous actions.

It may be well to add that a normal exercise of memory presupposes an active circulation of blood, rich in material necessary for the integration and disintegration of the nerve-cells. When this is unduly increased there is a tendency to morbid excitation, and when it is decreased the tendency is towards a defective memory. Therefore, effective conservation—that is, good memory—is assured by nutrition; the registration of impressions constantly going on because the nerve elements are constantly renewed. The essentials of memory are thus associated with the fundamental conditions of life, and depend more largely than is commonly supposed on the *mens sana in corpore sano*.

SOME CURIOUS CAUSES OF FIRES.

By T. C. Bridges.

THE last return issued by the London Fire-Brigade shows that of three thousand four hundred fires which occurred in London during 1903–04, there were no fewer than six hundred and eighty of which it was impossible to ascertain the cause. Truly, of all the losses to which man is subject, there is no other of which the origins are so strange and at times so mysterious as those of fire. Could, for instance, any stranger irony of fate be imagined than that a fire-engine should itself cause a fire? Yet such a case actually occurred in Worcestershire some three years ago. A Worcester insurance company, having decided to convert their engine from a horse-drawn vehicle to a motor, had almost completed the work when there came a call to a farm-fire at Kempsey village. The engine was already in some sort of running order, and was sent off at once. Unfortunately the funnel had not yet been fitted with a spark-protector, so the engine's course along the road resembled that of a comet with a long, fiery tail behind it. The first victim of this fire-causing fire-extinguisher was a wagon full of straw which it met in a lane and set fire to. This was extinguished, and the engine hastened forward, only to cause a fresh conflagration in the shape of two wayside ricks. Eventually the water-tube of the unlucky motor burst, and the engine came to a complete standstill a couple of hundred yards from the scene of the original outbreak, which by this time had practically burnt itself out.

An odd but perfectly true story came recently to the knowledge of the writer of how the electric railway better known as the Twopenny Tube nearly burnt a house down. It happened thus. A fireplace in one of the bedrooms of a house, deep beneath whose foundations the tube burrows its way through the London clay, is fitted with one of those 'blowers,' consisting of a sheet of iron inside the grate, which can be raised or lowered to increase the draught. This blower rests on a series of iron notches. A fire having been made in the grate one cold afternoon, the servant went downstairs, leaving the blower up. Along came a heavy train in the tube below, causing such a vibration as to shake the blower off its notch. The fire in consequence blazed up furiously and set the chimney alight. Burning soot from the chimney fell upon the wooden cover of a water-tank on the roof, and, next thing that the inmates knew, a very pretty blaze was in progress. Happily it was seen in time, and, there being a plentiful supply of water at hand, extinguished before it could do much damage.

Not very long ago the Scarborough Cottage Hospital had a very narrow escape from being burnt down all through the fault of an impudent pair of sparrows which had constructed their usual untidy nest in a gutter on the roof. A spark from a chimney fired the miscellaneous mixture of dried grass and feathers which formed the sparrows' home, with the result that the fire-brigade had to be hastily summoned to extinguish the resulting conflagration. Still more strange is a somewhat similar incident reported from Gainsborough. A spark from a passing engine fell into an owls' nest in a hollow tree near the railway line, and after smouldering for some time, the whole tree burst into a blaze. The hollow trunk quickly burnt through, and, falling, fired some sheds below, which were partly destroyed before help came.

Mention of burning trees calls to mind the singular manner in which a magnificent Scotch fir, one of the finest pieces of timber in the woods of Blawith, Grange-over-Sands, came to an untimely end. Red ants had long made their home at the base of this stately monarch of the forest, and had in the course of years constructed an immense ant-hill at its roots. The summer of 1901 was remarkable in Lancashire for periods of fierce heat followed by shorter spells of copious rain. Though no one actually saw what took place, subsequent examination rendered it certain that, during a return of heat after a downpour of warm rain, spontaneous combustion was set up in the ant-heap, with the result that the roots of the tree and the lower part of its stem were so completely charred that the giant collapsed and fell to the ground. May not spontaneous combustion of this kind explain many of those forest-fires in other countries which have been variously attributed to lightning, to the sun's rays being focussed through bits of broken glass, or

to the seemingly still more unlikely reason of the attrition of two dry boughs by wind?

Rats are unpopular creatures at best; but perhaps no one dreads them more than members of fire insurance companies. One might imagine that the rat's appetite for inflammable provender would stop short at candles, but that this is far from being the case has been clearly proved. Several insurance companies conducted a series of experiments which showed conclusively that rats constitute a formidable fire-danger. A number of rats and mice were shut up in cages where they could be observed, and furnished with a supply of matches of all kinds. They were then kept short of food for a few days. Result: while the mice merely carried a couple of safety-matches to their nests, the rats did full justice to every class of the sulphurous delicacies provided for their delectation, chewing them all impartially. In the case of the safety-matches nothing happened, but the others took fire!

Countless instances might easily be collected from the records of various fire-brigades of rat-induced blazes. But while mice are, comparatively speaking, innocent in this respect, it is impossible to hold these tiny rodents altogether guiltless. Croydon once suffered a loss of no less than three thousand pounds through a fire attributed to a mouse. This fire occurred at the electric generating station, with the result that the whole town was shrouded in partial darkness for two nights. At first its origin was a mystery, but eventually the charred body of the unlucky offender was found near the terminals of a high-tension voltmeter, and there is little doubt but that the small creature had caused the outbreak by forming a connection between two live wires, and so short-circuiting the current.

Fires have been traced to other four-legged 'fire-bugs,' generally with disastrous results to the animals themselves. A cat reposing on the hearth-rug in a farm sitting-room at Cavanacaw, County Armagh, was startled by the sudden bark of a dog, and springing upon the table for refuge, upset a lighted lamp. At once a stream of burning oil poured in every direction, turning the unhappy animal into a living torch. In her agony, the poor beast leaped through the window and rushed into the stackyard adjoining, setting fire to rick after rick before she could be mercifully killed. The flames were not got under until considerable damage had been done both to house and ricks.

On another occasion sheep were the innocent offenders. During the prolonged drought which devastated Australia three years ago a flock of sheep were being driven along a road at Casterton, Victoria, when they trod upon a box of matches dropped by some careless person. The blaze which followed ignited some dry grass, and the result was a terrible bush-fire which cost the residents in the aggregate many thousands of pounds.

For a fire to be caused by a flood seems a paradox quite, yet it is a well-known fact that there has rarely been an inundation on a large scale whose horrors have not been aggravated by fire. That most dreadful of all modern flood-catastrophes, the destruction of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, by the bursting of the Conemaugh Dam is an instance in point. Wooden houses were seen sailing away on the surface of the muddy torrent, with flames bursting from their upper windows and driving their miserable occupants to the terrible choice between roasting or a quicker, if equally certain, end in the raging waters beneath. In February 1903 a flood-caused fire did most serious damage at Brunswick, New South Wales. Heavy rains resulted in the flooding of a basement where a quantity of quicklime was stored, and the action of the water on the lime led to an outbreak of fire, which the local brigade had the greatest difficulty in quelling.

Perhaps as strange a cause of fire as ever originated in the fertile imagination of a fictionist was one which was reported in February 1903 from Vienna. A military kite carrying a photographic apparatus was being flown for practice from the arsenal, when, the wind failing suddenly, the kite fell across the overhead wires of a tramway and the wooden roof of a house. The wire string of the kite caused a short circuit, and the roof immediately burst into flames.

Fruiterers have a custom of artificially ripening green fruit in warmth, and this practice once led to a most serious fire in Drury Lane. A basket containing green pine-apples being suspended over a gas-jet in a fruit-shop, the dry leaves took fire, and, the shop being unoccupied at the moment, the flames spread with great rapidity. The inmates of the two houses involved—about fifteen in number—were rescued with much difficulty, and the two sets of premises were practically burnt out.

A gentleman residing in a flat on the first story of a house facing a London thoroughfare recently wrote to the press complaining that twice within one week his drawing-room was found full of smoke, in each case a serious fire being only averted by prompt measures. It seems almost incredible that both fires were caused by lighted cigarettes being flung from the top of passing omnibuses through the open window. The sense of humour which could lead any person capable of reason to such an act must be a strangely distorted one.

Celluloid has an evil reputation for inflammability, and one that is only too well deserved. But a fire-accident caused a year ago in Paris by this substance is strange enough to be worth mentioning. A cab was passing along the Avenue Wagram, when suddenly screams were heard from it and flames blazed through the windows. A lady and gentleman were pulled out, both so badly burned that they had to be taken to hospital for their injuries to be attended to. It appears that they were on their way to a funeral, taking with them a wreath of artificial flowers, when a spark from the gentleman's cigar fell upon the wreath, and instantly it burst into flames. The mock blossoms were found to have been made of celluloid.

To conclude, here is an instance of a fire so strangely started that it may fairly be concluded to be unparalleled. One day in the last week of September 1903 a boy employed in a factory at Akron, Ohio, was pouring out petrol from a can, when his elbow came so close to an electric bell that the current shot through his arm, and a spark from the end of his finger ignited the spirit. In his fright he dropped the can, an explosion followed, and almost instantly the whole place was one sea of flame, which was not extinguished until the entire factory had been gutted.

AN ATLANTIC OASIS.

GENERAL LEFROY, when Governor of the Bermudas, speaks of these islands in the introduction to his *Botany* as a 'green oasis in the desert of Atlantic waters,' that for countless ages before its discovery, in 1513, was, as it still is, a resting-place for birds in their migration-flights north and south. Equidistant or nearly so from the shores of Nova Scotia, the United States, and the West Indian archipelago, the Bermudas are isolated from the ordinary routes of shipping, and are situated in a part of the Atlantic only traversed by small vessels bound to Bermuda and a fortnightly mail-steamer, except during the three months of tourist winter travel, when weekly trips are made.

Sailing-lines to the West Indies either from England or America give Bermuda a wide berth; for, encircled as it is some twelve miles off the shore by a reef through which there is only one navigable channel, a continuous ocean swell, terrific in a storm, renders access and approach dangerous in the extreme. Great Britain, espying its advantages, has made of it, with its dockyard and fortifications, the Gibraltar of the Atlantic; and the position it holds will be fortunate as regards the stream of vessels, which, with the completion of the Panamá Canal, will far exceed the tonnage even now passing through the Suez Canal.

This article, however, is intended to set forth not its strategical capabilities, but the several branches of natural history presented by this island group. In 1873 Bermuda was visited by the *Challenger* Expedition, and important observations were made and certain features explained by the naturalists of the *Challenger*. Sir Wyville Thomson, Dana, Professor North Rice, and others well known are the leading authorities on the geological features of the islands. These, being literally only sand-drift, have no rocks other than those formed by the percolation of rain-water, which, charged with a proportion of carbonic acid, has in places consolidated and hardened the sand. There are no bold scenic effects to impress the visitor on his first approach, no elevated peaks or hillside gorges; all is on a moderate scale, but pleasingly diversified throughout its whole area with little hills and dales. The sand-drift rocks, formed layer after layer, often presenting the appearance of strata, are known to scientists now as being of æolian formation.

The whole area of dry land in the archipelago is estimated at twelve thousand four hundred acres. The surface is considerably diversified, the highest wind-formed hills being only about two hundred and fifty feet above sea-level. The great porosity of the rock-formation causes a total absence of springs, streams, or lakes of fresh-water, what is required for use being collected in artificial tanks connected with the roofs of houses and areas on the hillsides scraped smooth.

No boring has ever been made to ascertain what the origin of the group is—doubtless volcanic. The rainfall, soaking through the porous rock, mingles near sea-level with the salt-water with which the lower parts are saturated; and the ponds and marshes which occupy considerable areas in the less elevated parts of the islands are always brackish. A few depressions slightly below sea-level are wet and marshy, and are covered with coarse grasses, reeds, and sedges; with palmettos where the ground is dry, and mangroves where it is muddy. Many of these depressions, before the main island—Bermuda proper—attained its present elevation, were doubtless arms of the sea, as is evinced by elevations like small islets here and there, and by numerous caves lining their shores.

From the uniformity of the soil, which is almost entirely derived from the disintegration of calcareous or coralline sand, with here and there pockets of a peculiar red earth much resembling marl, a botanist would expect a native vegetation of very little range or variety; but the abundance of rain and the genial temperature make up for soil disadvantage. Lefroy cites one hundred and fifty species as native or indigenous, one hundred and sixty-six so completely naturalised as to be quasi-indigenous, four hundred and fourteen due to direct human agency, and two hundred and fifteen of horticultural but not botanical interest. Altogether, with additions since Lefroy's time, the list may be said to comprise close upon, if not actually, one thousand. The writer of this article, after scrambling through mangrove-swamps, wading in marshes, and scaling almost inaccessible seashore heights, has had the honour of submitting to the Smithsonian authorities in Washington several species not before recorded in the list of the Bermuda flora. Botanising in these islands is exceedingly interesting, as the flora comprise species of the lower temperature-belt of the continent as well as those of the higher tropical-belt of the south.

People who visit the Bermudas in winter miss the great floral display of the summer exhibited by the universal oleander, of all shades from pure white to deep carmine, double and single flowering; of the hibiscus; the daranta, with its graceful blue pendent clusters of flowers; the scarlet geranium, which here assumes the growth of a shrub, and which is often found growing quasi-wild in old stone-quarries; the acres of the cream-white Easter lily; the magnolia, one of the sources of the agricultural wealth of the islands; and hundreds of other charming flowers which go far to break the sombre monotony of the dark-green foliage of the universal cedar or juniper.

Probably the most beautiful and conspicuous trees are the poinciana, originally brought from Madagascar, with its large umbrageous fronds and bright-crimson flowers; the African silk-cotton-tree; the rubber-tree, which in private grounds assumes gigantic and fantastic proportions; the scarlet cordia, and others. But deciduous trees are greatly in the minority.

What might be termed submarine gardens, revealing curious forms of gorgonias, sponges, corals, and a host of other deep-sea growths, connecting-links between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, may be viewed from a boat through a water-glass—a wooden tube with a clear glass bottom—let down a few inches below the water to avoid the surface ripple.

A large body of land-locked tide-water, known as Harrington Sound, possesses picturesque scenery both around and below its waters, as its surface is usually calm; and its inaccessible shore-cliffs are the nesting-place of the tropic bird commonly called 'longtail,' floating lazily along, uttering its plaintive cry.

Close to the narrow entrance of this Sound, through which rushes with great violence, according to the outside ebb and flow of the tide, a powerful volume of water, are the quarters of the new Biological Station.

A narrow ridge, some two miles long and from a quarter to half a mile wide, separates Harrington Sound from Castle Harbour, at the eastern end of the island; this ridge comprising not much more than two hundred acres, but containing the whole of Bermuda's indigenous vegetation. On the shores of Castle Harbour is the old Walsingham House, the favourite resort during his stay here of the Irish poet Tom Moore; and a large calabash-tree in its vicinity, mentioned in one of his poems, is still in good preservation.

Close by, amidst a dense growth of orange, lemon, and coffee trees, are the celebrated Walsingham Caves, a stalagmite from one of which was presented some years ago by Admiral Milne to the Edinburgh Museum; and its concentric structure, as described in the Royal Society's *Transactions*, gives evidence of sixty thousand years required to bring it to its present formation.

This ridge of land was styled by Governor Lefroy 'the Mecca of the botanist in Bermuda;' and, 'honeycombed by caverns, fretted with the dissolving rains of ages, and rent by fissures, it is the last surviving contemporary of former Bermudas that have disappeared,' perhaps an unsubmerged peak of the lost Atlantis, a theory supported by the existence of numerous small land-lizards peculiar to the islands, which, barring the impossibility of a special creation, could never have been introduced from America by natural causes. That they are indigenous is shown by the mention made of them by the first discoverers of Bermuda, and they are the only native quadrupedal animals of the islands, except the wild-hogs (now extinct), descendants probably of swine from old Spanish galleons lost on the outer reefs before the dangers of the latter were known.

The waters of the ocean around the islands teem with fish of great variety and excellent quality. The angel-fish, of a bright cerulean blue, is considered a great delicacy, being in flavour much like an English sole; and when in motion lazily floating through the clear water over the white silver-sand bottom, is a 'thing of beauty,' or, as a lady expressed it, 'too beautiful to eat.' The flat fish of the northern waters are rare, and only an occasional visitant is taken, tropical water being probably unsuited for them. Next to the angel, the red and the gray snapper are highly esteemed, and the bonito and amber-fish follow next in appreciation.

Sharks are numerous, but large ones seldom come inside the reefs; and in the early summer months cow-whales, each with its cub, may be seen spouting and sporting along the south shore, while the bulls, as the male whales are called, keep in deep water outside the reefs. An occasional sperm-whale is harpooned fifteen or twenty miles from St David's Islands, the eastern extremity of the group, and an old whale-house for trying out blubber when the whaling industry of these islands was at its height a few years ago is still used on the capture of a 'sperm.'

These islands are a poor collecting-ground for ordinary conchologists, as the heavy surf and ocean swell on the rocks lining the shores break up into comminuted fragments specimens that might otherwise be washed ashore.

The ornithologist will find on the whole island-group birds of almost every species, many of them of brilliant hue, such as the cardinal, the blue, and the indigo bird, a goodly variety of warblers, and any quantity of seafowl. The position of the archipelago, as mentioned before, causes it to afford a casual resting-place to many birds while traversing the broad expanse of ocean which forms the eastern limit of their great line of flight. Captain Saville Reid, R.E., who, whilst on duty in Bermuda, catalogued the island birds that came under his notice, recorded one hundred and eighty-one species, to which since the date of his publication some five others have been added.

Few Bermuda birds may be classed as song-

birds, and their notes are confined to mornings and evenings and to rainy weather. Of late years the Wild Birds Protection Act passed by the island legislature has been steadily enforced; and the avifauna, which had been largely on the decline through the indiscriminate use of guns and traps, now forbidden under penalty except by special permit for natural history purposes, is on the increase.

Many an instructive hour may be passed, field-glass in hand, watching bird-life; but there are certain drawbacks to its study. Sage-bush (*Lantana*) and scrubby cedars clothe the outskirts of woods; rough, steel-pointed rocks line the shores; and exceptionally large and ferocious mosquitoes swarm, especially round the brackish ponds and swamps.

Owing to the absence of fresh-water springs and streams, the writer was at a loss to know how and where birds quenched their thirst, until one hot day he came across a small rock-pool or basin into which water kept percolating drop by drop sufficient to enable birds to drink, wash, and plume themselves. Whilst himself hidden, he counted numerous different birds one after another taking advantage of Nature's supply for their wants.

During the vernal and autumnal flights the islands are at times alive with birds, whose whistling and guiding-cries are plainly heard at night. It is now generally agreed that their flight is guided by the stars, and that owing to bewilderment on a dark or cloudy night they descend to earth when practicable. Colonel Wedderburn, of the Forty-second Regiment, recorded in *The Naturalist in Bermuda* that on the 9th of October one year 'sandpipers appeared suddenly in thousands at St George's after a heavy north-west gale, the parade-ground there swarming with them, and that Colonel Drummond killed some thirty or forty couple before breakfast; but except for a few stragglers, they were all gone by the following day.' There are no wild parrots in the islands, and only an occasional humming-bird is seen.

Mr Bartram, an old soldier, who on retiring from active service settled on a picturesque promontory and added the study of natural science to that of farming, was a great ornithological student, and compiled a table of monthly bird arrivals and departures, republished lately in a Bermuda newspaper, the *Colonist*. It is very useful for reference and information; but the study of natural history in the islands, except among the officers of the garrison, is very limited. The recent formation of a Natural History Society, and a museum proposed in connection with it, may induce the younger branches, at least, of the population to avail themselves of its usefulness.

Insect life in the islands, as far as butterflies and moths are concerned, is very meagre and limited; but insect pests on fruit-trees and vegetables have increased prodigiously of late years. The peach, which formerly came to great perfection, is now not obtainable, through the inroads of the peach-fly, which has even extended its attacks to the sapodilla, the loquat, and the island plums, and their cultivation has been abandoned until a parasite can be introduced to counteract its inroads, as has been done in the fruit-growing districts of California and Australasia. The only peaches ripened here for private use are guarded, as soon as the fruit sets, in gauze bags, which also have to be used to keep off the attacks of birds on grapes when ripening. The skin of the citrus family and the pomegranate is thick enough to resist the fly; but in its place the scale-insect saps the vitality of the fruit-bearing branches.

Bermuda is free from snakes of any kind, their absence adding greatly to the pleasures of the naturalist, who thus fearlessly wanders over hill and dale; and the only noxious reptile is the centipede, which, however, is fast disappearing as cultivation extends. The sting of the centipede is in the tail, which it suddenly turns over when making its attack. It hides by day under logs, stones, old outbuildings, and in dense herbage, a favourite place being the luxuriant foliage of the oxalis in spring, the attractive flowers of which have been the cause of many a painful sting. The tarantula is but very seldom to be seen; and scorpions, reputed to have formerly frequented certain localities, are never now encountered.

The resident population of the Bermudas is about one-third whites and two-thirds coloured. The word resident is here used to distinguish inhabitants from the winter visiting tourists, who are here to-day and gone to-morrow. The whites are mostly composed of retired members of the army and navy, or those on garrison duty. The coloured inhabitants are descendants of the old-time slaves of Bermuda and importations from the West Indies of a labouring class needed in dockyard extension work.

Everything in the islands is primitive in the extreme, equalling the island of Nantucket, and very few of the modern improvements of the world are needed here. This quaintness and simplicity is what Mark Twain once described as 'simply delightful.'

ENGLAND.

Dear English meadows! though ten thousand miles
Of weary ocean sever me from thee
And darling April's tender tears and smiles,
Thou hast a beauty these bright, amorous isles
Can never know, girdled although they be
With sun-kissed palms and leagues of sapphire sea,
And crowned with mountains in whose dim defiles
The spirit dwells of earth's virginity.

Thou art the Mother of the World! Thy face
Turns with maternal love to all who find
Thy ample bosom. This lithe southern grace
Has certain power to charm and gently bind
Thy vagrant sons; but their abiding place
Is in thy heart, O Mother of Mankind!

Lawrence R. Jupp.

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THE RURAL EXODUS.

By Reginald A. Gatty, LL.B.

'BACK to the land!' is the cry of the present day, and no one can deny it is a salutary one in the face of our over-populated towns teeming with ill-health, poverty, and want of proper sanitation. The experience of thirty-five years' management of country schools has convinced me that our system of education has been one of the main causes to bring about the present state of things. It is true that agricultural depression, higher wages in towns, and the dullness of village life have also contributed to this exodus from the country; but the first seeds were sown in the village school.

In the excellent endeavour to raise the standard of education throughout the land, legislation seems to have gone upon the principle of forcing a quart of education into brains which barely hold a pint, and to ignore the fact that the children of parents who never used their brains are very different in mental capacity from those sprung from a more educated stock. The whole school curriculum is at fault, for it simply trains the labourer's boy for a desk in a town-office, and makes him dissatisfied with hoeing potatoes and carting manure upon the land. In fact, it teaches him to become ashamed of his father's calling. How can it be otherwise when he never receives a word of instruction about farming, and no interest in the land and the crops is awakened in him? He is taught to look upon school as a lever to raise him to a high stool in a place of business, when he will wear a black coat, and spend his evenings in well-lighted streets, and not standing about the corners of his own lampless village with nothing to do and nothing to look at.

I have watched the careers of boys for many years, and have found that the result of education is to give them a distaste for farm-work. This is hardly to be wondered at when a labourer's duties are considered and the hardships he has to endure, rising up early to feed the cattle, and perhaps cutting turnips all day with half-frozen fingers, or ploughing in weather when most people like to be sitting by the fire. He has seen his father do all these things, and he determines, if possible, to avoid them himself. He never learnt at school that there was anything interesting or scientific in the work of the farm, and that the use of this or that fertilising agent in the soil makes all the difference in the success of a crop which is sown. Nor is the farmer himself much better instructed in such matters. He farms as his father, and perhaps his grandfather, did before him, and that is good enough for him. If Danish butter is preferred to the stuff he churns, and he loses his dairy custom, then the milk can feed the calves and the pigs, for he will not trouble to learn the right methods from strangers.

On one occasion I asked a farmer to lead me some twenty tons of sewage-refuse from a neighbouring town to put on some grass-land as an experiment. The man assured me I was meditating a great mistake, and that the sewage-refuse would do my grass no good, giving as the reason of his opinion that its strength was all gone because it had no smell! I stuck, however, to my point, and the sewage was put on, with the understanding that the farmer would cut the crop with his machine when the grass was ready. I shall never forget the farmer's expression when I saw him in my field with his mowing-machine broken down owing to the abnormally thick crop of hay which the much-despised sewage-refuse had produced. Yet I never heard that the farmer afterwards got any of this sewage for his own land, and he told me at the time I was ordering my truck-loads at the cost of sixpence per ton that he was getting truck-loads of stable-manure, for which he was paying six shillings per ton! I am not prepared to say that the sewage would suit turnips or potatoes, but it certainly suited mowing grass.

Now, if the ordinary son of the farm-labourer had been taught at the village school to take an intelligent interest in the production of crops, and in the chemical agents needed for increasing the fertility of the soil, he might have learnt something which in after-life would have given quite another colour to his farm-work and stimulated his powers of

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observation. It was, I believe, the chance observation of a person walking on the road which led to the discovery of basic slag. Noticing round the slag-heaps broken for mending the road an abundance of white clover growing, he came to the conclusion that the powdered slag had something to do with the phenomenon; and he was right. It was a labourer suffering from eczema who first gave the clue to the presence of that powerful disinfectant Izal in the waste products of coke-ovens. The man was sent into the ovens to hack out the caked cinder clinging to the brickwork, and after some weeks of this work his severe malady was quite relieved. Chemical experiments followed, and Izal was the result. Discoveries of a similar character are only waiting to be made, and agriculture offers the widest field for observation.

It is well known that onions will not grow everywhere and make a good crop, and I know of a case where a man for years tested various fields till he found one which exactly suited the onion. He then rented this, and in the course of a few years made enough money to retire and live comfortably. No doubt every plant has an affinity for a certain soil, just as white clover has for basic slag; but we know little about these chemical secrets, and the general terms 'light land' and 'strong land' are the sole tests the farmer knows with regard to his fields.

It is only by practical experiment that things get found out, and sometimes at a very dear cost. Some years ago, when the phylloxera was devastating the vineyards on the Douro, a large firm of port-wine growers offered a big sum of money to any one who would find out a means of getting rid of this insect pest. A man came forward with the simple suggestion that the weak vines required to be thoroughly well manured, and then they would be able to resist the parasite. Five hundred acres were accordingly treated with strong stable-manure, and the vines quickly responded to this generous treatment. They grew as they had not done for years, and flowered and bore abundant fruit. Everything, in fact, at the time of vintage looked well and prosperous, and the proprietors were expecting to hand over the reward; but on pressing the grapes it was found that the juice was so highly flavoured with the odour of manure that it was impossible to make it into wine. The vine has a remarkable power of absorbing the constituents of the soil in which it grows, as is proved by the delicate vines of the Rhine-land, which when planted in Australia often lose their fine flavour and are impregnated with the minerals of the land in which they grow. The medical profession highly praises the Australian wines for the iron, &c., which they contain, but these wines do not recommend themselves to the palate of the connoisseur.

I remember seeing two gold coins in the Louvre Museum which a chemist had made from the gold extracted from a very old vine which grew against one of the bridges in Paris, and which had to be destroyed. The roots had gone down into the river-bed, and the plant had absorbed gold in sufficient quantity in its long years of life to make the two gold pieces. There is always a certain amount of gold in the mud of the Seine, and a small industry went on some years since for passing the mud over quicksilver and so extracting the gold. There is every reason to assume that all plants are influenced for good or evil by the presence or absence of certain soil constituents, and the importance of ascertaining the requirements of each plant is abundantly clear. Practically I know the difference between growing seakale in the old-fashioned way of covering it with horse-litter, and the better plan of simply heaping one foot of riddled ashes upon it. The horse-litter left a decided taste with the seakale, which to a certain extent absorbed it; but when the plant is treated with ashes the taste is totally different and quite pure.

If it is important for the farmer to know the character and quality of soil upon his farm, it is equally needful that he should be acquainted with the pedigrees of the various seeds which he has to sow. The experimental work going on in this direction in England and in Minnesota has proved how much may be done by way of improving the quality of cereals, and in time to come it is to be hoped the new wheats and oats will take the place of those which are now sown. Mr W. S. Harwood, writing in *Harmsworth's Magazine* for September 1900 on 'Doubling the World's Harvest,' says: 'Within the last twelvemonth a series of wheat selecting and breeding experiments [in Minnesota], covering a period of about ten years, has culminated in the production of new wheats which promise to revolutionise a large portion of the present wheat industry. If, as now appears to be assured, the wheat-yield of the United States is to be increased by five bushels per acre, there would be added over one hundred and eighty millions of bushels per year, worth at a low valuation over twenty-eight million pounds. Extending the work of breeding, the world's annual increase in wheat would be over one billion bushels. From these suggestions one may gain some idea of what this wheat-breeding stands for.'

But if the question of pedigree is important in the matter of seeds, it is no less so with respect to the live-stock of a farm. The carelessness of the farmer in this respect is notorious, yet a valuable beast or sheep, or even a barn-door fowl, costs no more to keep than the common varieties. When it is remembered that we import something like forty millions' worth of eggs, butter, cheese, and other dairy produce, we can realise what a huge loss this must annually be to our agriculturists. There are faults, no doubt, amongst the farmers of England; but are they never going to be remedied? Is the making of butter and cheese for ever to remain at its low level, and are we to be content with our ignorance about the rearing of fowls both for egg-production and the use of the dinner-table? There is a great deal to be said about the difficulties with the rail-

way companies over cheap transit and the absorption of the profits in cost of carriage; but I can certainly testify, from a long residence in the country, that the main fault lies with the farmer himself.

There seems to be a great opportunity of awakening an interest in agriculture through the medium of public elementary schools now these are put under local authorities. It may be too late to teach the present generation of farmers; but it is possible through school training to give boys a primary course of instruction, and turn their minds to farming. I would go so far as to provide every school with half an acre of land for practical experiments in planting and sowing. Even if a boy intends to be a clerk and leave the village, the knowledge of how to grow garden-stuff and manage his fruit-trees will give him a hobby for the rest of his life. Two afternoons a week in the proper seasons, deducted from those devoted to vulgar fractions and history, would not be too much to give up. The outdoor work of digging and weeding cannot fail to have an excellent effect on the children's health, and the youthful aspirant after farming would be encouraged and not ignored as is now the case. The work of training the boys in these subjects out of doors would have to be undertaken by a qualified gardener, as the master could not leave the school; but in every neighbourhood such a person could be found, and at small cost. If further facilities were offered by the secondary schools, there is no reason why in the future a lad of sixteen should not go out to farm-service equipped with a thorough knowledge of the rotation of crops and the rudiments of agriculture, and a very different labourer from the youth who now offers himself at the yearly hirings.

The question is, would the educated labourer command a higher wage, and would the farmer appreciate the services of a workman with modern ideas and methods? All such questions are quite beyond the scope of this paper, and, being only an amateur, I am quite unprepared to answer them. As a school manager, I deplore the neglect of rural subjects in village schools, and the tendency of the training to fit children for life in the town rather than the country.

One of the present drawbacks which is due to agricultural depression is the exodus of the landed gentry, who can no longer afford to live on their estates. This causes a dearth of employment as well as a monetary loss to the village. The big stores, again, in towns have seriously damaged the small country shops, and cheap boots have practically kicked the village cobbler out of existence. People want to live faster than they did fifty years ago, and the village is considered a dull place compared with the busy cheerfulness of the town. The educated classes give evidence of this; but the villagers themselves are not as simple in their requirements as they were.

Take the question of domestic service. Formerly young girls were glad to go out into service after leaving school, and the country village was an unfailing source of supply of cooks and housemaids. This is not the case now, and I attribute the change to the influence, among other things, of the present-day education. We place the piano and the paint-box in the schools which should be teaching the use of the cooking-stove and frying-pan. What earthly use in after-life is it for a young girl to strum upon the piano? Whether she goes into service or marries, cooking is the greatest of all accomplishments she can attain. The health of families in a great measure depends upon good cooking, and in times of sickness among the poor it is of more importance than the doctor. But in how few cottages is cooking really understood and practised! An omelet is not an expensive dish; but not one cottager in a hundred can turn one out unless the wife has been a cook herself in her early days. The aspirations of young girls go out towards the piano and fine dressing. The former is taught in the schools, and the latter is now easily obtained from the cheap emporiums. The voice of fashion may pronounce big hats in vogue, and by the following Sunday every female head in the village church will wear this monstrosity. I have known a housemaid in my own service give as much as thirty shillings for one of these 'confections.'

It will be interesting to watch the working of our new Education Act in rural districts. If it is to be an improvement on the old system some reforms are absolutely necessary. Mr John Lobb, a member of the late London School Board, wrote as follows at the time of the dissolution of that Board: 'To-day the School Board of London dies, leaving a debt of eleven millions, and during its existence from 1870 up to to-day it has expended the enormous sum of sixty-two millions. Much of this sum went into the pockets of "jerry builders" and their ilk. About three hundred of the schools were found to be faulty in construction and in an insanitary condition. The disclosures in connection with the overhauling of the stores in 1883 are fresh in the memory of your readers. Upwards of fifty tons of school material were fetched back, having been sent out in excess of the requirements of the schools. A summarised list of the books, &c., occupying twelve folio pages of foolscap, dated November 25, 1886, may be seen in the offices of the Board. For many years school materials were literally shovelled out without check or inquiry. Nor has it been found that the morals and manners of school children have much improved. Homely virtues and homely pursuits are not much prized by the present generation of scholars. I hope the new authority will be more successful in these directions.'

This scathing indictment, in a modified degree, is applicable to the country also. A short time since the boys of a colliery in my neighbourhood came out on strike for some fancied grievance they had against the manager. The effect was to throw the men out of work also, as without the boys the coal could not be got. I talked the matter over with the father of one of the lads, and asked him why he did not give his boy a good thrashing and send him back

to his work. He replied that his son was master of him, and he could do nothing with the lad. Then I said, 'Surely you do not continue to feed and clothe your son now he has put you out of work and deprived you of the means of earning your living?' 'Oh yes,' he replied, 'I still provide for him; he is as much master as I am.' An elderly collier who heard this conversation remarked that the Board school was to blame; and he added, 'The children as they are now educated are worse mannered and behaved than the children of my young days, when we learned less perhaps, but were better brought up in our manners.'

I went to the Board school just as the children were coming out into the street, and was shocked at the oaths and bad language they used, regardless of my presence. I spoke to the Inspector of Schools on the subject, and asked if some stringent rules could not be made to prevent the use of such language, and whether he could not examine in manners. He replied that he had nothing to do with such matters, but only with school work. Surely the time has not come when religious teaching can be dispensed with; yet this is one of the difficulties in carrying out the Act!

The rural ratepayers feel very much the addition to the rates which this new Education Act has created. In parishes where the school was run by the squire, costing the inhabitants nothing, a rate of tenpence in the pound falls heavily upon them. It simply means that the rural population have to share the cost of education with the towns, which now find their school-rates halved. But, so far, the village schools have gained nothing except relief from the cost of upkeep. Pianos may be coming (we have the paint-boxes); but my contention is that a plot of ground and a cooking-stove would be far more suitable for village lads and lasses. The country is gradually recognising the value of allotments and what the French term '*la petite culture*,' and generous experiments are being made in many quarters. The cultivators would be vastly benefited if education had opened their minds before they entered on their holdings. The well-to-do man sends his son to Cirencester or some other college before he puts him on a farm, and no man can manage even an allotment without some practical knowledge. The Government might extend this farming education in secondary schools, and a youth, after passing a qualifying examination, might receive a grant of money to start him on a small holding, to be repaid over a course of years. It would be barely showing more confidence in our own people than we have conceded to the Irish under the last Land Act.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

THE day and the evening passed all too quickly in the most delightful fellowship.

When Lesley had made the tea, and lit the lamp, and piled up the fire, and was drawing the curtains across the windows to shut out the remnant of the dismal day, a wild scurry of rain on the panes told them that the rout of the snow had begun.

'It will be all gone by morning,' she said. 'It is going to blow up hard from the south-west. You will hear it all night on your window.'

'I'm rather sorry to see the snow go,' said Carrick, for it meant his going too.

'So am I—for some things. It is very beautiful in the hills, but it stops all work and has its discomforts.'

He never forgot that evening. For, when she had cleared the table and was going to take up her work again, he begged for some music, and, without a moment's hesitation, she brought her violin from her own room, and tuned up, and played as one who finds in playing the high delight and relief of expression.

He watched her absorbedly, amazed at her power, and fairly fascinated with her beauty. For the spirit of the music acted and reacted on her, entered into her and radiated from her, and seemed to lift her above earth and all common things.

'That to me is very wonderful,' he said softly one time when she sank down for a rest, 'and most marvellously sweet. You have a very rare gift, and have surely cultivated it well.'

'I love it, you see. Music has always been a great joy to me.'

She began again, and presently was playing a duet with the wild south-wester, working her fine-drawn silvery tones into and round and through and through the diapason of the gale and the whirling splashes of rain on the window-panes in a way that held him spell-bound. It was most amazingly clever, and just a trifle eerie. For it was obviously all done on the spur of the moment. She would catch the coming boom of a louder gust than usual, and mount it and ride it, and circle it with coils and arabesques of sweet, rippling notes; and as the rain whipped the panes the sweet notes would break into staccato torrents of silvery flakes, rounding and toning the discords of nature into wonderful harmonies, and then away again on the rush of the wind till it died among the hollows of the mountain-peaks.

'Wonderful!' said Carrick, as she rested once more. 'What do you call that, now?'

'That is the greeting of the south wind to the hills of Innismohr. Now I will give you the moon on the Black Loch.'

And he saw it all as she played: the shadowy

mysteries of the hills, the dark serried ranks of whispering firs and pines, the black face of the water, the ghostly shimmer of a pale moon, silence, loneliness, desolation, then surely a circle of fairies in a wild tarantella; and then, with a weird suddenness, a long, low, wailing cry which evoked a howl of distress from Colin, and, in a chaos of broken notes, the end.

'The kelpie!' said Carrick.

'Yes, the kelpie. It would never do to leave out the kelpie. And now it is bedtime.' She got down the books. 'Will you please read?'

More than once during the night the clamour and thrust of the south-wester on his window woke him up, and as he lay awake he heard again the wild, fantastic notes of her music weaving in and out of the discords of the storm. So real were the sounds at times that more than once he rose on his elbow, convinced that she was still playing to the gale. And then he heard nothing but the scream of the wind and the hoarse roar of far-away waters in torment, and then he went to sleep again. But each time he woke the sound of her wild music was in his ears.

The snow was all gone in the morning except from the higher hills, and doubtless it still lay deep in the hidden gullies and easterly corries.

'I heard your music all night,' he said as they sat at breakfast.

'I am sorry. You must have got but little sleep. I heard nothing but the wind, and it always makes me sleep soundly.'

Then there came a sudden rap on the door, and Colin got up with a growl and went to investigate.

When Lesley opened and held it against the wind Carrick saw a man standing outside. He was clad in shining oilskins, a dripping sou'-wester pulled down tight over his brow, and long sea-boots. And Carrick heard, 'Ah, señorita! it is relief to see you all right. I had fear for you in that terrible snow.'

Carrick glanced curiously at Miss Cameron. Her face was flushed, possibly from her struggle with the door, possibly from other causes. The south-wester was rioting into the room and setting everything aswing.

'Won't you come inside?' she cried into the gale; and the visitor stepped in, and stopped abruptly at sight of Carrick sitting there as though of right. He removed his dripping head-gear and bowed, and Carrick saw a dark, well-shaped oval face, with black Vandyke beard and moustache, and two keen, dark eyes with the stress of the wind still in them.

'This is Captain Carrick, the new laird,' said Miss Cameron, still flushed from her struggle with the door—and other things. And to Carrick, who had risen to greet the unexpected visitor, 'This is Don Sebastian d'Alvarez;' and the two men bowed again and eyed one another with immediate and instinctive disapproval, while Colin flopped down on the hearth and lay with his head on his paws and his eyes fixed unwinkingly on the new-comer.

'Have you had breakfast?' asked Miss Cameron.

'I thank you, yes. But I have got the salt spray in my mouth, and of your courtesy I will take a cup of coffee;' and he deposited his streaming coat and hat in a corner by the door.

Concerning Sebastian d'Alvarez's thoughts at the moment I know nothing. His dark face was tuned to politeness; his black eyes smouldered waterily. But I have a very good idea of what Geoffrey Carrick was thinking, and that was the very natural, 'Now, what the deuce is this fellow wanting here?'

'Innismohr has very old ass-o-ci-aciones with my family,' said the Don, in suave explanation of his presence. He spoke on the whole very correctly, with a decided accent and a thoughtful consideration of any words out of the common.

'I see,' said Carrick.

'And we have maintained the in-ter-course for now many gen-er-aciones.'

And Carrick wondered why the deuce they should have taken the trouble to do so.

'My an-ces-tors came o-rig-in-ally with no good in-ten-ciones, and yet against their desire. Their suc-cess-ors come, however, of their own free-will.'

And again Carrick wondered what the deuce they did it for.

Obviously it could hardly be for simple æsthetic enjoyment. There was surely scenery equal to anything Innismohr could offer very much nearer Spain.

And the simple tie of relationship could hardly account for it. The strain was too diluted and attenuate through lapse of time.

What the deuce could a Spaniard want in these waters in these days? Various possibilities jostled one another in Carrick's mind.

'You find the island interesting, señor?' he asked blandly, in quest of clues.

'Oh, very, very in-ter-esting and very beautiful. I had seen it at most seasons, but never in the winter, and I had the strong desire to come.'

'You have been highly favoured in the matter of weather; but you hardly find it equal, I should say, in the mere matter of scenery, to what you have at home—the Pyrenees, and so on.'

'Ah! they are very fine, the Pyrenees. But they are different; and then there is the sea, and the ass-o-ci-aciones.'

'Associations, of course, count for much in one's point of view. And how do you manage to reach this out-of-the-way place, señor, at this time of year? Do you still tempt the unfriendly waters?'

'Oh yes. I am yachtsman, and now we know the way as we did not on the first occasione. You know my country, señor?'

'I was stationed at Gibraltar once for a few months, and I have been in the Pyrenees.'

'Very beautiful—Mont Perdu, Maladetta, Pic du Midi. I know them well. But still, the foreign lands and the ancient ass-o-ci-aciones tempt one at times.'

'You must find it pretty dull here in the winter-time?'

The Spaniard gave a little shrug and a grimace. 'It is not duller than other places, and it has the charm of novelty.'

Whatever the reason that brought him, he was evidently not going to disclose it; and Miss Cameron sat quietly finishing her breakfast and left the men a clear field.

There was a colour of annoyance in her face, and perhaps just a touch of embarrassment, at the awkwardness of this unexpected visit, and it suddenly dawned on Carrick that his own unexplained presence there must seem extremely curious to the new-comer.

'I had the misfortune to fall into the loch while skating,' he said, to set that matter right, 'and to twist my foot at the same time. But for Miss Cameron's prompt assistance I should probably be there yet, and in much less comfortable condition.'

'Ah, I am sorry, señor. Do you make long stay in Innismohr?'

'Oh, a week or two probably,' said Geoff carelessly; and presently, after chatting desultorily till his coffee and a cigarette were consumed, Don Sebastian got into his oilskins and bade them good-bye, and went out into the storm again.

'Where does he stay?' asked Carrick as Lesley closed the door on him and began to clear the table with such haste as almost to induce the thought that she desired to avoid questioning.

'At Innisrath, I believe.'

'It is not the first time he has been here?'

'Oh no. He used to come at times when my father was alive.'

'And what the deuce brings him, I wonder?' said Geoff, with unreasonable resentment.

'It's a free country,' said Lesley, with a smile.

'All that rot about old family associations is bunkum, of course,' he said musingly as he charged his pipe. And then, looking up at her quickly, he added, 'I take it that you know all about it, Miss Lesley, but that you do not feel justified in telling me. Am I not right?'

It was a shrewd question, since the answer would solve two others in his mind. She stood and looked at him in momentary surprise, and then said quietly, 'You are quite right. There are some things I have hardly felt justified in speaking about. They are island matters, and—perhaps you can understand—it is—well, it is like family secrets: one does not talk about them.'

'I quite understand. I hope you did not mind my asking? It clears the air somewhat.' He felt an odd satisfaction in the certainty that, to her own mind at all events, the Spaniard did not come there after herself.

'Now, I wonder if you would tell me how near I come to guessing what brings him?'

She looked at him steadily, with a glimmer of amusement in her eyes, but shook her head.

'I would sooner you did not ask me. I must keep faith with my people—even if it is somewhat against my judgment.'

'Then I must try and get to the bottom of it myself. You can't object to that.'

'I have no right to object to anything. I have no *locus standi*—except in the minds of the people, of course.'

'Oh yes, you have. If you said "Don't!" I should not feel inclined to move a foot in the matter.'

'It's a free country,' she said again, with a smile and a touch of colour, and lifted her tray and went off to the kitchen.

Carrick sat and smoked, and followed the Spaniard down various lines of thought. He came after something more concrete than change of air, old associations, or scenery. That was very evident.

He did not come—primarily, at all events—after Miss Cameron, and certainly not to her thinking. That was satisfactory as far as it went, but there might be more behind it on the Spaniard's side than appeared on the surface.

Smuggling was out of date. Treasure in an Armada ship was all he could think of. It felt rather anachronistic, even to himself, but he could think of nothing else.

If it were that, the man had no right there, of course. Treasure-trove would belong, he thought, to the lord of the manor or to the Government, or to both. It certainly could not belong to the descendants of an enemy who had dropped it while engaged in hostilities. Of course, at that time Scotland was a separate kingdom and itself none too well disposed towards England; and that might possibly explain the friendliness of the islanders to the foreigners. Their point of view would hardly be quite the same as his.

If this wild surmise of his should happen to be correct, then, without doubt, the search had been favoured by the late laird and his predecessors, and that would fully explain Miss Lesley's attitude.

It seemed to him that there was probably not much in the matter. Treasure spilt in the sea nearly three hundred years before, and frequently searched for since, was not, he thought, likely to amount to much now. It probably amused the Spaniards to look for it, and possibly it put a little money into the none-too-well-furnished pockets of the islanders occasionally. The one thing he did not like about the whole matter was the fact of Lesley Cameron living all alone in that lonely cottage while such men as Don Sebastian d'Alvarez prowled promiscuously about the place; and, having arrived very definitely at that point, he put his feeling into words the first time she came into the room.

'May I say something, and will you take it in good part?' he asked.

'I think it likely; but I cannot say till I hear it,' she said, with a touch of aloofness.

'Well, it is this. I know nothing, of course, of this Don Sebastian d'Alvarez; but do you think it quite safe to live here all alone while such men are hanging about?'

She laughed with merry relief. 'We have had Spaniards here from time immemorial, and no man, woman, or child has ever suffered from them yet.'

'That may be; but it gives me absolutely no satisfaction whatever. Opportunity makes rascals. I will beg you, as a personal favour, to join your mother at the house. If you do not'——

'Yes?' as he broke off abruptly.

'The thought of possible harm coming to you,' he said boldly, 'will trouble me as much as the knowledge of your hatred did before.'

'I'm really sorry to trouble you so much. But I don't see what'—— Then it was her turn to stumble.

'What right I have to ask it,' he continued for her. 'I have none, of course; and yet I feel some responsibility in the matter, perhaps because I have had more experience of the world. I can see possible danger, and I cannot see why you should run any useless risks.'

'It is simply that I do not care to be dependent on any one's bounty. We pay rent for this cottage, and have as much right to live here as any one else.'

'If that is all, pay the same rent and use as much of the big house as suits you.'

'That would be quite different, you see. We should be living on your charity and imposing on your good-nature.'

'No more than I am living on your charity at present and imposing on your good-nature,' he said. 'You would be taking a great load off my mind;' and mentally he anathematised her Highland pride, which, in all respects save this, was so charming.

'It would only be a transfer of burdens,' she said quietly. And he could say no more.

She seemed to rejoice, if not actually to exult, in making him beholden to her, but she would accept absolutely nothing in return. That was very characteristic, and a trifle inconsistent perhaps. But there—she was a woman, and young, and of high spirit; and, if not wholly without experiences, was yet not very experienced.

(To be continued.)

THE RAILWAY BOOKSTALL.

THE railway bookstall has grown with the growth of our railway system, to which it is an important and useful adjunct. Watch the traveller as he returns laden from its tempting assortment of reading matter, fortified against the tedium of a long or short journey, and you may gauge the intellectual calibre and tastes of the purchaser by the bundle of literature he thinks necessary to bear away. There is abundant choice: six shilling, two shilling, shilling, and sixpenny novels of the latest brand, good, bad, and indifferent. Out of the hundred or so of periodicals (not monthlies), a large selection find their way to the stalls; the monthly magazines are all represented, some very much more in evidence than others; and the penny weekly periodicals which give insurance against accident to the purchaser are there in serried rows. There are piles and piles of them. One wonders if perfect vacancy of mind may not be preferable to reading some of them, as the anecdotes, stories, jokes may pass through the mind as sand through a sand-glass, leaving it bewildered, if not more vacant than before. There are some who think public taste in this line deplorably depraved. But as only a few select souls can read a serious book to much purpose in a railway train, there is an apology for railway literature. It is at least better than counting the telegraph-poles, or wondering what was the name of the last station or village or town; and the cinematograph-like flashes of scenery may grow wearisome. Here, then, if we are not eating or sleeping, and if conversation has dried up, is something wherewith to pass the time. The daily paper is sufficient for most, and what a snowstorm of them one sees in the London suburban trains! If you do not fear to hurt your eyesight, a book or magazine may last over a journey.

Our bookstalls have a history, part of which we set down. The great pioneers, Messrs W. H. Smith and Son, control over seven hundred bookstalls in England; Messrs Willing & Company have also stalls, and Messrs W. Dawson & Son have several in Wales; while Messrs John Menzies & Company, of Edinburgh and Glasgow, control the majority of the Scottish bookstalls, R. Graham & Company have the bookstalls on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, while Messrs Eason, of Dublin, control eighty-eight of the Irish bookstalls.

The character of the bookstall-clerk, or the firm he represents, is shown by the display of his literary wares, which represent the lighter and more ephemeral side of literature. What is most in demand is most at the stall. The 'many-headed beast' has certain tastes; he who caters successfully for these tastes is himself successful. Here is an advertisement telling us that the narrative of Captain Kettle's latest exploits is quite up to the level of the former. Another card informs us that *John Chilcote, M.P.*, which has gone through more than ten editions here, is said to be selling at the rate of one copy a minute in America as the *Masqueraders*. 'The book of the season; ask for it.' Well, there will be another book of the season soon, and what then? The novel *When it was Dark* looks but a creepy companion. Here is a written, not a printed, card with the names of six of the newest novels, which have been 'well read and reviewed.' The bookstalls of Messrs J. Menzies & Company

at the Waverley Station, and more especially at the Caledonian Edinburgh terminus, are distinguished by clever and original methods of displaying their wares. At the railway bookstall you may buy the 'Great Game of Pit,' pencils, fountain-pens, picture post-cards, luggage labels, and in some cases rugs and travelling caps. But the legitimate trade of the bookstall is in the daily and weekly papers, magazines, and novels. The yellow-backed two shilling novels which used to be the mainstay of the bookstall twenty-five years ago have been well-nigh ousted by the six shilling and sixpenny novels.

How the vast English bookstall business of Messrs W. H. Smith & Son was founded and developed is one of the romances of railway life and literature. The two brothers Henry Edward and William Henry Smith set up business early last century as 'newsmen' in an unpretending shop in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London. The Smiths moved to 192 Strand in 1820, continuing Duke Street as their head-office for a time. Henry Edward Smith seems to have been of a less active disposition than his brother, and they parted. W. H. Smith the first became sole partner; he worked as hard as any of his assistants, and was certainly the quickest packer of news-parcels in the place. He was a terror to the careless and negligent, who had short shrift; but Sir Herbert Maxwell tells us he 'brought the business to a point beyond which it could not be taken by a single individual.' His famous son, who was afterwards leader of the House of Commons and a Cabinet Minister, was born at 192 Strand in 1825, and, after a good practical education, at sixteen wished to go to the university and prepare for Holy Orders. He submitted his will to that of his father, however, and entered the Strand business, which he was to develop into the largest concern of the kind in the kingdom. 'First on the Road' was Smith's motto, and it made the firm first in the trade of newsvenders. Father and son both seemed to believe that what a man does himself is better done than what he hires another to do; the son was known in the Strand establishment as 'Smith the Smoother,' and his presence was acceptable when his father was around. There was smoothing to do now and again if the old gentleman found anything out of gear. The young man was courteous, kindly, straightforward, and generous. Those who have anything to do with the production, despatch, or sale of newspapers must be unfailingly punctual, and bestow constant and unvaried attention upon the business. About 1840, by 4 A.M. summer and winter, father and son might be seen driving in from Kilburn to superintend and assist in the despatch of newspapers. On the death of King William in 1837, Smith's organisation carried the news into the country in advance of the mails. Many special expresses were sent to Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, in the year 1847, which was one of political excitement. The work must have been exhilarating and exciting; punctuality and clock-work arrangement were necessary to catch trains. Light carts with fast horses were employed when the newspapers were late in order to save time. Young W. H. Smith infused new life into the concern, and was taken into partnership in 1846. The bookstalls (1849), circulating library, and system of advertising hoardings at the stations were an outgrowth of this great and growing business.

The early bookstalls were mostly started by the local booksellers, who showed a jumble of novels, newspapers, with beer-bottles, sandwiches, and jars of sweets. York is still well worked by the local firm of Sampson. The late Samuel Phillips, in his *Times* essay on the 'Literature of the Rail,' mentions that he saw two young ladies spend three hours over a French novel by Eugène Sue bought from the bookstall. This led him to moralise as to whether the conductors of our railways had either set up themselves, or permitted others to establish, storehouses of positively injurious aliments. Did they sell poison in their literary refreshment-room? 'We resolved,' he says, 'to ascertain, and within a week visited every railway terminus in this Metropolis. It was a painful and humiliating inspection. With few exceptions, unmitigated rubbish encumbered the bookshelves of almost every bookstall we visited, and indicated only too clearly that the hand of ignorance had been indiscriminately busy in piling up the worthless mass.' This was about fifty years ago; the rubbish was swept away after W. H. Smith & Son concluded a lease with the London and North-Western Railway for the exclusive right of sale of books and newspapers on this line. Other lines followed, until Smith's bookstalls, like a network, extended over England and as far north as Berwick-on-Tweed. Men were placed in charge who had been trained as booksellers, and such a change was apparent that Smith was called the 'London and North-Western missionary.' The public, however, rebelled against solid literature. There are curious instances of likes and dislikes in those early days. Yorkshire was not partial to poetry; it was difficult to sell a valuable book on the stands between Derby, Leeds, and Manchester. Religious books had little sale at Liverpool, but were in demand in Manchester.

To a young man who seemed to object to a situation at a railway bookstall as rather beneath him, Mr W. H. Smith said, 'We'll raise it; we'll raise it. I am not at all sure that it may not be made as respectable as Paternoster Row.' And yet, standing one day at Rugby Station, the great pioneer did not seem entirely happy over the way the cheap novels monopolised the space in the bookstalls there: novels, newspapers, and periodicals had thrust everything solid into the background. At a time when the supply of bookstall literature ran low, and the receipts from the bookstalls declined, Messrs W. H. Smith & Son arranged for the issue of various copyright novels to sell at two shillings; the books, Lever's amongst the number, sold as fast as they could be printed, and yielded a handsome

profit, as the original cost was about ninepence. After a time Smith's dropped the publishing; instead of too few, it is possible there are too many new works of fiction available to feed the stalls. Since 1854 onwards Smith's business has included the great newspaper business, the bookstalls, and the advertising at railway stations, for which they obtained the lease of the blank walls. In connection with Smith's circulating library, about 80 per cent. of the books read are fiction, with three hundred and fifty thousand volumes to draw upon. Mr William Faux, who retired in 1903 after fifty years of service, was head of this department, and was succeeded by Mr Palmer. Mr Sandifer for a generation was at the head of the bookstall department; the present manager is Mr Kingdon. The head-librarian, as well as the chief of the bookstall department, as in the case of Mudie's, can almost make or mar the success of a new work of fiction. It is well, therefore, that they be expert and experienced book-tasters. The book department at Smith's has its busy days, particularly at the end of the month, when magazines have to be sent on to the various stalls. In one day, in 1893, the total number of newspapers sent out was three hundred and seventy-four thousand two hundred and eighteen, of a weight of forty-four tons. The workshop for making bookstalls and frames for railway station advertisements is in Water Street, London. The frontage of Smith & Son's is still in the Strand; the offices are at the back, with entrance from Arundel Street. Mr W. H. Smith retired in 1877 from active partnership in the great concern, although he still took an interest in the business and in his employés until his death in 1891. The Right Hon. William Henry Smith, in Parliament and out of it, served his country and the reading public well.

Messrs Willing & Company, Limited, control over one hundred bookstalls, chiefly on the Metropolitan, Central London, and City and South London Railways. They are also advertising contractors on all railways and street stations in the United Kingdom. Messrs W. Dawson & Sons, of Cardiff, have various stalls in South Wales. There is one at Penarth, a residential centre for the merchant-princes of Cardiff; another at Queen Street Station there, the terminus of the Taff Vale Railway and gate to the principal mining towns; also at Rhymney Station. There is another at Pontypridd, entrance to the Rhondda Valley. Coals and grime are everywhere in evidence here; the people are half Welsh-speaking. There is one at Brecon, a purely agricultural district; and another at Barry Docks, that great new centre for coal shipment and general import and export trade.

With few exceptions, the railway bookstalls in Scotland are controlled by Messrs John Menzies and Company, the well-known wholesale booksellers. The first opened by them were on the Scottish Central Railway lines (Perth, Stirling, &c.) in 1857, followed in the next two years by other bookstalls on the Scottish North-Eastern Railway to Aberdeen, and on the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee Railway from Waverley and Scotland Street Stations, Edinburgh, through Fife to Dundee. Since that date, as the railway system has been extended, they have developed this part of their business, so that at the present time they have bookstalls extending from Edinburgh in the east to Glasgow in the west, and from Carlisle in the south to Inverness in the north, and to most parts of the railways throughout Scotland. A special feature, and one proving of great advantage to tourists frequenting rural districts, is the system carried out by Messrs Menzies and Company of having newsboys travelling from station to station where no bookstalls are situated. Messrs Menzies have the same story to tell as that of Messrs Smith & Son regarding the books most in demand.

For many years the leading works of fiction obtaining ready sale at the bookstalls were published in the 'yellow back' editions at two shillings; but this, in course of time, gave way to one shilling novels, and at present the sixpenny reprints are in greatest demand. Leading works of fiction by popular writers can still sell in six shilling volume form, and of these no bookstalls in the country can show a better selection, even in remote parts where the traffic is limited, than those belonging to Messrs Menzies & Company.

The chief part of the bookstall business is done with large numbers of tourists from all parts of the world to the romantic districts of Scotland, and a special feature of the season's trade is the large sale of guide-books dealing with the picturesque and historical incidents in Scottish life and character.

Messrs Menzies & Company have often been complimented on the excellent stock of books, newspapers, and magazines which they always keep on their bookstalls, and they have been recognised by all the railways of Scotland to be enterprising in following up prospective business on any new line of railway. Having large warehouses in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, and Carlisle, they have excellent facilities for supervising their bookstalls and maintaining regular supplies of the newest books, magazines, and periodicals at the various stations.

We may add that the principle in dealing with their bookstall employés is good. Messrs Menzies have always made it possible for their newsboys to gain, through good service, the management of their bookstalls in the leading stations, and this has undoubtedly contributed to the success of the firm's undertakings. Some of their newsboys have risen to responsible positions both in the service of the firm and elsewhere. Mr William Dawson, who has been in the service of the firm for forty years, has had the control of their bookstalls for about thirty years.

Messrs Eason & Son, Dublin, who control some eighty-eight bookstalls, are the successors of W. H.

Smith & Son in Ireland. Mr W. H. Smith showed his skill in judging character by his selection of Mr Charles Eason, then clerk in charge of the bookstall at Victoria Station, Manchester, to take the management of the Irish business, then in its infancy, in 1856. Under his management the business was built up, and in 1886 it was transferred by Mr Smith to Mr Eason (who died in 1899) and his son, who is now the head of the firm. The number of railway travellers in Ireland is small as compared with England or Scotland, and the country is poorer, so that the bookstall sales are small even at the largest stall. Few books above two shillings and sixpence or three shillings and sixpence are sold. Literature, as represented by high-priced biographies, books of travel, theological and philosophical books, does not, any more than in England, go to the bookstall. The cheap reprints at sixpence, one shilling, and two shillings sell freely. The worst class of English printed matter is less sold in Ireland than anywhere. Messrs Eason follow the example of Smith & Son in this respect, and even go beyond them. Messrs Eason are by no means narrow in their business methods, and have in addition an extensive stationery business, and manufacture a large quantity of exercise-books and school requisites. They also publish an excellent series of Catholic prayer-books. A concession which was secured in the sixties for the carriage of newspapers at a halfpenny per pound, irrespective of distance, has had an important influence in distributing papers all over the country. A very large number of small parcels is sent, enabling the small purchaser to get his supply as soon as the large customer. Only those who are in the business can know the unwearied labour and vigilance, trouble and expense, this means.

The non-political paper of the snippety order sells largely; in fact, there is a decline absolutely and relatively of political papers and a rise in the circulation of family papers. But a distinction needs to be made here between political and national papers which advocate the revival and teaching of the Irish language and Ireland for the Irish people. The Nationalist papers advocate Irish manufactures, revile Britons, and support the Catholic Association. Sporting papers have a large sale, those from Manchester having a first place. As regards daily papers, the Dublin ones have the largest sale; Belfast comes next. Cork, Limerick, and Londonderry have local papers circulating extensively in their own districts. English political papers do not circulate largely. Evening papers, published in the chief towns, as with us, have large sales. The London penny dailies do not increase in circulation. The number of illustrated weeklies has risen to fourteen or fifteen at sixpence, as against four or five some twenty-five years ago. This has affected the circulation of the older papers. The increase in sale caused by the South African war has not been maintained. The sale of sixpenny weeklies, not illustrated, is but small. In the periodical (not monthly) there has been the greatest development. The twenty-five papers of 1881 have increased to one hundred and eight, and the sale of that which goes best to-day is double the highest of 1881. This is similar to what has been happening in England and Scotland. The high-priced monthlies have a small sale; but the monthly illustrated magazines sell very largely.

There are some who do not favour the sale of English-born literature in Ireland, and warn the Irishman against buying a pennyworth of literature which was born across the Channel, bred of English brains, of English thought, breathing English ideas and morals and aspirations. This is described as an acquired taste, like that for tomatoes, porter, or gin.

The bookstall fulfils a useful purpose; no other agency could possibly take its place, and it comes as an intellectual soother and sweetener amidst the bustling materialism of the time. It may even be said to have given birth to a lighter form of reading known as 'railway literature.'

THE DOUBLE ANEMONE.

PART II.

CHARLES, who was a young man of leisure, arrived the following evening. Miss Scott went down to the station to meet him. When she arrived the train was in; but she had no difficulty in finding him. He was standing at the door of a first-class compartment, shouting curses at the two porters, who had both deliberately passed him by to attend to the wants of an old Swiss woman travelling third.

He was so excited that when his fiancée poked him in the leg with her spiked walking-stick, he swore at her. When he saw who it was he apologised airily—too airily, thought Miss Scott.

'Do you usually swear at ladies, Charles?'

'How absurd you are, my dear Kitty! Of course not.'

'You keep it for your fellow-men, do you? I had no idea you were addicted to bad language.'

'Now, Kitty, do be sensible. You must know that every man swears at times.'

'I don't know anything of the sort; and I don't believe it.'

'You can take my word for it that they all do.'

'There's one man I know who, I'm sure, doesn't,' said Miss Scott, thinking of Kent.

'Then he's a mollycoddling idiot.'

'Thank you, Mr Meredith!'

'Now, Kitty, don't let us start quarrelling. I haven't seen you for nearly three months, and you're looking perfectly delicious. I think you might say something nice to me, instead of picking quarrels.'

'All right, Charles. What a funny overcoat you have on!'

Charles surveyed it with much complacency.

'Do you like it?' he asked.

'Humph! I don't think I do particularly. It's too loose and too loud.'

Charles was nettled.

'Well, you're quite wrong, my dear girl. It's the very latest. I got it at a first-rate place; none of your cheap reach-me-downs.'

He took off the coat and slung it over his shoulder. Then, before starting to walk up with Kitty to the hotel, he braced himself and performed a trifling operation with his cuffs. She had seen him do it scores of times, but it had never grated on her nerves till now.

'For goodness' sake, don't do that, Charles!'

'Do what?' he asked.

'Pull down your cuffs like that. I know you have diamonds in your sleeve-links. There is no need to show me them.'

'My dear girl, a fellow must shoot his linen occasionally. What else does he wear it for?'

Kitty did not know. So she was silent. Charles, being offended, was silent too, and did not even look at her. She, however, as they walked up the long station-road, looked at him often. He really was quite nice-looking: tall and straight, with a fresh complexion. But, for the first time, it occurred to her what a pity it was that, with his black, almost raven hair, he had not either a little more or a little less colour. Black hair and pink cheeks were apt to look effeminate. And why would he wear that foppish little black moustache, twisted so carefully at the ends? He was immaculately turned out, in various shades of brown, from his billycock hat to his boots. But somehow she could not help wishing that everything did not look quite so new. As her eyes ran down him, the gentlemanly wax-models exhibited in the windows of certain large tailoring establishments sprang into her mind. With a guilty consciousness of treason, she tried to drive them out. But they stayed.

When Charles came down to the *table-d'hôte* that evening, he looked more than ever like the tailor's model. His hair was parted so precisely in the middle, and the three little rippling waves on either side were drawn with such mathematical nicety, that he seemed a cut above mere flesh and blood. Miss Scott wondered what Archibald Kent, who had removed his seat several places lower down the table, and who from time to time eyed her fiancé with respectful interest, thought of him.

What he thought of Kent was Charles's first business to inform her when he joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

'Who on earth was that scrubby little man you bowed to, Kitty? I have never seen such collars! And his tie!'

To her surprise, Kitty found herself growing extremely angry.

'Please don't speak of him in that contemptuous way, because I don't like it.'

Charles raised his eyebrows. Kitty realised that her heat must seem rather strange both to Charles and to Mrs Hinton.

'He's a relative of Amelia's,' she hastened to explain.

'My sister-in-law's second-cousin once removed,' said Mrs Hinton.

'Scarcely one of your relatives, Mrs Hinton.'

'No; I should rather describe him as one of Kitty's friends.'

'Get another, Kitty,' advised Charles. 'I don't care about this one. He looks to me as if he didn't wash. As a favour to me, Kitty, drop him.'

Miss Scott made a desperate effort to hide her anger in cold contempt.

'What nonsense you talk, Charles! I shall do nothing of the sort. I decline to be dictated to.'

'I wasn't dictating to you, my dear. I was merely giving advice.'

'Well, I don't want your advice. Please keep it to yourself.'

Charles stared at her, in some doubt as to the soundness of his hearing. Such treatment from any girl was quite a new experience. He shot his linen thoughtfully before replying:

'Some persons in my position might claim a right to give advice. But if you're not in the mood for it, I'll waive my privilege.'

Conscious of the praiseworthy moderation of his attitude, he smiled soothingly at her. His smile made Kitty's hand itch to box his ears. Only by wishing him a curt 'good-night' did she save herself.

The next morning, while she and Mrs Hinton were awaiting Charles's arrival, she felt called upon to give some explanation of her conduct.

'Poor Charles!' she said. 'I am afraid that absence from me must have been a little trying to his temper.'

'I'll trouble you for the toast,' said Amelia.

'Don't you think so?' persisted Kitty.

'Think what?'

'That Charles has grown a little airified since last we saw him?'

Mrs Hinton put down her half-raised cup and looked Kitty full in the face.

'Do you want me to say what I think?'

'No,' said Kitty hastily; 'not if you're going to be stupid and take Charles's part.'

'If you want my candid opinion,' said Mrs Hinton, 'I thought Charles behaved remarkably well. I felt quite sorry for him.'

'Sorry over what?' demanded Kitty.

'Over his having to marry you.'

Kitty's heated reply was checked by Charles's entrance into the coffee-room. His smiling saluta-

tion she received coldly. With a whistle, suggestive of exemplary patience, he seated himself beside her and attended to his meal. Mrs Hinton poured him out a cup of coffee and put it in front of Kitty, who refused to notice it. Charles eyed first his cup and then his neighbour's face.

'Excuse me,' he said.

Before stretching his hand across her, he carefully shot an immaculate green cuff. The demon of mischief seized Kitty, and as his hand grasped the cup she reached for the butter. This action had the desired effect of shaking his arm. Unfortunately, the splash of coffee intended for the green cuff descended on Kitty's sleeve. With the air of a tragedy queen she sprang to her feet.

'Some people *are* clumsy!' she said.

'Sorry,' said Charles. 'Can I do anything?'

'No, thanks! You have done quite enough.'

'It's a judgment on you, Kitty,' said Mrs Hinton.

'What for? For being engaged to Charles?'

'No; for being so ill-tempered.'

Kitty turned her back on Mrs Hinton and attacked her weaker adversary.

'Why did you reach across instead of asking?'

'Why didn't you pass him his cup without waiting to be asked?' said Mrs Hinton.

'You have ruined my blouse. I shall never be able to wear it again.'

'What a comfort it is that it's such an old one!' said Mrs Hinton.

'And you treat it as coolly as if it were only the table-cloth or your own stupid coat. I believe you did it on purpose.'

'My dear girl,' said Charles, with exasperating calm, 'do be reasonable.'

'Oh, I am unreasonable, am I? Well, I'm not going to stay here to be abused. My sleeve is sopped through and through, and I must go and change everything.'

As soon as she was out of the room, Miss Scott's temper cooled as rapidly as her sleeve. She was unpleasantly conscious of having been extremely cross, without even the compensation of being clever. Her attacks upon Charles might have been equally well contrived by the stupidest of angry people, and Mrs Hinton had had the better of her at every point. She really must practise a little self-control.

It was in quite a chastened spirit that, half-an-hour later, she approached Charles and Mrs Hinton, who were sitting together in a corner of the veranda.

'You may take me for a walk, Charles,' she said.

Charles, who had a decided opinion on the subject of his own value, and had neither forgotten nor forgiven its depreciation at the breakfast-table, got up leisurely and stifled an artificial yawn. Mrs Hinton smiled.

'I hope you'll have a nice walk,' she said. 'Are you going to make Charles hunt for double anemones?'

Kitty flushed so angrily that Charles took an interest in the subject.

'What's a double anemone?' he asked.

'Don't ask me,' said Mrs Hinton; 'because I have never been able to find out. But I think it's something in the nature of a double string to one's bow.'

'Hullo!' said Charles. 'Has Kitty been going in for a flirtation? Whom has she victimised?'

'Are you coming for a walk, or are you not?' demanded Kitty.

'One moment, my dear. I must inquire into this. I had no idea there were any fascinating other chaps about.'

'You thought you were the only one in the world, did you?' said Kitty.

'I wasn't speaking of the world, my love, but of Hundehof. Have you been practising on a Polish count?'

'No,' said Mrs Hinton; 'she's far too insular.'

'Oh, made in England, was he? Good heavens, Kitty! Not that poor little frump who was at *table-d'hôte* last night? It was? Oh, my hat!'

As Charles clapped his hands to his sides and exploded into loud laughter, Kitty felt that her late resolution of forbearance was misplaced. Charles's egotism cried aloud for castigation. But no retort sufficiently crushing could she find.

'I'm glad you're amused,' she said at last.

With an effort Charles subdued his laughter.

'Oh, I'm not amused,' he said. 'I'm on fire with jealousy;' and he roared again.

'Well, good-bye, you people; I hope you'll enjoy your walk,' said Mrs Hinton as she disappeared indoors.

For a moment Kitty hesitated. Then she turned abruptly to Charles.

'Come along,' she said. 'Let's get it over;' and she set off as fast as she could walk; while Charles, still laughing, followed in her rear.

Archibald Kent also had chosen the Kleineralp for the scene of his morning's exercise. Some days before, he had taken the same walk, and had thought it very beautiful. But this morning, though the sky was just as blue and the sun just as scorching, the long white road at the foot of the flower-covered mountain-slopes struck him as singularly desolate. He left the road and toiled up the mountain. No other human being was in sight. But the solitude no longer seemed romantic; it merely filled him with despair. He felt as if a plague had swept every other human creature off the earth. The blue sky, the dark-green firs, the multicoloured carpet, all the gaiety of nature, mocked him.

He had not even that melancholy consolation, which soothes so many minds, of conjuring up the image of his departed happiness. From the moment that he had left Miss Scott on the hotel veranda he had determined that the only decent thing for him to do was to blot out from his memory her very existence. With most men that object would have been accomplished only by planting another image in her place. But Kent had a strong control over

his imagination. Gently but firmly he removed Miss Scott from his thoughts, and mooned about the country with an aching void.

So it was with rather a shock that, on his way down the mountain, he turned a corner and almost stumbled on to the white dress of the lady in question, sitting on a rock. His first thought was flight; and, with a muttered 'Good-afternoon,' he turned, to seek refuge in the heights. A low moan checked him. Glancing nervously over his shoulder, he saw that Miss Scott was crying; or, at any rate, she had her handkerchief to her eyes.

He hesitated so long that she was forced to moan again. With a great effort he turned right round and faced her.

'Is anything the matter?' he asked.

'Oh,' said Miss Scott, 'how you startled me! No, no; I have no right to trouble you. Please leave me.'

Obedience was so strong in him that he actually did leave her. It required yet another moan to bring him back.

'Can I'—— and he stopped.

She put the handkerchief away, and looked at him.

'Well, it's very kind of you, Mr Kent. But I'm rather heavy.'

Kent was mystified. He looked helplessly at her for further explanation.

'I have sprained my ankle,' she said.

'Oh!'

'It's nearly a mile to the nearest châlet. And I'm all alone.'

The handkerchief went up to her eyes again.

'Alone!' repeated Kent.

His eye wandered round the neighbouring boulder.

'Where's'—— He halted, uncertain of the right description.

'Charles,' she said; and she heaved a deep sigh. 'Charles is no more!'

Kent was horror-struck.

'No more to me,' she explained. 'Henceforth and for ever he is Mr Meredith.'

'I'm very sorry,' said Kent.

'I hope Charles will be some day. He shows no signs of it at present. You want to know how it happened?' she continued, after waiting vainly for Kent to ask. 'Charles—Mr Meredith—found that ours had been a boy and girl engagement, and that he had grown too big for it. He's five-feet-eleven in his socks, Mr Kent; and he has a moustache. It wasn't for me to dispute the truth of his discovery. So I gave him back a ring, and he gave me back a gold pencil-case. Most of our other gifts were unreturnable.'

'And he left you here?' said Kent.

'No; we parted a trifle lower down. He went back to the hotel, *en route* for England; and I climbed up a bit higher. I thought I might divert my mind by looking for—for a'——

The memory of his lessons of the previous week began to steal back into Kent's heart, and made it thump absurdly.

'For what?' he asked.

'A double anemone,' she said softly.

An intoxicating thrill ran through Kent's veins. But he said nothing. His last fall had destroyed the whole of his very small stock of confidence.

'And all I got was a sprained ankle,' said Miss Scott, with a rueful laugh. 'I don't know how I am to get home.'

Kent eyed her doubtfully. Finally he came to the conclusion that, all circumstances considered, it would not be very forward of him to offer Miss Scott an arm.

'May I'—— he began.

'Oh, that is kind of you! But are you sure you're strong enough?'

She held out her arms to him; and before Kent had time to shiver at his boldness, he found both his impressed into her service.

Conversation languished. Kent's energies were concentrated on the herculean task of so treading the steep, uneven path as not to jar his burden. The burden was engaged in toying abstractedly with a bracelet. Silence was broken by a cry, 'Oh, I've dropped it!'

Kent turned his eyes, just in time to see a glittering something flash down the steep, almost precipitous slope on the edge of which he was walking.

'It was my mother's bracelet,' said Miss Scott.

'All right,' said Kent.

He put his burden down, and looked over the edge. There was the bracelet caught in a clump of anemones ten feet below them. Kent stepped boldly forward.

'Take care,' she cried. 'It's very slippery.'

The grass was of that short, crisp kind that is so admirably suited for tobogganning on a tea-tray. Kent took two steps down it. Then his feet ran away from under him, and he found himself speeding down the hill in a sitting posture. He stuck his hands out, but there was nothing long enough for him to grip. Though his rate of travelling took his breath away, he kept his head; and as he flew past the bracelet he grabbed it, together with a handful of leaves and flowers. Some twenty feet farther on he was alarmed to see that the slope apparently ended in a sheer drop. He had not much time to think; but, seeing a small rock a few inches out of his course, he jerked out his right foot against it, in the hope of checking himself. The rock did check his right foot, but not the rest of him; and a second later he was continuing his course backwards. Suddenly his head came clear of the grass. He shot through the air, and arrived in the bed of a small stream with a thud that deprived him of consciousness.

How Miss Scott managed to join him he never could quite make out. Whether she too slid down the bank, or whether her ankle took a sudden turn for the better, was a question on which her

subsequent explanations were rather vague. But when, a few minutes later, he recovered himself, he found that Miss Scott was bathing his forehead with water. To the surprise of both, he was singularly undamaged. He got up, and, with as much grace as the niggardly hand of nature had bestowed upon him, he bowed.

'Your bracelet,' he said.

'Oh,' said Miss Scott, 'how clever of you! And how brave!'

Kent blushed, and looked modestly at the handful of leaves and flowers which he still held. Suddenly his abstracted gaze changed into one of intense interest. He gave a short gasp of surprise.

'What is it?' asked Miss Scott.

She looked into his outstretched palm, and her eyes, following the line of his, alighted on a small white flower, delicately shaded in pink and blue, with a second row of smooth petals lying within the outside hairy ones.

'Don't you see?' stammered Kent. 'It's a'——

'A double anemone,' she said; and she laughed softly.

Kent looked helplessly from her to the flower, and back again.

'What shall I do with it?' he asked.

'Well,' she said, casting her eyes demurely on the ground, 'as it seems such a white elephant to you, perhaps you had better give it me.'

THE END.

EXPERIENCES ON JURIES AND IN LAW-COURTS.

By JOHN B. DRAYTON.

ONE of my earlier appearances as a juryman—more than forty years ago—was on the grand jury at Maidstone Quarter Sessions. The chairman, in dismissing us to our duties, advised us to choose as our foreman one who had served on a grand jury before. As soon as we were in our room, a countryman with a smiling face and of a ruddy complexion, about forty years of age, volunteered the statement that he had served on a grand jury. We therefore made him our foreman.

When we had dealt with the first case, and found a true bill, the paper was put before him to sign; upon which he surprised us by saying that he could not write and could not sign his name!

We felt that *we* could not deal with this strange state of things, so we went into court and asked the chairman's advice. He, speaking very seriously, but almost smiling, reproached rather than reproved the foreman for taking a position for which he was disqualified, and for placing the Court in such a difficulty. He then told us that the best way would be for one of us to sign the foreman's name. Happily, merely signing another man's name does not necessarily amount to forgery.

If the foreman blushed when the chairman reproached him in open court, his blushes were concealed by his complexion, and he became practically a dummy foreman. Happily, no case of any importance came before us.

Many years later I was on a grand jury at the Central Criminal Court. On the way to our room a gentleman (who proved to be the composer of 'The Postman's Knock') spoke to me and said he had been there before, and unless we made some arrangement to expedite business we should be kept there for a week, as some of the jury would want to have every witness called. He therefore suggested that I should propose him as foreman and should sit by him. We then spoke to a jolly-looking gentleman, and he agreed to second my proposal, and to sit at the opposite side of the table.

The plan was this: As soon as the foreman and I thought we had sufficiently investigated a case he would suggest this to the jury and ask for a vote. I then held up my hand, and, failing any one else, our friend opposite held up his hand, and the whole of the jury followed suit. The foreman said that we ought to find a true bill with respect to any case committed by a Metropolitan magistrate; committals by the great unpaid required more consideration. A very sensible observation, I think. It only remains to say that we got through a long calendar with great despatch, and that all passed off very pleasantly.

I was on a special jury in a case tried at Westminster which was an action for damages brought by a medical man living in North London against the North London Railway Company. The plaintiff was in a respectable position, but was homely in appearance, and was probably about forty-five years of age.

His story was as follows: On a Sunday afternoon he went, with his wife and two little boys, by the railway to Kew Gardens. When returning they went to the Kew Bridge Station, where the empty train was standing, into which they got. He was last, and before he had got well in a porter came and slammed the door, catching the plaintiff's fingers and smashing them. He was in consequence unable to follow his profession for some weeks, and had to engage a substitute. For this expense, and a visit to Margate to recruit, besides suffering, and a falling off in his practice, he came to the jury for damages. His wife confirmed his story, and the two little boys were tendered in evidence, but the jury protested against such small boys being called.

Serjeant Ballantyne was counsel for the plaintiff, and appeared to be a personal friend; for I saw that his brief was only marked with ten guineas. He evidently thought there was no doubt about the

case, and treated it very lightly, mainly dealing with the question of damages.

The counsel for the railway company was George Browne, whose conduct of railway cases I have so often admired. A large man, neither handsome nor eloquent, but possessed of great ability and consummate tact, he did not press the plaintiff in cross-examination, but got him to explain *exactly* his position in the carriage, and based the company's principal defence upon the fact that no porter could be found who had shut the door. The plaintiff said he did not see the porter, who was at his back. In fact, counsel left the case to the jury, and he knew what he was doing.

Baron Pigott summed up briefly; the jury had no idea what *he* thought of the case, and after a short consultation they gave their verdict for the defendant company, to the surprise of all, I think, excepting Mr Browne, for he knew that it was a fraudulent claim.

The fact was that when a train stood at Kew Bridge Station the rails were so laid that the doors of the carriages would not remain open, but closed automatically; also, the doors of the North London Railway carriages were so hung that the plaintiff's fingers would be on the hinge-side of the door, according to his account of the accident. The jury asked him to show them his smashed fingers, and although they may have been pinched, they certainly had not been smashed. It was, therefore, quite clear to the jury that in sitting down he had carelessly left his fingers on the frame of the door, and the door closing had pinched them.

I found afterwards that Mr Browne feared to prove this lest the jury should be prejudiced against the railway company for imputing fraud to such an apparently respectable man. But in those days a jury was summoned on each particular case, and care was taken to get a jury of gentlemen who travelled on the railway, and so justice was done. It was wicked of the plaintiff to bring his two little boys to support him.

Once the authorities (to show, I suppose, their right to do so) summoned a number of special jurymen from one spot in the City of London to try common jury cases. The court was the Exchequer, and the judge Baron Bramwell. Most of the cases were unimportant, and we got through five or six each day of the week we had to serve. The judge sympathised with us for having to try such paltry cases, and altogether we had rather a lively time. In one case Mr Hardinge Gifford, the present Lord Chancellor, was counsel, and instead of addressing the jury at the conclusion of the evidence, he said he would leave it where it was. Baron Bramwell summed up thus: 'Gentlemen of the jury, when a counsel of experience declines to address you, his case is either so good that it does not need his advocacy, *or* so bad that it is useless for him to speak. It is for you to decide which it is in the present case.' We all put our eightpence a case into the poor-box.

As a juror in waiting, I was in court during a breach of promise case. The plaintiff was an attractive young lady, and her bonnet, a lovely creation by some artiste, evidently for the occasion. The defendant was a young gentleman of position, at Oxford, and rich. He attempted no defence, instructed his counsel to say that he had nothing whatever to say against the plaintiff, and that he was quite ready to pay any amount the jury might award. The verdict was for £3000, and it seemed a strange thing that he should have compelled the young lady to come into court at all.

I was present at the abortive trial of the directors of Overend Gurney & Company, Limited. The stoppage of this company brought ruin upon many, because the shares of one hundred pounds were only fifteen pounds paid. I saved one who would have been ruined. He met me in the City a few weeks before the stoppage of the company, and said he had bought some of the shares, and it was rumoured that the first dividend would be a good one; then he asked me what I thought of the company. I replied that I had long since lost all confidence in Overend Gurney, and that I would not hold shares in the company if they were given me. After the stoppage he told me that he at once went back to his broker and re-sold the shares he had just bought.

Some years before the company was formed, the firm of Overend Gurney found themselves involved in heavy losses through the great frauds of merchants named Cole, in conjunction with a wharfinger in their employ. Warrants were issued for large quantities of metals *which did not exist.* Overend Gurney concealed this fraud until a great part of their loss was transferred to others. Seton Laing, a Mincing Lane broker, who was involved in a heavy loss in consequence of this concealment, published a scathing indictment of Overend Gurney and Company in an octavo volume, giving every detail to prove his case. Overend Gurney had committed no crime known to the law; but the result of the exposure was practically the beginning of the end of that firm. Joseph Windle Cole was brought to trial, and was condemned to four years' penal servitude.

I was on the jury in a case tried at Westminster before Justice Stephen. It was an action brought by two brothers, Irishmen, against the Swansea Gas Company for the price of a cargo of bog-earth. The gas company refused to pay for it on the ground that it contained more than the natural amount of moisture.

Mr Wm. Willis was counsel for the plaintiffs, the brother who was in court being a capital specimen of a bright, laughing-eyed young Irishman. I have often admired the persistence with which Mr Willis maintained the cause of his clients, and this persistence did not fail him in this case. A counsel may, however, be *too* persistent. This raises a spirit of opposition in the minds of judge and jury.

Counsel for the gas company, Mr Williams, who is a Welshman. The softness of his speech, and

especially his frequent mention of the Gāās Company, tended much to lighten the case.

Here were plaintiffs brought from Ireland and defendants from Wales to have their cause tried by a special jury summoned from an extreme corner of Middlesex! The costs must have far exceeded the amount involved.

The trial extended over part of two days. On the first day the defendants admitted that they had used this cargo to purify their gas (the purpose for which it was purchased), that they had used nothing else, and that they had not received any complaints from their customers of the gas so purified. Now, some of the jury were men engaged in commerce, and some were not. The judge had shown remarkable animus against the plaintiffs' claim. This seemed to be due to the fact that undeniable evidence was given that bog-earth might naturally hold more moisture than Justice Stephen thought was possible; and he, having an estate in Ireland, thought himself an expert in the matter.

In this position of things, those of us who were engaged in commerce feared that the non-commercial members of the jury would be swayed by the judge's manifest wishes; and as, after the admissions of the gas company, we were determined to give our verdict for the plaintiffs, we agreed that, at the close of the case the next day, we would retire to consider our verdict.

Accordingly we were locked in our room. The first thing was to see how we stood. On our being asked who were for the plaintiffs, immediately every hand was held up! We had a laugh, and for the sake of appearances remained in our room for a time. The judge was annoyed at our verdict, and postponed giving judgment!

Happily, I was never on a jury in the Divorce Court. But in an action brought against a husband separated from his wife, for cost of her maintenance, the sole point left for us to consider was whether the husband had been guilty of *legal* cruelty. It was the hardest nut I ever had to crack. Twice we went into court after having retired to consider our verdict, to ask the judge—Baron Pigott—to give us a definition of 'legal cruelty.'

I bought a cargo of petroleum through one of the large brokers, and re-sold it through the same broker, with a profit of four hundred pounds. As the broker had given his own name as principal, of course he paid me the money. But his principals repudiated both contracts, as the market had gone against them, and the broker brought actions to enforce the contracts. These actions were brought in two of the then divisions of the High Court, and they happened to be tried on the same day. The broker lost both actions. The defendants, being unprincipled men, took advantage of technical points to invalidate the contracts. Strange to say, the points raised in the two actions seemed to a lay mind to be contradictory.

It is always painful to see men holding a good position charged at the Mansion-House. The most painful case I remember was when the Sun Fire Office prosecuted gentlemen of high standing, proprietors of a public wharf, for arson—mainly, it appeared, because there had been three fires at the wharf. The prosecution entirely failed. It was more than a crime on the part of the Sun Fire Office; it was a blunder. The prosecution was spoken of as vindictive.

It is risky for counsel to go beyond his brief and draw upon his imagination. I was present in court during the trial of an action for libel brought by a curate. His leading counsel, in his opening speech, wishing to make the point that the curate was run after by the young ladies in the parish, described his client (whom he had never seen) as exceedingly attractive in person. As some one laughed, counsel stopped for a moment, and his junior pointed out the client, sitting in the well of the court, exactly facing him: a short, squat man with a pasty complexion, and not a bit of colour in his face, engaged in wiping away the drops of perspiration which stood on his brow with a coloured pocket-handkerchief. Counsel resumed his speech, dilating upon the curate's gifts as a preacher and his eloquence. The jury would *see* the curate, but they would *not* hear him preach.

THE GARDEN OF GOD.

This is God's garden, with none to tend it
Save the watching sun and the weeping cloud,
And the moon that leans in her love to lend it
For each dead blossom a soft white shroud.

There is no chain on its shining portal
That morning and noon and night stands wide,
Where a mortal may wander in dreams immortal
Unattended and undenied.

Its paths are the tracks that the hares' feet harden,
And the hidden roads that the field-mice run,
When they gather to feed in God's green garden
Out of the dawn-mists one by one.

In its grassy plots grow the wild-flowers only,
Harebell and bluebell, hawthorn and brier,
And the meadow-sweet, and the thistle lonely,
And poppies flaming the fields with fire,

And willows waving, and reeds that shiver
Lest winds discover the wild swan's nest,
And forget-me-nots that nod to the river
With buds of silence and blossoms of rest.

Come through the gates of God's garden, bringing
All wayward wings and all rebel feet;
For here is a place for the wild bird's singing,
And here there is room for the wild heart's beat!

Let us carry our cares to the free winds gliding,
To the paths where the feet of the fields have trod;
Let us leave them at last with the daisies, hiding
In the green, white, golden Garden of God.

WILL. H. OGILVIE.

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AN ISLAND PRISON ON THE FORTH.

AN immense rock, higher than the dome of St Paul's, a mile in circumference, the Bass stands like a white-walled, grass-grown monument in the flood of the Forth. In a wide arm of the sea, sparsely studded with islands, the Bass might seem an uninteresting dot on the face of the waters. But history is never dull; and from the earliest times the Bass has history—the human history of those who inhabited it, the natural history of the bird-life that makes the distinctive feature of the Rock.

The Church, who, whatever her schisms, has seldom been idle throughout the ages, leaves the first record of habitation on the Bass. During the sixth century a saint of Northumbrian descent, St Baldred, known as the 'Hermit of the Bass,' took up his abode on the island. Actual information about him is slight, and much legend has gathered round his name. He seems not to have been a recluse or hermit in the full sense of the word, but a missionary preacher who at times retired to this fastness—as St Cuthbert, another great Northumbrian saint, did to the Farne Island—as a religious retreat, or perhaps for safety; sallying forth again when the spirit called him to propagate the faith on the mainland. The scene of his missionary labours embraced the whole countryside from Lammermoor to Inveresk. His memory is preserved in a rock called St Baldred's Cradle, in St Baldred's Well, and St Baldred's Statue (demolished by a sceptical mason). In 606 the saint died on the Bass. Then occurred one of those miracles of the early ages related in the Breviary of Aberdeen. Dispute arose amongst the parishes of Auldhame, Tyninghame, and Preston for the right of giving so great a man a burying-place. As the disputants could not agree, his body was left unburied. When the following morning dawned, in each village lay a St Baldred dressed for burial. Explanation of such phenomena was neither asked nor received in those days. The ruined chapel on the Bass may mark the site of the hermit's cell. Built long after his death, in the fourteenth century, it bears the name of St Baldred. With the Reformation this little sanctuary fell into disuse. No service was held there while the Bass was a fortified garrison. Nevertheless, a young lady was then supposed to have been received by some means into the Romish faith, in the presence of the keeper of the Bass and his boat-assistant.

In 1405 the Bass is mentioned as being fortified. The first State prisoner was Walter Stewart, son of the Duke of Albany. His father was at the same time imprisoned at Caerlaverock, as his mother was at Tantallon, whence she watched her son removed to execution at Stirling. The fourteenth century saw an attempt on the part of the English to take possession of the Bass; but the ships dragged their anchors and the expedition failed. For generations the Bass was the property of the Lauders. In the aisle of the old kirk of North Berwick there was once a tomb with an inscription to this effect: 'Here lies good Robert Lauder, the great laird of Congalton and the Bass, who died May 1311.' The same Robert was the builder of the castle on the Bass, where Maggie Lauder, a heroine of Scottish song, is reputed to have been born. In the reign of Charles I. the Rock was held by George Lauder and Dame Isobell Hepburn, his wife. James VI. visited the Bass during the possession of the Lauders, from whom he wished to purchase it. Perhaps he saw what an enchanting summer residence might be fashioned out of such unique material. But the Lauders, who were ever persons of a lively spirit, did not part with their belongings so easily. 'Your Majesty,' said the owner, 'must e'en resign it to me, for I'll have the "Auld Craig" back again.' The Lauders took for their crest a solan-goose, the bird being the principal inhabitant of the Bass; for their motto, '*Sub umbra alarum tuarum*'—translated, 'Under the shadow of thy wings.' Their solan-goose sheltered them as the eagle of Dante spread his pinions over the world.

In the time of Cromwell the Bass became a place of safety for the keeping of valuables. Amongst others, the public records of the Church of Scotland found shelter in this storehouse. The Laird of Waughton, who owned the island in the Common-

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wealth, received and cherished these documents; but the Bass, hitherto considered impregnable, surrendered to Cromwell. The precious papers of the Kirk were taken in a cask to the Tower of London. They returned later to Scotland, again travelled to England, and are thought to have perished in the fire at the House of Commons in 1834. The Bass passed from the Laird of Waughton to Lord Lauderdale, who purchased it for a State prison. It was observed to be a dear bargain by a contemporary, who remarks: 'Sir Andrew Ramsay having, neither for a just price nor by the fairest means, got title to a bare insignificant rock in the sea called the Bass, and to a public debt, both belonging to the Lord of Waughton, my Lord Lauderdale, to gratify Sir Andrew, moves the King, upon pretence of this public debt, and that the Bass was a place of strength (like to a castle in the moon), and of great importance (the only nest of solan-geese in these parts), to buy the Rock at the rate of £4000 sterling, and thus obtains the command and profit of it, amounting to more than £100 sterling yearly, to be bestowed upon himself.' Lauderdale, in addition to his other titles, was given that of 'Captain of the Bass.' The property afterwards came into the possession of the Dalrymples, who retained it till it was acquired by the present owners.

The King (Charles II.) converted the Bass into a prison for the Presbyterian ministers in the struggle between prelates and presbyters—but one of too many instances of Protestant persecution, as Blackness and Dunnottar can also testify. Accounts of the prison represent it as being an abode of great discomfort. It was situated on a ledge at the base of the hill. Constant droppings of moisture fell upon it from above; the spray of the ocean washed up to it from below; the four winds of heaven blew around it. The food was bad, often insufficient from the difficulty of boats reaching the Rock in bad weather. All the chimneys smoked. The prisoners were severely kept, not being always allowed to take exercise in the walks on the island. John Blackadder, minister of Troqueer in Galloway, one of the most noticeable of the 'Martyrs of the Bass,' endured a captivity of five years, and died on the Rock. His cell, called 'Blackadder's Cell' to this day, is now so choked with fallen stones and rubbish that it is almost impossible to reconstruct the dimensions in imagination. It was described as a room about seven by eight feet, having three small windows. One of these gave a glimpse of the sea; the second showed a strip of sky; the third looked on to a narrow passage whence the prisoner could be observed by the sentry on duty. There was another cell of even more dismal aspect, where Thomas Hog of Kilburn was imprisoned by Archbishop Sharpe. A vaulted staircase led down from the eastern end of the castle to what was formerly called the Bastion. Here was a horrible cavern, dank and dripping, with an opening towards the sea, which dashed up almost to the entrance.

Blackadder is buried in the old kirk at North Berwick. A narrow lane in the old town called the Kirk Ports leads from Quality Street to this partially restored ruin. In the churchyard a gray stone planted about with shrubs and ivy marks the grave of Blackadder. At the beginning of last century it was renewed. The inscription recording the age, imprisonment, and death of Blackadder is followed by some lines comparing his incarceration on the Bass to that of St John in Patmos. High-flown and old-fashioned, the note yet strikes true, making the reader realise that Blackadder, however unsympathetic his opinions, was a soul of some rarity.

Fraser of Brea, who, despite imprisonment, was able to appreciate the Bass Rock, wrote an account during his sojourn there having a singular charm. He tells of the inaccessibility of the island, the difficulties of landing, the mighty force of the waters breaking against the cliffs; of the governor's house, the prison, the chapel used for storing ammunition; the garden, where herbs and gean-trees grew; the walks on the Rock evidently of a quarter-deck length, paced repeatedly by weary feet carrying weary hearts; others more circuitous and solitary, where the prisoners could give way unobserved to conversation, meditation, or despair. Cannon were placed in several parts of the island—an almost unnecessary safeguard, for Nature had provided the best defence in the natural stronghold. Twenty-four men formed the garrison, a company sufficient to defend it against an army in those days. An equal number of sheep cropped the grass on the hill behind the buildings. Mr Fraser found his imprisonment less irksome than did many of the thirty-nine prisoners. He studied Greek and Hebrew; he read divinity; he wrote a treatise on faith. Despair was not altogether the portion of these indomitable Scotch ministers. Another writes: 'Since I was a prisoner I dwelt at ease, and lived securely. The upper springs flowed liberally and sweetly when the nether springs were embittered.'

In December 1688 beacons blazed on the Bass, North Berwick Law, and the neighbouring heights, a warning that William of Orange was about to invade Great Britain. Then took place the ignominious flight of the Earl of Perth, the notorious and detested Chancellor, who was also governor of the Bass. From Kirkcaldy he sailed down the Forth in a sloop, disguised as a woman, his wife accompanying him in man's clothing; but was caught and brought back to a five years' imprisonment. The Bass did not easily succumb to Dutch William and his followers. It claims the distinction of being the last place in Scotland that held out for the Stuarts. Charles Maitland, the deputy governor, ceded his post in 1690. Even later it was garrisoned by a few daring young officers, who led the life of pirates. They sallied forth, plundered passing vessels, and, craning their boats up the face of the Rock, resisted attempts to dislodge them. Finally their supplies were cut off by warships

sent by the Government. An order given at this juncture to demolish all fortifications and remove the cannon was disregarded. Many years elapsed before all such traces were destroyed and the prisons allowed to fall into disrepair. The right of fortifying the Rock in time of war still exists. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century it was garrisoned by a company of the Scots Guards, more than fifty years after the regiment had been transferred to London. The soldiers received extra pay in consideration of their exile. Through the great heart of the Bass there runs a natural channel leading on to a beach of fine white sand, never covered except at flood-tides. It was the scene where a novelist made an escaping prisoner take refuge, and be rescued by a fishing-smack. Real life is more ruthless than fiction. No prisoner ever escaped from the Bass save by death. The strength of the Bass has passed into a local proverb:

> Ding doun the Bass,
> Mak' a brig to Tantallon,

being a phrase used to express achieving the impossible.

Old prints of the Bass in a fortified state during the seventeenth century show the Rock ascending steeply from the sea to a level platform. A crane used for raising provisions, ammunition, and boats stood on the platform. Behind was the governor's house and the towers connected by curtain-walls. The prisons were situated in the centre of the enclosure. Only the roof and chimneys were visible from the exterior, thus shutting off the prisoners from any possible signalling with the outer world.

All this has been considerably altered with the course of time. A flight of steps cut in the wall of the Rock leads down to the waters, at some places forty fathoms deep, that surge and eddy and lap around the rugged mass. Above the steps, a stone path and stairs laid on the Rock ascend to the locked gate guarding the buildings. On the other side of the gate are the remains of the prisons and cells, a heap of broken masonry, a chaos of tumbling stones. The path winds from them, turning on to a paved terrace in front of the lighthouse erected within the last two or three years. Beyond the lighthouse it passes a deep gully, where, far below, the restless waters of the Forth, ceaseless in motion as the ear of a horse, run into a creek, till it reaches the ruins of the chapel. Ever upwards goes the path, in the tracks described by Fraser of Brea, to the garden sunk into a hollow, protected by the rise of the hill. It is but a square encompassed by four low, tottering walls. Rank grass and nettles appear to be the only growth, though perchance at different seasons of the year there may bloom stray spring-flowers, or summer see the Bass mallow and sea-pink in blossom. In the centre of the garden is the water-spring, now a covered well. Mounting from the garden, leaping over a network of rabbit-holes so numberless that the solid earth is more infrequent than the holes, one reaches the cairn on the summit of the Bass. The explorer looks up and down the Forth, far as the eye will travel, to the open sea that broadens to the Atlantic roll; to the islands of the May and Fidra; to the mound of Craigleith, the building-place of puffins and guillemots; to the shores of Fife and the range of violet hills against the sky; to Tantallon Castle, the red roofs of North Berwick, past the stately pile of Gosford hidden in the woods to the outline of one of the beautiful cities of the world.

Visitors to the Bass have always been numerous. In former days they were said to be made burgesses of the Bass by the offering of a drink of water from the well and a flower from the garden. This poetic rite is replaced in the commercial twentieth century by a charge of ten shillings for the hire of the key of the gate of the ruins. Three Kings of Scotland journeyed thither: the first, fourth, and sixth of the Jameses. Hector Boece found 'everything in this crag ful of wounder and admiration.' Jean de Beaugue, a Frenchman who came to Scotland in 1548, visited the Bass. He found a garrison of five or six score men. The only means of egress from the fort to the boat was a basket. John Ray the naturalist and Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, explored the Bass in the seventeenth century. Hugh Miller and several historians and botanists have recorded their impressions. In summer a steam-launch conveys tourists across from Canty Bay. Hardened voyagers sail from North Berwick. The golfers of these links do not largely swell this maritime traffic. To appreciate the 'Auld Craig' fully it must be seen at every hour, at every turn of tide watched from the coast till each aspect of an endless variety is familiar. Sometimes standing out sharp and bright, the cliffs white, the grass green against an azure sky and ocean, a gorgeous jewel on the breast of that Amazon the sea; sometimes seeming very near inshore, with white horses dancing on the waters; at other moments gray, sullen, menacing, dull of colour, angry waves tearing at the base; or else mysterious, a dim form in the mist of dawn or twilight, shrouded in a gray veil, withdrawn into impenetrable surroundings; or, it may be, blotted out altogether, a faint darkness below the horizon alone marking the position; at night, silvered by moon-rays across the Firth, flashing from a thousand iridescent facets the blinding glare of its own danger-signal. Those who live beside the Bass grow to love it for its very ruggedness and bleakness. The more delicate fancies of Nature may captivate and delight; the Bass will arrest and hold by main force.

Of the many owners of this island-fortress, one family has remained in possession throughout all time. No date is fixed for the colonisation of the Rock by the birds of the Bass. The very earliest historians mention the solan-geese as the first inhabitants, imagining them, in the strange errors of the day, to be a miraculous birth from barnacles. Since then the different varieties of sea-fowl that make their home there have increased to the number of ten or twelve. The solan-goose or gannet ex-

tends its flight to great distances: some have been seen on the coast of Greenland; southwards they go as far as the south of Portugal. They are said to leave and return to the Bass on the same day, year after year. A tithe of twelve solan-geese with their feathers on was annually paid to the minister of North Berwick, at one time called the vicar of the Bass, till recently.

The sea-birds have chosen this huge rock for an abiding nesting-place; their freehold of this ocean-citadel is sure as any ownership of man. Three sides of it slope sheer down into the sea. In every niche and cranny of the cliffs are birds, thousands of families, a population of bird-life seemingly vast as the population of some thickly inhabited town. On the top of the Rock they are congregated in armies, close-set in serried ranks, bird to bird, hardly a blade of grass between them—birds, birds, birds. Round about the island the air is filled with birds; white wings are whirring overhead, soaring out into the blue; shrill cries resounding, clattering like stones on ice through the clear metallic air. Human foot seldom sets its daring tread on the outward side of the island, on those rough-hewn stairs of Nature's masonry, where the birds sit and watch with wise eyes the passing of the vessels and of man who fashioned these marvels. The birds are masters of the Rock. The Bass is theirs irrevocably, eternally, writ in a charter of the seas and skies, sealed by ages of succession.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—UNDERGROUND.

ABOUT midday Tom Brading, clad in borrowed oilskins, came labouring heavily into port. He reported the snow gone from everywhere along the track except at the bottom of two deep gullies. But he urged strongly against his master attempting the journey if it could possibly be avoided.

'You'll never do it, Mr Geoff, against that wind,' he said. 'It'd be stiff work even if your foot was all right, and it don't look it. Couldn't you fix it so's to stop here a day or two longer? I brought some things I thought you'd need, and I'll go back for anything else you want. Mr Cameron said you'd never think of it till the weather mended.'

'Yes, I doubt very much if I could manage it; but'—— And he looked across doubtfully at Miss Cameron. 'May I make a suggestion?' he asked.

'Certainly,' said she.

'Then, will you exchange houses with me for, say, a week, till this wretched foot of mine gets into condition again? I candidly do not believe I could negotiate those gullies at present.'

She looked at him thoughtfully and searchingly, and then laughed.

'You are set on having your own way, I see. But under the circumstances, and considering the foot, I don't see that I can very well refuse. But how will you manage? You will starve.'

'Oh, Tom here is a first-rate cook, and I'm not half bad at it myself.—Can you manage oatcakes, Tom?'

Tom tickled his thatch sheepishly. 'Well, sir, maybe I'd be the better of seeing it done first. I'll warrant I do it all right afterwards.'

'Then, if we ask Miss Cameron very nicely, I've no doubt she will give you a lesson, and show you where things are; and after lunch you shall go back with her, to carry anything she wishes to take, and you can bring back anything we are likely to need.—I am very much obliged to you, Miss Cameron. It is on a par with all your kindness to make no heavy demand on my foot at present. We will keep the house perfectly straight and disarrange nothing. Tom can sleep on the couch here'——

'Oh, there is a box-bed in the kitchen which will be much more comfortable. And there is no need whatever for him to go with me to the house. Colin and I can get along all right.'

'Begging your pardon, miss,' said Tom, with a touch of the forelock, 'the track is very slippery still, and I'd be comfortabler in my mind to see you safe there. Besides, I'll want to bring some things back maybe.'

'Oh, very well. Mr Carrick has quite made up his mind that I can't be trusted alone, and you're evidently just as bad.'

'If you please, miss!'

So, after early dinner, she and Tom bent to the storm, she carrying her violin-case, and Tom a small hand-bag; and Colin, blown slim with the wind, scouting on ahead. And Carrick watched them go, and then sat and smoked, well content with the success of his little scheme so far, and pondered his next move.

When Brading got back, fairly tired of the road and the gale, he brought with him, in addition to necessaries, several articles not absolutely in keeping with a period of invalid rest and retirement: item, Geoff's revolver; item, a pair of sea-boots several sizes larger than his master's ordinary foot-gear; item, a pound of candles; item, a tin of paraffin.

The south-wester, having done its appointed work, blew itself out in the night; but for three days Carrick ventured no more than limping strolls outside, and coaxed his foot back to service with the most sedulous care.

Tom Brading became, to use his own expression, 'quite a dab at oatcakes,' and they fared reasonably, and kept the house as clean as a new pin.

To Geoff it was a very different place without its mistress; but everything about it was a constant reminder of her, and his thoughts of her were

delightful companions. He dipped into her books and supplemented his already formed ideas of her from them. In imagination she sat opposite to him at table in her big white apron, or over there with her sewing, or stood there weaving enchantment out of the storm with her deftly-moving bow. And the beautiful high face and proud dark eyes looked at him from every corner, and the spell of her beauty was upon him and held him willing thrall.

On the fourth day he set his foot to exercise in a longer walk outside, and found it fairly fit but easily tired.

As he was returning home that day he saw a white sail drawing steadily towards the island from the south, and stood to watch it. It was a schooner-rigged yacht of considerable size, eighty to one hundred tons, he judged—a somewhat unusual visitor in those parts at that season of the year. He bethought him instantly of Don Sebastian's 'I am yachtaman,' and instantly connected the two in his mind. He went on to the cottage, got out the old brass-mounted telescope that lay on hooks underneath the west window, and examined the stranger carefully as she passed. A good sea-boat, he judged, but not very fast, and with something foreign in the look of her, though what he could hardly tell—sufficient, anyway, to confirm his ideas as to her ownership. She drew silently past and disappeared round the north-west headland, and he went thoughtfully in to his dinner.

To-morrow he would walk through the glen. If the strange yacht was lying at anchor there he would feel hopeful that the Don was about to take his departure, and his mind would be to that extent relieved.

Miss Cameron was to return on the sixth day. What Carrick wanted to do had, therefore, to be done on the morrow. And so the chill rigour of the early morning found him and Brading scrambling down the glen towards the terrace.

Carrick carried a stout stick for the relief of his foot, and Tom Brading carried a can of paraffin-oil in one hand, and a faggot of dry sticks and the chopper with which he had chopped them in the other, and in his pocket a pound of candles. They were going through that barricade in the old mine-boring.

Geoff had never got rid of the impression that he had seen faces in that glen, faces which seemed startled at the sight of him and vanished before he could reach them. The old mine seemed to him the most likely hiding-place in the neighbourhood, and he would never feel satisfied till he had seen all there was to see of it. That barricade said 'No Thoroughfare,' and was in itself a temptation to go on and see what lay beyond.

Tom had tried to lay hands on a crowbar or a stout chisel, but could find nothing of the kind either about the house or the cottage. The nearest approach to it was Miss Cameron's chopper. The working space, however, was so confined that Carrick doubted if anything less than fire would prove effective. Hence the paraffin and the sticks.

When they came out on the terrace, the first thing Carrick saw was the schooner-yacht lying asleep on the leaden sea below, and so far his surmises were correct. There was no movement on board, and after examining her for a few minutes they went on to the tunnel.

They lighted candles, stumbled along the damp passage, and came to the barricade. The chopper proved useless, and they proceeded to oil the fir-poles and arrange their sticks artistically for a blaze, fishing stones out of the mud and piling them up into a platform to keep the firing dry. Then a match, and the flames were licking up the oiled poles, and the two men retreated to wait results.

The damp walls gleamed in the fiery glow, and a little smoke came past them, but not much. As soon as the flames died down they went forward, and a sturdy kick sent the remains of the barricade into fragments and the thoroughfare was open.

Caution now, for after all the barrier might have been benevolently erected as a safeguard against danger. On and on in the glimmer of the candles, till, after what seemed an hour of stumbling, they came suddenly on a chamber of size, and Geoff smiled at sight of its contents: copper vessels with long spouts and necks, and tubes leading to other vessels, stills, worms, piles of cut wood, ashes of recent fires, a number of large stone bottles—without doubt a private distillery.

Well, well! This was no doubt one of the family secrets Miss Cameron did not care to discuss with outsiders such as himself.

Two passages similar to the one by which they had entered opened out of the opposite wall, one running apparently level, the other sloping sharply downwards. As they stood hesitating a sound came up from the depths. It was the sound of a human voice, thinned by distance and tenuity of passage, but a voice without doubt; and Carrick stepped instantly in that direction.

They had gone some fifty yards when the roof widened suddenly over their heads, and, as they both stopped to hold up their candles and peer about them, their legs were simultaneously plucked from under them and they came sharply to earth. Before they had time to recover from their surprise the thunderous crash of a mighty explosion shook the place, and Carrick wondered vaguely if the world had come to an end or if it was only an earthquake. There was a rattle of falling rocks, a heavy grinding, a sudden riving of the vault in front, and a wedge of gray sky glimmered through heavy wreaths of smoke where all had been black darkness a moment before.

He could dimly see the forms of men scrambling about below the smoke. Flares were lit, rough hands laid sudden hold of himself and Brading, and they were hauled down towards the lights. A shout from one of their captors, and one among those below looked towards them, and then came hastily up the slope, and Carrick recognised Sebastian d'Alvarez.

The Spaniard was in a state of wild excitement, all aquiver, face gleaming, eyes full of sparks. He asked a hurried question in Spanish and received a reply, and bent and peered at the prisoners.

'What is the meaning of this outrage?' began Geoff.

'Ah, it is Señor Carrick! Well, I cannot wait now. Bind them, and we will see to them later;' and off he went. Their arms and feet were deftly lashed, and they were carried back into the passage down which they had come, and flung on the ground like logs.

Carrick, however, was bound to see what was going on below. He wormed himself back along the passage till he came to the opening, and then rolled and wriggled till he could sit and watch, and presently found Tom Brading sitting alongside him.

From the smooth shelf of turf which he could see through the rift made by the explosion, he was pretty sure they were in a great hollow behind the table-rock which had long ago slipped down from the crown of the cliff. The explosion had apparently shifted the great bulk slightly, so that part of the ridge connecting it with the cliff had fallen in. Among the débris at the base of the upheaved rock a score of men were busy with picks and crowbars, hauling out stones and delving through shingle, all apparently driven by the same flaming spirit as their leader. They lifted and carried and picked and flung in silence, but as if their lives depended on it.

The only voice was that of D'Alvarez, urging them now and again to still greater exertions with a word that was like a bite. He toiled with the rest, lifting and carrying and delving as if his salvation lay below. The only breaks were for drinks from big stone bottles which stood handily here and there. They worked, till the sweat ran down them, with a nervous intensity which was far more wasteful and far less productive than quieter and more phlegmatic application would have been.

Apparently their leader at last perceived this, for he broke off half the gang for rest and food, and after that worked them in two shifts, turn and turn about, he alone working all the time like a consuming fire.

'What on earth are they at, Mr Geoff?' whispered Tom.

'Searching for treasure, I imagine. They have reason to believe one of the Armada ships went down somewhere about here, and they have been looking for it ever since.'

'But it don't belong to them, surely?'

'Not a bit of it, and that's why we're tied up here.'

The work down below went on indefatigably. As soon as one gang broke off to take its turn at the stone bottles and light its cigarettes, and rest its back as best it could, the other lot fell to without a break; and presently, by process of denudation, there came into sight of Carrick's astonished eyes what the workers on the spot had seen all along: the gaunt remnants of a ship, sticking up stark and forlorn among the accumulated detrition of the years.

So the legend had solid foundation. There actually was a ship, and the searchers after hidden treasure were justified, in their belief at all events, if not in their acts. The nervous excitement of the grimy toilers below began to infect the helpless onlookers above, and they strained their eyes to bursting-point and wrestled with their bonds in the endeavour to see all that went on.

The skeleton of the old ship was evidently as friable as punk, for the men broke off chunks with their hands and tossed them away with the silt and gravel.

A shout from one of the delvers clustered them all about him like bees on the comb, and then and thereafter white bones gleamed among the loads the men carried.

To Geoffrey Carrick, gifted though he claimed to be with but a small imagination, it was a curious sight and amazing to think of, that after all these years—close upon three hundred—since the cliff slid down and buried that ship and her terrified crew, he should be sitting there watching its disentombment. From all accounts, many had tried to light on it through all these years; but strange chance had set the clock for the moment when he happened to be on the spot.

And, though he did not know it, the hand that set that clock held in reserve something for him also, something compared with which the treasure sought by these men was as nothing, and his clock was even now whirring to the strike.

(To be continued.)

SHALL WE ALL DIE OF THIRST?

By J. E. Whitby.

FROM earliest times humanity has been supposed to exist with the sword of Damocles over its head. Through long centuries the comparatively immediate destruction of the human race has been persistently prophesied, the only variation being in the make and shape of the weapon which should accomplish the catastrophe. Each of the elements in turn has been presented before our terrified eyes as the arbiter of our destiny, and we have only been reassured by the rainbow from the fear of drowning by a deluge to be confronted by the terror of a universal conflagration. While some savants consider the internal earth-fires as likely to make it unpleasantly warm for us one day, in consequence of the constant

shrinking of the earth's crust, others warn us that in consequence of the expected vagaries in its old age of the Gulf Stream we shall perish from cold; while spirits more pessimistic still, foretelling the breaking loose from their formidable barriers of the icy waters of the Poles, prophesy the extermination of all human life in a second glacial period.

To these warnings we have become somewhat accustomed, and, partly no doubt from our impotency to check, consider the future with resignation if not indifference. But we are also confronted with problems in the preservation of human life as a whole which we can control to a certain extent, and one of these is that of nourishment. The question as to whether, at the present rate of the increase of the world's population, there will in the near future be sufficient food, is one with which we are all familiar; but we console ourselves with the thought that by the time mouths are out of proportion to eatables some chemical compound will replace present-day nourishment. It is not merely food alone, however, which is likely to fail us, but, according to scientists, water; and though this may not strike the man on the black-list as much to grieve over, the thoughtful will be struck by the trend of certain phenomena which have been recently brought to notice, and will perhaps anxiously inquire whether, while we are unable to control the mysterious laws of nature, some effort cannot be made at least to retard the annihilation of humanity by thirst.

It is well established nowadays that both in Africa and in Central Asia, and indeed in all the great levels of the world, the water-beds are drying up. A great number of lakes well known during the historical age have entirely disappeared; while in Africa, Lake Chiroua, to the south-west of Nyassa, has been shrinking during the last twenty years, and has now no place. Lake Ngami, which was discovered by Livingstone, exists no longer. Lake Tchad is now nothing but a half-dried-up water-bed. Turning to Australia—and in discussing this matter it will be noticed that only the important lakes, &c., are considered, though there are countless smaller depôts of water, rivers, streams, and rills following the example—we find that Lake Eyre has greatly decreased in size.

Explorations in Central Asia have proved that for centuries a zone stretching from the east to the south-east of this part of the Czar's dominions has been drying up; deserts are gradually spreading; and reports show that it is only in the neighbourhood of mountains, round whose brows vapour condenses and falls for the service of the agriculturist, that irrigation can be carried on or that life itself can be preserved.

Travellers have brought back news from east Turkestan of the ruins of fine cities, great monasteries, and remains of old irrigation-works which prove that two thousand years ago what is now a howling wilderness of sand was then a fruitful land, where man lived on the product of the soil. In western Turkestan the salt-lake of Char-Kel or Zembil-Koul is gradually drying.

The river Tarim, which was once one of the most frequented Asiatic routes, is now almost gone; and Lob-nor, which formerly covered an area four times as large as the Lake of Geneva, is now nothing but a shallow marsh, whose greatest depth is fifteen feet. Without naming the numerous deserts which were once habitable and peopled, and coming to a part of the world more generally known, it may be remarked that the Siberian lakes have greatly diminished both in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

In European Russia large stretches of country that were once covered with water are now dry; and Novgorod, that modern scene of a busy commercial fair, where thousands of merchants congregate annually, was in the Middle Ages so surrounded by marsh that the Mongols, when sweeping the country, were unable to seize it.

According to Prince Kropotkine, the Russian savant, who has written much on the matter, all these effects may be referred to changes that have been going on since the remote geological epoch known as the glacial period. During that time a great part of northern Europe and Asia (to the fiftieth degree of latitude) was covered with thick ice, stretching to the valleys of the Don and Dnieper. When the ice retired, all the regions in those two parts of the world less than three thousand feet in height became submarine. In those days the Gulf of Finland stretched to Lake Ladoga, and was only separated from the Arctic Ocean by a narrow neck of land. The Caspian Sea reached to Lake Aral. The water, therefore, left by the glaciers has been and is being simply used up in different ways, Nature playing her usual reckless part. The Russian scientist has naturally devoted his examination of this phenomenon to his own country; but the reports which come from other lands nearer home bear out the same disquieting fact. Everywhere in our own country, as in others, water-springs are giving out and water-beds drying up, slowly perhaps, but surely. The increase of population and the modern system of drainage have of course a great deal to answer for; but much of the drought is undoubtedly caused by the rapid destruction of timber on all sides, for trees not only attract rain-clouds but preserve the moisture of the soil. While it is impossible for puny man to control the geological period through which we are passing, and whose characteristic would be—according to some—the gradual disappearance of water, it may be inquired whether it would not be advisable to postpone that disagreeable moment of a world without water as far as possible by the better preservation of our woods and forests and the persistent replanting of trees.

OLD SACKS.

By MARGARET WATSON, Author of *Under the Chilterns, Polly, A Righteous Woman, Mrs Drewitt's Hoard, Renunciation,* &c.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

RICHARD LEWIN was sitting in an elbow-chair by the fire in a large farmhouse kitchen. His wife, dressed in a cotton gown and big, coarse apron, was steadily washing up a miscellaneous collection of dusty china which had been laid away in cupboards and on shelves for many years: vegetable-dishes without covers, cracked plates and dishes, china ornaments of hideous shape. A very pretty, dark-eyed girl stood beside her, drying the things as they were passed out of the tub.

'I take it hard, so I do,' said the old man, 'to be turned out of house and home at my time o' life; and I'm sure no man could ha' tried harder to scratch for a livin'; but what with the seasons and the price o' corn, I never had a chance.'

The women did not answer. Perhaps the same thought was in the mind of both: that the bread-winner might have done more in that line if he had not been quite so fond of his elbow-chair by the fire and his two market-days a week.

He may have felt a certain want of sympathy, for he went on querulously: 'And Kate there, as might ha' made it all right and saved her old father and mother from bein' turned out on the road—she must turn up her nose at Jos Turner, as warm a man as is in the parish, and one as would ha' lent me what would ha' put me on my feet agen if he'd been my son-in-law. Times he've said so. But that was naught to Kate; she wasn't agoin' to sacrifice herself for her parents. Not as I can see it'd be much sacrifice to marry a man with a good house and a farm, and money in the bank, and willin' to pour it out like water jest to please a silly gal.'

Kate's lips quivered.

'You let the gal alone, said Mrs Lewin; 'she's only got one life, same as us, and ours is most part done, and hers most to come. We did what we thought best for ourselves, and if it hasn't turned out best we've only ourselves to thank; and she's a right to choose for herself like we did. What call has she to spoil fifty years for herself to make ten more comfortable for us?'

'Oh mother!'—Kate's tears ran down, and she dried them with the tea-cloth—'I'd give my life to make ten years happy for you if only Jos Turner wasn't a bad man, and,' she added under her breath, 'if it wasn't for Tom.'

'A bad man?' grunted her father. 'He's been a bit gay, but he'd steady down right enough once he was married. That Nance Brooks was a forward hussy; 'twas as much her fault as his.'

Kate flushed red.

'Whosever fault it was, I'm not going to have Jos Turner for my husband,' she said.

'No,' retorted her father; 'it's that Tom Stanmore you're after, as is nothing but an auctioneer's clerk, and never will be. Earns a few shillin' a week like a labourer, and if Mr Boltworthy turned him off to-morrow, hasn't got a penny to keep him out o' the workhouse.'

'There,' said Mrs Lewin, 'let the gal alone, Richard; you can't turn a gal's fancy, and she's in the right about Jos Turner. As for young Stanmore, I don't suppose he'll ever be able to make a home for her; but she's young and strong, and can turn her hand to anything. She doesn't need to be beholden to any one for a living yet awhile.'

'Thank you, mother,' said Kate, turning her tear-filled eyes gratefully upon Mrs Lewin. 'I can work, and I will work my fingers to the bone to help you and father.'

'Jos Turner'd do it a lot better,' muttered her father. 'What can a gal do?'

A knock at the door interrupted the discussion. Kate opened it.

'Oh Tom!' she cried, all smiles and tears.

'Yes,' he said; his face was very red, and his tones embarrassed. 'Mr Boltworthy sent me, you see—to—to—make up the catalogue for the sale.'

'Oh, come in! come in!' called out Mr Lewin sardonically. 'Come in and put down all our bits o' things, as won't make as many shillin's as there are fingers on your hand, though they've done well enough for us this thirty year.'

He appeared to think that this ought to have given them an added value.

'I've put the things together as well as I could,' said Mrs Lewin. 'This odd lot of china may as well go down in one lot, I suppose?'

'Yes, I expect so,' said Stanmore.

He began making entries in his note-book, and attaching numbers to the pieces of furniture. He went carefully through the house with Kate and her mother, putting everything down in as attractive a form as he could; still, he could not but own to himself that Mr Lewin's possessions were not likely to cause enthusiastic bidding at the auction.

'Is there nothing else at all?' he asked as he came back to the kitchen.

'Naught but three old sacks up in the attic, as we've kep' up there to throw over the potatoes in the winter,' said the old man bitterly.

'May I go up and see?' asked Stanmore, more perhaps with a view to getting Kate to himself for a moment than to any desire to see the sacks.

'What's the good? They're naught but old sacks, I tell 'e.'

'But I might as well see them,' he persisted. 'Is it up here?—Will you show me?' turning to Kate.

'Very well,' said Kate, and led the way up a narrow, steep flight of steps out of the kitchen.

The stairs led up into a long, low room, running the length of the house, open to the rafters above, and scantily lit by a small dormer-window. Stanmore stepped into the room after Kate, and softly closed the door behind him. Kate's tears were flowing again, and she kept her back turned to him as she walked across to a dusty heap in the far corner of the attic; but he followed her quickly, and his hand was on her waist before she reached it.

'Don't, Tom!' she said in a stifled voice, trying to choke back her tears.

'I can't help it,' he replied, turning her face up to his for his kisses—kisses which she found consoling, for her tears ceased.

'Now, Tom,' she said at last, 'have done. We didn't ought to go on like this. There can't anything come of it, with me as poor as a church mouse, and you with your way to make. I must go out and get a situation somewhere and try to help them at home, and you must forget me.'

'Never!' said Tom, kissing her sweet red lips; 'but I'd give anything if I could help you. I've nothing to offer you, and that—Jos Turner has everything.'

'Father's been on at me about him all this morning.'

'It's hard that he could do so much for you and I nothing,' said the young man gloomily.

'It's hard to have father and mother turned out, and him to take a place as cattleman and mother to mind the poultry, and live on a few shillings a week in a cottage, when they've been used to a farm and plenty all their lives.'

'You wouldn't—couldn't—take Jos Turner, Kate?'

'No, no. But you'd better look at those old sacks, and let us go down, or father'll be up here after us.'

He picked up one and carried it to the window.

'Hallo!' he exclaimed; 'these aren't sacks.'

'Well, what are they, then?'

'I'm hanged if I know; but they're not sacks. Let's look at the others.'

Kate brought the other two over to him, and he held them up to the light and tried to see what was under the dust and dirt on the surface; but he could make nothing of it.

'The backs look a bit like canvas,' he said. 'Look here, I'll take them down and buy them of your father.'

'Buy that old rubbish? Whatever could you do with it?' she said in amazement.

'Oh, I don't know,' he replied vaguely. 'Give me another kiss, Kate, and I'll be off.'

'You've had enough,' she said, stepping back.

'Oh, well,' he replied, with a laugh, 'you must keep it for me for next time.'

His spirits had risen unaccountably.

'You go first, and I'll shut the door,' said Kate, a little disappointed at being taken at her word.

He emerged in the kitchen, bearing the three pieces of cloth.

'These are the things,' he said; 'they're not sacks. Have you any idea what they are?'

'Some old rubbish. I allus thought they were seed-bags, or somethin' o' that, slit up.'

'How did they come there?'

'I don't know. They were tucked up there in a corner when I took the place thirty year ago.'

'Will you let me have them for a sovereign?'

'A sovereign! Your money must be pretty easy come by when you can chuck it about like that.'

'Well, can I have 'em?'

'Have 'em? Yes, and welcome. But what in the name o' fortune can you do with three old sacks?'

'I don't quite know. But there's the sovereign;' and he handed over a piece of gold, which Lewin pocketed with a grin. 'And now I'll be off. The catalogues will be out in a couple of days.'

He took his newly acquired possessions home to his lodgings, spread them out on the table one by one, and carefully sponged them free of dust and dirt.

While he was thus engaged young Boltworthy, who was a friend of his, looked in.

'What have you got there?' he asked.

'I don't know,' replied Stanmore.

'Where did you get 'em?'

'Up in Mr Lewin's attic. They'd been used from time immemorial to cover the potatoes. Said to be old sacks.'

Young Boltworthy whistled softly while he turned the sacks this way and that to get all the light he could. Then he said, 'I believe you've got hold of something there, Tom.'

'So do I; but what?'

'I'm hanged if I know.'

'And *I'm* hanged if *I* know.'

'Tell you what: you should run up to London and show them to old Newbold the picture-dealer, he'll know what they are if any one does.'

'When could I get a day off, do you think? I should like to go as soon as possible.'

'I'll talk to my father. I should think Monday next week would do. You'd want two days. There's nothing on for Monday or Tuesday but what I could do for you. Lewin's sale comes off on Wednesday.'

'Thanks awfully. Then I'll leave that to you if you'll let me know what your father says.'

'Oh, he'll be all right—glad enough to get me to take to the business for once. I do hate it, Tom, and father's awfully keen to get me to go in with him. Now, if he'd get another partner for the auctioneer's work and let me take to the estate management side, that would suit my book.'

He went off whistling.

The days went by at the farm leaden-footed. The familiar furniture looked all unfamiliar and unhomelike with the little numbered white labels

stuck on it. The very animals seemed restless and uneasy.

'I wish 'twas over and done with,' said Mrs Lewin on the Sunday; 'how to live through this day I don't know.'

'Shall we go to church?' suggested Kate timidly.

She had not seen Stanmore since the day of the cataloguing, and he was a regular church-goer.

'Why, no, Kate; I couldn't face it—to have all the neighbours saying as 'twas the last time we'd a right to the Nether Farm pew, and that our place would be at the back with the labourers from now on. I shall reconcile myself to it after a time, I dare say, but not to-day.'

'I sha'n't never reconcile myself,' broke in her husband. 'If Nether Farm was but a little place, 'twas our own as long as we could pay the rent. I've never been used to take orders from no one, and now it 'll be, "Do this" and "Do that," till you can't call your soul your own. And you, as have done your own poultry and never give account to no one, you 'll be haggled about what 's become o' this chicken or that old hen and how many eggs you had in last week. It 's terrible hard, so it is;' and he looked with deep reproach at Kate.

'They say Lady Caroline wants a maid,' she said quickly. 'I 'll go up there to-morrow and apply for the place.'

'Better by half take the place as is offered you,' muttered her father.

Kate flushed angrily and turned away.

She went to the Hall, light-footed, on Monday, and saw Lady Caroline; but she came back with a slow and weary step. It was a three-mile walk, and a drizzling rain had come on. Moreover, she had passed up the village street at the hour Stanmore was usually going home to his midday meal, but there was no sign of him.

'Well?' said her mother as Kate took off her wet cloak and hung it up.

'I don't know enough dressmaking. I've got to be apprenticed to the dressmaking and then to the hairdressing before I can get a place as lady's-maid.'

'H'm,' said her father, 'I ha' done what I could for you; now I can't do no more, and can't keep you at home neither on fourteen shillin' a week.'

Kate burst into tears. She was very tired and discouraged.

'I 'll take a place as general if I can't do better,' she sobbed.

(To be continued.)

ARTISTIC INCONGRUITIES AND ANACHRONISMS.

By T. C. Hepworth.

IT is the province of the painter, as it is no less of the actor, 'to hold the mirror up to nature;' and if the reflection which it gives us is not a true one we have cause for complaint. At the same time, we do not want the reflection to be too true; we look for some amount of idealisation, and should be sorry if the artist were to produce pictures which were photographic in their map-like accuracy. He must confer upon his work some of his own individuality, while at the same time he exercises his discretion in suppressing certain parts of the scene before him, and bringing other parts into that prominence which his trained eye tells him is necessary to secure the scheme which he has elaborated in his mind. In other words, he is able to imbue his work with that artistic merit which is lacking in a mere photograph.

But although the wielder of the brush has this license and latitude, he must ever be careful not to outrage truth by any glaring inconsistency, and he is extremely likely to do so unless he is a man of wide general knowledge, or makes a point of knowing all that is to be learned about the particular subject which he undertakes to portray. To give a comparatively recent instance of an error of the kind we mean, we call to mind an exhibited picture in which was represented a tiger slaking its thirst at a stream. The artist did not show much more than the head of the beast, and it was life-size; but he made the terrible blunder of burying the mouth of the creature far below the surface of the water, making it drink as one may see a horse any day drinking at a trough, and not lapping up the liquid like a cat, as of course a tiger would. It is difficult to understand how an artist who could paint well enough to command for his picture a place on the walls of an important exhibition could make such a fundamental mistake. Another example we remember, also exhibited, in which a dove with outstretched wings was the principal feature. A student of animal mechanism looking at that picture remarked that it was very pretty and poetical in idea, but by no possibility would a bird thus constructed be able to fly.

Mistakes of this kind were common enough in past times, when there were no zoological collections for study, and when artists had to depend upon travellers' tales for their information regarding foreign animals. We need not go back a hundred years to find examples in books of animals which bear very little resemblance to nature, for until the time of Cuvier these pictorial monstrosities were the rule and not the exception. At the latter end of the eighteenth century, when there was a spasmodic attempt to introduce pictures into the few newspapers which then existed, we find occasionally a rough representation of some natural history subject. Thus, in the *St James's Chronicle* for 1765 there is shown, in the form of a copperplate impression, a

'strange wild beast' seen in France, which was said to have devoured more than seventy persons and to have spread desolation over a wide area. It was represented as having a mouth like a crocodile and the elongated body of a turnspit terrier. It was probably a hyæna which had escaped from the care of some itinerant showman.

Some years ago one of our leading men of science pointed out that painters were liable to fall into errors of another kind through ignorance of the elementary laws relating to optical phenomena, and under the title of 'Physical Science for Artists' he published a series of articles full of valuable lessons and warning hints. He remarked that, although geometry had been applied to perspective and anatomy to form, artists as a class seemed to have come to the conclusion that the phenomena associated with air, sky, and sea need not engage their serious attention. And to prove his point he instanced the case of a capable painter who pictured a rainbow inside out! When the work was returned to the artist for correction, he was so much disgusted with what he regarded as a preposterous demand that he charged twenty pounds for replacing the colours of the bow in their proper relative positions. Another painter had the temerity to place a crescent moon in the eastern sky directly opposite to a setting sun. When the fault was demonstrated to him he defended his action on the score that if he had painted the moon full, as it certainly would have been in nature under such conditions, it would have upset 'the balance of the picture.'

This gentleman was by no means the only artist who has fallen into a mistake with regard to the earth's satellite. Examples might be quoted in which the new moon had its convexity turned away from the sun, which is, of course, an impossible state of things, as any one may test for himself by experimenting with an orange and a lighted candle. Sometimes, too, the moon has been represented close to the constellation known as the Great Bear, a part of the heavens which it has never been known to invade. Then the size of both the moon and the sun as represented in paintings has often given rise to protests from those whose words are worthy of heed. An American astronomer once took the trouble to measure in several paintings the size of the moon, and to deduce from it the height of the mountains shown in the same pictures. He found that the average height of the hills was about forty-three miles, whilst one giant peak raised its head more than one hundred miles above sea-level!

It would be absurd to tie an artist's hand, and to say that every touch of his brush must be made with scientific accuracy. The imaginative faculties must have play, or we should have no pictures worthy of the name. Turner, who was one of the greatest masters of landscape composition and colouring, frequently exaggerates the heights of his hills with the intention of conferring upon them a majesty which otherwise they would not possess. Two of his pictures we have in mind in which this exaggeration is patent to those who know the places represented. They are the views of Hastings and Dover from the sea, made familiar by well-known engravings from the original pictures. The hills are quite double the height that they are in reality.

If mistakes are possible to artists in these advanced times, when every branch of knowledge is specialised and pursued with such enthusiasm, and when it is so easy to obtain encyclopædical information, it is not surprising that errors of a far grosser kind were committed by the painters of past centuries, whose learning was necessarily limited by their environment. 'For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?' The most common errors were those brought about by confusion of period, by which the affairs of centuries apart were dovetailed and blended in the most curious fashion. If we refer to the early works of German, Flemish, and Dutch artists we shall find both anachronisms and incongruities in plenty. That the Garden of Eden should be painted by a Dutch artist as having well-clipped borders and yew-trees cut into quaint devices is excusable, for the draughtsman was quite unacquainted with any other type of garden. In D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* (edition 1794) we find reference to a picture, which at that time was to be seen in a Dutch village, in which 'Abraham appears ready to sacrifice his son Isaac by a loaded blunderbuss.' This would antedate the use of firearms by more than three thousand years. But this is by no means a unique instance of the too early introduction of firearms by aspiring artists. Pictures are known of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea armed with muskets and other weapons of offence of comparatively modern date. Quite recently there was sold in London a beautiful Augsburg early seventeenth century ivory tankard carved with the story of the good Samaritan, one of whose servants was carrying on his shoulder a formidable gun! In some of these pictures, in which we must give the artist credit for all sincerity of purpose, simplicity of idea comes into play, as, for instance, in more than one treatment of the parable of the mote and the beam. It is difficult to say, perhaps, what the nature of the beam was that was overlooked by its possessor when he essayed to remove the mote from the eye of his companion: possibly a beam of light, which would have the effect of dazzling and impeding the vision. It was certainly not a beam of wood rectangular in section and several feet in length, as represented in some of these early pictures. Such an artistic interpretation of the story may be found in a series of woodcuts illustrating the New Testament by one Solomon Bernard, published at Lyons in 1553.

It is in the matter of costume that the early painters found such a stumbling-block, and there is no difficulty in seeing how this arose. They painted the scenery and the dresses of such widely different countries as Palestine and Egypt without having

any knowledge concerning these places or any opportunity of acquiring reliable information. It was as if an artist who had never been out of the city of London, and was wholly dependent for his knowledge of things upon what he saw around him, was commissioned to draw a picture of Julius Cæsar. Would it be astonishing if he gave that noble Roman a frock-coat and a top-hat? This certainly would not be more incongruous than the well-known example in the Edinburgh National Gallery, a picture in which Pharaoh's daughter and her ladies are arrayed in the long-waisted bodices and hooped skirts common to Europe in the sixteenth century. In another picture of the same date representing 'Joseph and his Kindred in Egypt,' which is hung in the National Collection, London, there is no trace of the distinctive features of Egyptian architecture about the buildings; they are all Italian in type. Note, again, another picture by Paolo Veronese in the same gallery, 'The Family of Darius at the feet of Alexander after the Battle of Issus.' Again we have these pointed waists and enormously distended skirts, which are certainly incompatible with an event which occurred in the year 333 B.C. The artist was a Venetian, and he drew the Venetian costumes of his own period, 1528–88. In many pictures depicting events closely associated with the foundation of Christianity we find figures introduced clothed in armour. This would not be of itself an anachronism, for we are told that Goliath in his combat with David was armed with 'a coat of mail,' which probably consisted of plates of brass attached to leather. But in the pictures referred to the armour is often the beautifully damascened suit of steel which did not come into vogue until the fifteenth century. We might also take exception to the figures of monks which are often introduced into the same pictures, for the monastic system was unknown in Rome itself until about the fourth century. The artists painted from what they saw around them, regardless of time and place, and they had no opportunities of taking any other course, and we may take it as certain that when in doubt upon any particular point they would seek advice from the dignitaries of the Church for whom so much of their work was done. Raphael, like so many others, drew his Madonnas, his saints, and his martyrs from Italian models, and clothed them in contemporary Italian costume, giving the figures as a background the scenery with which he was so familiar. It was only when travellers came to visit the Holy Land and saw the people there, unchanged in sentiment, habit, and customs for centuries, that a few came to realise that the pictures were wrong.

And there was no other way, so far as that country was concerned, of getting at the true facts except by travel. For the Jews, in their hatred of everything in the shape of a graven image, had preserved no pictorial records of the past. The artist was thrown back upon his imagination, aided by visual impressions of his own surroundings, and his pictures were untrue to fact. Persons and things were treated in a conventional manner, and the stereotyped forms were repeated again and again as a recognised and accepted practice. It was not until facilities were provided for visiting the East and the cradle of Christianity that any one could say with authority that the conventional forms were wrong. It was impossible for even such a genius as Leonardo da Vinci to know that a table, a spotless table-cloth, plates, knives, and forks, and saltcellars were wrongly introduced into one of his most famous works, and that the Eastern people whom he painted used neither tables nor chairs, but squatted round and ate from one dish.

To come to more recent times, we shall find that anachronisms of costume and scenery were as common little more than a century ago in dramatic representations as they were in pictures. We have in our possession some old copperplate engravings which give certain evidence of this. We need only refer to one here, which has for its title 'Mrs Hartley in the Character of Cleopatra.' She is dressed in a hooped petticoat, over which is a pannier skirt and a long train, the skirt being adorned with festoons of roses. Her waist is confined in the stiffest of corsets, while she wears on her head an earl's coronet surmounted by an ostrich plume. It would require the pencil of a Leech or a Phil May adequately to express Antony's surprise when he saw his Cleopatra arrayed in such fantastic style.

And it would not be the first time that a picture had been caricatured by reason of some incongruous feature. For instance, there is a well-known picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps. This subject has been quite a favourite theme with artists; but the particular example referred to shows the Emperor in gorgeous uniform mounted upon a richly caparisoned steed, which is prancing with delight at the august burden which it is honoured by carrying. Such is the romantic idea of the event as it was presented to the mind of the imaginative painter. The caricaturist has given us a far more prosaic representation of Napoleon's famous journey. It is snowing hard, and the Emperor, so closely wrapped in his cloak as to look like a mere bundle of rags, is crouched up on the back of a wretched mule. A tall chasseur, as lean as the poor mule, grasps the animal by the tail with one hand and flogs it with the other. The caricature is probably far more historically correct than the more serious work.

Happily it is getting more difficult every day for an artist to fall into error, for a much slighter fault than any of those cited is at once detected, and the detector is generally so proud of his acumen in noticing the slip that he at once gives it 'bold advertisement.' It is good for art generally that this should be the case, just as it is profitable for us all to have our faults pointed out to us.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.

By Helen Porter.

THE Colonel's daughter was twenty, though she did not look it; but then she was slight and fair, and very, very fragile in appearance. Indeed, she was not at all strong, and that was why she had not joined her father as long as the regiment was in the plains; but now that it was quartered at Simla he had sent for his 'little girl.'

The ladies of the station, scenting a possible rival, were at first inclined to be critical; but seeing nothing to fear in a small, insignificant girl with red hair and a freckled face, whose only beauty was a pair of soft brown eyes, they received her with kindness and made much of the motherless girl.

Indeed, in a very short time every one adored her, from the Colonel himself to the sergeant's latest baby! She was so bright and gay, and withal very gentle and singularly unselfish.

The younger officers, however, complained that she was hard to understand—'an awfully good sort, yet not quite like other girls;' and it was true, for no one ever seemed to get to know her any better as she danced and flirted through the Simla season. She was one of those people who are habitually reticent about themselves and their own concerns, and make one wonder whether a strong character or an absolute absence of individuality lies behind the baffling smile in their eyes.

Mrs Mackintosh, the Major's wife, disposed of her in a few words. 'The girl is a fool,' she said; but then Mrs Mackintosh took a gloomy view of life, as, indeed, she might, for Major Mackintosh drank. 'Poor little Violet!' every one said, 'chained to a man like that; no wonder she sought to distract herself. What if she were in debt to every tradesman in the bazaar? What if her dresses were the most expensive, her flirtations the most audacious, in all Simla? Surely there was ample excuse for a woman whose husband was lost to all sense of decency?'

She was so pretty, too. Look at her standing on the tennis-lawn surrounded by a bevy of young men. The dark curly hair; the clear blue eyes, so beautiful in their child-like innocence; the creamy complexion, set off by a wonderful garment of filmy blue. Violet Mackintosh was a beauty—and she knew it.

'Dick?' she was saying. 'Oh, Dick! He's quite hopeless! He hasn't been out of the house for a week. I left him in that stuffy room of his shedding a few salt tears and paving a certain place for the fiftieth time. It is about all he is good for.' She laughed bitterly.

'You left him?' The Colonel's daughter asked the question in a shocked voice, her eyes full of strange wonder.

Violet turned on her sharply. 'Of course I did. You wouldn't expect me to bring him with me, would you?'

The girl fell back abashed, angry with herself for her impulsive speech.

Mrs Mackintosh turned to her favourite cavalier. 'You remember, Tottie, I took him to the races. I devoted myself to him all day, and how did he repay me? By having to be taken home to avoid a scandal. No, I've done with Dick! I only wonder how long they'll keep him in the regiment; and, after that, goodness knows what is to become of us! If Miss Douglas could see him now she would not champion his cause. It was very impertinent of her to interfere.'

'Mrs Mackintosh,' the girl spoke, 'I could not help hearing what you said. Indeed, I did not mean to be impertinent. May I go and see Major Mackintosh?'

'May you'—— Violet gave a gasp of surprise, then a cynical laugh. 'Oh, if you care to; only I don't think, somehow, he is expecting visitors.'

Molly turned away and walked along the dusty road for about a mile, till she reached the house she sought. It stood back from the road and was surrounded by a ragged and neglected garden, where a few stray roses bloomed in a wilderness of weeds. The veranda was empty and there was no one in sight. Molly peeped into one of the rooms. It was obviously Violet's drawing-room, and betrayed all her personality, as a room will sometimes do. The rich draperies, luxurious cushions, bowls of half-faded flowers, tables laden with knick-knacks, silver photo-frames each with its military occupant, a white satin shoe lying on the table, a pair of long gloves beside it—all suggested Violet. A casual glance took in these details, and Molly passed on to the next window, which stood wide open, the lace curtain fluttering in the breeze.

This room was dismal enough, with its rows of blue books, untidy litter of accoutrements, and tobacco-ash powdering everything. At the table in the middle of the room a slovenly figure sat huddled forward, his head hidden on his outstretched arms.

Molly's heart stood still. Dared she enter? After all, what good would it do? Would he, too, think it only impertinence? Where every one else had failed, how could she hope to succeed? Something in the desolate loneliness of the bowed and humiliated form, something forlorn in the scene, touched her with a sense of her own impotence, and she paused irresolute, half-turning to flee, when he looked up and saw her.

'My God!' The bloodshot eyes, the unshaven face, the hoarse misery of his broken voice, cut her to the heart as she came forward into the room. 'Major Mackintosh!'

'Yes; what do you want with me? Go away; please go; this is not a place for a young lady. Who are you? I don't know you. I don't want you here. If you are looking for Mrs Mackintosh, go round to the door. Where are the servants? I'm not myself. Don't you see I'm not well. Ah, go! Only go!'

The exasperation in his voice nearly shook her purpose; but she advanced and stood at the table beside him.

'I did not come to see your wife. I came to see you, Major Mackintosh. We are older friends than you think. Don't say you have forgotten me—your little playfellow, Molly Douglas. If you only knew how I longed to see you again, and since I've been months in Simla, and we've never met, I had to be bold and come and see you myself. Won't you bid me welcome?' She held out her hand.

He took it awkwardly, but said nothing.

'You have probably forgotten all your goodness to a lonely child,' she went on, taking no notice of his confusion; 'but the child never forgot it or those old days at Malta, when you used to come and take her out on Sultan—in fact, her own horse is called Sultan at this present moment. Do you remember my first circus, and the big black doll you gave me—Joanna? We christened her with a few drops out of the inkpot, I remember; it was a famous joke! The memory of a child of nine is tenacious, Major Mackintosh. I want to be friends again.'

'Oh, Miss Molly, Miss Molly, have you not heard the truth about me? Don't pretend, child, you don't know it. Those eyes of yours give you away.'

'Yes, Dick, I've heard it. I'm very, very sorry'—her lip quivered—'but you have not answered my question: won't you be friends?'

'I am not a fit friend for a young girl. I might only disgrace you. Why, even Violet'—— His mouth hardened.

'Oh, Mrs Mackintosh, being your wife, probably feels it more. That is not the same thing. Let us not discuss her, because she has nothing to do with our friendship.'

He rose and paced up and down the narrow room, praying for one thing only: that she might go soon, before the pain of it unmanned him.

'Perhaps some day I'll be in a position to renew our pleasant acquaintance,' he said stiffly; 'as it is, your father would not approve.'

She threw herself into his chair and laughed up into his gloomy face.

'Nonsense, Dick. Dad loves you. He says that you are the finest officer in the service, and that from him is praise indeed.'

'He may have said I was *once*,' said the other, steadying his voice.

'Dick, they were talking about you last night, and I listened with such pride—such pain! I will tell you the truth; that is why I came to-day. I had to come even at the risk of displeasing you, because next month, if things are not better, you will be asked to leave the service.'

He stumbled blindly forward, catching at the table. So it had come! The shock was not less heavy for being expected.

'The old regiment, Dick'—she was weeping now—'every man and boy in it so proud—so proud of you! Dad was crying when he said it—to leave at thirty-five, and leave a glorious career like yours behind. The parting of the ways is always sad, but this is heart-breaking. Think how the officers all leave: some lay down their life for its honour, some (like dad) ride at its head; all leave it to the roll of the drum, the last rattle of musketry. But you, Dick—the man who has done most for it, and left an example of splendid bravery never to be erased from its records—are you just to drop out of its ranks? Is "Gone under, poor chap!" to be all they will say of the hero of Darjeeling?'

He looked at her, too miserable to utter a word.

Rising, she caught him by the sleeve. 'But you won't leave like this? Say you won't. You need not if you will. Just a little courage is needed; only fight it out. Don't give in! It is worth it—better worth it even than the Cross the regiment is so proud of; and you can win if you only try hard enough—there isn't a man in the 6-th, I believe, who wouldn't gladly lay down his life for you if it could only help. Is all that love and pride to be wasted?' Her voice faltered and broke.

'Child, do you think I haven't tried? Do you think I haven't struggled? Every word you say I tell myself over and over again; but the fiends of hell seem to have got hold of me. It is hopeless'——

She drew her breath sharply. 'Well, yes then, Dick, we'll admit that. We'll say that it is quite and utterly hopeless; but I ask you to do one thing more for the sake of the regiment, and it is the thing only the bravest are chosen for. You can't win; will you lead the forlorn hope? Oh, you who are a soldier, don't you know it is sometimes a grander thing to die in a forlorn hope than to lead your men to victory?'

With a face as white as paper he caught her hand to his lips. She had won.

'God helping me, I'll lead the forlorn hope, Miss Molly!'

'Till death?' she said.

'Till I die,' he assented, and he turned away so that she might not see the misery of his eyes.

. . . . . .

Shortly after this Major Mackintosh began to go about again. He appeared first of all at a croquet-party, and sat quietly looking on, beside the Colonel's daughter. The warmth of welcome he received from his former friends fairly surprised him, and did much to restore his self-respect. After some weeks the station awoke to the fact that he was always in Molly's train. They noticed that they rode together nearly every morning, played bridge all afternoon; and later on, when he

appeared at a few dances, the girl devoted the greater part of her evening to him. There was a considerable amount of talk at this female 'Don Quixote' tilting so valiantly at a windmill; some of the women were inclined to sneer; but there was not a man who did not say in his heart, 'God bless the Colonel's daughter, whether she does any good or not!'

For it was now quite evident what her motive was, and also, strangest of all, she seemed likely to achieve her object. Where wife, Colonel, brother-officers had failed, this apparently uninteresting little girl was possibly going to succeed.

No one could guess what her power over the Major was, and evil tongues were ready to wag at the first opportunity; and yet it was very simple: she trusted him, and seemed to expect nothing; she stood quietly, holding out a helping hand that never tired or wavered in its kindly grip, till slowly—slowly it drew him back to all that makes life worth living. It was a hard fight, and many, many were the repulses—many days when Dick failed to keep his engagements, many days when his eyes dropped like the eyes of a hunted animal before the girl's candid ones. She never appeared to notice anything wrong, but went her own way cheerfully, keeping Dick close beside her.

Firm friends as they were, one topic was never alluded to between them. The whole of that scene in the Mackintoshs' bungalow might never have existed. It seemed as if, having touched the heights of emotion, they were a little ashamed of the fact, and were now strictly limiting themselves to the commonplace. Once only was this tacit understanding broken. Dick had returned to his allegiance after a twenty-four hours' absence, and began in a stammering voice to express his sorrow for what had happened. 'Please don't, Dick. I don't like it,' she said simply. 'Besides, you forget I am not expecting any result, so I am not disappointed; we are prepared for failure, you and I.'

He looked at her queerly, his eyes flashing, a firmer resolve in his heart.

For slowly, surely, in spite of falls and stumbles, Major Mackintosh was winning the victory over himself. In one week, two, or three there was no perceptible improvement; but look back three months, and what a vast change was to be seen! There was now no talk of his leaving the regiment; his duties were diligently performed. His wife was no longer ashamed to appear with him in public; there was little in either his appearance or manner to separate him from other men. Indeed, strangers coming up to the Hills invariably picked him out as the handsomest and most distinguished-looking soldier in garrison, and openly wondered at his infatuation for the Colonel's plain-looking little daughter. They never guessed, to look at him, of the tragedy which lay hidden so carefully out of sight, or of another and as deep a tragedy which at times he could not hide so well. Yet why call it a tragedy? A pure, true love, even though unfortunate, cannot really hurt any man, and this came unbidden and saved the Major from his besetting sin. For he had fallen fathoms deep in love with the Colonel's daughter, and his wife knew it and was wildly jealous. All her former devotion for the husband she had neglected had come to life again; and, disregarding her other admirers, she set herself to win him back.

This state of affairs went on all winter, and the only person who did not see it was the girl herself. Too candid, too innocent to suspect evil, too single-minded herself to trouble about the complex emotions of others, she took life as she found it—a beautiful gift, to be nobly used.

And very beautiful it seemed to the happy girl just now, for love had come to crown it. He was a captain in the Guides, honest and manly, and though he had not spoken yet, Molly knew in her heart that he would do so soon, and she knew the answer she had to give him.

Major Mackintosh behaved splendidly in spite of his own pain, though at times he could not help being somewhat gloomy and morose, for the string if drawn too tight must snap. It touched him inexpressibly to see Molly's efforts not to appear to neglect him, not to let him feel left out in the cold, and never once in all her new happiness did she relax her watch over him. He often smiled grimly to himself as he saw her look anxious at the displays of irritability he indulged in so frequently, in spite of a thousand good resolutions. Poor child, better she should put it down to the old cause than even guess at the truth! The night of the large ball at Government House there was played out the last scene of all—but one.

Molly had not been visible for two days, having been in bed with a bad chill; but as she was apparently much better, and wanted to go so very much, the Colonel had yielded to her entreaties in spite of his better judgment.

Dick had sent her some flowers, and as she entered the room she nodded and smiled to him, touching a bunch of his heliotrope which she wore with a larger spray of white roses.

It was like Molly, he thought, to let him see she was grateful, even though she preferred to wear Lascelles' flowers.

Violet, looking quite the loveliest woman present, bore off her husband to dance with her, and the rooms being crowded, it was past supper-time before he saw Molly again.

She came up to him herself. 'Dick, you haven't asked me to dance to-night.'

'I had not an opportunity before; perhaps you will give me this.' The band was playing a wailing refrain from the popular valse of the day.

She shook her head. 'Do you mind if we do not dance it after all? I'm not feeling very well to-night. Take me out on the veranda. I want to talk instead.'

'Are you wise, Molly? You may catch more cold.'

'No; the air is stifling. Ah'—with a sigh of relief—'how heavenly it is!'

Far in the distance the lights of Simla were twinkling, the night was heavy with the scent of syringa and lotus blossom, while overhead, in a vault of darkest blue, the stars kept silent watch. Away to the north the greatest range of mountains in the world rose sharply against the sky, and a line from the Psalms floated idly through Dick's brain, something about the everlasting hills—he could not quite remember what.

'Dick!'

He turned at once to the girl. She was seated in a low basket-chair, the light from a gaudy Chinese lantern throwing flecks of coloured fire on her white frock and playing in her brilliant hair. He was startled to see how ill she looked as he asked gently, 'Well, Molly, what is it?'

'I've been speaking to Violet. She says I monopolise you too much; and do you know, Dick, I think she is right. She is very fond of you, and, funny as it sounds, I think she is a little jealous of me, now that you are—now that you no longer need me so much,' she said after a short pause. 'We ought to consider your wife more. If I have made any real unpleasantness between you, you must forgive me, Dick.' She did not tell him any more of the painful scene she had had with Violet that very afternoon.

'Forgiveness between you and me! Oh Molly! But it does not matter; I am going home in October, on my long leave, and after that into the other battalion, I think, now I am safe to be trusted out of your sight.' He faced her and asked very slowly, 'Will you tell me why you did all this for me, child?'

'All what?'

'Don't always pretend you do not understand. Why did you do it?'

'You were always my hero, Dick. I tried to help you partly for that; but life is long, and there is plenty time on the way to do a little kindness to others. After all, they are the things that matter most.'

'So that is your philosophy, Molly; it is very simple.' He laughed, yet his eyes were misty.

'Life is a dream, they tell us,' she continued shyly; 'and indeed it is a beautiful dream; only there are some realities in it, and the realities are often sad.'

'So your watch is over, Molly.'

'Watch, Dick? There was no watch; it has been true pleasure to me at least, and did not seem long. What is it that passes like a watch in the night? I have forgotten.'

'Don't, child; it is from the Burial Psalm!'

'Then, that is why I thought of it; the sergeant's baby died to-day. Violet heard it from her bearer just before she came out, and told me a little ago. I'm very, very sorry for poor Mrs Bryne. Please don't tell dad, Dick; but I sat up with the child two nights last week. He might be frightened.'

'Oh, Molly! Molly!' His heart stood still with dread, for he too had heard the news that the child had died of smallpox.

'Oh, don't be afraid. I haven't got the fever. Still, perhaps I ought to go home soon; it is getting late. No, please don't scold me, Dick. I did not think of any danger, and the poor mother had not slept for nights; the child was quiet with me, and no one guessed what was the matter with it, or, of course, on dad's account, I would never have done it. It seems a shame to be so very, very happy as I am when they, poor things, are in such sorrow. I'm going to marry Cecil, Dick; he asked me to this afternoon, and you are the only person I have told except dad. Won't you wish me joy?' She looked up shyly.

He took both her hands. 'Joy? Joy is almost too poor a word for all I wish you, my darling girl. There is not a good gift of Heaven I do not pray you may have.'

She looked at him so strangely, with such an intent gaze, Dick never forgot it. Had she guessed his secret, or was it merely the last, long look we take of a friend when it comes to the parting of the ways?

. . . . . .

For it was 'the parting of the ways' after all.

'Life is long,' she had said—'long enough to do a kindness in.' Ah, yes—she had found it so, as many could tell afterwards, though never without tears—for she died next day at sunset, of the fever, caught from the sergeant's baby.

. . . . . .

Major Mackintosh commands the regiment now, and still leads the 'forlorn hope'—only it can no longer be called by that name, because he has led it to a brilliant and conclusive victory!

A LESSON.

A robin's unpretentious song
Fell on mine ear to-day,
As through the leafless lanes I took
My solitary way.
And, lo! my heart leaped in my breast
As at the birth of May.

O little bird! who art the least
Of all the feathered choir,
And yet the greatest, for thine is
An ever-tuneful lyre,
Methinks thy tiny bosom glows
With Faith's celestial fire.

Brave bird! thy dauntless song of cheer,
'Mid winter's barren ways,
Woke hope in me and bade me rise
To face *my* life's dark days,
And not alone when skies are blue
To sing my song of praise.

M. Hedderwick Brown.

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SIXTH SERIES.

A LADY-TRAMP IN INDIA.

By Margaret Innes Pollock.

THIRD PAPER.

CIRCUMSTANCES had happened while I was on my way to India which completely altered my plans. I landed at Calcutta, but only remained a few days there, and then went on to an out-of-the-way mission station on the Ganges. To reach it, a night had to be spent in the train and half a day on the river. I had been informed that it was necessary to travel second-class; but I was never so extravagant again. In the morning, as we neared the river, I looked out for the steamer, but there were no signs of it. English passengers are so few and far between that not even a shed is provided for their accommodation. Fortunately I was allowed to use the waiting-room belonging to another steamboat company, otherwise the only shelter from the sun's rays would have been at the back of one of the huts; and the friend to whom I was going had sent a man to meet me with food, as nothing of the kind could be got on board. Had the steamer—which did not appear till two o'clock, seven hours late—been up to time I should have reached my destination in the afternoon; but darkness fell as we were still zigzagging from one side to the other, depositing a few natives here and there. At last it ran its nose into a mud-bank, and I was told this was my landing-place. But where was the town? It turned out that the river had fallen so rapidly and the channel altered so much during the previous two days that it was not safe for the boat to keep to her usual course, and I must get off here at 10 P.M., six miles from the place to which I was going. There was no resource but to walk across a plank on to the bank, where were a few huts and one or two flaring torches. No friendly voice greeted me, and the servant who had accompanied me from Damukdiah disappeared into the darkness. As I was helpless, I felt I must calmly take things as they came, so when my box was handed out I sat down on it, wondering if I should have to remain there till morning! But my attendant was a man of resource, as all Indian servants are, and he acted instead of speaking, knowing that explanations in the Bengali language were useless. In less than an hour he returned with a native bullock-cart, into which I thankfully crawled, and on we jogged till we arrived at the bungalow and roused the household after 1 A.M. Next day the dilemma was explained. A *ghari* had been ordered to meet me; but when the steamer did not arrive in daylight the driver concluded it had stuck upon a sand-bank, and had gone home. Later on I used to walk for a long distance over the *char* to the water's edge and watch the plough preparing part of the soil for the melon-crop.

Much as I knew about Indian life beforehand, endless things interested and amused me. For instance, when I asked my hostess, 'What is the man doing in front of the cook-house?' she replied, 'Making butter.' 'May I go and see the process?' 'Certainly.' So I crossed over to behold a very primitive churn contrived out of a large jam-jar, with a bamboo stick split into a sort of brush at one end and twirled about by means of two strings. The kitchen was only a rough outbuilding containing a brick block with small cavities for charcoal fires and an exceedingly limited amount of pots and pans, yet very satisfactory meals were produced therein. The art of cooking is handed down from father to son.

Reading in the veranda was almost impossible at first, my attention was so constantly distracted by the shifting panorama of native life a few hundred yards off. A procession carrying an image to be thrown into the Ganges would pass along, to be succeeded by other novel and strange things, and so on for hours. I often accompanied my friend on her rounds to the Girls' Schools and Zenanas. One day we tried to break new ground in the jungle, and it seemed nearly as thickly populated as the town. It was delightful following the winding,

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beaten paths under the palms and mango-trees; but our hearts were saddened by the discovery that there were multitudes of women who did not even know that there was a lady missionary in the neighbourhood.

There were very few English residents in B——, and they were mostly Government officials. The jail, which served for a large district, was here, and Major J—— courteously offered to conduct me over it. I had visited a prison at home, and was much struck by the difference. Such a large area was enclosed by the walls that two or three cows wandering about the grassy spaces did not seem out of place. There were hundreds of inmates. Various workshops were scattered all over the ground, and very good results obtained with the most primitive appliances. Cotton carpets and curtains were being woven by hand, the warp stretched only a foot or so above the ground. The extraction of mustard-seed-oil was going on in another shed, and dozens of potters' wheels were engaged in making the thousands of little clay lamps used at the annual illumination in honour of the goddess Kali. The whole place seemed excellently managed—which must be the case, as the men are sometimes unwilling to be dismissed.

There happened to be no steamer on the day that suited me to go down the river, so for a few shillings I hired a dingy—small native craft—with a crew of three men in very scant attire. Part of the boat had a deck with an awning of matting over it, but it was destitute of seats, so rugs were spread over the rough boards, and I sat or reclined as best I could. We left at 9 A.M. At first the men had to row hard; but by-and-by, when a breeze sprang up, a sail was hoisted, which relieved their arms and enabled them to eat their midday meal, consisting of cold boiled or parched rice, with *ghoor* (unclarified sugar). After this one man continued steering, another fell asleep, while the third whiled away the time by fancy-work in the shape of fine netting, and so we glided dreamily down the current. I scanned the sand-banks for crocodiles, but saw none. We passed a fleet of fishing-boats, picturesque in shape and rigging, and several of what looked like floating hay-stacks—the dry grass being piled on deck to such an extent.

I enjoyed the day, but was not sorry to be done with my cramped position when we reached Damukdiah in the evening.

From thence I went up to another solitary mission station on the Hills. After a delightful journey I left the 'toy railway' at Ghoom, where a friend met me, and we rode to S—— P——. Here I became acquainted with the Nepaulese, sturdy, cheerful, good-natured mountaineers. They pass through this village on their way to Darjeeling and other places where bazaars are held; some weekly, monthly, or quarterly, while a few come long distances, and only bring down their produce once a year. On two or three occasions I was actually in Nepaul—Simana, which is on the boundary line, being only three miles off.

Not content with living seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, I gazed with longing eyes, across a wide, deep valley, at Tonglu, and rejoiced when an expedition there was proposed, and coolies engaged to carry rugs, provisions, and other necessaries which would not be found at the dak-bungalow where we should require to pass the night. Tonglu is ten thousand feet high, and to reach it we had to descend one thousand feet in the first place and then climb the steep ascent. As this was rather beyond my strength, a pony was lent me. Half-way the mist came suddenly down, and we saw not much more than the bamboos on the roadside till we were near the top, when we as suddenly emerged into sunshine, to find ourselves on what looked like a solitary island, with a vast expanse of clouds rolling slowly about or stationary beneath us. It was a singular and beautiful spectacle: the sun shining brightly on what, with a little imagination, one might have fancied was an Arctic sea, and away on the horizon, rising out of this cloudland, were the Himalayas, with every peak clearly defined against the blue sky. Oh, how wonderful they were in their dazzling purity, their solitude, their majestic aloofness!

A magic-lantern was to be exhibited in the veranda in the evening, so we walked about leaving messages to this effect at all the houses we could find. By the time we returned roaring fires were blazing on the open hearths and a creditable repast had been prepared by our 'boy.' It was too cold for women to venture out, but a number of men dressed in queer, warm garments greatly appreciated the Scripture pictures thrown on the screen. Not many magic-lantern meetings are held at such an altitude.

Next morning we had a walk. Hoar-frost was on the ground, giving the trees a wintry aspect, and little rills had been transformed into ice by the Frost King's fingers. We made a detour to see a curious wall some twenty feet long, the outside being composed of slabs covered with the mystic words, '*Om mani padmi hum.*' It is considered a work of merit to get a piece of stone engraved thus and add it to the wall; but the donor takes no further interest in his act.

When I was obliged to leave the Hills the journey down was as charming as the one up. Darkness came on before we reached Siliguri, and it was weird to rush through the forest with a great torch flaring above the engine, and to watch the strange shadows on either side. The little open carriage in which we sat was provided with a canvas cover which could be let down in whole or part at pleasure, so we lowered it at the back and lit the candle which is also at the disposal of the occupants. It took less than an hour to cross the ferry between Sara and Damukdiah, where the train was waiting to convey passengers to Calcutta.

From thence to Bombay the direct route is

by Jubbulpore, and the railway fare third-class is one pound. I chose the longer journey, through Rajputana; but even this only cost thirty shillings, as you are carried about five miles for a penny. I stopped at Benares, Agra, Jeypore, Ajmere, and Nasirabad, all too well known to need description. A railway journey lasting two nights and a day brought me from the last-mentioned place to Bombay. For the benefit of any who may be incited to follow in my steps, I should mention that I can give no information about hotel charges in India. I had friends all along the line to whom I was indebted for generous hospitality. Servants and coolies are contented with small tips. I would fain have lingered in India; but the notes of the hot-weather bird warned me not to prolong my sojourn, so after a few days spent with friends in Bombay I sailed in an Austrian Lloyd's steamer for Venice, *vid* Trieste. A second-class passage cost rather more than twenty-one pounds, and everything was very good.

A third-class ticket from Venice to London, *vid* Milan, Como, Lucerne, and Paris, cost three pounds nine shillings. With plenty of rugs, more than once I had a good sleep even on the hard seats of the railway carriages. When not travelling at night I generally obtained a small bedroom for two francs, and only took breakfast at the hotel; sometimes not even that, if I made an early start. The rest of my food I picked up while sight-seeing. Bread is sold by weight, so you can buy a small quantity if you tire of the delicious rolls. You can get a pennyworth of butter or cheese, raw and boiled eggs, and portions of cooked meats. Fruit in the markets is very cheap, and milk or cream to be had there also if you carry a tin for it, so my daily outlay only amounted to a trifling sum. In Paris I stayed with friends, then spent half a day exploring Rouen on the way to Dieppe, and had a rough toss crossing the Channel. How luxurious the third-class railway carriages at Newhaven seemed after their counterparts on the Continent!

I arrived in Scotland early in May, my pilgrimage round the world having lasted exactly a year. Any discomforts endured in 'roughing it' are already forgotten; the pleasant memories will last for ever.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER XXV.—TREASURE AT A PRICE.

ALL day the work went on unremittingly. The toilers below ate and drank in their brief rests, but had no thought to spare for their captives; and these last had ample opportunity to regret the hasty breakfast which had brought them on the scene by just that much too soon. Another quarter of an hour and they would have been spectators, free to take their own measures for the circumvention of the despoilers, whereas now they could only sit and watch in vain regret and much discomfort.

More than once an exultant shout told of a find and bunched the searchers into a buzzing knot, and then scattered them to their work with rekindled zeal. And one matter in connection with these quick gatherings and dispersals struck Carrick afresh each time. The first in the rush to investigate each discovery was Sebastian d'Alvarez, and after one glance at it he was back at once to his work, with sharp orders to his men to do likewise and not waste time. To Geoff, with ample time for thought and nothing else possible to him, it seemed that the Spaniard sought some special object and cared nothing for anything else, and he puzzled his brains as to the meaning of it.

He was numb with cold and the cramping of his bonds, and very hungry; but until the busy toilers broke off work he knew it was useless to expect any attention. All he could do was to sit and watch the deepening hole below the table rock, and hope that in time the work would slacken and afford Brading and him prospect of alleviation. But the hours passed, and the excited delvers toiled on like men whose lives have been set to one great point, and who through much labour have reached it at last, and now can think of nothing else.

The wedge of gray sky outside grew dark. They lighted more flares and the work went on. There were many finds; but still Don Sebastian would simply glance at them and then away back to look elsewhere. The thing he sought was not there yet. Whatever it might be, Geoff grew almost as anxious for him to find it as the Spaniard was himself.

And so into the night, and the captives in the tunnel-mouth began to suffer griping pangs of hunger. They had had but one hasty meal for over twenty hours, and nature's protest was long and vehement.

'Hang it!' said Geoff, 'do they mean to starve us to death?'

'Feels uncommonly like it, sir,' groaned Tom.

'Hi, below there!' shouted Geoff, for the satisfaction of his body, though much against his mind. He would sooner have taken it in silence.

The men below started at his shout. They had forgotten their prisoners completely.

'Do you want to starve us to death, D'Alvarez?' shouted Geoff.

The Spaniard said a word to two of his men who were at the moment resting, and they picked up a stone bottle and came up the slope to the tunnel.

'Well—w'at?' said one.

'We 're starving, and nearly dead with cold,' said Geoff. 'You seem to have forgotten us.'

'Yes—yes—forgot. He—ar!' and he put the

bottle to Geoff's mouth and held it while he took a long pull, and then the same to Brading; and the fiery spirit surged through their sluggish veins as far as the lashings would permit, and gave them new life.

'Thanks! Now, something to eat,' said Geoff; and the fellow hauled some thick, broken oatcake out of his pocket and crammed it into Geoff's mouth, and his mate did the same with Brading.

Before they had had half-a-dozen mouthfuls a great shout rang out below, and the two forsook their ministry in their desire for knowledge. They sped down the slope, leaving the stone bottle behind them.

All the toilers were gathered round D'Alvarez. The thing he sought had evidently been lighted on at last. There was an absorbed investigation, all heads bending over the object their leader held. Then a great shout went up, and then silence as he spoke to them in quick, exultant tones. They answered with another shout and scattered, some to their work again, some to cigarettes and stone bottles and rest. The pearl of price—whatever it actually was—was evidently found, and the search, so far as D'Alvarez was concerned, was over. As far as Geoff could make out, the rest were given a free hand to find what more they could.

Don Sebastian and half-a-dozen more came up the slope. One of them carried a swinging flare, and in the Don's hands, as he drew near, Geoff saw a metal casket, all discoloured and bitten with its long burial, but carried with reverential care.

'I suppose you are aware that you are breaking the law in all this, Señor d'Alvarez?' said Geoff, strong in the spirit of the stone bottle.

'I but take back my own, señor, and your law is nothing to me,' said the other exultantly, as he halted in front of him.

'You will find that it is, all the same.'

'There are higher laws than yours. This quest was left me by my ancestors. I have accomplished it.'

'Your ancestors had no more right here than you have. By what right do you keep me bound here?'

'By right of might, señor, at the moment. In due time you will be set free.'

'I will hold you to account for this also,' said Geoff, with the anger of a man starved for twenty hours and then fed on much strong whisky and a handful of oatcake.

'Quite so! Quite so!' said the Spaniard. 'And for that reason you will be safer here—safer for us, I mean—than outside.'

'You only defer the settlement,' growled Geoff.

'That is as it may be.'

Don Sebastian shouted some orders to one of the men below, and passed on into the tunnel.

Geoff and Tom Brading sat watching still, but presently found it no easy matter; for the strong doses of overproof, home-made whisky, on their empty stomachs, got into their heads and weighed their eyelids like lead, and set them nodding. The lights down below danced and wavered; the moving figures were only shadows; in their ears was but a droning hum.

And then, suddenly, a horrible thing happened, and jerked them wide awake. There came a sudden appalling grinding and crunching down below, a cataract of stones and splintered rock from above, a shout of horror, screams of mortal agony, dying immediately into the silence of death. Some of the men huddled in a horrified group on the slope, looking back at the place they had fled from. The flares still burned on the rocks below, and Geoff saw what had happened.

The great rock, canted by the explosion, and undermined on the nearer side by the treasure-seekers, had rolled suddenly back, grinding the delvers beneath it into pulp. The survivors on the slope broke into oaths and ejaculations, eyed one another anxiously, disputed the names of the missing, and finally sat down shakenly where they were, lighted the inevitable cigarettes, and discussed the matter in all its bearings.

There was no more to be done down there, that was evident. The old ship that had been buried there for close on three hundred years had seen the light for half a day, had levied disastrous toll on the disturbers of her rest, and now lay buried again deeper than ever. It was a terrible object-lesson in the remorselessness of inanimate nature, in the pitilessness of the mighty elemental forces whose effects alone we see and only partly understand. Puny man is ever striving with them, and seems at times to conquer. And then, sometimes in awful silence, sometimes in uproar and confusion, nature strikes back and man is not.

The bunch of men on the slope got up at last, and came crunching up together towards the tunnel; and then, as though aroused by the sound of their going, there came from below, from the darkness of that murderous rock, a groaning that was pitiful to hear, sharpening suddenly through grinding agonies into screams that froze the blood.

The men looked at one another and gasped and swore. It seemed incredible that any living thing could be below that Juggernaut of a rock; yet dead men neither suffer nor scream.

So horrible was it to listen to that some of the living stuffed their fingers into their ears and made for the tunnel, and one, bolder than the rest, called angrily to them to stop. He spoke to them, and they gasped flat refusal, with broken curses at the suggestion he made. He drew a revolver and called one by name. The summoned one chose the lesser evil, and together they went down the slope towards the screams, and the others bunched close and watched.

The two went cautiously, lest the monster should strike again. They felt their way step by step, with their eyes on the rock for sign of danger. Then the others saw them bend to an opening, and the screams became heart-breaking appeals for impos-

sible help. The one with the revolver straightened up and looked wildly round for a moment. They saw him throw up his right hand as though imploring the forgiveness of Heaven for what he was about to do. Then he bent again and did the only merciful thing possible. A shot rang through the vault, and the two came plunging blindly up the slope. And there was no sound but the sound of their feet on the shingle and the deep breathings of those up above.

Then in a body they came crunching towards the tunnel, and broke into ejaculations again at sight of the forgotten prisoners.

The man in authority, the one with the revolver, said a word to the others, and the two were lifted and carried up the tunnel to the chamber, and propped up in a corner. A fire was started and fed liberally with sticks and peat, and the stone bottles circulated freely and for a time in silence.

The others began to talk after a time, but gloomily and brokenly, and with the help of many oaths. The leader sat silent, and now and again drew his arm across his forehead, as though to wipe off cold sweat and shut out terrible sights.

Geoff and Tom were still empty, and hunger impelled a demand for food.

'Couldn't you give us something to eat?' asked Geoff, and the leader looked round at him and then came over to his corner.

'You saw?'

'I couldn't see all, but I understood what happened.'

'Did I right?'

'You did the only possible thing, I think. You could not have loosed him?'

'All that rock was on him here'—placing his hands on his hips. 'He die slow. He suffer'—— An eloquent toss and drop of the hands expressed it feebly. 'He begged me shoot. Did I right?'

'I should say you did right. Will you give us something to eat? We are starving.'

'You shall eat.'

He went over to a wooden box and got out of it a big handful of oatcake and some pieces of salt-pork, and dragged one of the stone bottles up to them. Then he loosed their hands; but they were dead with cramp, and cold and useless. But whisky was cheap there. The man poured some over their useless fingers and gave them a rough rub, and by degrees sensation returned, with fiery prickings and tinglings. They ate up the pork and oatcake to the last crumbs, and seasoned it sparingly from the stone bottle, and felt in much better case.

Their hands were not retied. The men lay down where they sat and one by one fell asleep, all except the leader, who sat with his elbows on his knees and his fists in his cheeks, gazing sombrely into the fire, and doubtless seeing in it the agonised twistings of the crushed man's face. There was no sleep near him, and so no chance of escape for the prisoners; and presently, under the influence of the food and drink and the closeness of the packed room, they fell asleep also.

They were wakened by a warm discussion going on among the foreigners; but what the time was, and whether they had slept many hours or few, they had no idea, since Tom, in the press of more vital necessities, had forgotten to wind his watch.

As a result of the discussion, the whole band moved off towards the lugubrious cavern, all except the man with the revolver, who had evidently had enough of it.

When he saw the prisoners were awake he gave them more oatcake and pork, and pushed the stone bottle towards them, and when they had done he lashed their arms again.

'You will be loosed,' he said.

The others returned presently, carrying among them heavy boxes, the fruits of their labours of the previous day, and they all went off along the passage which seemed to run on a level with the floor of the chamber.

(To be continued.)

HOW A BIG HOTEL IS MANAGED.

THE successful hotel-manager, like the poet, must be born, not made; but, like the engineer, he must learn his business from the beginning—if not by 'going through the shops,' at least by years of hard work at the outset of his career. Natural aptitude for the business is invaluable, and even essential, to complete conquest of the many details of hotel management; but in addition to this, the youngster who is ambitious of reaching the top of the profession must start by learning how everything is done. To this end he should seek an appointment as manager's clerk. In this capacity he will have the opportunity of acquainting himself with the duties of all the staff and the idiosyncrasies of visitors, and in time may hope to assume full control and responsibility. Merit is fully recognised, for the page-boy who shows himself capable may rise to appointments of dignity and importance; but the manager's clerk is given from the outset an insight into the way in which things are done. He must, moreover, be smartly dressed and well-mannered, and at the same time he must be able to command the respect and ready obedience of the staff; otherwise, with the best will in the world, he runs the risk of failure.

One of the most important of the daily duties of the manager's clerk is the marketing and ordering of supplies of all sorts for the kitchen and house-

keeping departments. A London manager will probably be instructed to be in Covent Garden Market by six o'clock in the morning to look over the pick of the fruit and vegetables. Other food-stuffs may be obtained from the daily price-lists sent in by the leading firms. From a comparison of these the manager makes his selection; and his clerk, whose duty it is to write out the orders for signature by his superior, is thus able to pick up an all-round knowledge of what to get and where to get it, what is in season, and how to drive the most advantageous bargains for the supply of food in large quantities. These orders are based upon the requisitions sent in every morning by the *chef* for the following day. He may, for instance, ask for fifty chickens, a hundred quails, and so forth; and the manager, running his eye down the poulterers' lists that lie before him, marks the items required from each, and his clerk then makes up the order-book accordingly, which, when all the requirements of the various departments have been dealt with, is signed by the manager, no other signature being recognised as valid in this connection. It will be seen from this that the manager's clerk who knows how to use his opportunities will soon begin to be acquainted with the ordinary details of hotel-supply; and as the range of things required is very wide, his knowledge of prices will become very considerable. The whole responsibility of buying rests with the manager, who must therefore be above suspicion of trickery. The *chef*, for example, is not allowed to know the names of the firms which are to supply him on the following day with his materials; and, similarly, the head-housekeeper is not tempted to favour any particular firm that may wish to get into her good graces.

Equally important in its way is the daily inspection of the rooms, for which the manager's clerk is responsible. It is his duty to go round and note instantly any sign of carelessness or neglect on the part of the servants. Every detail in each room must be swiftly, but exactly, examined, so that visitors may have little or nothing with which, even in their most unreasonable moments, fault can be found. Any article left behind by a visitor, and unreported, will, if discovered by the quick eye of the clerk, bring reprimand or dismissal to the offending servant; while small repairs must be noted down for immediate attention, and dirty windows or dull mirrors must not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Constant practice at this sort of inspection develops in the future manager an extraordinary and almost abnormal quickness of eye, so that on entering a room he can detect at a glance the slightest sign that the housemaids or the waiters have done their duty carelessly, or that there is a job for the carpenter or upholsterer. This faculty is noticeable in all who have so worked their way up to the responsible position of manager, to whom it is as useful and necessary as to the subordinate inspecting officials.

Accounts are kept by a special staff; but here, too, the manager takes the final responsibility. It is also his duty to prepare, from the reports submitted by the various branches, the quarterly balance-sheet, which is, of course, kept private, and known only to himself and his directors. He must, therefore, add to all his other qualifications a comprehensive grasp of figures and a sure appreciation of his position as far as profit-earning is concerned.

The smooth working of a big hotel, like that of a ship, depends largely upon the personality of the man in charge, who must be able to command the respect and ready obedience of a hundred or perhaps two hundred subordinates. It is not sufficient that he should be acquainted with all the details of administration, for a man may have a perfect knowledge of these and yet fail to keep adequate control. His knowledge of human nature in all its varieties must also be extensive, and his long training as manager's clerk will have done much to give him this necessary experience. The endless succession of visitors will afford him hourly opportunities for the display of that tact which knows how to conciliate and when to be firm. As a hotel depends for existence upon the satisfaction which it can give to those who use it, a special book is kept in each department, in which every complaint, trivial or well founded, is entered. These books are submitted every day to the manager, who, if he knows his business, will investigate each case personally, with a view to setting matters right. In almost every instance, too, the visitor who makes the complaint is politely asked to call at the manager's office. At the interview the manager expresses his regret that any cause for complaint should have arisen, and asks for fuller information. Sometimes the visitor may express surprise that his lightly uttered remark has been brought to the attention of the manager; but whether the complaint was really well founded or not, the result is to impress the visitor with the fact that the manager's control is effective, and designed to minister to his comfort. This is as it should be, for the manager who means to bring visitors back again and again must make them feel certain that their personal well-being during their stay under his roof is his personal concern. They may, for the sake of convenience, be labelled with the number of the bedroom which they occupy; but to the manager they are not mere ciphers, but men and women to be humoured, even sometimes to the extent of breaking the recognised rules of the hotel. At the same time there are limits to the manager's forbearance, and the visitor who transgresses these will be politely but firmly informed that his bedroom will be required by noon of the following day. The manager, of course, must also have an exact knowledge of the law as far as it applies to hotels, and the practice of noting all precedents as they occur will help in deciding doubtful cases of liability or other claims. As hotels must receive all comers, it is not always possible to avoid

harbouring now and again some disreputable members of society. But a 'black list' of suspicious visitors is kept, and even if any of these escape the vigilance of the manager and secure admission, they are soon quietly told to find quarters elsewhere. In such cases an informal but strict watch is kept on what goes on, and notice to quit is given on the first opportunity. Some hotels, of course, have a higher reputation than others in this respect; but no precautions can absolutely secure even the best-managed hotel from the temporary intrusion of 'undesirables.'

Lastly, the manager's clerk should gain as much knowledge as possible of the making-up of *menus*, and colloquial French is also extremely useful. Stock-taking will teach him something about vintage-years and the various qualities of cigars; and by the time that he becomes manager he should be able to discuss intelligently with any visitor the *menu* for a proposed dinner and the wines that are to accompany it. Various other qualities go to the making of the ideal hotel-manager; but those above mentioned are at any rate among the most important. In short, he must be tactful, a first-rate organiser, with a thorough knowledge of his many responsible duties, and he must control his temper. Such a wide range of gifts and acquirements does not fall to the lot of many; and the man who can run a big modern hotel without unnecessary friction may accept his considerable salary with the feeling that he has earned it down to the very last penny.

OLD SACKS.

CHAPTER II.

FROM STANMORE'S apparent defection was not caused by indifference. He knew that if he saw Kate he could not refrain from raising her hopes, and this would be cruel if hope was to be succeeded by more grievous disappointment.

On the Monday that Kate trudged so wearily back from her interview with Lady Caroline he was in London interviewing Mr Newbold, with whom he had made an appointment by letter. He was shown into a room lit from above, and hung round with pictures. While he waited his heart began to beat against his ribs with excitement. He had kept quite cool till it came to this, and fancied that he did not expect much from the interview; but as he heard a step at the door his hands grew cold and clammy and his breath came quick and short.

An old man came in, white-haired, with a white beard and moustache, and thick, long, white eyebrows, under which a pair of keen blue eyes looked out.

'Good-morning, Mr Stanmore,' he said; 'you have something to show me?'

'Yes,' said Stanmore simply.

He could not have said more. He unrolled one of the canvases with shaking hands. Mr Newbold bent over it, gave a little exclamation, and then spread it out on a table where it got all the light possible, and put weights on the four corners. Then he went to a cupboard and took out a saucer of liquid and a sponge. With this he sponged a corner of the canvas, and, as if by magic, figures sprang up under his hand, and colours resumed their pristine brightness.

'Ah!' cried Tom, 'I thought I had got hold of something.'

'Do you know what?' asked Mr Newbold.

'No,' said Tom.

Mr Newbold took the other canvases and subjected them to a searching examination. Then he turned to Tom. 'Come back to me again at this time to-morrow, and I'll let you know what I think of them,' he said.

Tom could scarcely sleep a wink that night. He wearied himself with conjectures as to what the pictures were, and how they came to be hid away in the attic of Nether Farm. His ideas as to their value rose and rose. Could they be worth one hundred pounds? One hundred pounds would enable him to furnish a cottage in which he and Kate might live frugally on his salary. Could they be worth two hundred pounds? Or even three? With a cottage, and a nest-egg in the bank, they could help her father and mother a bit. Could they be worth even more? But here he pulled himself up and resolutely refused to allow his imagination wilder flights. He finally determined to think himself a very lucky fellow if he got a hundred pounds for the old sacks.

He was punctual to his appointment, and found Mr Newbold waiting for him.

'Well?' said Tom, with dry lips.

'Will you take three hundred for the pictures?' said the dealer.

Tom flushed suddenly.

'No,' he returned.

'Will you take six hundred?'

'No,' said Tom again.

'Will you take eight hundred?'

Tom felt his brain reel, but he answered steadily, 'No.'

'Will you take a thousand?'

Tom caught his breath. Then he said, 'Make it a thousand apiece and it's a bargain.'

'That's a long price to ask for three old canvases,' said Mr Newbold. 'Do you know what they are?'

'Not a bit,' replied Tom; 'but three thousand

pounds is just the thing I'm in want of at this moment, and I won't take less.'

'Well, you shall have it. Now, do you want to know what they are?'

'Yes, I do; but these old pictures have done me a jolly good turn, anyway, and I guess they're going to serve your purpose too.'

'I expect they will, but of course it is a risky business investing so large a sum of money.'

'Well, what are they, anyway?'

'They are three early portraits by Reynolds that have been missing for years. They were known to be in existence, but had been completely lost sight of, and collectors are very keen after them. I dare say I shall make a trifle, even at the price I'm giving you. Come up and have a look at them again when they are cleaned and stretched. You won't know them.'

'I will,' said Tom; 'but I want to catch the four-fifty home now.'

That Tuesday had been a miserable day at Nether Farm. Richard Lewin kept fidgeting in and out, taking innumerable last looks at the sheep and cattle and horses that were to be his no longer. His men sympathised with him generously.

'It do come 'ard on you, master,' they said. 'Us as be used to havin' nothin', and never did have nothin', don't miss it.'

Mrs Lewin went about in dumb misery, refusing to allow herself the luxury of grief. It was a luxury she could not afford.

Kate's heart grew more and more heavy as the day went on, and men came to get everything ready for the sale, and still there was no sign of Tom Stanmore.

'He has decided that it is best to give me up,' she thought, 'now my father is to be a labourer and I am to earn my bread.'

About five o'clock that evening Jos Turner appeared.

Lewin brightened up at the sight of his burly figure striding up the path, and bustled to the door to meet him.

'Well, Jos!' he cried, 'you're no fair-weather friend like some. We're jest goin' to have our cup o' tea; come in and share it with us. 'Twill be the last time in the old house. I sha'n't have a place I can ask a friend into after to-morrow.'

'Thenk ye, Mr Lewin, I don't care if I do,' said Turner, scraping his boots vigorously.

He was a big, 'fine' man, clean-shaven, with rather prominent light-blue eyes, blunt features, and a red face. When he spoke he shouted; when he shouted he thundered.

Tea was set in the parlour, and Mrs Lewin and Kate were already at the table.

'Get another cup and saucer, Kate,' said her father; and Kate obeyed.

'Thenk ye, thenk ye, Miss Kate,' said Turner as she put his plate before him; 'I like being waited on by the ladies.'

During tea they discussed the chances of a good sale on the morrow.

After tea Turner turned determinedly to Kate. 'I've a word I want to say to you, Miss Kate. Will you come a step down the road with me?'

'Why, it's getting dark,' said Kate, looking out into the September twilight.

'Dark?' cried her father. 'Why, the moon's up a'ready as big as a Cheshire cheese. It'll be as light as day outside.'

'Come, Miss Kate; it isn't fair not to give a man a hearing,' shouted Turner.

'But it isn't any use, Mr Turner,' pleaded Kate.

'How do you know what I want to say? You ladies are all so quick at jumping to conclusions,' said Turner, with his big laugh.

'Go on, Kate; Jos Turner won't eat you,' said her father facetiously.

'You'll want a hat or cloak,' said Turner.

'No,' said Kate; 'I sha'n't go far.'

The moon was only just showing above the hills, and it was dusk.

As soon as they were clear of the buildings and in the lane, Turner suddenly put a colossal arm round the girl's waist.

'Come, my dear,' he said in a hoarse whisper that could have been heard a field off, and quite disregarding her efforts to free herself, 'you've let this go on a bit too far. I'm sure you can't mean to let your father and mother be turned out of house and home, and sent off to a labourer's cottage at their time of life. Why, it might be the death of them; and as for you, you're much too pretty'—he emphasised his words—'to go out and do for yourself. You leave that to the plain ones that can't do any better. You just say the word, and I'll see Boltworthy to-night, and the sale shall be stopped, and everything go like weddin' bells.'

He bent his coarse, red face over her.

Kate felt almost helpless in his strong, masterful hands.

'Oh, Mr Turner,' she cried, 'pray, pray, let me go! I can't marry you!'

'Why can't you, my dear? There aren't many as'd come to you like this, and offer to put your father back in his farm, all for love of you.'

'I know you're very kind—very generous.'

'It's nothing, nothing at all, Kate, to what I'd do for you. You can see what a man's made of at a time like this. That young Stanmore's gone off to have a spree in London. He don't stand by you in trouble.'

'Gone to London, has he?' cried Kate; and for a moment she weakened.

He felt it, and held her closer.

'That's right,' he said. 'Kate—my Kate!'

His face was close to hers. She felt enveloped, carried away by his overbearing strength and persistence, and by the thought of her father and mother and the Nether Farm. She had only to give herself up——

She was saved by the sudden vision of a white-faced woman at a cottage door, and the memory of her words:

'Promises—ay, Jos Turner's a good hand at promising—and a rare good hand at breaking his promises when he's got all he wants.'

Kate tore herself from his arms.

'I cannot trust you,' she cried, 'and I do not love you! And I will never marry you!'

His face flushed purple-red.

'Not so fast, my beauty,' he bellowed, and tried to catch hold of her.

She sprang back—right into the arms of a man who came hurrying up the road.

'Hallo, Kate! Why, what's the meaning of this?' cried young Stanmore.

Kate clung to her lover, while Turner strode off down the road, leaving a trail of imprecation behind him.

The sale was stopped, and Richard Lewin, with his debts paid, and the almost forgotten luxury of a good balance at the bank, was reinstated at Nether Farm. Stanmore bought a partnership in the auctioneer's business, and with a nice sum in sound investments, saw no reason for delaying his marriage, and Kate put no obstacles in his way.

They spent a week in London after the wedding, to see the sights. The one that interested them most was the sight of the three old pictures cleaned and handsomely framed in Mr Newbold's fine art gallery.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MOSES, BUT NO BULRUSHES.

BULRUSHES are so inseparably associated in the mind with the finding of Moses that it is difficult to imagine a painting of the incident in which the picturesque reeds do not figure. But at the Royal Academy this year there is a beautiful painting by Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema of the Finding of Moses, and the bulrushes are entirely omitted. The great painter gives the following explanation of the fact. He ascribes the presence of the word 'bulrushes' in the Authorised Version as being due to faulty translation, for there are no such things as bulrushes on the Nile. The word in the original means papyrus, and it seems that in the absence of some equivalent in English, the word bulrushes was used as being the nearest which the translators had at their command. According to Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema's reading, the mother of Moses fashioned a cradle or ark of papyrus, and smeared it over with the White Nile mud; and it is according to this rendering that he has painted his picture.

A BUILDING WITHOUT WALLS.

Houses and the like have been built for so many years upon the principle that the walls should support the floors and roofs that it comes almost as a shock to find that buildings are now being erected wherein quite the contrary is the case. The new Ritz Hotel, a palatial building on the site of the Walsingham in Piccadilly, London, is the first example in England of the new method. The floors of this building reached at one stage of its progress several stories higher than the outside walls. The walls, in fact, play so small a part in the constructional scheme of the edifice that they are said to act simply as a protection against the weather and as a solid basis for decorative treatment. The whole building is erected upon a framework of steel, which carries the weight of the floors and roof as well as the walls. In the ordinary buildings with which we are familiar the walls are built to a certain height, and then the joists which form the floor are placed across them, then another height of wall is built to carry another layer of joists, and so on. But in this new hotel, girders are provided at the level of each floor to carry the section of the wall belonging to it. The new method of building hails from America, where it is known as the cage-skeleton system.

THE SEISMOGRAPH.

The seismograph, or earthquake-recorder, which reported to Professor Milne, at his Isle of Wight observatory, the terrible disaster which only the other day brought death and ruin to a large portion of Northern India, is one of the most beautiful and at the same time one of the most simple of instruments. Imagine a horizontal pendulum like a miniature boom of a yacht, most delicately poised from a mast about three feet high. This boom carries at its free end a tiny square plate in which is a miniature orifice. This plate covers an opening in a small box in which there is a drum carrying a strip of sensitive photographic (bromide) paper, and a little lamp casts through the hole in the plate a beam of light which prints a straight line on the paper so long as the instrument is quiescent; but the least vibration of the earth, even though it may happen at the Antipodes, will in a certain time after its occurrence agitate the boom, and the continuous line is interrupted by a series of cross strokes which afford valuable information as to the intensity of the distant shocks.

MOTORS FOR FISHING-BOATS.

Fishermen, generally speaking, are not the least conservative of mortals, and in many ways those who go down to the sea in fishing-boats for the purpose of ensnaring the inhabitants of the deep pursue much the same methods as were in vogue with their grandfathers. But the fishermen of western Norway, according to *Commercial Intelligence*, have been very quick to avail themselves of a

modern invention, and in one small town on the coast no less than seventy kerosene motors have been installed in boats of various kinds. In these days of keen competition, a means which will enable men to reach the fishing-grounds quickly, or to place their captures earlier upon the market, is a distinct gain. On this very serrated coast, crossed and recrossed by numerous fiords, traffic is often more easily accomplished by water than by land, and the motor-boat is being introduced for many purposes. Thus we read that clergymen visit their parishioners by this means, and policemen and other Government officials also make use of the same mode of travelling.

MOTOR-CARS FOR SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS.

The railway communication between the principal towns of South Africa is far from reaching the average Englishman's ideal of locomotion. The Cape Government Railways are now about to try an interesting experiment, and they have arranged to place several light cars driven by petrol motors upon their existing lines. In many parts of the country the traffic is not sufficient to warrant a fast and frequent service of ordinary trains, and it is hoped that the single self-contained motor vehicles may meet the requirements of the case. Two of the carriages, which are expected to reach a speed of twenty-two miles an hour, are to be driven by petrol motors of twenty-five horse-power, and they are being manufactured by the Maudesley Company of Coventry. The North British Locomotive Company are also building a steam car for the same purpose, and it remains to be seen whether steam or petrol will furnish the more economical and satisfactory force for the purpose.

A NEW GIRAFFE.

The London Zoological Gardens have recently been enriched by the acquisition of a young giraffe of a species never before seen in this part of the world. The animal is the property of Captain H. C. B. Phillips, D.S.O., who captured it while making a tour through a part of Northern Nigeria which had not previously been visited by a white man. He followed the tracks of two giraffes for a considerable distance, and ultimately came upon a female with a six months' old foal at her side. The mother was shot down, and the foal was safely captured and sent to London, a distance of four thousand miles.

THE MAKING OF BOMBS.

The secret police of St Petersburg have run to earth several of the conspirators who have been terrorising Russia of late, and an interesting capture of bombs in various stages of construction was one of the results. The method of manufacture appears to be very simple. According to the correspondent of the Central News, the material for the bomb is sent from Geneva in separate packages, and these fearful engines of destruction are put together and charged in St Petersburg. The bomb consists of cases made of sheets of white metal, to the bottom sheet of which a small tube is fixed. Into this tube are placed two glass pipes filled with sulphuric acid and laid across one another, the surrounding spaces being filled by one of the chemicals which takes fire immediately upon contact with the acid. The bomb is then filled up with picrene, and is ready for use. When it is thrown to the ground one or both of the glass tubes are broken, and the acid reaches the surrounding chemical, which catches fire, and in turn fires the terrible explosive above it. The results are only too familiar to the readers of the newspapers.

GOLDEN-COLOURED ARC LIGHT.

The man in the street—if his street be situated in any large town—will have noticed the rapid change which has lately come over many of the electric arc lamps used to illuminate the exteriors of various trading establishments. In place of the pure white glare—cold and unkind in its whiteness—of the usual form of arc light, a still more glaring radiance, but of a soft and pleasing golden colour, calls attention to the trader's miscellaneous wares and to his enterprise. The golden colour of the light is due to a peculiar preparation of the carbon pencils, which are said to contain the salts of various somewhat rare minerals; but their exact constituents are not revealed by the manufacturers. The light gives a curious spectrum quite unlike the continuous band given by ordinary carbons, which is very similar to that of daylight. The spectrum yielded by the new carbons is discontinuous, and consists of a number of brilliant stripes separated by spaces of darkness. The red, orange, and green are especially conspicuous, while blue and the colours beyond are scarcely represented. The carbons have the disadvantage of giving a somewhat unsteady light, and for this reason they are more suitable for advertisement purposes than for interior illumination. Moreover, they give off some objectionable fumes, which militate against their use in any but exceedingly well-ventilated interiors.

LIGHTHOUSE ILLUMINATION.

The most powerful artificial light which we have at our disposal—the electric arc light—has, as every one knows, been applied with conspicuous success to the lighting of beacons on various dangerous coasts. In clear weather these lighthouses are infinitely superior to the old oil-beacons which they replace; but when foggy conditions prevail, when, in fact, the need of a guiding light is most pressing, the superiority is much less apparent. In these circumstances the yellower light has a far greater penetrating power, and were it equally brilliant, would be immensely superior for the purpose in view. A common instance of the fog-piercing power of the lesser illuminants will readily occur. In many streets electric arc lights and common gas-jets are found side by side, and in

ordinary weather the latter are outclassed a hundred times by the former. But when fog enshrouds the earth in its gloomy pall a curious reversal may be noted. Near at hand the arc light sheds a brilliant radiance around and drowns the humbler gas-jet in a flood of light; but viewed from a little distance, the former is found to have lost all its brilliancy and it appears as an inconspicuous yellow spot, beside which the equally distant gas-flame shows little, if anything, inferior. The reason is obvious. The arc light is exceedingly rich in blue and violet rays and poor in the red and yellow, while such brilliancy as the gas-jet possesses is due principally to the yellow and red rays. Fog is exceedingly opaque to blue rays and comparatively transparent to yellow. Hence the light from the gas-jet is allowed to pass almost unchecked, while the arc light has all the goodness filtered out of it. The new flame carbons described in the preceding paragraph should be greatly superior to the ordinary kind for lighthouse work, and it will be interesting to hear that experiments have been tried in this direction.

NATURAL GAS.

When the vast subterranean stores of natural gas in America were first discovered, the valuable vapour was treated more as a plaything than an asset to be carefully husbanded, and it was wasted in the most prodigal manner. But restrictive legislation was introduced, the existing borings brought under proper supervision and control, and careful regulations made in regard to new borings. Nevertheless, it is rather surprising to find that the output of the gas, so far from showing signs of exhaustion, is actually on the increase. The cost to the consumer is now about sevenpence-halfpenny a thousand cubic feet, and the last report of the United States Geological Survey states that the value of the gas increased in 1903 from six million to seven million pounds sterling. The limits of the gas-fields are fairly well known, and it seems unlikely that fresh sources of supply will now be discovered. Of far greater importance to the world at large is the output of petroleum from America, and this also is found to be on the increase, especially in California, which now produces nearly one-fourth of the entire supply.

BONES ON THE DOGGER BANK.

In the days when Great Britain and Ireland were one—geologically, not politically—and were part of the continent of Europe; when the Irish Sea, the Bristol Channel, the English Channel, and even the North Sea were merely fertile valleys, various prehistoric beasts had a vast field on which to roam. Mr Edward Martin, in an article in *Knowledge*, describes how these lands became submerged, and how, when the great North Sea plain sank beneath the waves, the Dogger Island, as it may be called, was the last to go. Here the wild animals would naturally congregate as they were driven little by little from their old haunts by the ever-advancing sea, and here they were all finally entombed when their last resting-place disappeared. And now it is a common thing for the trawlers on the famous fishing-ground, which is all that remains of the island, to catch among the fish a bone or two which originally formed part of an antediluvian animal. Indeed, the skeletons are said to be so numerous on the Dogger Bank that scarcely a trawl is brought up which does not contain a bone or a tooth of one of the ancient inhabitants of the submerged island.

A ONE-MAN MACHINE-GUN.

A new machine-gun, which appears to give promise of considerable utility, has recently undergone preliminary trials near London in a satisfactory manner. It is designed to dispense entirely with wheeled transport, and is, in fact, more like an ordinary rifle in appearance and use, for the weapon and two hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition can be carried by one man, who can also effectively operate it without assistance. The barrel is enclosed in an outer tube, in which it is free to slide to and fro, save for a spring which ordinarily keeps it in firing-position. The recoil of the first shot throws it backwards in the tube, and thereby actuates the mechanism by which the cartridge-case is ejected and the second charge brought into place. The marksman lies upon the ground in the usual position, and the front of the gun is supported by two light legs. The gun can be instantly adapted for single shots as an ordinary repeating-rifle or for continuous firing, in which latter case its rate of discharge is fifteen rounds a second. Its capacity is twenty-five rounds at a time, and the insertion of the clips containing the further charges can be so rapidly effected that an expert soldier can maintain a constant fire of three hundred rounds a minute. In practice the marksmanship appears to be about as good as that of ordinary infantry fire, in spite of the difficulties of maintaining effective aim with a machine-gun fired from the shoulder. The rate of fire being equal to that of about twenty rifles, and the casualty risk, of course, only one-twentieth, it is obvious that the new weapon possesses at all events one great advantage. The arm is known as the Rexer automatic machine-gun, and it has been adopted in the Danish army, from whom come good reports of its behaviour.

MAN AND THE UNIVERSE.

Professor Oliver Lodge, lecturing recently to an audience in the East End of London, endeavoured to correct the common tendency of man to regard himself as of necessity the highest created being. He pointed out that the ant's view of life was probably quite as wide as ours in its particular way, and that while man is quite oblivious of the existence of intelligences superior to himself, a worm is equally oblivious to the existence of man. Considering that we are little creatures who creep upon one of the dark lumps surrounding a sun which is only one—and a small one at that—out of five hundred million, it is not reasonable, he thinks, to assume that we are certainly the highest created

beings in the universe. An instructive illustration given in a recent paper by Mr T. E. Heath may be recalled in this connection. He represents the distance which light travels over in one year by one mile, and points out that upon this scale the sun would appear as a dot one-hundred-and-seventh of an inch in diameter, and the earth as a microscopic point exactly one inch from it. A table five feet in diameter would then accommodate the whole of the solar system, and the nearest fixed star would be nearly four and a half miles away. Still on the same scale, a circle thirty miles in diameter would only contain about twenty-seven of the nearest stars, and all the millions remaining would be far outside it.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST QUADRUPED.

Mr Carnegie has presented to the King the skeleton of the biggest quadruped which ever walked this globe. It is a prehistoric reptile named diplodocus, and it is being erected in the reptile gallery of the South Kensington Museum by Dr Holland, one of the greatest American authorities on antediluvian animals. This immense skeleton was discovered by Dr Holland in the Wyoming Mountains, and it was brought over the Atlantic in thirty-six sealed cases. This is the first time that a diplodocus has ever been seen in Europe, and the museum's new acquisition is naturally arousing keen interest among zoologists in England.

SEAWEED.

A Scotsman has found it a useful and profitable pastime to gather and arrange the seaweeds around our shores and preserve them with great skill and beauty in volumes for teaching purposes. When thus skilfully done, the beautiful forms of common and uncommon seaweeds are seen to advantage. Utilitarians have been pointing out the present and former value of seaweed as a food. The fact that the Japanese utilise seaweed as a food-product has caused the suggestion to be frequently made that we might do the same in the United Kingdom to a greater extent. Some six hundred thousand people are said to be engaged in the Japanese seaweed industries, the products of which enter into almost every meal. In South Wales seaweed is an article of food. Women attend Swansea market with baskets of laver cakes, which are sold at a penny and twopence each. The weed is said to be an excellent ingredient in sauce, or eaten with mutton. Carrageen is a delicate article of food, and some people are fond of dulse and a kind of sweet tangle ('slake' is the local name of the thin, brown seaweed, like silk, of a lightish-brown colour), gathered in March and April, which after being well washed is boiled until tender.

THE FIRST PICTURE POST-CARD.

The Christmas card and the picture post-card are quite a feature of our time. To the booksellers, stationers, and artists they have proved a boon; to the public a wonderful convenience in exchanging sentiments and transmitting news in a pleasant way. The post-card album is quite a miniature picture-gallery, and bears the impress of holiday wanderings at home or abroad. It suits a lazy correspondent on the Continent to allow a P.P.C. to tell or suggest all he may be doing at the place from which it comes. When post-cards came out more than thirty years ago they were not at first very popular. A bookseller in Oldenburg, Mr A. Schwartz, with a gift of humour, sent one of the new post-cards as a greeting to friends at Magdeburg who had to shift owing to the outbreak of the war of 1870. On the top left-hand corner of the addressed side he printed the picture of a man beside a cannon, from a woodcut which he possessed. When the card was seen more were wanted, and soon every soldier had them in his knapsack. Schwartz wished information about a friend in Simmern of whom he could get no news. He accordingly printed on an open card an illustration of a popular song, 'Five Hundred Thousand Devils,' and wrote beside it in Latin his message, with an earnest request for an answer. This post-card accomplished its end, and the cards afterwards became an article of commerce. This, according to *Die Postkarte* of Leipzig, was the origin of the picture post-card. In an article (*Journal*, 1899, page 745) on 'Pictorial Post-Cards,' a different origin is given.

HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIEND:

A TALE OF NINETY-EIGHT.

By J. Sackville Martin.

THE battle—if you could call it a battle—was over. A horde of peasantry were flinging aside scythes, pitchforks, and the few rusty muskets they possessed, and were seeking safety in flight. In a few moments King George's red-coats, the yeomanry, and the Hessian dragoons would be among them, hacking at them and riding them down. A young man, dressed in a green coat that had been trimmed to look something like a uniform, stood in the midst of them, tired of entreating them to rally, conscious that the cause had gone to wreck, uncertain as to his next move.

Out of the turmoil a man of about his own years, clad in rags, came running towards him, leading by the bridle a splendid horse.

'Jump up, Masther Tom,' he cried; 'for the love o' God, jump up and ride for yer life! They 'll be on us in a minute.'

'I'm not going, Carney,' replied the young man bitterly. 'This should be the end.'

'And Miss Eileen?' queried the other hoarsely. 'How'll I go back to her—me that swore by the cross of the blessed Saint Patrick that I'd see ye safe? For the love av all the saints, le'p up and away wid ye! Ye'll be at Carrickcross to-night. Ye can get on to the mountains to-morrow. Shure there's many a place under Mount Leinster ye'll be safe. Ah! don't stand talkin', but go.'

Tom O'Donnell thought of his pretty cousin with a sob in his throat. 'God bless you, Tim Carney!' he cried. 'If it wasn't for her I wouldn't leave ye.' He sprang to the saddle and turned his horse out of the fight. In a moment he was flying at full speed, and the rattle of the musketry and the hoarse shouts of the dragoons grew fainter behind him. Tim Carney looked after him a moment. 'Send him safe back to her!' he muttered under his breath. Then he turned to seek his own safety.

Tom O'Donnell was one of the squireen class, the class which furnished the unspeakable 'yeomanry.' He himself might have been one of them, and might now have been fighting in the ranks of his oppressors had not a chance meeting in Dublin with the patriot Fitzgerald fired him with the hope of justice for his country. Since that day he had seen the patriotic party retire from Parliament, hopeless of any constitutional redress, declaring the people's right of election abrogated, and 'leaving to the King's Ministers the appointment of the King's Parliament;' he had seen the country-side around him placed under military government, harried by the soldiers, until it had risen in despairing revolt; and he had thrown in his lot, heart and soul, with the down-trodden and pillaged peasantry. His own parents were dead; his uncle, John O'Donnell of Carrickcross, though taking no active part in the rebellion, was suspected of sympathy with it; and he himself was now, after the disastrous fight at Vinegar Hill, a fugitive flying for his life.

He rode furiously at first; then, as he found himself safe from immediate pursuit, he slackened his pace and struck into a bypath across the hills. Too much hurry might bring him unawares on some party of the enemy. He rode with a loose rein, scanning the country for any sign of a scarlet coat. Then he looked down at his horse. It was a coal-black charger of great strength, and he knew from the high military saddle that it must have belonged to one of the Hessian dragoons. How had Tim Carney got hold of it? It must have been running riderless, and he had secured it. And where was Tim now? He remembered him as a merry, restless, ne'er-do-well changed suddenly into a vengeful man by the sight of his sweetheart's cottage in flames and her father hanging up beside the door. He recalled Tim's face as he had come to him that night, declaring with tears in his eyes that it was better for him to die with a pike in his hands than to be shot as he worked in his field. From this O'Donnell's thoughts turned to his cousin Eileen, and made him the more anxious to get on to Carrickcross, where he might find temporary safety.

Towards evening he found himself at the top of a narrow valley which ran downwards to Carrickcross House. He could see its chimneys and the thin curls of smoke rising above the trees. He cast a look at the wooded hills on both sides as though some enemy might lurk there, and then cantered down the valley. The road was bad, and was lined on either side by a ditch surmounted by a straggling stone wall. Not far from the bottom a small thatched cabin stood back from it, forlorn and desolate. He knew it for old Peter Carney's cottage, and something like shame came to him as he remembered he had bought his safety at the price of the safety of this man's son, who must now be lying cold on the field he had left. He determined that when he reached it he would stop and prepare the old people for bad news.

Before he reached it, however, a girl sprang out of the ditch upon his right hand, where she had been hiding. She was not more than eighteen years of age, a mere slip of a girl, dressed in rough homespun material. Her dress was open at the throat, her legs were bare, and her ankles gleamed white in the mud. Tom O'Donnell knew her for the girl whose father had been murdered by the yeomanry, Norah Maguire, whom Tim was to have married.

'It's yer honour!' she said eagerly. 'Shure I was waitin' for ye. Miss Eileen sent me up the glen to wait for ye. Ye can't go on to Carrickcross to-night. The soldiers are there—the curse o' Cromwell on them and their red coats!'

'Norah,' he said, 'is that you? It's all over, Norah. I've only bad news for you.'

'Tim?' she asked.

'I left him behind. He made me go. He got this horse for me. I'd give my soul to know what has happened to him.'

She was very pale. 'Shure if he's dead he only did what was right,' she said bravely. 'But ye can't go on.'

'It's cursed I am for leaving him,' said the young man moodily.

''Tis nothing of the kind, Masther Tom,' she said; 'faith, if all the gentry was the likes of ye there'd be different times for us. And if a hair of yer head was hurt how'd either of us look Miss Eileen in the face again?'

He mastered his emotion. 'How is—how is my cousin?' he asked.

'She's well enough if it wasn't for the red-coats in the house. They've put the ould squire under arrest. The Lord forgive them for it! Miss Eileen sent me here to tell ye to hide in Carney's cottage. The ould people are expectin' ye, and I'm to go down to the house to-night with eggs, and tell her that ye're safe.'

At that moment old Peter Carney, hearing the sound of voices, ran out into the road. The cry he set up on seeing the young squireen startled

the horse, which reared and plunged frantically. O'Donnell tugged at the reins, but its leaps only became the more violent, and at length he was pitched head-foremost on to the road. His head struck a stone; a flash of blinding light passed before his eyes, followed by an inky blackness, across which streamed jagged lines of fire, and he knew no more.

Norah and Peter ran to him and dragged him with infinite care into the cottage. When they returned to look for the horse they found the animal had gone. They went back into the cabin and bent over the young man. He was breathing stertorously, and not all their efforts could arouse him to consciousness.

'God send he's not going to die!' cried Norah anxiously.

'Up with ye, lass,' cried Peter; 'up to the loft, and get the straw ready for him. We must hide him under it. Go now, and I'll carry him up there.'

The girl sprang on the ladder that led to the loft, and running nimbly up it, looked around hopelessly at the low apartment under the rafters heaped with the straw on which the family were accustomed to sleep. It seemed to her that if the soldiers were to visit the cabin they must search the straw and detection was inevitable. But she could think of nothing better at the moment, and when Peter appeared at the top of the ladder, bearing his unconscious burden, she hastened to make a bed in the straw and to heap some of it over the sleeping man.

'He makes such a noise with his breathin',' she said, 'all the country-side 'll hear it.'

'Whisht!' whispered Peter; 'he'll be quieter before long.'

Together they descended the ladder and stood on the earthen floor of the cabin. Mrs Carney, an elderly woman with a frightened face, now broke forth into whimperings.

'Shure he's dead,' she cried, 'and his spirit 'll haunt us from this day. And Tim—where's Tim? Ohone, ohone! the weary day that ever I seen it!'

'Whisht, woman!' said Peter savagely. He stood for a moment thoughtfully, and when he spoke again it was with a certain rugged majesty. 'He's where he is because he loved Ireland,' he said, reverentially removing his battered hat, 'and there's neither man, woman, nor child in this house or belongin' to it that'd give him up; no, not if their own lives was dependin' on it.'

'And that's true,' cried Norah wildly, 'if it was only for the sake of the part he's played.'

'And that I swear for me and mine,' went on Peter solemnly; 'and if one of us breaks the oath may all the curses of all the saints rest on us all for ever. Amen.'

Both the women were awed by his manner. Norah was the first to recover herself. 'Give me the eggs, Mrs Carney,' she said, 'and I'll be goin' down to the house to see if I can get speech with Miss Eileen.'

She took the eggs from the trembling woman and started on her errand. The darkness was falling, and she had not gone far when the sound of a voice from the ditch startled her, causing her to stop and press her hand to her side.

A man scrambled up on to the road. 'Whisht, Norah!' he cried; 'it's only me, safe and sound.'

'Tim,' she cried, 'how did you get here?'

'On me two legs,' he answered; 'and a weary day I've had of it, me dear. But tell me now, has Masther Tom got back to Carrickcross?'

'Hush!' she said; 'he's lyin' at yer own house, Tim. And for Carrickcross, it's no place for him. The soldiers are there.'

'The black curse on them!' cried Tim. 'Shure I've seen enough av them to last me the rest o' me days. And where will ye be goin', Norah?'

'Down to the house with some eggs,' she answered, 'and to see Miss Eileen if I can. Ye'd better hide yerself, Tim.'

'Is it hide meself?' he said; 'not me, then. I'm goin' down wid ye. Who's to know I was at the fight this mornin'? Shure I'm only a poor boy that wouldn't know one end of a gun from another. I'm at home now, and who's to say I ever left it?'

'It's little they care,' she answered bitterly, 'whether ye were there or not. My poor father never stirred a foot, and it didn't save him. It's little they cared for poor M'Carthy that they shot in his own field a fortnight ago, or Peter Rourke, that they hung at the Duke's house. But ye're welcome to come. It'll make no difference, whether or not.'

Carrickcross House was a large, irregular square of buildings enclosing a courtyard paved with rough cobble-stones, entered at one corner by a gate. As they entered they found lines of horses picketed, and here and there a trooper engaged in grooming them. There were lights in the windows, and from one wing came the sound of a drinking-song, proclaiming that the troopers were making merry after their day's work.

John O'Donnell and his daughter Eileen sat by the fireplace in the dining-room, prisoners in their own house. The room was large and lofty, the floor stained and polished. At the farther end of the room, facing each other across a table covered with snowy linen and laden with the remains of a meal, sat two officers. The elder of the two was heavily built, and by his broken English proclaimed himself a Hessian. The younger was fair-haired, and an Englishman. Although several of their host's bottles of claret had been broached, they sat silently eying each other with obvious ill-will. This was not surprising, for Captain Louis Beaumont had been attached to Von Weiller's Hessian dragoon regiment by Sir Ralph Abercrombie in the hope of keeping some check upon the barbarities of the foreign troops. His position was, therefore, an invidious one, and he had given offence already by certain of his criticisms.

'Himmel!' growled the German at last, 'call you this wine? As much wine as this war of yours is a war. Were we in Germany now, my friend, you should see for yourself the proper manner of dealing with houses which we have occupied.' He ended with a brutal oath.

'You forget, sir,' answered the Englishman severely, 'that you are not in Germany, and that you are in the presence of a lady.'

Both men looked across the table with ill-disguised animosity. As for John O'Donnell, he did not appear to hear them. He sat with his head between his hands, his clutching fingers strained over straggling locks of white hair. Eileen herself glanced anxiously at the officers and then at her father, as though fearful of their words reaching him and disturbing him in his sorrow.

The German was about to make an angry reply when the door opened and a servant-girl appeared and spoke to Eileen.

'If ye please, miss,' she said, 'here's Norah Maguire has come down from ould Peter Carney's, and she's waitin' outside, wishful to speak with yer ladyship.'

Eileen rose. At the same moment the Hessian interrupted roughly.

'Send the girl in here,' he said; 'we are not going to have any secret interviews.'

'Does the captain wish to know the price I pay for eggs?' asked Eileen proudly.

Von Weiller took no notice of her sarcasm. He merely repeated his order to the girl, who, with a glance at her mistress, vanished. Eileen hid her distress as well as she might. She knew that in all probability Norah was bringing news of her cousin. She had guessed that he would have made for Carrickcross in the event of disaster, and that Norah would have stopped him. But now, when she wished for news, there seemed no possibility of getting it. She could but trust to her shrewdness to learn from the girl's manner what had happened. The next moment Norah was ushered into the room accompanied by Tim, who stood twisting his hat round and round between his fingers, the very picture of embarrassment.

Norah cast a glance at the two officers and then turned to Eileen.

'Good-evenin', miss,' she said, dropping a curtsy. 'I've brought ye a few eggs from Peter Carney. And he'd take it kindly if ye could go up to-night to see him, for he's mortal bad, and that's the truth, miss.'

Eileen guessed her meaning. 'He is ill, then?' she said.

'He is indeed, and wishful to see yer ladyship.'

'Of course I will go,' answered Eileen promptly; 'that is, if these gentlemen will allow me.' There was infinite scorn in her voice.

'I shall not allow it,' said the German bluntly.

'Captain Von Weiller,' said Beaumont, 'I shall do myself the pleasure of accompanying this young lady. She will then be safe from insult, and I suppose your objections will vanish. I presume you do not suspect me of any leaning towards treason?'

The German stood irresolute. But Norah had no wish that any soldier should accompany Eileen in her visit to Peter's cabin. Far better that the visit should not take place at all. She hastened to prevent it.

'Shure, miss,' she said, 'perhaps it'd be better for ye not to come. 'Tis the fever he has, and that badly.'

'Fever!' cried Von Weiller. He had been standing near Norah, but now, prompted by his recollections of the typhus in that part of the country, moved hastily away from her.

Whilst Eileen stood undecided what course to take, the door opened and a soldier entered the room. He saluted the two officers and addressed himself to Von Weiller, speaking broken English out of deference to Beaumont.

'Captain,' he said, 'there is a horse belonging to Trooper Baun, who was shot this morning, but now come into the courtyard.'

The German's face darkened. 'I saw a man leave the field riding one of our horses,' he said—'a man in a green coat. Himmel! I think that, after all, we will both escort this young lady to see this case of fever. Possibly it may not be so infectious as we think it.'

Beaumont glanced rapidly at the faces of the two girls, and read in them a confirmation of his suspicions.

'I am sorry, Miss O'Donnell,' he said; 'but I think it my duty to assist Captain Von Weiller in his search. If you wish to go with us you are at liberty to do so, though I should advise you to remain here.'

'I will go,' she said proudly. She moved towards the door, intending to put on her cloak. Captain Beaumont opened it for her. In the darkened hall a man brushed against her. It was Tim.

'Miss Eileen,' he said rapidly, 'don't go.'

'Is he there?' she cried.

'Hush!' he whispered. 'He is there.'

'Oh! he must be warned,' she whispered.

'He's hurt and he can't move,' was the reply.

'Oh,' she cried, 'what is to be done? Can't you save him, Tim?'

He paused a moment, and then looked at her with a curious solemnity. 'Miss Eileen,' he said, 'don't go with these men. There'll be that done that ye won't wish to see. And, Miss Eileen—for the love o' God—be kind to Norah all her days, if it's only for what I'm goin' to do for ye this night.'

'Tim,' she cried, 'what is it you mean?'

'Ye'll be kind to Norah,' he answered, 'for, God help her! it's kindness she'll be needin'.'

The next moment he had vanished. She stood uncomprehending, looking after him.

Captain Von Weiller and Beaumont left the house with an escort of six dragoons. Beaumont

was much relieved by Eileen's determination to remain behind.

'It's no work for you to see,' he said kindly to her. 'And believe me, Miss O'Donnell, it is a most unpleasant duty for me.'

She bowed as he left her. Her heart was sick with dread. The man she loved, her cousin, was in danger. Tim had hinted that he would try to save him; but how? She strained her ears to catch the last tramp of the horses as they passed into the darkness.

The party reached the cabin and dismounted. Von Weiller, leaving four of his men outside, entered the house, accompanied by Beaumont and two dragoons. The room was dimly lit by the ashes of a peat-fire. He looked around him, and then up at the loft.

'One of you go up and search,' he said, turning to his men.

Norah, who had regained the cabin, now stepped out of the shadows in the corner, where she had been huddled with old Peter Carney and his wife.

'Shure, yer honour, there's no one there,' she said; 'it's just the loft where the family sleep.'

The soldier pushed her aside and commenced his ascent. At the same moment a man appeared at the top of the ladder. He was dressed in a green coat trimmed to resemble a uniform. All turned their eyes towards him. Mrs Carney seemed about to speak, but Peter's hand closed on her arm.

The man came down the ladder. 'I'm here,' he said. 'I give meself up.'

'That is the man,' said Von Weiller gruffly. 'I should know that coat anywhere.—And so you were at Vinegar Hill this morning, my friend?'

'Faith, I was where better men than meself were,' replied Tim lightly. He knew his part now, and meant to go through with it.

'Your name?' asked the German.

'Tom O'Donnell.'

'Himmel!' said the German; 'now we understand. You are a relation of the young woman down at the house?'

'I'm her cousin,' replied Tim.

'Enough,' said the German; 'we have a short way with such as you.' He turned to the soldiers. 'Take him outside and put him against the wall.'

They led Tim outside. Von Weiller and Beaumont followed, and Norah also stole after them. Inside the cabin Mrs Carney broke into lamentations, but was stilled by her husband.

'Bear witness, all the saints,' he said solemnly, 'that me and mine have kept our oath this day.'

He covered his face with his hands.

Outside, Norah had watched the firing-party take position, but at the last moment her reason forsook her, and she sprang at one of the men, clinging to him, and beating down his weapon. She was hurled aside, sobbing, and escorted to a distance.

'They're curious things, is the women,' said Tim to Beaumont, trying to speak lightly, though his lips trembled. 'I'd be glad if yer honour—if ye'd look after her, and see that she comes to no harm.'

Beaumont came close to him. 'My man,' he said, 'I know you. I saw you down at the hall.'

'For God's sake don't speak!' replied the prisoner. 'I'll tell ye'——

'I don't want you to tell me anything. I know all I want to know.' He stretched out his hand furtively and grasped that of the condemned man. 'You're a brave fellow,' he said. He stepped back.

'He won't have his eyes bandaged,' he said to Von Weiller loudly.

'Then fire,' cried that officer.

The guns rang out, and Tim dropped like a stone. The body twitched once violently and then was still.

'Throw him into the ditch,' commanded the German.

Beaumont stood beside the body, looking down at it. 'If I had had my own men here,' he thought, 'I would have given him a soldier's burial.'

A month later a fishing-boat ran out from Dunmore, bearing with it John O'Donnell and his daughter. With them was Tom, safe and sound. They were going to seek a new life in France. And with them also was Norah, to whom they were very kind. But her life lay behind her in the land she had left—in the hastily made grave by the roadside, wherein lay a poor peasant who had given up his life for his friend.

SOUVENIR DE TUNIS.

'Come with me, sir; I would show you
Wondrous stock of perfumes rare.'
Thus in an old Eastern city
Spoke a merchant of his ware.

Ambergris, attar of roses,
On my handkerchief he spread,
Then a cigarette and coffee
To judicious flatt'ry wed.

Yet my purse-strings were not loosened,
Nor would I have aught of these.
Choicest extracts of the Orient
Altogether failed to please;

For my thoughts had ta'en swift passage
To a country lane at home,
Where by day and softer twilight
Violet-scented breezes roam.

Cairo. Geo. H. Ludolf.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE SIGN OF THE SPIDER.

By C. EDWARDES.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'SO this is the dead city of Mulci in the Apennines,' said Philip Granby when the vehicle (it were too flattering to call it a carriage), its two long-tailed black horses, and the driver with the cigar like a crooked tree-twig had crawled up the topmost of the white zigzags from the plain. Battlemented walls and a crumbling brown gateway appeared before them.

'Time it was!' said Dr Ogilvie. 'I'm hungry.'

'And so am I, old chap. Hungry to get at those old tombs and our friend the Cavaliere What's-his-name. If it costs ten thousand pounds, I'll have that collection of his, if it's to be bought. My life's a rickety one, and I'd like awfully to do one good thing before I pop off. "The Philip Granby Bequest of Etruscan Remains." You'll see that inscription in the British Museum some day, old chap, take my word for it.'

Ogilvie seemed more interested in the smells of the dark cobbled street than in his companion's words. But his hand went to Philip's even while he frowned at Mulci's gloom and rottenness, and muttered something about 'the very home of typhus.'

'That's the peak-top of my ambitions, old chap,' said Philip emphatically.

And then they were tumbled against each other like peas in a bottle. The driver had suddenly taken it into his head to enliven Mulci. Standing up, he lashed his funereal steeds, called them the misbegotten offspring of an unfortunate mother, and condemned them to the flames and torments of purgatory and hell unless they galloped like fury.

Mulci was delighted. From its very parapets it proclaimed its pleasure. The fat padre who was being shaven in the falling light at the barber's door held up a finger of command that operations might be suspended upon his large blue chin while he surveyed these 'milords;' from the windows at all the five or six stories of the barrack-like buildings heads popped forth; and damsels gathering the dried clothes on the roofs paused to peer down from their giddy height at the exceedingly uncomfortable triumphal progress of Philip and Dr Ogilvie up the Via Vittorio Emanuele to the 'Albergo Nazionale.'

It was vain to plead with that driver.

'It is finished, signori!' cried the man at length. He had brought up his horses with a jerk as painful as the gallop, jumped down, and now stood, hat in hand. He seemed proud of himself and his patrons.

'Tell him he's a maniac,' said Philip angrily.

'Friend,' said Ogilvie, the linguist of the pair, 'here is your exact money and nothing more. It would have been a lira for yourself if you had not played the fool. *Buona notte!* Yes, and you may be rude till your tongue's tired; it's all you'll get,' he looked round to add.

Dinner was soon served. For so out-of-the-way and dilapidated a town, it was a good dinner. The wine was rich and soft, the macaroni was excellent, and for once the chicken was tender.

There were no other guests. Maria Farnese Scavo, the landlord, devoted himself to them. He stood with his hands clasped respectfully across his stomach while they ate, and was very willing to tell them all he knew about the tombs they had come to visit. But his 'all' was little.

'I concern myself with the living, be it understood, excellencies, not the dead. *Corpo santo*, yes! Nevertheless, it is a beautiful sight, they tell me, that ancient cemetery; and your excellencies cannot do better than enjoy the pleasure of the acquaintance of our learned townsman the Cavaliere Montarabo. I myself shall introduce you in the morning.'

'Many thanks,' interrupted Ogilvie; 'but we have letters for the gentleman. You shall not disturb yourself.'

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'*Ecco!* Of a truth? Your excellencies, then, will be *known* to the Cavaliere?' exclaimed the man, lifting his hands, spreading out his fingers, and holding them thus. He was double-chinned and red-faced, with large goggle eyes. These fastened upon Philip and the doctor, and especially the doctor, with a change of expression. It was almost as if they were suggesting something earnestly, yet with a certain doubt.

Philip mocked over his macaroni.

'Ask him if he is a relation to the tarantula or any other kind of spider,' he said.

And for the jest's sake Ogilvie did so. He mentioned a cousinship, gravely, spreading out his own fingers and using the word 'tarantula.'

The result was startling. Ogilvie was seized round the neck and kissed first on one cheek and then on the other. From Ogilvie the man pounced upon Philip and treated him in like manner. He seemed not to notice their objections. And then he sped on his toes to the door, opened it and peeped, returned, and drew up a chair.

'Is he mad?' Philip asked.

'No; only affectionate, I think. They get taken in this way now and then in the South. And yet—— See here, he's going to be amusing.'

This said, Ogilvie faced the landlord of the 'Albergo Nazionale' with a smile of encouragement.

'I am at your orders, my brother,' whispered the man, with his lips not a foot from Ogilvie's left ear. 'I am prepared. It is true that I believed the revered directorate would arrange it with a compatriot; but the English are renowned for their cleverness and courage, and I bend myself to their intelligent desires. And listen, signori. There is little time to lose. The egregious notary Saccho, of whom your celebrities may have heard, informed me but this very morning that the Cavaliere is in difficulties. Always one has one's weaknesses, the best and worst of us alike. Well then, the Cavaliere has gambled like a fool, and the past Thursday, it is reported, he mortgaged his collection for eighty thousand lire. From his housekeeper Anna—a talkative creature, my friends—from her I learn that he is like a person demented. They are so much to him, those pretty necklets and bracelets and chest-covers of gold which those curious gentlemen of so many thousand years ago have done us moderns the favour to bury with their bones. He loves them, signori, as men love their children. He does not eat his meat since Thursday, but goes about his house muttering and shaking his hands and kissing and fondling his pots and jugs and certain of the articles of gold which it is *our* duty, my friends, in obedience to our oaths, to take from him. Well, gentlemen, this being the condition of mind of my unfortunate fellow-townsman, it smooths the way a little for us. There is only the servant Anna to consider; and she being betrothed to Giacomo Andrani, who had the honour of driving your dignities from the station, it is happily in my power to influence the girl's mind through Andrani, who is in my service. There, gentlemen!'

The man rose, very rubicund from his exertions and eloquence. He bowed from the waist upwards, and again spread out his fingers, this time, however, in the more conventional manner of a courteous host who has just placed himself, his house, and all that he has at the disposal of a friend.

'And now I shall command the cutlets, and, with permission, leave you to yourselves. Doubtless you have much to arrange. If it is the will of their greatnesses the directorate of our sacred brotherhood that the details of the plan be confided to me, I shall thank them for the condescension. If not, I am still the same their most obedient and devoted servant, and yours also, my friends and brothers.'

Ogilvie received this astonishing speech like the experienced man he was. At first, to be sure, he couldn't refrain from looking bewildered. But this only had the effect of increasing the speaker's fervour of tone. And thenceforward, to the end, Ogilvie listened with an unmoved countenance.

'You permit, signori—the cutlets?' murmured the man.

'Certainly, the cutlets,' said Ogilvie; and with another bow, reverent as that of a good priest at the altar, the landlord of the 'Albergo Nazionale' strutted to the door.

'What in the world is all that about?' asked Philip.

'I—don't know quite. I must think it over. He has gone to see about the next course. That's all I can tell you for a fact. But, Philip, let me grasp it all quietly for a spell. Smoke a cigarette. It is very interesting, whatever it is.'

'Is it? Well, it's something to be you, for if the fellow had kept it up much longer *I* should have hit him on the head with one of his own wine-flasks. He has a voice like a gramophone with a cold, and'——

'Don't. I want to get it all back,' said Ogilvie seriously.

Philip lit a cigarette, and Ogilvie mused. They were thus occupied when the smiling waiter glided in with the cutlets and the words, 'I come, excellencies. Behold! it is the best of veal, fed on the pastures in the wet lands beneath the ancient tombs of Mulci!'

'Well?' said Philip when they had begun upon the cutlets.

But Ogilvie shook his head.

'I'm not clear about it yet,' he said. 'No, I don't feel justified in taking away anybody's character except upon the clearest evidence. It is conceivable that our Boniface here is an idiot'——

'Quite conceivable.'

'Also, that he was drunk, though he didn't seem so. And, in any case, it's such nonsense that I feel almost convinced, if he is neither an idiot nor drunk, that he is accustomed to write penny novelettes for Italy's general public. Besides, I can't remember

it all. Let 's forget it, and go and leave our cards with the Cavaliere as soon as we 're through.'

'That,' said Philip, 'will suit me to the very pavement. Won't you tell me any more?'

'I'd rather not, really. It's such an effort of memory, and it wouldn't hang together, Philip. You'd laugh too much, and so soon after a hearty meal'——

'Oh,' said Philip, 'don't distress yourself on my account. I'm not so very eager.'

'And I,' said Ogilvie, 'am delighted to hear it. There's only one thing I ought to tell you. He said the Cavaliere has been losing money at play and pawning some of his Etruscan stuff. It gives you a chance, if so.'

This was more than enough for Philip. It made him impatient to end the meal. They postponed coffee and cognac until they had seen the Cavaliere.

As Ogilvie somehow expected, the landlord of the inn was waiting for them below. He was not surprised when he heard of their determination to call on the Cavaliere at once. Drawing Ogilvie aside, he whispered his approval of the plan.

'It makes things easy, signore,' he said, 'that you carry letters for the gentleman. You do not need me, and that also has its advantages, you understand, for a man with five small children and a wife who, though virtuous, is not always good-tempered. We are as God makes us. Inquire, I beg of you, for Casa Montarabo, at the end of the street, and the most ignorant of Mulci's inhabitants will direct you. It is a large stone house, with the Cavaliere's shield above the porch, also in stone. And, if you will excuse the request, do not name me to the Cavaliere. It would be a kindness, signore, to approach him as mere strangers who have been complimented with the privilege of an introduction to him. I speak wisdom, and'——

'I say,' interposed Philip, 'do get him to continue it in our next, as the saying is.'

'I don't think I understand,' said Ogilvie, with a countenance which told nothing either to the landlord or Philip in the dim light of the single old-fashioned lamp which illumined the hotel corridor. —'My friend has to be careful about the night-air, padrone. We will depart. Therefore, until we meet again.'

'Until then, signore, and very many thanks.'

The man whispered his thanks.

In the street Ogilvie made but one comment on the new communication.

'I wish, Philip,' he said, 'I knew if that fellow has all his senses. It 's either that or'——

'Oh, he hasn't. *I'll* answer for it. And it's a deal better walking in the middle of the street. That lazy housewife upstairs to the right just emptied her slops out of the window—the fifth floor window. Pigs!'

As the landlord had said, Casa Montarabo was easily found. It was a fortress of a house, with prison bars to its ground-floor windows, and an imposing escutcheon above the portal; also a small shrine to the Virgin, with a very small oil-lamp burning in a chain-sling before it. Philip mentioned the shrine as if it were an agreeable sight. He thought it proved the Cavaliere a good Christian, perhaps even a simple Christian, who might be averse to bargaining strenuously in either thousands or hundreds of lire.

But Ogilvie was not so sure.

'I wouldn't be sanguine if I were you,' he said. 'I'm inclined to think they are queer old crusted characters in this moth-eaten town. Probably they even retain a few of their medieval vices as well as their merely picturesque eccentricities.'

And then the door opened of its own accord, as it seemed, and a shrill feminine voice from a distance demanded their needs.

It was the Anna of recent history. When she came nearer Ogilvie gave her the letter, and said that they would not, at so late an hour, trespass on her master unless he wished it. They would feel grateful for an appointment in the morning if the Cavaliere would so far oblige them.

They were left standing below while the maid carried the letter and Ogilvie's message upstairs. Not for long, however. The girl returned, and very affably invited them to follow her.

'Is the Cavaliere,' Ogilvie asked her quietly, mindful of the landlord's rigmarole, 'in the best of health, perchance?'

'*Dio mio!* no,' was the quick reply. 'My poor master! my poor master! Ah! but they are robbers in the great cities, signorino. But silence! I must not talk. It is not my business.'

She lowered her voice and stopped her tongue only just in time. The Cavaliere was above and before them. He held a silver tripod lamp by its looped crest. It lit his face very strongly, and an interesting, lean, hairless, elongated, and time-and-grief-worn face it was, yet with enthusiasm of several kinds glowing in the dark eyes which saved it from being repulsive, and worse.

'You are welcome, gentlemen,' said the Cavaliere, with a smile like a grimace.

He shook them by the hand, and begged them to enter his studio, as he called it.

He was oddly garbed in a short, dull-yellow, velvet dressing-jacket over a faded scarlet waistcoat, with black pantaloons; and no sooner were Ogilvie and Philip in the studio than they perceived that its wall-decorations were also a curious yet harmonious blend of the same three colours: yellow, scarlet, and black, though with faint secondary lines of purple and gray. The furniture of the room was likewise unusual. There were books only in an alcove. On all the other sides were sarcophagi with surprisingly bold and well-preserved reliefs, some in marble and tufa, and some in terra-cotta; statues and busts and masks, also in stone and terra-cotta, were between the coffins. There were further glass cases containing vases and *tazze*, and much small ware such as

scarabs, proclaiming the Cavaliere's complete devotion to his love for the Etruscans.

'How splendid!' exclaimed Philip, in praise of the atmosphere.

The Cavaliere sympathised, though, like the hotel landlord, he was no English scholar, and begged him to look about him.

'Do tell him what I want, Ogilvie,' said Philip, with a smile of thanks for their host.

Ogilvie and the Cavaliere engaged in conversation. Ogilvie did by much the most of the talking—the other seemed to urge him on by mere monosyllabic questions. But it was only afterwards that Philip learnt the magnificent result of his friend's powers of language.

'Come, Philip,' said Ogilvie; 'the Cavaliere keeps early hours. All these things will do just as well to-morrow. He'll show us everything in the morning. The best of his gold and precious stuff are in one of his tombs in the cemetery. It's his secret safe, and no one but himself knows about it. And I think you may become a purchaser. That's what he wishes me to say to you.'

'Oh, thanks so much!' cried Philip. He offered his hand to the Cavaliere, who had watched his face very intently, and nodded, at random perhaps, while Ogilvie spoke; and he wrung the Cavaliere's claw-tipped fingers like the ingenuous young man he was.

'I wouldn't do too much of that, though,' suggested Ogilvie. 'He—I may, I suppose, mention it in his presence—wants six thousand sterling rather badly, and you can buy the whole bag of tricks for that.'

'Tell him it's in my pocket ready,' said Philip, still holding on to the claw-like hand, as if he feared a rival purchaser would step in and outbid him on the spot.

But instead of that Ogilvie began to make his adieux for the night. The Cavaliere saw them down the stairs, again with that lovely silver lamp, the chiselling of which Philip much admired. He was very gracious with them right to the door.

'Well, I do call that luck,' exclaimed Philip when they were outside.

He expatiated about this luck. Ogilvie barely spoke.

'I believe you're jealous, old chap,' said Philip when they were near the hotel. 'Tell us about him. What makes him *want* to sell the jolly old things?'

'I didn't ask him,' said Ogilvie.

'Yes; but you don't think he'll go back on his word, use me as a sort of market-price table, and telegraph or anything to some one else?'

'No, I don't. In fact, he—I tell you what, Philip, he's almost too keen to let you have them. The moment he knew you carried letters of credit for such a sum his eyes said "Done!" to it before his tongue. I don't know; but he looks as if he could trade in shams, if you ask me.'

That made Philip indignant. Why, every one who knew anything about Etruscan things had the history of the Mulci finds at his finger-ends. They had been exhibited in Rome, Berlin had begged for them earnestly, and—and—in short, the luck was reserved just for him in visiting Mulci in the very nick of the moment when the Cavaliere happened to be hard up for some ready thousands.

'You'd make a convict blush with your insinuations,' he said in final reproof.

'All right,' said Ogilvie; 'and now we will have our coffee and a cigar, and go to bed. And I don't want any more of our landlord's tongue.'

His wish was granted. They saw no more of the 'Albergo Nazionale's' proprietor that night.

(To be continued.)

THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.

By A. R. Canning.

To a collector of gems no undertaking can be too long or wearisome that leads to the ultimate finding of a single jewel of priceless value and of rare and entrancing beauty. To such a collector we may at once liken the traveller to the Victoria Falls, for he has to journey for many days through monotonous and ofttimes ugly scenery to at length reach his goal; and he is satisfied in the end to have done so. For his toils are at once forgotten; his bored senses spring to instant life, alert in appreciative wonder; his eyes revel in a feast of beauty and grandeur. And although it is true that these latter attributes are to be found at the hundred vantage-points near the Falls, the predominant effect that is produced at first sight, throughout a whole visit, and even afterwards—when time and space have intervened—is that of awe. I believe that every one, no matter of what temperament he may be, will experience this impression of awe and of senses bewildered in the presence of mad chaos and incompassable immensity.

Before, however, I make use of any figures to assist the reader to understand the reason of this bewilderment, this awe-inspiring sense, that seems inseparable from the Victoria Falls, I must first say a word about getting there.

From Capetown the *train de luxe* takes one to Bulawayo in sixty-six hours, and in about twenty hours more the Falls can be reached; by ordinary train two days longer are necessary. As we leave Capetown fine mountain scenery is at first met with, and then the line emerges on to the flat, ugly,

almost barren Karroo country. Over this the train travels northward, accompanied on either side by a parallel range of distant mountains of an unusual form, resembling a succession of broken terraces of unequal height. On rushes our train, and presently the country becomes greener, and the ranges of hills give place to irregular kopjes. Past the battlefields of Graspan, Belmont, Magersfontein, and then into Kimberley—five hundred miles. The great Kimberley merits an article to itself, so we will not trespass upon that ground, but stick to our *train de luxe*. By going round occasional hills we keep to level ground, and get landed in due time at Mafeking—eight hundred miles. This is a very uninteresting-looking place. Onwards north, past Crocodile Poola, with its pretty neighbourhood; past Palapye, the headquarters until a year or so ago of Khama, the paramount Bechuanaland chief; on across the Shashi into Tati, where fair-sized trees (*mopani*) are met with for the first time; past Francistown; up the climb to Plumtree; and then a run down to Bulawayo—one thousand three hundred and sixty miles—getting a distant view of the famed Matoppos to the right. Bulawayo, with its ambitious business houses and as yet incommensurate business; with its delightful climate and charming people; with its old tin shanties of the early days (where often money and champagne flowed), and its more modern neat little bungalows away in the suburbs (where more sober habits now prevail); with its excellent military band and its dances; its mule turn-outs, traction-engines, 'rikishas, ox and donkey wagons, motors, and its one hansom (a wondrous mêlée of locomotion); its many sports-grounds, its race meetings, its polo matches, its excellent amateur operatic and choral societies, and its several churches—all these things for the support of little over three thousand white inhabitants. Was there ever such a gay, happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care, and delightfully precocious little colonial capital in the world? But there, I am wrong. I should have said 'would-be' capital, for it is with Salisbury, with only half the population of Bulawayo, that the honour of capital rests.

Such civilisation, then, we leave behind, and hasten on northward again. Flat and ugly is the track, but night hides the worst of it—a seventy-mile straight run. A forest of teak is passed through, and morning brings us to Wankies—the great coalfield on the southern edge of the heart of Africa. A fever-stricken place is this, with a bad record, lying in a hollow with hills all round. One feels the fever in the air, and one is glad to climb on board again (albeit a luggage train this time), and to set forth on the last section of this great journey. Now, of course, ordinary passenger trains run; but then, at the time I speak of, one was contented to be pulled along in a construction-truck. The country becomes more interesting north of Wankies. Presently my few fellow-travellers and I became aware that we must be nearing the Zambesi; and, as children going to the seaside watch out of the train-window for the first sight of the ocean, so did we keep a lookout from the top of our truck as we rounded each curve.

For what were we watching? For the same thing that Livingstone saw from a distance of *twenty-one miles*—namely, the columns of rising vapour and spray that shoot up into the air many, many hundred feet. When, on rounding a hill, we first saw it we were but ten miles distant, and the sun's last rays lit up this weird phenomenon, painting it with hues of rose and gold. Soon we plunged into forest, and quick night descended. When we pulled up at some stopping-place, still a few miles distant, the roar of the mighty Falls resounded through the trees; indeed, I believe it can be heard as far as the spray can be seen. *Mosi-ao-tunya* ('the smoke that sounds')—that is what the natives call it.

We crept on in the dark, past camp-fires and storehouses, and slowly drew to rest at the absolute end of civilisation. The great engine stood cheek by jowl with the trees of primeval forest. An incongruity? Yes; but the engine had an air of unconcern, of nonchalant disregard of the defiant roar of the great Zambesi, with its mighty chasm thrown across the line of march. Its expression plainly said, 'All in good time I shall cross you; at present I've come as far as I want, and I shall draw my fires;' and it did so, nearly one thousand seven hundred miles north of Capetown. If I am any judge of character, that engine will be met one day in the centre of Darkest Africa.

And now for a few figures. The Zambesi for at least one hundred and fifty miles above the Falls is a great river, whilst the narrowest spot—at Livingstone, six miles up-stream—is about a third of a mile wide and of very considerable depth. Immediately above the Falls the river is a mile and a quarter wide. The height of the drop is about three hundred and sixty feet (Niagara being one hundred and forty-seven feet); but this would vary—depending on the time of year—for during the low-river season the gorge below would not be so full, and therefore the height of fall would be greater than with a full river coming down. Now, when the great, wide river makes its tremendous leap, this splendid surface of navigable water is lost for over thirty miles; for the whole Zambesi descends into a mere rift in the rocks, measuring in the immediate vicinity of the Falls from two hundred to five hundred feet wide, but of profound depth. Imagine that which was spread out over a width of seven thousand feet being pent within walls two hundred feet apart! Depth and speed must make up for the loss in width, and, no doubt, it is safe to assume the former as not less than four hundred feet. Now, there are several chasms. The first is at right angles to the river which plunges into it. About two-thirds of the way along this is a second rent forming an exit for the waters. This is very narrow, but widens into a sort of small basin;

then, narrowing again, it leads away from the Falls for perhaps a mile, to double back sharply, making almost an island of the enclosed ground. So there is a zigzag of mighty earth-rents, and these form the channel carrying away the great Zambesi. It is just past where the cleft narrows in beyond the basin that the railway will bridge the river.

To return for a moment to the first great rent across the path of the Zambesi. The mile and a quarter of width is broken by islands which divide the stream at this spot, and so we have not one but five or six mighty Falls.

And now that the main features of this extraordinary episode in nature are before you, I propose taking you round with me, for figures are nothing to the impression that every one who goes to the Falls experiences, and I shall endeavour to reproduce this effect.

Let us come and look at the river a little above the Falls. The bush is not thick, and date and other smaller palms line its bank. See! here is an opening. What a splendid river, and how charming are the islands dotted about! At this time of year, when the river is full, no canoe can venture nearer than a couple of miles above the Falls. Livingstone was once here in the dry season, and managed to get on one of the islands overlooking the Falls. We shall not be able to do that. Along the bank is a capital path as we make down-river. A reserve of ground round the Falls has been kept by the Chartered Company, and an expert from Kew Gardens has been appointed to protect and encourage the growth of suitable foliage; to him we are indebted for these winding little ways. Let us make straight for the end of the ravine, where we can see—or ought to be able to, were there no spray—right along the great earth-rent into which the Zambesi falls. Here we are! I stand and let you gaze; then I will try and explain. Well, this frothing and raging and tumbling at our feet is No. 1 Fall. On reaching the bottom far down below, which we cannot see, the water does not flow straight on (for the other side of the great rent rears itself black and forbidding, rising up exactly opposite and to an equal height), but turns and rushes off at right angles. See, on beyond, No. 2 falls sheer on to it and also takes the new direction. We cannot see any more; but wild and mad and vast as these two events are, they are only the beginning of stupendous deeds. I will tell you now what happens, and then presently we shall see it. Beyond that curtain of vapour, below which we see a river rushing, other great Falls keep tumbling down. The river from our end is further contorted and twisted by the Great Central Fall hurling itself down on to it, and *at the same moment* being met by another great force coming from the opposite direction, and representing the Falls from beyond. All these giants jostling—nay, rather wrestling in a death-agony—find exit by the rift already mentioned, opposite the Central Fall.

But all this is behind the curtain; and what of this curtain? It is the same as we saw miles away; but, now that we are near, it is no quiescent mist, but a live thing, full of throbbing beats, of pulsing jets, of eddying vapours. The spray lashing down on to the opposing rock forms into little rivers that course down its sides only to be sucked off again, and in company with the main body of up-rushing vapours is shot up into the air. Nor is it form alone that holds our eye, for everywhere rainbows, such as one has never seen before for width and splendour, colour this wondrous picture.

But we must move on. Round this way we shall get into the Rain Forest—the place of everlasting rain. This rain is formed of falling spray dropping from a height of many hundred feet. Sometimes it is fine, misty rain; sometimes it is heavy, cold, penetrating, and so charged with vapour that it takes one's breath away and makes one gasp. The Rain Forest lies along the top of the opposing rock. Come with me and we will walk through it. Besides great trees there are palms, also maidenhair and other ferns. Everything is wet and dripping; but the sun, though we cannot see it, seems to shine on every drop, and all is glistening. This bypath will take us on to the edge of the cliff and just opposite to No. 2 Fall, which we may be able to see if the vapour will but blow to one side. See! that is only a part of the Fall; the rest is but a haze of misty outline. Let us get back to our Rain Forest, to emerge again farther on. Here is another spot to glance at, and perhaps get a photograph. Now let us make for the Central Fall. Hallo! those must be monkeys skedaddling away and hiding behind the tree-trunks; Livingstone says no birds live in the Rain Forest. Now for it: we must leave the forest altogether, for the trees stand back in awe from this, the greatest scene of all. Out then on to the water-holding, boggy ground that lies on the live rock; out into the relentless rain; out into the cold, breath-snatching rushes of air; out into the deafening roar; out into the sense of indescribably awful tumult. There! we cannot safely go farther. Let us gaze down. We catch glimpses four hundred feet below us of the waters from the Falls we have just seen, racing along, hurled from rock to rock. From over there comes the opposing river; and, opposite, the Great Central Fall, half a mile wide, flings itself down.

Is it not an awful sight, that Great Fall? It is like a perpetual avalanche, but looking as soft as tumbling wool—a year's world-product of wool being pushed over every few seconds. Such, then, are the immeasurable forces involved; and what stupendous shock of battle! Water falling, water up-rushing, water buffeted, water triumphant, water split up into nothing. Brown water coming over the edge; white water lower down; gray water hid in shadow; red, green, purple, yellow water—rainbow painted. The mighty roar, split up by fancy, or in very truth individualised into screams and howls, into shrieks and mad yellings, into bellowings, and into the thousand awful noises

that speak a river's soul in agony. All is chaos—an inferno let loose. Throes, agonies, and contortions; power immeasurable here; indescribable impotence there. Come away! it is like gazing at a great giant straining to bursting-point the mighty thews that stand out as cords of steel. So does the noble Zambesi hurl itself headlong, and so engage in internecine strife. Twenty miles can his splashings and bellowings be seen and heard.

Yet such is the iron nature of this great opposing rock on which we stand, scarce a hundred yards away, that it is unmoved. Far away north, but still in this strange continent of Africa, the Sphinx gazes immutably out over the silence and order of the great desert. Here does the adamantine face of black rock frown down, unmoved through a thousand ages, on to infinite chaos and roarings—an inferno mocking the mind of man to encompass.

. . . . . .

See! the great rainbow meets in a complete circle down below; each colour is a very road in width. Let us turn away, and as, with senses somewhat stunned, we walk back—now facing the sun—note the innumerable little rainbows dancing all round us. One, indeed, seems to walk close to us—a private rainbow—scarce six feet in diameter; apparently it is going to see us off the ground. The rain turns into a drizzle; the noise grows less deafening.

And now we will head for the bridge-site—that is, we will turn down-stream parallel with the exit that the waters have found. Here we are coming on to the excavations. What a different scene! A few moments only and we exchange disorder for order. Here are groups of natives under their white gangers. Here are cranes and trucks and blocks of stone. Let us stand on the edge of the ravine and gaze down and across. Gazing down, we first see, a hundred feet below us, other gangs of natives busily preparing the foundations for the arch. Beyond them, just over the edge and three hundred feet lower, is the river emerging from the battle much changed, *for instead of a mile wide it is one hundred yards only;* it is still seething with racked emotions. We are gazing into a ravine eight hundred to one thousand feet deep, half-filled with water. Opposite, a great cliff rises, and one can recognise the work going on over there corresponding with that in progress on this side. From this edge to that is seven hundred feet. A take-off for the arch, however, has been secured that will lessen the span to five hundred feet. The rails will be four hundred and twenty feet above the water.

That, hung in mid-air, is a man coming over in the 'cradle' travelling along a fixed wire. If you think you can stand it, I have got permission to go to the centre and back. I shall take some photographs from the middle. The rope is only five-eighths of an inch thick, but they say it is going to be replaced by a stronger one and a proper cage supplied. Now they are ready for us; they tie us in—fortunately. 'All aboard.' Out we go in a very jerky and unpleasant fashion. Now we are above the spring of the coming arch, now above the water; but it is not very good to look down—look ahead. Now the opening begins to appear, and but for the spray we should see the Central Fall. Now the opening is bigger, and some of the Fall can be seen. I will signal to stop. While we wait for the chance of the mist clearing, look towards the Falls. To the right of the central one are those that we have not seen—they are not even visible here—but one can see the columns of vapour shooting upwards and so indicating their position. There are many wondrous things to be seen on that side of the river too. Now for a photograph; and now to return. Here, then, will be the great bridge; here, where we now hang as if from a single spider's thread, with the sun shining down on us and the spray every now and again dashing in our faces; here, where water and air, and height and depth, and rock and forest, fill the eye and surfeit the brain with wonder. Here, a few months hence, will a great bridge exist and the track pass on to farther north, defying the hindrances thrown in its way. I think it is better thus, hanging from a thread, to see this world-wonder than comfortably to gaze on it from a carriage-window. Let us now signal to be hauled back; and as we gain the land once more, I shall bid you farewell.

Sir Douglas Fox & Partners, London, consulting engineers to the Rhodesia Railways, Limited, have reported that the bridge at the Victoria Falls, which was linked up on the 1st of April, will be completely riveted, painted, and finished by the middle of June. Railway trucks are already being taken across the bridge with permanent way material from the line northwards. It is interesting to note that fifty miles of the railway north of the Falls were constructed before the material could be taken across the bridge, the locomotives, trucks, rails, sleepers, and other necessaries being carried across the gorge by means of the electric transporter.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of *Barbe of Grand Bayou, Bondman Free, John of Gerisau*, &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE GREAT TREACHERY.

TOM BRADING had had very little to say since ever they set foot in the old mine the previous morning. He was not at best a talkative youth, though he could hold his own at a pinch, in camp or barracks. And when his master chose to talk he could discuss things with considerable common-sense. But tunnels and caverns, and dead men and possible ghosts, were not at all in his line, and his short black hair had been on the bristle ever since they set foot in the place.

Nevertheless, under the impulse of comparative freedom, his spirits rose, and he ventured a remark which was absolutely incontrovertible.

'It's a rum go, Mr Geoff,' said he.

'It is a rum go, Tom; and I'll make that Spaniard pay for it before I've done with him.'

''Ear, 'ear, sir! I just wish I 'ad 'im 'ere all by 'imself for, say, about a quarter of an hour. I'd learn 'im some things.'

'He'll be far enough away before we get out of this, I'm afraid. You can't get your hands out of those lashings, I suppose, Tom?'

'No, sir, I can't. I bin trying since ever 'e tied 'em; but 'e's a oner to tie.'

They wriggled and twisted and wrenched to agony-point, but the man who tied those lashings was a oner, as Tom said, and they made no progress. They tried getting back-to-back in hopes of unpicking one another's knots. But since only one hand could be brought to bear at a time, that attempt also failed. They tried rasping their bonds on projecting points of rock, but in that glimmering half-light it was impossible to find edges sharp enough.

There was still a glowing pile of peats on the fire. The leader of the band had flung on half-a-dozen before he left so that they should not freeze, and Geoff eyed that fire and pondered how to bring it to bear on their bonds.

'Hotch over here to the fire, Tom, with your back to it,' he said at last, and Tom hotched obediently.

Geoff wriggled to the pile of split wood and with some difficulty got a piece between his teeth and so over to the fire, and inserted one end in a glowing hole. When the stick was well alight he gripped the outer end with his teeth and held it against the lashings on Tom Brading's arms, and repeated the process again and again, to the endangerment of his own eyes and nose, till at last, under Tom's muscular exertions, the strands of one cord snapped and he was free. One minute with his penknife released Geoff, and they sat down and hauled off their boots and beat their numbed feet to life again, and five minutes later they were stumbling along the passage by which the others had gone.

It was very much shorter than the one by which they had entered. They smelt the chill air long before they could see the opening. When they did see it, it seemed packed with cotton-wool, and when they came out it seemed as if they had landed among the clouds.

A thick white mist drifted slowly past, beading them with dew and striking clammily on nose and eyes after the soothing peat-reek inside. Their outlook was limited to the ground at their feet and an arm's-length on either side.

'Where the deuce are we, Tom?' said Geoff. 'And what time of day do you suppose it is?'

'It's a good bit after breakfast, I should say, sir,' said Tom feelingly, 'and we're well out of that ghost-hole. I 'eard that poor fellow that was squashed screaming all night in my ears.'

'We came out at the opposite side from the one we went in at,' said Geoff, pondering the problem. 'We must be on the east side of the hill. We'll keep on round here to the right, and if we come to woods on the slope, that will take us down to the loch. Keep your eyes skinned, my lad, or we may walk over the edge of a cliff. It's unknown country this.'

They set out cautiously, doing their utmost to keep a level passage, and not sure but that any moment might leave them nothing but thin white mist to walk on. They felt their way step by step, and seemed to be only marking time, a very nightmare progression. They must surely be getting somewhere, but for all they could tell they might be going round and round the crown of the hill and getting nowhere.

More than once Geoff stopped, certain that they had trodden that bit of rough ground already. For it seemed all just the same—close, short turf, clumps of faded bracken, treacherous black stems of heather which did their best to trip them at every step, loose stones, and slippery bare patches of rock—a monotonous round, everything dripping with fog-sweat, and apparently no end to it.

'Tom, my boy, we're lost.'

'That's w'at I bin thinking, sir. But if we go on long enough we're bound to come somew'eres at last.'

'Unless we're going round and round.'

'Hope not, sir.'

'It's all right, my boy. We'll go downhill a bit and see if that's any better. But go carefully;' and they struck down the hill and started off again to the right.

'Trees, sir!' and they were in among pines and

firs, which loomed suddenly over them like gigantic funeral plumes. After a time the ground began to slope, and they pushed vigorously downwards, and at last came out on the level and the shore of the loch.

Now they knew where they were and pressed on rapidly, keeping the water close on the left, and so came to the mouth of the glen. But for the mist Geoff would have gone down to the terrace to see if the schooner was still there, though he felt sure in his own mind that she was not.

As they halted there for a moment to rest his foot, which the rough walk was troubling, he thought he heard the sharp bark of a dog down below in the muffling mist. He listened intently, but it did not come again, and they went on round the loch.

They groped their way at last to the slide among the trees and began the ascent, weary but cheerful, in that they knew where they were, and would shortly reach the cottage, and food and warmth and welcome—unless, indeed, the fog had kept Miss Cameron from coming, as was likely enough. However, if she were not there the cottage would be, and the cottage felt like home.

They climbed up through the firs, and along through the pines, and down the glen, and so to the cottage.

To Geoff's surprise, the door was not latched. It was even slightly ajar. The fog had crept in and taken possession. It was creeping now from room to room, like shadowy spirits inspecting the furniture with an eye to bargains, as do the people who frequent auction sales; and the fog inside the house struck chiller even than the fog outside.

Miss Cameron had not come. The weather had evidently stopped her, and Geoff feared they themselves must be to blame for leaving the door open, though he had no recollection of doing so.

'We'll have a rest and get something to eat, and then go on,' said Geoff. 'Just see what you can find in the kitchen, Tom—anything, but especially some whisky. I feel full of fog. Why, it's nearly four o'clock!' as he caught sight of the small clock on the mantelpiece. 'We must hurry or we won't get home to-night.'

'We could get along all right here, sir,' said Tom, who also felt fogged and tired, and he went on into the kitchen. 'Mr Geoff!' he called suddenly, and there was that in his voice that brought Geoff to his side in two strides.

He was standing at the door of Miss Cameron's bedroom, looking in; and Geoff stood for a moment and looked, and then went hastily in.

It felt like desecration to enter her room; but his first glance told him, as it had told Brading, that something out of the common had happened.

Neither of them had ever had a glimpse of that room before; but they knew instinctively that its present state was not its usual one. Drawers were left half-open, and some seemed to have been hastily emptied. The curtain of a hanging wardrobe in the corner was pulled aside and showed several empty pegs and a gown on the floor. On the shelf above stood her violin-case. One slipper lay forlorn in the middle of the room, as though it had tried to follow its mate and dropped spent.

Brading had gone on into the kitchen, and as Geoff came out of the room with a puzzled face, he pointed to the dresser and said, 'Somebody's been 'elping themselves to the whisky.'

On the dresser stood one of the usual stone bottles and several tumblers and cups.

'I'm afraid something's wrong,' said Geoff. 'Possibly Mrs Cameron has been taken worse, and Miss Cameron has been to get some more of her things, with the intention of stopping at the house, as I begged her to do. Or she may have been unable to come herself and sent some one for them. That seems more likely. We'll just dilute the fog and then go on. Is that oatcake? Give me a handful and take some yourself. We'll eat as we go.'

He felt suddenly deadly tired, but he must satisfy himself that all was right with Lesley Cameron, if he had to go on his hands and knees to find it out.

They closed the door this time, and turning their backs on the cottage, set off along the hillside, plodding doggedly on through the dark and fog without a word, till they came at last among the cottages.

Geoff sought out the schoolmaster's and thumped hurriedly on the door.

'Ech! it's Mr Carrick,' said Mr Duncan Cameron, twinkling crookedly on the doorstep. 'Come away ben, sir, and ha'e a drink to get the fog oot yer throat.'

'Have you seen Miss Cameron to-day, Mr Cameron?'

'Ech! Miss Lesley is it? Surely! She wass by this morning, and gave me "Good-day" as she passed.'

'And has she come back again?' The fog and the dark, and the state of weariness he was in, were driving him to gloomy fancies.

'I did not see her. But we will soon learn that. Have you reason to suppose she wass coming back?'

'I don't know, but she is not at the cottage, where she said she would be to-day.'

Mr Duncan Cameron got his cap and flung an old cloak round his shoulders, and they went down to the landing-place, and hammered on the door of the old man who usually ferried passengers across to the rock.

'Sandy Cameron, hass Miss Lesley gone across back to the house to-day?' asked the schoolmaster.

'She iss not;' and old Sandy blinked inquiringly at them. 'She kem across the morning, but she iss not gone back whateffer.'

'You are quite sure, Sandy?' asked Geoff, with deepening fears.

'I am quite sure, sir. I hef peen in the hoose all the whole day, ant nopody iss gone to the hoose whateffer—not nopody.'

'Then, by Heavens, men! there is something wrong somewhere,' flamed Geoff. 'Put us across at once, Sandy. We must see Donald Cameron about this.'

And slowly, slowly, as it seemed to Geoff, since every moment added to his fears, they pulled through the fog, and at last were climbing up to the house; and here was Donald Cameron wondering at their haste and excitement.

Miss Lesley? Miss Lesley had gone back to the cottage with the intention of stopping there. No, she certainly had not come back; and Geoff dropped into a chair, filled with a great fear.

'Then, Donald Cameron, and you, Duncan Cameron, shall I tell you what has happened? And you may take blame to yourselves for your share in it. You have had dealings with the Spaniards, unless I am mistaken, and now they have repaid you by carrying off Miss Lesley.'

'Guid Lord!' gasped old Donald.

'Why that?' asked the schoolmaster, agape.

As briefly as possible he told them what had befallen himself and Brading, told them of the state they had found the cottage in, told them that the Spaniards had evidently found what they had so long been in search of, and were undoubtedly gone, carrying Lesley with them. Though why they should have closed the friendly account of so many years with such an outrage he could not imagine. Any man's heart, indeed, might well be fired with Lesley's charm and beauty; but that any man could be fool enough to hope to win it in any such wild way was past comprehension.

'He wass always fery civil,' began old Donald.

'Oh, don't stand chattering there,' burst out Geoff. 'See now, you two, if you have any care for Miss Lesley at all, you will show it now at once. I am done up, and you can do this better than I could. Go, or send at once, to Innisrath and learn if they know anything there. Send to every other place on the island where there is any possibility of her being. You won't find her; but I must be certain. Let me know here at the first possible moment, and by that time I shall be able for work again. And, see here, Donald, if you bring no news, come across with a boat and men to row me at once to Innischeil. I shall follow her to Spain if necessary. Now go, and go quick, if you have any care at all for Miss Lesley.'

'The Lord give me grip on yon black deffle's neck if he hass done this thing,' said old Donald; and they went out, and Geoff heard the sound of the oars as the boat carried them quickly across to the island.

'Now, Tom, my lad, something to eat as quick as you can get it. Then pack the small portmanteau with what we'll need for a few days. And then we'll get some rest—if we can. If those fellows bring no news we start two minutes afterwards—for London, I think.'

He had been rapidly debating possibilities, and decided on going straight to Southampton. The *Seamew* was laid up for the winter; but he knew Bannatyne's address, and that he could count upon him to the very last point. He had considered Glasgow and the possibility of catching the Spaniard as he passed the narrows at Kintyre. But he knew no one in Glasgow, and before he could get Bannatyne up and charter a vessel, the chase would have such a start that the chances of catching him would be small. There was the possibility, of course, of his taking the Atlantic route outside Ireland. But the season was against it, and he thought the chances a hundred to one that he would run right down through the Irish Sea into St George's Channel and so home.

His head was in such a buzz with all that had happened that he had to get pencil and paper and figure the whole thing out, slowly and carefully, to satisfy himself as to possibilities.

It would be two in the morning before they reached Innischeil, and they would strike the railway in time for the six o'clock train for the south. They would be in London by four o'clock next morning, and in Southampton by midday, allowing time for a hurried call on Exmoor. If he had got home from Egypt his assistance would be invaluable, and Geoff knew he could count on it. Bannatyne would have had nearly thirty hours in which to charter the fastest steam-yacht obtainable and collect his men, and they would go straight on board and be off Land's End twenty hours later. It was now near midnight of Wednesday. They would be off Land's End before midnight on Friday, and he reckoned that the Spaniard at his best could not get there before midday on Saturday. He might, of course, stop somewhere on the way. A thousand things might happen. Looking for a schooner off Land's End was very like looking for a needle in a haystack. He recognised all that; but it was the one chance, and he would take it. If they failed to strike the Spaniard at sea, he would follow him to Spain, and rake that benighted land through until he found him. For that Lesley Cameron had gone with him of her own accord he did not for one moment believe.

He ate and drank when Brading brought in food, and then flung down on a couch to get some rest, but he was up again in five minutes. There was no rest for him at present, though he needed it sorely.

It was close on midnight when the bark of a dog outside told him the searchers had returned. The dog gave him a momentary hope, but it was dispelled when old Donald came into the room dragging the reluctant Colin by the collar, and he saw by the hard, tired look on the old man's face that the search had been fruitless. The dog sprang to Geoff and reared himself up against him, and panted anxiously in his face, and strove hard for speech. As plainly as dog could say it, he cried, 'Find her for me! Find her! They have carried her away, and I want her!'

Geoff stroked the rough head, and said, 'All right,

old man. You shall come with us and help to find her;' and the dog seemed to understand. He leaped and barked and wanted to be gone.

'She iss not on the island,' said old Donald gloomily. 'We found the dog running on the shore beyond the big rock, barking and whining, and whiles leaping in the watter and swimming out and then back, and so we brought him home.'

'That proves it, I fear,' said Geoff. 'Is the boat ready?'

'Ay; it's waiting.'

'Then put us over to Innischeil as quick as you can. I have not seen Mrs Cameron. It is perhaps better that I should not. You must tell her Miss Lesley has had to go away for a day or two. Make up some story that will keep her mind at ease, and you shall hear from me as soon as I have any news. I intend to find her if I follow her to Spain. You have no reason to suppose she cared for this Spaniard?'

'Whatt! Miss Lesley? No, she didna care for him. But her father had let him come, and she wouldna gainsay it after the laird died.'

Geoff had been getting into his travelling-coat as he spoke. It was just midnight. Tom Brading stood waiting. They went down through the fog to the boat, Colin the dog close at Geoff's heels.

Old Donald pulled stroke, there were three other oarsmen, and they went off swiftly through the ghostly night. Every now and again old Donald would stop rowing and listen intently, as the boat skimmed silently along. The sea was like oil, with a long, slow swell in it. It was high-tide, and his only means of guidance was an occasional *lip-lap* among the shore rocks, and the long sigh of the water as it rose and fell through the tresses of the seaweed. The mist curled about them and came hurrying after them like shadowy ghosts anxious to stay their course.

It was exasperating to think that the Spaniard might well be but a mile or two away, for Donald Cameron said the fog had only come on about mid-day. But for any possibility there would be of finding him, he might just as well be at the South Pole.

'What was it that fellow came here in search of, Donald Cameron?' asked Geoff. 'It was not silver or gold.'

'Twass something belonged to his family long ago, and for want of it they hef neffer prospered since. "Pyx" they called it, but what it wass I do not know.'

'Did they come every year?'

'Oh no, not effery year. This young man he kem three four times, and his father he kem three four times. It wass, I think, when they had money to come they came. And the laird he dit not mind them coming, mirover.'

It was close on two o'clock when Geoff and Brading felt their way at last up to the little stone pier at Innischeil. There had been no time to order a trap over from Alt-na-Cree, and there was nothing of the kind in Innischeil. Donald Cameron had told them, however, that it might be possible to get a light cart at a farm some six miles on the road, and in hope of that they trudged doggedly on through the mist, with the portmanteau between them, but few words.

They found the farm, with some difficulty roused the farmer and made him understand what they wanted, and arrived at Alt-na-Cree a quarter of an hour before the train was due. And Geoff employed the time sending off two telegrams.

One to Bannatyne's winter-quarters at Southampton:

'Charter for month or less fastest steam-yacht obtainable, two to three hundred tons. Provision for fortnight. Make up *Seamew* crew to thirty men. Arm them. Meet me ready to sail Southampton station Friday noon. Don't fail. Spare no expense. Matter of life or death.—CARRICK.'

And to Exmoor at his town-house:

'Want your help in matter of extreme urgency. Can you give me a week of your time? Shall call early Friday morning, and go on at once. Have wired Bannatyne procure fastest steam-yacht obtainable.—CARRICK.'

When the train came in, a handsome tip secured them privacy and the privilege of Colin's company. Geoff stretched himself wearily along one seat; Tom Brading took the other. Colin occupied the floor.

Now that the issue was clearly before him, and he had done everything that could be done, Geoff found that he could sleep, though while waiting in doubt he could not keep his eyes closed. And all through the night and the dim gray dawn, whenever he opened his eyes, he found Colin's wise brown eyes, with the little tan spots above them which looked like another pair of eyes, fixed steadfastly on him, and then the bushy tail would give a hopeful flop, and the faithful fellow would say as plainly as he could, 'Find her! Find her! I am counting on you;' and Geoff wondered what he could say to the good soul if he failed in his quest. And, truly, at times it seemed to him a crazy hope on which he was building: to arrive off Land's End in time to intercept a yacht on the high seas, somewhere between the Irish Sea and the coast of Spain. But, so far as he could see, it was the one thing possible. He was taking the one chance, and he had strong hopes that events would justify him.

(To be continued.)

A REMINISCENCE OF 1857.

THOSE European people who were in Calcutta on Sunday, 14th June 1857, could never have forgotten in all their after-lives the feelings of alarm and suspense that prevailed there on that eventful day. Not many of them are now alive. In India every white person is European. The old East India Company's white regiments of soldiers were not called British, but European: the First Regiment of Bengal Europeans, First Madras Europeans, and so on, distinguishing them by the presidency (Bengal, Madras, or Bombay) to which they belonged. They were superb troops, the very pick of the United Kingdom.

At that time the writer was one of a chummery domiciled on the third floor of a house overlooking the great grassy plain around which Calcutta is built, and in full view of Fort William. During the previous night there had been a most unusual traffic in the streets, preventing sleep; but it died away by about four o'clock on the Sunday morning. So soon as he could, he inquired the cause of it, and found that every public conveyance that could be obtained had been engaged by the military authorities to carry European troops to Barrackpur, sixteen miles north of Calcutta, for the security of that station, where three regiments of native soldiers were seething with revolt.

The writer, after attending service at the old mission church in the morning, went to call on two friends living in Dalhousie Square, and found them, to his astonishment, in a state of most excited industry, fortifying the roof of the house in which they lived. One of the two was a member of the firm of Rodda & Co., gunsmiths, in Dalhousie Square, and he was transferring all his available stock to this impromptu fortification.

The proceeding seemed to the writer ridiculously absurd. Every kind of weapon was there, with abundance of ammunition, and all this formidable preparation was for a garrison of two! But what, in the name of wonder, was it all about? On questioning, he received the reply that Will S—— had just driven in from Barrackpur with the report that all the Sepoys there had broken into mutiny, and were then on the march for Calcutta. This report, brought from the spot by one who had hastened away from being a possible victim, appeared of course seriously true, and had caused these two friends to take measures for defence against attack, on the principle of selling their lives as dearly as possible.

The house in which they were stood the chance of being early attacked, as it was situated at the north end of the European part of the city. It was not badly adapted for defence. The roof could only be reached by means of two very narrow openings (one of which could be easily blocked) or by ladders (which were unlikely to be available, the height being so great). It was not commanded by higher houses within reach of a ball from the old smooth-bore musket, and the mutineers would have no artillery. Then it was probable the number of assailants would not be large, as they would scatter into many bodies for massacring and looting, the jewellers' shops being the first objects of their depredations. Reckoning on these things, this meagre garrison felt confident it could withstand a fairly long assault, and resolved to die hard.

All floors and roofs in India in what are called *pukka* houses are exceedingly substantial, ten to twelve inches of very solid concrete carried by correspondingly strong beams, with all the walls to match; consequently there was scarcely any fear of fire. The roof of the house commanded a clear view on three of its sides—north, east, and west—and to some extent to the south. The position was favourable for defence; but a defence by two men, with all its advantages, was rather desperate. The writer proposed to go and enlist a few more friends to join the garrison, as there were arms enough for twenty. Time was pressing, as only three or four hours could elapse before the enemy would deliver the attack. Of course the proposal was readily accepted. The writer left, and succeeded in securing considerable help, all to be on the alert and to rendezvous at the point of defence immediately on hearing the first signs of the arrival of the mutineers. That arranged, he went home to tiffin and to await the sounds of approaching tumult, meantime devising plans for the disposition of the augmented garrison to all possible advantage.

Quite enough time passed to have allowed the enemy to arrive, but there was no uproar. Calcutta appeared perfectly peaceful so far as could be seen or heard, and at length it was felt that the project of such a descent on the city had been abandoned or frustrated, so no more consideration was given to the matter.

Then about half-past four a very unexpected occurrence took place. From the Plassey Gate of Fort William issued a small crowd of people; then came the glitter of bayonets, and a column of European troops marching. What could this mean? Had the rebels come by some other route than the usual one? Was a spy to be hanged? Whatever the reason, it was a serious one, for white troops were not usually exposed to the fierce heat of the Indian June sun. There is no expressing clearly what the scorching power of that sun is; suffice it to say that no European liked to endure it. The revolt of the native army of the Bengal Presidency, however, compelled Europeans of all classes to face and endure many things that previously had not been considered possible. So, in spite of the fierce rays of the June sun, the members of the chummery sallied forth to accompany the column and watch events.

The marching troops did not halt at the first or the second convenient tree; therefore there was no hanging, and there was no appearance of any culprit. On, on marched the soldiers, on past Government House into the main street of Calcutta. Then the march continued along Government Place North, and up Wellesley Place, in which was a small barracks for the use of the company of Sepoys which furnished guards to Government House and other places near.

When the European troops had reached the front of the barracks they were halted. It was observed that in addition to fixed bayonets their muskets were 'capped,' which implied that the pieces were loaded. A crowd of Europeans had by this time assembled. The soldiers were accompanied by an officer on horseback, Lieutenant Ricketts, who ordered the native company in the barracks to 'turn out,' which was done, and they were 'fronted' in full view of the European troops. Then Lieutenant Ricketts addressed the natives in Hindustani, informing them that the Governor-General, finding that a spirit of great insubordination existed among the Bengal troops, and that while under the influence of that malignant spirit great crimes had been committed, had commanded that all the troops of the Bengal army, to avoid the temptation which the possession of arms might create, should for the present lay aside their arms. In pursuance of which he gave the usual orders for 'piling arms.' Resistance was useless, and the Sepoys piled arms accordingly, all but one man, the front-rank man on the extreme right of the company. This Sepoy bent forward and looked with a scowl along the line of his comrades. The look implied, 'You cowards!' Lieutenant Ricketts, casting his eyes along the line, espied this mutinous man, and, spurring his horse, rode down on him, and with stern voice ordered him to 'pile,' which, much against his will, he did. The writer was exactly in front of him. The Sepoys were marched a sufficient distance to be well clear of the 'piles,' and were then halted. The European soldiers advanced, took the muskets from the piles, drew out and flung on the ground the ramrods, and placed the muskets and bayonets in conveyances, with which they returned into Fort William.

Those European soldiers were a battery of Field Artillery under the command of Captain Cornwallis Maude. This battery was the first one of Royal Artillery that ever set foot on the continent of India, and came up from Ceylon in response to Earl Canning's application for such troops as Ceylon could spare. This battery was among the first lot of troops sent up from Calcutta to stem the tide of mutiny in the upper provinces, and splendidly did it uphold its honour during that tremendous crisis in the history of our Empire in India.

The crowd of spectators then dispersed, breaking into groups which discussed the extraordinary proceedings they had just witnessed, and the numerous rumours which were flying about. There was a regiment of Sepoys in Fort William, watched over by the Fifty-third Foot (now the Shropshires) and the artillerymen of one European battery. Two miles farther away was another regiment of natives, the Alipur Militia, which formed the guard over the great jail there. In addition, another mile or two away, there were the retainers of the ex-King of Oudh at Garden Reach, estimated at twelve hundred, every one of them discontented and dangerous. Then there was, of course, the scum of a large city ready to play its part as soon as it became evident that the mutineers had been successful in their attack. The situation was thus a serious one. The Europeans in the fort were barely sufficient for its protection. Outside the fort, therefore, the European residents could look for no help; they were thrown on their own resources for defence.

The Great Eastern Hotel (then D. Wilson's) requisitioned the Fort authorities for fifty stand of arms, which were at once supplied. Most Europeans in India possessed arms and got them ready; but there had been no time for any organised action, and, except that small party referred to previously, there was probably nothing done in the way of a rendezvous or concerted action. It was now late in the afternoon, and among the rumours was one that the whole of the troops at Barrackpur had been disarmed and the station secured by the presence of European troops. This was hailed as a great relief, and there could be no more fear of an attack from them. Confidence became gradually restored, people went home to dine, and the city resumed its usual quiet.

Still, in the mind of every one was the feeling that it was well to be on the alert, and to impress the natives with the conviction that the European part of the civil population was in earnest for its own defence; so from the central part of the town about forty Europeans, of their own accord, gradually collected at the Great Eastern Hotel. One of the managers of the hotel was equal to the occasion, and he proposed forming two strong squads of this number to march along the streets and lanes occupied mostly by natives, and impress on them the resolution of our fellow-countrymen to meet any danger that might threaten. This was readily agreed to, and the two squads were formed, one of which marched off immediately, and patrolled a great part of the streets on the east side of the city, which occupied about an hour.

About half a mile east of the hotel was a district inhabited principally by natives, but much mixed with the poor Eurasian element. When the squad approached this part, what a commotion it was found in! Terror was rampant; firearms were being discharged in every direction, apparently as fast as they could be charged, and at nothing! The din was much like that described by Carlyle in his account of the attack on the Bastille! Frantic firing, which continued for hours from the terror-stricken half-castes, apparently under the belief that noise was their only means of safety, and

certainly they gave their belief full exercise. After nearly fifty years the recollection of that extraordinary fusillade has lost none of its vividness. There was about a square half-mile of this quarter of the city concerned in this excitement, and all, of course, blank cartridge. It was a singular exhibition of the helplessness of a considerable body of people—no idea of union, and the strength and confidence that result from union; only a scattered lot of people in a state of nervous collapse.

The first squad, after its march, returned to the hotel; and the second squad then moved off to visit another part of the city, and in due course returned. There were two patrols by each squad that night; then, as it was thought sufficient impression had been made in that dangerous part of the city, both were dismissed at about 1 A.M. on the Monday morning.

Writing of the above occurrences after this long interval, being probably the only one left alive of all who formed those two squads, the writer sees no reason to doubt that the happy idea of using an assembly of Europeans in the ready manner in which the young manager of the hotel turned the assembly here spoken of to account was conducive to help to preserve the peace. The natives perceived the readiness of the Europeans to unite and to patrol through those parts where there was a chance of disturbance; the lesson was in no way lost on them.

These patrols were continued for three nights, by which time it was known that all native troops around the district had been disarmed, and that the ex-King of Oudh was a prisoner in Fort William, when they ceased.

The members of that formidable garrison of two have long since gone to their rest, and of those who were to have been auxiliaries only one is left; but it is a pleasure to place on record the spirit that animated them, as it animated so many other English people in that distressful time.

ASCENDING AND DESCENDING SALMON.

By AUGUSTUS GRIMBLE, Author of *Shooting and Salmon-Fishing*, &c.

IN 1897, when writing of the river Oykel in my book of the *Salmon Rivers of Scotland*, I expressed a strong opinion that the spring salmon which entered that river prior to the end of April returned to the Kyle of Sutherland, and perhaps to the sea itself, after having made an excursion into the river, in which some of them—not all—ascended as far as the big fall at Oykel Bridge, seven miles above the tideway. To those who resided on the river-bank it was perfectly obvious that after each Sunday slap there was a distinct run of very clean fish—not a run as numerous as we wished for, but still sufficiently so to make itself noticed. Thus, during April, on the first three days of the week the capture of one, two, three, or four fish a day was nearly a certainty. In April 1896 my fish-book records a catch of thirty-four salmon with a ten-pound average, and the dates (for I enter the day of the week as well as the day of the month) show that nearly the whole take was made during the first three days of each week.

Now, we certainly did not catch all the fish that came up each week, for a fair number could always be seen splashing to themselves. Strange, however, to relate, on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays there was hardly a fish to be seen; and though now and again a single fish was caught, it was not unusual for these three days to be quite blank. It was clearly evident, towards the end of each week, that salmon were not in the main river in the same numbers as they had been in its earlier part. There were three ways of accounting for their disappearance: either they had ascended the big fall, or taken the Einig Burn, or gone back to the Kyle. Now, though the big fall could be ascended at most heights of water without any special exertion on the part of the fish, I could find no record amongst the gamekeepers and natives of the strath of any clean fish ever having been seen above it prior to the end of April; also, in the many hours I devoted to fishing in 'the pots' below the big fall, I never had a rise or so much as saw a fish leap at it. Therefore I felt justified in accepting it as certain that salmon did not ascend this big fall till later in the season. Then I satisfied myself by repeated personal inspection that they did not make their way up the Einig tributary farther than the two lowest pools, in both of which many fish were caught, also on the first three days of the week. At the head of the pool farthest from the junction there was a fall nearly as severe as the big fall of the main river; thus the only possible conclusion to arrive at was that the clean-run fish of each week had dropped back to the Kyle. I am at a loss to explain why, except on the supposition that they had no wish to make such a long stay in the fresh-water of a small river as would have been entailed on them by a wait of seven months before the advent of their spawning-time; or perhaps they came up merely to have a splash and a roll in the strong streams while ridding themselves of sea-lice, much in the same way as Londoners go to the seaside for the week-end. Anyway, and whatever the reason, I have no doubt but that these Oykel fish returned to salt-water after spending a few days in fresh-water. As far back as 1857 the theory that fish shifted at short intervals from salt to fresh water was propounded to me by a keeper on the Kirkaig, Sutherlandshire, which is blocked by an impassable fall three miles above its mouth. At that period I was

far more intent on killing salmon than on studying their habits, so no thought was given to the matter until, many years later, I noticed this mysterious disappearance of fresh-run fish from the Oykel, which, like the Kirkaig, is blocked a short distance from the mouth by a severe though by no means impassable fall. Then, once more, last autumn I was again brought face to face with these apparently roving fish on a small west coast of Scotland stream, which also was blocked by an impassable fall four miles above its mouth. What I noticed and heard there convinced me that in small rivers (especially in those which are more or less blocked by falls a little above their mouths) salmon ascend and descend perhaps several times before they take up a permanent position in fresh-water until their spawning is ended. But for the superior attractions of deer-stalking I might have had many more days on this little stream, and perhaps have killed more black fish; in the few days I did have it occurred to me that this little river, or one like it, would offer the scientist a better chance of studying salmon life than is presented by a larger one, always provided that the habits of the salmon are the same in small streams as in big ones—of which I am doubtful. This stream has but a length of four miles in which salmon could rest or spawn, and thus if a scientist had the privilege of using a net the whole year round for experimental purposes, the smallness of the river would make it nearly certain that every marked par, smolt, grilse, or salmon would on its return be renetted and re-examined. If a small river were set apart for this special purpose, it would require protection against the poachers, who might scringe its mouth or net its fresh-waters; for, so far as our little river was concerned, it received hardly any protection, as during the stalking season it could not be expected that the head-forester or his staff could watch the stream at night, for all of them had to be at the lodge by 7 A.M., where, until they started for the hill, they were fully occupied skinning and cutting up deer and cleaning heads. Then during the day they never walked less, and often more, than twenty miles in a very severe country; the lodge was seldom reached before 8 P.M., and at times, when deer had to be brought in from a distance, not till several hours later. Thus, at whatever time they returned to our lodge, it was fully an hour later ere they gained the shelter of their own homes; and by the time they had shifted their wet garments and had their suppers they were physically unfit for night-watching. And as our river ran close to many of the crofters' cottages, it was hardly surprising that some mild poaching took place.

Fifty years ago this little river abounded with salmon and sea-trout; and prior to 1850, when the Fishery Board first began to make its power felt in remote places, the natives were wont to build an oblique but not high dike of stones across the river, which they repaired as each spate damaged it. They were fully alive to the fact that the fall of the water, *not* its rise, was their opportunity. As each spate came the ascending fish easily swam over the low dike to mass themselves together in the pool immediately below the impassable fall. As the flood subsided and the volume of water rapidly diminished, the whole body of fish *en masse* began to drop back to the sea—tail first, as is their usual mode of descent; then, meeting the dike with its top now well above water, they coasted along it until they arrived at cunningly prepared openings at either end. These traps were less than a yard in width, deepened for the purpose, and fitted with rough nets, into which many of the descending fish dropped.

This clearly demonstrates that so long as fifty years ago the natives who lived on the banks of this river were well acquainted with the fact that salmon ascended and again descended their river several times in the course of each season. Many hundreds of fish were captured by this device—I cannot call it a poaching one, for there was then no law to the contrary—some to be used for immediate consumption, while the bulk were smoked or salted for winter keep. The traces of this dike are still plainly visible; our head-forester, strong and active in spite of his sixty-five years, pointed them out to me while relating how, as a youth, he had often seen the dike worked. It was the common property of the natives of the little village at the mouth of the river; and as there was then no possible market within reach, the spoils were equally divided, to add greatly to their supply of wholesome food; for the trap-owners would have nothing but fish of the best description, and, commencing work in June, they wisely suspended operations at the end of September. My informant further told me that there could be no doubt that the same fish came up and went down several times each season, basing his assertion on the fact that in those halcyon days of fish-plenty, in times of drought a large school of several hundreds of salmon could always be seen swimming in the sea round about the mouth of the river; that in periods of floods this school came up the river and could no longer be seen in the sea; and that, as the river fell and the fish returned to the sea, this school was again seen in diminished numbers hanging about the salt-water at the mouth. Right zealously did the natives guard their food-supply from outside interference, and when at last they yielded obedience to the law, loud and pathetic were their lamentations at the loss they undoubtedly sustained. And, really, in the matter of such an unimportant river, my sympathies were with them, for no one who has not been amongst the poor crofters of the west coast of Scotland can form any idea of the poverty in which they lived fifty years ago; and even at the present time, when large-hearted English landlords and tenants have vastly improved the crofters' houses and otherwise helped them in a variety of ways to make a better living, there are still many families to whom a daily succession of good square meals would be a godsend. Notwithstanding the

abolition of these openly worked dikes, truth compels me to say that in other and more secret ways the poaching of salmon and sea-trout is still vigorously carried on, and usually with impunity.

As to our little river, it is a marvel! At 10 A.M. it might be in perfect order; by midday it (or *she*, if the reader prefers) might be so low as to be unfishable; then down may come a plump of rain, and by three o'clock it is once more in fine ply. Thus it will be seen that though it is an obliging little stream, ever ready to yield prompt obedience to the clerk of the weather, it could not be relied on to be in a proper angling condition for a whole stretch of eight hours. After twelve hours of heavy rain (the rainfall in these parts is one hundred inches a year, chiefly in the winter months) it did 'come' with a vengeance; neither man nor beast may ford it then; its sullen roar could be heard a mile away; and as to fishing, it appeared quite out of the question for the next twenty-four hours. Then lo and behold! the clouds part, the sun smiles, and three hours later the angler is casting for all he is worth, lest in another hour the river should be too low!

But to return to our fish. Between the 1st and the 9th of September, not fishing hard or on every day, we caught five salmon, only one of which showed so much as a trace of silver, and that greatly oxidised, on its sides; the other four were absolutely as black and lustreless as the felt of a black bowler hat. They were well shaped, and two were cocks; and as the gillies promised to eat them, they were kept. All five had undoubtedly come direct from the sea in this garb of woe only a few hours previously to their being caught, and to my mind there was hardly a doubt that they had made several previous trips to the river earlier in the season, and had there become black; for though I have seen salmon come out of the sea red, I have never yet seen or heard of them doing so when clad in black. Further, on the evening of the day when they were caught, the river had been for three days without rain, and the bottom of every pool could be seen as clearly as if it were dry land. Four of these fish were caught in a pool only a hundred yards above the tideway, which we had thoroughly looked into on the previous evening; further, there was no place between this pool and the sea in which they could possibly shelter. Thus, if they had not come from the sea they must have dropped down from some of the higher pools; but as the farther one went up the river the shallower the pools became, and as we had searched each one blank the day before, I think it can be accepted as certain that they did not come from any of the higher pools. I think, then, it may be taken as proved that fish do ascend and descend some rivers several times in the course of a season. But what then? Beyond the confirmation of a long-known or long-suspected salmon-habit, does the establishment of the fact tend to show us in any way how better to preserve them? Truly, the only thing I can see in the fact is a further argument in favour of the curtailment of the existing netting season, for if it is the habit of fish to wander backwards and forwards from sea to river and from river to sea, then certain it is that the framers of our fishery laws never contemplated that salmon should be called on to run the dangers of the nets more than once in the same season. Like most of the other rivers of the west coast, the little one of which I have written does not close for the rod till 31st October. The 15th of September would be a more appropriate date for the whole of them. Our rods were not plied after that date; but as we only stayed in the north till the 11th of October—the end of the stalking season—I cannot vouch for what went on after our departure. Certain it is that on many of the other small streams of the west coast which are let to hotels, there are plenty of anglers ready to kill these black fish; and I have come to the conclusion that on small rivers late rod-fishing does more to exterminate the salmon than the combined efforts of the nets and the poachers. Black fish are free risers, and in the case of our little river I would back any two hard-working anglers sticking to it day by day throughout October to absolutely denude it of fish. If salmon are netted and poached when they are in a good marketable condition, and if those that escape are attacked by the rods when they are black and ready to spawn, small wonder that salmon decrease, and that now there is not one fish in these pretty west coast streams where formerly there used to be fifty, in the days when anglers were less numerous, poachers not so keen for lack of a market, and nets not so deadly for want of the more perfect system that has since been attained.

THE GARDEN OF MY YOUTH.

In my mind's eye I have a tender vision
Of an old garden that I used to know;
Time flings a halo round that spot elysian,
And gathering years but make it fairer grow.

Here roses bloom in all their glad profusion,
Each one a miracle of power divine;
Just as of old, in sweet and wild profusion
Riot the passion-flowers and eglantine.

The tiger-lilies in their tawny splendour,
The gray spiked lavender, the southernwood,
The sunflowers' flaming discs, the pansies tender,
Ne'er fade within my garden's solitude.

In fancy I can hear the fountain counting
Its rosary of shining beads all day;
In fancy see the ivy's sure feet mounting
The great, high wall, so ancient and so gray.

Free from the touch of Time's effacing finger,
The garden of my memory ever lives;
At will I enter, and at will I linger,
Glad for the solace and the joy it gives.

. . . . .

O blessed shrine of memory! that encloses
The idols of our hearts and keeps them fair.
Sweet is the fragrance of remembered roses,
Swung from thy censer on the city's air!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

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UPS AND DOWNS OF WALL STREET.

GREAT OPERATORS WHO HAVE GONE BROKE.

By HENRY CLEWS, New York Stock Exchange.

THE mutations and vicissitudes, the ups and downs, of Wall Street can be illustrated best by sketches from life of the career and experience of its leading operators, who often, though not generally, have gone up like a rocket and come down like a stick.

We shall not begin with those now foremost in Wall Street, but go back to Jacob Little, whose name is still a household word on the Stock Exchange.

He died while the war between the North and South was raging, and gradually ceased to be a power in the Street after the panic of 1857.

He was an odd fish—singular in appearance, manner, and business methods; but for more than twenty years he had a great name in Wall Street. He was the successor of Jacob Barker of Philadelphia, the first great leader Wall Street had known; was trained in his office; and began as a stock operator on his own account in 1835.

The panic of 1837 made his reputation and his fortune, for, being a 'bear,' he was largely short of stocks. That panic swept the whole United States with the besom of destruction, and sent down prices to zero. It left him a greater bear than ever, a preacher of distrust and a prophet of failure. He thrived on calamity, and grew richer and richer during the years of depression that followed that memorable revulsion.

From 1835 to 1846 he was in his glory and his prime, and no one disputed his leadership in the world of Wall Street. But then he met with a great reverse—not, however, through continuing to bear stocks, but through a bull operation in Norwich and Worcester Railroad stock. With a Boston clique, he attempted to control the stock, but it bulled hard, and refused to stay up. So he paid the forfeit, and sold out at the best prices he could get, losing a million of dollars, which was looked upon in those days as ten or twenty millions would be now. This was the only large bull operation he ever engaged in, and it confirmed him in his natural bearishness.

He more than recovered from this disaster, however, by breaking the corner in Erie stock not long afterwards. He was largely short of it, and the cornering clique had bought up all the stock on the market. They put the price higher and higher from day to day; but Jacob Little remained unterrified. He had 'a card up his sleeve' that the cornerers never had suspected, and just when they were expecting his surrender or failure he produced a big bundle of new Erie certificates of stock, and filled his contracts by delivering them. These had been issued to him in exchange for the company's convertible bonds, unknown to the clique; the issue of the bonds with the convertible clause also being unknown to them.

Such a surprise and checkmate Wall Street never had known before, and the corner was broken, with disaster to the cornering clique and great profit and *éclat* to Jacob Little.

He was a born speculator. Speculation was his daily bread. He liked it for its own sake. His ambition was to control the stock-market, and he was willing to run extra hazardous risks to achieve this end. He once said, 'I care more for the game than the results, and, winning or losing, I like to be in it.'

It was this feeling that kept him in Wall Street after his money-power and his prestige of success, as well as his health, had passed away.

He said, 'I die poor!' But from the ashes of his estate and unsettled accounts his family succeeded in collecting about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars which he had neglected to look after, for he always had been careless and easy-going, and attached little value to money except as chips in the game of speculation.

It was Anthony W. Morse who gave the finishing stroke to the career of Jacob Little, for while Little

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was operating in the early sixties for a decline in stocks, Morse sprang into the speculative ring as a rampant bull, and bid up prices on the Stock Exchange in a way that astonished Little and the other members of the Board. They considered him utterly reckless. But Morse foresaw that the great war issues of United States currency—greenbacks, as they were called—then being made would inflate the prices of stocks largely, and he accordingly, metaphorically speaking, rushed in where angels feared to tread.

And who was he? A slight, fair-complexioned, country lad, who came to New York without a dollar, and became a clerk in a stockbroker's office. Then he married a lady with some money, and induced her to let him speculate with it, and was successful in making something for her, and enough for himself to buy a seat in the Stock Exchange, which then cost only five hundred dollars for the initiation fee.

That was in 1862, up to which time he was both insignificant and unknown. But the bold, dashing style in which he immediately began to astonish the natives showed that he was a man of the time, fully up-to-date.

He first put up Cleveland and Pittsburg Railway stock with the ease and celerity of a man who thought it a mere trifle to handle. Then he successively took hold of Ohio and Mississippi, Rock Island, Erie, and Fort Wayne Railway stocks, and put them up in the same pyrotechnical and flamboyant way. In one day he marked up Fort Wayne from 118 to 152. He had unlimited confidence in himself, because he saw that he was on the right track, and Wall Street and the public followed him. He ran up Pittsburg stock from 65 to 108 amid great excitement, and bid 100 for the whole capital stock, 'seller one year.' He then sold all his Pittsburg at between 96 and 108. His firm, Morse & Company, was overrun with commission business at its large ground-floor office on William Street, New York.

By the early part of 1863 he had punished the bears badly, and made, it was estimated, at least a million and a quarter, and his career of riotous success ran for just two years, during which he was supposed to have made enormously. There was a rush to join every pool he formed, so great was his prestige. His fellow-brokers in the Board largely followed him, like the rank and file, and rag, tag, and bobtail, of the Wall Street crowd, because he always had been right. Never, indeed, has a Wall Street leader, before or since, been more blindly followed than Morse.

Money was cheap and abundant, owing to the currency inflation, and speculation so active that many stock-houses kept a relay of clerks for night-work. Meanwhile speculation in gold was as rampant as in stocks, and hundreds of new mining and petroleum companies were launched, and the stocks of these were actively traded in at high and rapidly rising prices, while old and worthless stocks were resuscitated and boomed with the rest.

Clergymen and women were drawn into this whirlpool of speculation, and any stock with 'gold' in its name went off like hot cakes. One stock was considered about as good as another to buy, as all were going up. Morse led the crazy multitude in everything, and among his other achievements he put up Rock Island Railway stock from 106 to 149, and in doing so bought the whole capital stock, which then was only fifty-six thousand shares.

Morse's doom was sealed by Salmon P. Chase, who, as Secretary of the Treasury, sought to stop the wild inflation, and particularly the tremendous bull speculation in gold, by selling gold for currency, and locking up the currency in the Sub-Treasury, so as to make a tight money-market. This had the desired effect, for it made money so scarce and dear that it forced the large speculative holders of stock to sell, through the banks calling in their loans, and brought on a panic, just at the time when Morse was more heavily loaded with stocks than he ever had been before.

Broken in health, and appearing weary and haggard, he tried to sell, and prices tumbled from bad to worse under the general rush to realise. Fort Wayne fell at the morning session of the Board, on that fatal Monday of the Morse panic, April 18, 1864, from 153 to 119. Then Morse left the room for the last time, and, going to his office, said to his partner, 'The game is up!' Reading also had fallen that morning 19 per cent., Pittsburg 17, Hudson River 23, and all other active stocks about as much.

This monetary tornado, that found Morse overloaded with stocks, there and then swept him out of the Stock Exchange; for, knowing that he was hopelessly ruined, he wrote an announcement of the suspension of Morse & Company and sent it to the Board a few minutes after he had left it. The failure proved to be a bad one, and the firm was unable to settle or resume. The king had been dethroned, never to regain his crown or ever to get a fresh start.

Pandemonium reigned during the rest of the day and at the evening Exchange up-town at night. Speculation had been so widespread, and Morse had been so implicitly trusted as a leader, that the collapse ruined thousands, including many women, and a raving, cursing mob crowded into the evening Exchange and overflowed into the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There was a night of terror in hundreds of homes. Morse was upbraided and cursed to his face, and more than one of his customers struck him when he was on the street, and blamed him for losing their money.

Then for a year Morse disappeared. When he returned he was more haggard than ever, and he died penniless soon afterwards in a cheap boarding-house. A friend paid the expenses of his funeral. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

John M. Tobin, who had been a ferry gatekeeper for Commodore Vanderbilt on Staten Island, figured

largely as a speculator in the Gold boom, and also as a stock operator, during the two years of the Morse campaign, and saw many ups and downs. He began to loom up still more after Morse sank below the horizon in 1864. He was known to be the agent of Commodore Vanderbilt in cornering Harlem Railway stock, and shone in Vanderbilt's reflected light, although he was a large operator on his own account.

The Harlem corner was a memorable event. Through the winter of 1863–64 the stock had been selling at about 60, and Vanderbilt was a director and large stockholder, and, moreover, determined to make what he called 'a big thing' out of it. The road, however, was considered generally of little account, except for carrying milk. So, in connection with his street-railway projects for improving its value, he engineered the stock up to 117. He counted upon getting a charter from the Common Council; but its members tricked him, and after passing a favourable resolution, they sold the stock short, and then rescinded the resolution, and it fell to 72. So they made money at his expense.

He then applied to the Legislature at Albany for a Harlem franchise to lay rails on Broadway; and the legislators saw that there was room for stock speculation in this. They made a favourable report on a Bill granting Vanderbilt's application, and on this Harlem stock rose sharply to 150. Then they and their friends, including the New York Common Councilmen, sold it short largely, thinking that they had a sure thing; and Tobin bought for Vanderbilt all that was offered. On March 25, 1864, by prearrangement, they voted against the Bill, and Harlem stock fell to 101.

The sellers of Harlem rejoiced, for they had large profits on paper; but Tobin still continued to buy the stock, and under his purchases it rapidly recovered. The Commodore was determined to punish them. Within ten days Harlem was up to 150 again. A week later it touched 185, and thereafter, for ten days, fluctuated between 175 and 200. The Morse panic swept over it in April; but still it stood up, like a pyramid in the desert, and Tobin still continued buying for Vanderbilt.

In May the price of Harlem was put up to 300. It stood at 285 on the day fifteen thousand shares had to be delivered, and they were settled for at this price. Daniel Drew compromised by paying one million dollars to Tobin; but the claim against him was one million seven hundred thousand dollars. However, he threatened a suit for conspiracy. Tobin's share of the profits of the corner was about two millions, and this made him worth three.

Commodore Vanderbilt chuckled, and disposed of the Harlem road by leasing it, at 8 per cent. on the stock, to the New York Central and Hudson, when he got control of it. So Harlem proved a bonanza to him till the end, and still is one of the splendid assets of his descendants. After the corner Tobin bulled gold on a tremendous scale in the face of the Union victories that terminated the war. After that he met with a succession of disasters in the stock-market, and lost every dollar he had, besides running into debt with his brokers. He then retired to live with his sister on a farm on Staten Island, and never again was seen in Wall Street.

Addison G. Jerome had a career in Wall Street more brief than that of Anthony W. Morse; but he still is well remembered there as a shining light. He entered Wall Street as an operator early in 1863, after being a merchant in the dry-goods trade, and during the rest of that year was called 'The Napoleon of the Public Board,' so conspicuously active, bold, and successful was he in his operations.

He became a brilliant leader, and had a host of followers, and was successful in everything he undertook until he bulled Michigan Southern, and, with a clique that he formed, bought control of it. He put it to high figures, and was sure of his position. But Henry Keep, the treasurer of the company, and a keen operator in stocks, stepped in, and turned Jerome's success into utter and disastrous failure.

Henry Keep knew something that Jerome was unaware of—namely, that a clause in the Michigan Southern's charter permitted its directors to increase its capital stock. So he called a secret meeting of the board, and an increase of fourteen thousand shares was voted. Then, with this increase for future delivery, he sold the stock against it, and borrowed to make his deliveries, which made Jerome think Keep was largely short of Michigan Southern. He and his clique, therefore, kept on buying and advancing the price, while Keep kept on selling more and more. The final result was that Jerome called in all his loans of the stock, so as to force the shorts to cover, and to that Keep responded by delivering the fourteen thousand shares of new stock, which caused a fall of 20 per cent. in Michigan Southern in one day. This involved the loss of nearly all the three millions of money Jerome had so quickly made, and killed him as a leader, although he was respected as an honourable man.

He took the loss of his fortune and prestige so much to heart that he sickened and died in the following year of some obscure disease, a virtually ruined man. But during his nine months of phenomenal success he had settled enough on his wife to keep the wolf from the door. His ups and downs were remarkably swift even for Wall Street.

Leonard W. Jerome, a younger brother of Addison, was prominent in Wall Street and society, and as the driver of a four-in-hand coach long before the latter generally appeared, and continued in the Street long after Addison passed away. His career also was marked by memorable ups and downs. In 1863 he was a large holder of Hudson

River Railroad stock, which the bears had hammered down to 107. So he formed a strong clique to bull it against the short interest, and bought all the stock that was offered, until he had taken nearly all the capital. Then he bid up the price gradually till it reached 175, and made the stock so scarce that he loaned it to the bears to make their deliveries at 5 per cent. a day. The shorts, estimated to represent about fifty thousand shares, finding that there was no help for them, covered at a heavy loss, while Jerome made a great deal of money by squeezing them, presumably two or three millions.

His prestige increased with his wealth, and he became a social as well as a financial lion. He had been watching the Pacific Mail Company since it succeeded the Nicaragua Transit Company in 1856. In 1861 its stock fell to 69; but in the next year its earnings were enormous, and twenty-six thousand of its forty thousand shares were bought by a combination of operators, mostly its directors, who transferred it to Brown Brothers and Company, to be held in trust for their benefit for five years; and they selected Leonard Jerome to bull the stock in the open market. Under his manipulation it rose to 160 in thirteen months after he began operations for the ring. There was a large short interest in it by that time, and to force the sellers to settle he put it to 200 and kept it there, and they settled.

In 1865 Pacific Mail's capital was increased from four millions to ten, and yet its stock stood at 240, and it paid 20 per cent. a year in dividends. The year after, it was increased to twenty millions, yet it sold at 180, with Jerome still buying. But in 1867 he met his Waterloo in it. To use his own words, he had 'bitten off more than he could chew.' The company's earnings fell off largely, and its report showed assets reduced from thirty-four to twenty-two millions; the Government paper-money issues were being contracted rapidly, and the flood of water injected into the stock was beginning to tell upon it. Moreover, Jerome had agreed to buy the old five-year combination's stock at 160. Owing to all this, accompanied by a generally weak stock-market, Pacific Mail shares broke, under enormous sales, from 163 to 115 in a few days, on his hands; and he lost practically everything he had, except some real estate.

After being ruined thus by Pacific Mail, Leonard Jerome ceased to be a power in Wall Street. He no longer had any prestige there, and soon retired from it entirely, and died a poor man at the home of his daughter, Lady Randolph Churchill, in London.

Of all the great operators of Wall Street, however, Daniel Drew furnishes the most remarkable instance of immense and long-continued success, followed by utter failure and hopeless bankruptcy. His early success as a stock speculator was all the more surprising because he was an illiterate man, who barely had learned to read and to write enough to be able to sign his own name in a sprawling, illegible hand.

He had been a cattle-drover, and after that the keeper of the Bull's Head Tavern at the New York Cattle Yards, and was without any experience of banking or Stock Exchange affairs when he first came into Wall Street; he never even read a newspaper.

His shrewdness enabled him to make millions by stock speculation, and before long, without knowing anything of the stock-brokerage business, except as a customer, he entered into a Stock Exchange partnership, that of Drew & Robinson. For many years this house was prosperous and prominent, and Drew, after it was dissolved, said to a friend who rated him at twenty millions, 'I guess sixteen will cover it.'

After that Drew's cunning and sagacity seemed gradually to fail him. He met with a succession of disasters through bad judgment, but was more liberal than before in endowing the Drew Theological Seminary and other Methodist institutions. Yet, instead of giving the endowments in cash, he gave his notes for them, and paid interest on these. The consequence was that when he finally lost every dollar he had, and was declared a bankrupt, without any assets, the notes were worthless. While in this bankrupt condition, and dependent for a home on his son, he died, and his death was as unnoticed as that of any other Wall Street wreck.

Charles F. Woerishoffer was a brilliant Stock Exchange operator, who made a large fortune out of nothing, and then lost most of it again by overstaying his market as a bear after the panic of 1884.

James R. Keene came to New York with several millions, made out of mining stocks in California, at the time of the great Bonanza gold discovery at Gold Hill, when Flood and O'Brien, Mackay and John P. Jones, made their millions. But Keene, after adding to his pile, lost all he had through over-extending his operations in bulling stocks and grain in the eighties. However, he got a fresh start, through being employed by large interests to manipulate stocks for them, and is rich again.

Henry N. Smith, a former partner of Jay Gould, made five or six millions as an operator in stocks, only to lose them again and die poor.

The brief, meteoric Wall Street career of Ferdinand Ward, who lured General Grant into forming the firm of Grant & Ward, is well remembered. He went up so high that when he came down he landed in Sing Sing Prison.

Fish, president of the Marine Bank, also came to grief, after long being in good repute.

It is unnecessary to dilate on any of the Vanderbilts, or Goulds, or Russell Sage, or Henry Keep, or Henry Villard, or William E. Travers, because they had no conspicuous or overwhelming reverses in their Wall Street career; but John F. Tracy, the president of the Rock Island Railroad, in the sixties, was ruined by his stock speculations,

after being worth more than five millions, and he had to relinquish his presidency, and died in poverty.

Cyrus W. Field, too, lost nearly all his large fortune through overloading himself with Manhattan Railway stock; and Addison Cammack, the 'Ursa Major' of Wall Street, died worth little in comparison with what he had once possessed.

How violent the vicissitudes of Wall Street are at times we may easily infer when we recall the tremendous convulsion produced by the gold conspiracy of 'Black Friday,' September 24, 1869, which involved thousands in enormous losses, and caused the Stock Exchange, as well as the Gold Clearing-House and Gold Exchange Bank, to be closed; or when we think of the devastating Northern Pacific panic of May 9, 1901, or of the far-reaching and long-continued havoc worked by the panic of 1873.

The memorable failure of Jay Cooke & Company early in the last-mentioned panic will be recalled by many as vividly as the collapse of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, that started the panic of 1857.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—AGAINST TIME.

GEOFF and Tom Brading breakfasted at Inverness; and if you had informed the station loungers that the tall, quiet, rather tired-looking young man with the light moustache, who was strolling the platform with a contemplative pipe in his mouth and an observant black-and-tan collie at his heels, was running a hot race with time against a yacht that was pressing down the west coast with a kidnapped maiden on board, they would undoubtedly have ranked you among the untruthful or the bibulous. So little may facts be judged by outside appearances.

But Carrick had learned by hard experience that when a problem has been considered in all its bearings, and a course has been settled and every precaution taken, worrying and fussing do more harm than good; and so, since he could not start the train one second ahead of the time-table, or quicken its speed by an inch an hour, he possessed his soul in patience, and was the quietest man on the platform.

There was a burly commercial ramping about after some cases of samples, bullying and cursing, and red in the face; and Geoff and Colin watched him from afar and kept out of his way lest they should be annihilated, Geoff wondering what would happen if the burly one missed that train.

On again at last, and with more comforting speed. And Geoff and Tom Brading read and smoked, and Colin stood up on end and looked out of the window, and displayed a peculiar and professional and most intelligent interest in sheep and cattle on the hillsides and in the meadows, and seemed at times, from his excited backward glances, on the point of imparting valuable information concerning them and the way they were being neglected.

Edinburgh and dinner, and then the long, quick run through the night, and four o'clock in the morning found them at Euston.

Geoff prescribed a hot bath, followed by a cold one, as the best correctives for twenty-eight hours' continuous travel; and as soon as Tom Brading had breakfasted, he sent him off to Portman Square after changes of raiment, with instructions to be at Waterloo Station by half-past nine; and at half-past seven he was rapping on the door of the Exmoors' house in Hyde Park Gardens.

Charlie and Nell were up and waiting for him, all agog for his news, and he sat down and told them the whole story, and the steps he had taken in the matter; and Colin sat and listened and looked from one to another, and finally went up to Ellen and put his head coaxingly on her knee.

'It's an odd experience for the nineteenth century,' said Exmoor. 'When do we start?'

'Nine-thirty, Waterloo.'

'I'm coming too,' said Nell briskly.

'It's very good of you, dear, to offer, but'——

'Of course I'm coming. If you catch him and rescue Miss Cameron she will feel ever so much better if I'm there.'

'I'm sure she would. It's the very thing I would like; but it's putting you to a lot of trouble.'

'Trouble! What's trouble when one can be of some use? I'll have some things packed at once;' and she sped away to arrange her affairs for a week's absence.

'It's a pretty wide chance, my boy,' said Exmoor, poring over a big map he had got from the library. 'If you could have struck him up there, now,' pointing to the narrows between Kintyre and the Irish coast, 'prospects might have been brighter.'

'I know. But, you see, I knew no one in Glasgow, and the job is not finished when we find him. I wanted men I could trust behind me, and I knew Bannatyne and the *Seamews* could be depended on.'

'If we can only strike him we'll manage the rest all right.'

'I reckon we should be off Land's End eight to ten hours before he can possibly get there, supposing he carried on full press ever since he got out of the fog. When we get there I'm counting on you and Bannatyne to go the best way to work to find him.'

'He might go outside Ireland. That would complicate things.'

'He might; but from the look of the man I don't

think it likely, and he can have no idea I 'm down here looking for him.'

They reached Southampton prompt to the minute, and Bannatyne's eager face on the lookout was the first thing they saw on the platform.

'Got a good boat?' asked Geoff anxiously, as he greeted them.

'The best! *Banshee*—Duke of Cashel's—two hundred and fifty tons; does a good fourteen knots; just in from Mediterranean,' where she had been carrying Lord and Lady Belturbet on their honeymoon; and Geoff smiled involuntarily at the curious coincidence, for Lady Belturbet was, of course, Una Devon. But he had no cavil with fortune in that respect, only a very sincere hope that Belturbet might treat his beautiful wife better than popular opinion expected, and that his boat might answer present requirements.

Within half-an-hour they were speeding down the Solent; but it was not until the Needles lay well astern, and Swanage cliffs were sparkling under a powder of snow and a bright sun on the starboard beam, that Bannatyne came down from the bridge with his face one big question, and Geoff and he dived into business.

Geoff told him the story, so far as it was necessary, and Bannatyne expressed himself emphatically as to the Spaniard's temerity and insolence, and also as to their prospects of catching him. He was proud of the confidence reposed in himself and his men, and suggested that, as they also were all on the '*quee-vee*,' as he put it, to know the meaning of this hasty voyage, Carrick should explain the matter to them also. It would quicken their interest, and they would need all their eyes to spot the chase when the field was such a wide one.

Then he gave Geoff details of the arrangements he had made. He had kept the whole of the *Banshee* crew, and with the *Seamews* they numbered thirty-two, exclusive of engineers and stokers. He had chartered for a month, with permission to cancel at the end of a fortnight, and he had coaled and provisioned for a fortnight also. He had, as Geoff knew, had experience of steam, and knew the south coast like a book.

'Arms—did you remember them?' asked Geoff.

'I've got thirty Winchesters in the saloon.'

'That's all right. I don't expect to need them; but we may have to make a display, and we don't quite know how the foreigners will take it.'

'If we can sight them we'll soon make 'em stand and deliver,' said Bannatyne with enjoyment. 'It wouldn't be a bad idea, Mr Carrick, to describe that schooner to the men as close as you can, and offer the one that sights her first a ten-pound note. You'll have some rare lookouts then, and no sleepy eyes aboard.'

So presently Bannatyne mustered the crew, and Geoff climbed the bridge and told them briefly the object of the cruise, asked their best assistance, and offered a prize to the man who first sighted the Spanish schooner, which he described as nearly as he could.

'I am quite aware, my lads,' he said in conclusion, 'that two wrongs don't make a right. We are taking the law into our own hands. But, as far as I can see, it is the only thing to do under the circumstances, and we can't stick at trifles when a great wrong is to be righted. However, right or wrong, we are going to see this thing through, and I'm glad to see from your faces that your hearts are with me in this matter. If we succeed you will none of you have reason to regret coming.'

They gave him a rousing cheer, and thereafter went on springs, with eyes like field-glasses.

After dinner that night Geoff and Ellen sat talking in the saloon, while Exmoor and Bannatyne paced the deck with their pipes.

Ellen was questioning him in sisterly fashion about Lesley Cameron, and he had no secrets from her.

'I think I shall like her, Geoff,' said she, and added with a laugh, 'Her scorn of you at first rather appeals to me, you know.'

'Yes, you will like her. She has a fine high spirit, and she is very charming, and as beautiful as she is good. I'm very glad you came, Nell.'

'You know Una Devon is married to Belturbet?'

'This is the Duke of Cashel's yacht. They have been honeymooning on her. Odd, isn't it?'

'Odd doesn't express it,' said Nell, looking at him in very great surprise. 'And, supposing you get Miss Cameron out of this man's hands, Geoff'——

'Then, please God, I intend to keep her—unless she says me nay.'

'She won't,' said Nell emphatically.

'I don't believe she will.'

(To be continued.)

WORKING-CLASS MONEY-LENDERS: HOW USURERS EVADE THE LAW.

By William Diack.

MONEY-LENDERS have learned many clever tricks since the day when Shylock claimed the pound of flesh that lay nearest his victim's heart. It is true that in a limited degree the actions of the professional money-lender are now regulated by law. If he lends money to receive as much again, that involves registration, and the presiding magistrate may revise his rates of interest should the occasion demand it. Nevertheless, what we might term 'illicit money-lending' is a profitable calling in practically every large town in the kingdom. It is amongst the poorer section of the working-classes that the illicit money-lender flourishes, and there the profits of his trade might make Shylock turn green in his grave with envy. A modest cent. per cent. is scorned by the working-class usurer. With him the 'standard rate' never falls below 433 per cent. Indeed, in one case that came before the Liverpool stipendiary magistrate recently the rate charged was as high as 1300 per cent.; while if the money was lent on Sunday another 430 per cent. was added, in order, presumably, to ease the troubled conscience of the money-lender for the breach of the fourth commandment involved by the transaction.

Generally, the illicit money-lender is himself a workman in perhaps slightly better circumstances than his fellows. One workman who ekes out his daily wage in this fashion gave to the writer the other day some interesting particulars of the inner workings of the calling. Donald hailed from the West Highlands, and knew the value of a shilling quite as well as any Jew born in or out of Jerusalem. Few indeed were the 'saxpences' that 'went bang' (except for a consideration) once they found a place in his capacious wallet. Donald was a navvy, and in the making of roads and railways and the construction of docks and waterworks had travelled over the length and breadth of the kingdom, for it was in these great enterprises that he found the fullest scope for his gear-gathering talents. At such large undertakings, where many men are employed, seldom a day passed, he said, on which one or two navvies did not arrive 'stony-broke,' seeking for employment. Their need was Donald's opportunity. If they obtained employment, a shilling or two was readily lent by the cautious Highlandman on his usual terms—a penny a week for a shilling. Few of the navvies paused to calculate that this charge represented a rate of 433⅓ per cent. per annum. When the weekly pay-day came round, Donald was on the alert to secure his principal and interest before the bookmaker or publican intervened. His clients, of course, were not confined to the type of 'stony-broke' navvies mentioned. Far from it. One drouthy workman had perhaps imbibed not wisely but too well, and found himself unable to make even a pretence of clearing with his landlady for the week. Another—penniless, alas!—had just 'spotted a winner' on whom he wished to bet ½ crown or more; while yet another, in the grip of misfortune, found himself and his family threatened with eviction by a none too scrupulous landlord—all these in their necessity applied to Donald for assistance, and he, like the 'Man of Ross,' did them relieve—at a rate of interest ranging between 400 and 500 per cent. per annum.

In this way, Donald said, he had often as much as five and six pounds on loan amongst his fellow-workmen week after week.

'But,' we suggested inquiringly, 'there are doubtless "bad debts" connected with this as with every other business?'

'Bad debts,' said Donald hesitatingly. 'Och ay, there are some. But as a rule, let me tell you, there are fery few. In t' navvies' code these small transactions are looked upon as debts of honour, and are rarely left unpaid.'

'But you will have occasional losses, of course?'

'Well, fewer than you would expect, man. T' biggest snap I efer got, howefer, was just last Derby-day. I was working then near t' big town of Birmingham. There were some fifty or sixty navvies on t' job, and to thirty of these I lent that week little short of twenty pounds. Of course, there's aye a risk on t' betting loans, and I had nefer lent so much on them before—nor since. It so happened that day that efery man-Jack of them backed a losing horse—and from that day to this I haf seen neither them nor my money.'

It sometimes happens, however, that the workingman money-lender attains a position of trust, for he is frequently steadier and no less industrious than the rest of his fellow-workmen, and it is seldom that his money-lending proclivities come to the knowledge of his employers. Then it is, as foreman or assistant-foreman, that he can and does use his power and position most effectively to extort his weekly measure of interest. Quite recently something approaching a scandal took place in a certain large Scottish town, where one workman to his duties as foreman added the business of illicit money-lending. As timekeeper and paymaster on the job, he had no trouble over the 'bad debts' of which Donald sometimes complained. Principal and interest were invariably deducted from the workman's weekly wage before it left the hands of the foreman money-lender. But his extortions did not end there. In an unmistakable fashion the workmen were compelled to recognise that their

security of employment depended almost entirely on their keeping on good terms with their foreman, and the most effective method of doing so was to borrow from him freely at his usual rate of interest. Matters reached a crisis, however, when the foreman—not satisfied with his earnings as workman and money-lender—undertook a profitable agency from a firm which dealt in cheap and worthless jewellery. He was engaged one afternoon in persuading one of his 'hands' to invest in a tawdry silver watch (to be paid in liberal weekly instalments) when, at an unexpected hour, the employer arrived on the scene. Inquiries and explanations followed, and in less than five minutes the usurious foreman, with his pick and spade on his shoulder and his week's wage in his pocket, left the job 'like a well-beaten cur,' as one of the navvies said in relating the incident afterwards.

Recent legislation has clipped the wings of the money-lenders to a considerable extent. The Act in question is not exactly one of those documents through which it is possible to drive a carriage-and-pair; but, nevertheless, the money-lending fraternity have discovered some ingenious methods of evading their responsibilities. In this connection the female money-lender takes perhaps the first place. It may be that

> For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain
> The Heathen Chinee is peculiar;

but the women-Shylocks are certainly his formidable rivals. One or two instances will amply prove this. The first case occurred quite recently at Liverpool. The worthy dame in question was a fishmonger—an honourable calling doubtless, but one which may well be perverted to base uses, as the sequel shows. One of the conditions on which she lent money was that the applicant for a shilling loan was compelled to take also a shilling's worth of fish, thus owing the money-lender two shillings. The actual value of the fish received, however, never exceeded eightpence or ninepence, while, if quality was taken into account, they were seldom worth so much. If a loan was applied for on Friday, and the applicant did not want fish, the money was given on condition that it was paid back at the rate of one shilling and twopence per shilling on the following day, a rate of interest, it will be observed, far in excess of that charged by our worthy friend Donald. On all other days, however, the borrower was always compelled to take the fish, which, according to one statement made at a public inquest, 'were sometimes so bad that they had to be thrown away.' Here, it will be observed, the exorbitant profit on the fish takes the place of interest. In a legal sense, the money was lent without fee or reward, but the victims of the system knew well that, by being compelled to pay an oppressive price for fish that they did not want, the money-lender received a substantial return on the various sums which she advanced.

The system, of course, is capable of endless variation, and there is every reason to believe that since the passing of the Money-lenders Act it has spread to an alarming extent in the 'tick-shops' in many working-class localities. The sums are lent, as a rule, to well-known women customers. Not infrequently the 'goodwife' secretly borrows a few shillings without her husband's knowledge. Then it is that the female money-lender has the firmest grip on her customer. The fear of exposure acts as a hangman's whip on the hapless housewife, and while the shopkeeper secures her weekly tale of interest or her exorbitant profits, as the case may be, her victim becomes more hopelessly entangled than ever in the meshes of the money-lender.

It is true that the money is not always lent without some measure of security, and in this respect the money-lender sometimes overreaches herself. In a recent Liverpool case, money was lent to a number of soldiers on the security of life and identity certificates. The interest charged varied from threepence to fourpence per week for each shilling lent; but as the fines imposed on the two accused persons amounted to over sixty-six pounds, the transactions in the long-run may not have been altogether of a profitable nature.

THE SIGN OF THE SPIDER.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning, with their coffee, Ogilvie and Philip called for the bill and gave instructions about their luggage. They had thought it out, and, after study of the plan of Mulci's Etruscan cemetery, which was well below the level of modern Mulci, decided that they would walk from the tombs to the station in the plain, and thus take train for Rome.

'Whether you do business with that old gentleman or not, Philip, I like the programme if it suits you,' said Ogilvie.

Philip said anything would suit him so that he became the purchaser of the Cavaliere's treasures. Nevertheless, he rather wondered at his friend's impetuosity, until Ogilvie explained that he wished to escape a renewal of Signor Scavo's chatter. Ogilvie said that he had had bad dreams, due to the man's flow of irresponsible speech the previous evening. At least, he hoped it was irresponsible.

And then the landlord came to them. His eyes seemed to indicate excitement; but he brought no bill.

'No, signori,' he said. 'I understand the discretion of your request, and it shall be the same to Antonio as if the bill were paid. I myself will give

him a franc from your excellencies. May the saints be with you and bring things to a happy end!'

'What do you mean?' said Ogilvie. 'We wish the portmanteaus to be at the station. We shall not return. The bill, if you please.'

Then the man took Ogilvie respectfully by the sleeve and winked.

'I am,' he murmured, 'infinitely at the service of your excellencies. Perhaps, for the sake of prudence and my own family's protection, it *will* be better. I shall, therefore, prepare a bill and receipt it, and, in the pleasant and careless English manner, you shall leave it behind and I shall preserve it. *Ecco!* signori. And, again, with permission, may the saints prosper you!'

'How much do you *want?*' asked Ogilvie impatiently.

'Naturally, I want nothing, excellency—nothing. But I shall inscribe the little particulars on a piece of paper and file it with the rest.'

'Philip,' said Ogilvie, 'what do you think of him? He doesn't seem to want us to pay.'

'Then, my dear chap, let's shake his hand, give him a blessing, ask him for his photograph as one of the marvels of the age, and be off.'

'Yes, but—— We, signore, do not accept such favours from strangers. Will five-and-twenty lire content you?'

For two or three solemn moments he and the landlord gazed at each other. Then Ogilvie produced five notes of five lire, and the man took them reluctantly.

'Your excellencies know best,' he said, with an air of resignation.

'And I beg of you not to forget the luggage,' said Ogilvie. 'We are going with the Cavaliere Montarabo'——

'With permission, *caro signore*,' exclaimed the landlord of the 'Albergo Nazionale,' in a tone of entreaty, holding up his hand, 'do not inform me. For my family's sake, signore! One is protected by one's ignorance. It would be a most merciful favour, signore, if also it may be quite convenient, to tell me no more. I am always the faithful servant of the administration, and your own also, courageous signore; but as one who has reached his fiftieth year'——

'Philip, you're right. He's an idiot,' said Ogilvie. 'Come along. We'll see some one else downstairs about the luggage.'

They saw Antonio the waiter. Antonio swore by his faith that the portmanteaus should be at the station; and, this settled, they proceeded again to Casa Montarabo. The landlord had followed them down the stairs. He supported Antonio in his statements, and bowed them into the street obsequiously.

'If,' said Ogilvie, 'he is an average specimen of a Mulci man, I prophesy trouble with our antiquarian friend by-and-by.'

'Oh, he can't be. He's a unique,' said Philip. 'Our own Cavaliere is a hero to him.'

'We shall see,' said Ogilvie.

They saw nothing in the Cavaliere Montarabo at first, however, except an urbane man of the world, who held his feelings under complete control. The Cavaliere wore a black velvet jacket and a smoky-yellow necktie. These were his strong pictorial points of the morning.

'A little glassful of something spirituous, gentlemen, before our excursion,' he suggested, producing an ancient glass jug in which was a greenish fluid. 'It is a cordial made by certain monks.'

Ogilvie excused himself, and answered for Philip also.

'You don't want any of those sickly syrups, do you?' he said afterwards.

'No, my dear chap. I want only to get his treasure. Tell him so.'

This Ogilvie did more or less elaborately. The Cavaliere drank two little glasses of the cordial, and then began to talk as untiringly, it seemed to Philip, as that eccentricity of a landlord. Ogilvie listened and then interpreted.

'I'm afraid, Philip,' he said, 'he may not prove a seller after all. He doesn't know us, he says, except on Count Barga's letter, and our friend the Count seems an eclectic sort of fish, in with all sorts and conditions of men.'

'I'll show him my passport,' cried Philip.

He did more. He unfolded his London bankers' letter of credit, empowering him to draw on their agents in different parts of the world to the extent originally of no less than fifteen thousand pounds, and he set it before the Cavaliere, with a request to Ogilvie to explain that only two thousand of the fifteen had been used.

'And, look here, old chap, tell him what I'm going to do. I'm going to write an order on Alvani Fratelli, the fellows in Rome, for the six thousand sterling he wants. Then he can see for himself that we're no triflers.' He stepped to a little writing-table by the stove. 'Of course I'll keep it till I've seen the things. It's a sort of guarantee of good faith, as they say.'

'I wouldn't be rash,' murmured Ogilvie, who then handed the letter of credit to the Cavaliere and expounded it and Philip's actions.

Philip wrote the draft, and before the Cavaliere had done with the letter of credit he was invited to look at this also.

'My dear boy, don't be so *young*,' said Ogilvie.—'I tell him, Cavaliere, that it is foolish to be in such haste. Of course, if your curiosities are for disposal, the purchase will be an affair of slow deliberation. He is a foolish boy, and it is well that he has a cool head like mine to keep him company.'

Then, with his hand to his heart, the Cavaliere smiled and returned the papers to Philip.

'I am satisfied,' he said. 'Pardon the caution of an old man who was also at one time young and hasty and generous-minded like your estimable friend. I have nothing more to say. If you are ready, we will proceed to the tombs; and after-

wards, gentlemen, you will, I hope, give me the pleasure of your company at breakfast. Then, if you desire, we will talk business.'

'Many thanks,' said Ogilvie. He mentioned the train they wished to catch, and the Cavaliere seemed momentarily very interested. He pressed his hospitality, however, though perhaps with a shade less ardour; then took his hat and a bunch of keys and led the way from the house.

'We will go through the garden, gentlemen,' he said. 'It is shorter.'

They passed down an avenue of small orange-trees in pots, beyond which most of the area seemed given up to salad stuffs and flowers; descended to a moul-dering old terra-cotta swan-fountain of Etruscan design, which dribbled water as if it were tired; and so to a door at the bottom of some grass-grown steps. This opened, they were on a tufa ridge with a desolate ravine beneath and scrub-covered hills beyond.

By a narrow zigzag path barely a foot wide, the Cavaliere, in silence that seemed to Ogilvie some-what remarkable, conducted them obliquely towards the valley.

To be sure, Philip had plenty to say. His imagination had bestirred itself. He was recreating the ancient city of the time of Lars Porsena, which, with its towers and walls and palaces, had once adorned the low hill on the other side of the valley. He had his map open, and constantly referred to it. When interrogated about the site, the Cavaliere confirmed the information of the guide-book.

Once the Cavaliere asked a question on his part.

'You are sure, gentlemen, that I cannot persuade you to return with me? Perhaps your luggage may not be down there waiting for you?'

Ogilvie vouched for the luggage, and again expressed his regrets. And then he also asked a question.

'Is Signor Scavo of the hotel what you would call a sane man?'

'Sane, signore?'

'Sane and honest? There are no brigands in Italy nowadays, of course, or none worth thinking about, but—I confess that man puzzled me.'

The Cavaliere looked round.

'Ah!' he said. And then, slowly, 'Scavo has black blood in him. But'—and he smiled while he rubbed his hands—'as you say, signore, there are no brigands in Italy now of the old kind. There is nothing to fear. I do not like the man, but I think he would not dare to interfere with your luggage. Be tranquil about that.'

He marched on. Ogilvie did not think it worth while to assure him that no such fear had entered his head. He was feeling vaguely perplexed and even anxious about he scarcely knew what. Perhaps it was the gloom of that lower Apennine landscape, with the heavy thunder-clouds brooding over the higher hills and threatening soon to descend and break upon them, or it may have been the oppres-sive heat. The Mulci landlord also had contributed to the disturbance of his mind, without a doubt. In brief, he frowned and wished they had both done with this depressing spot. But it was their cheerful purpose first of all to prowl about a number of tombs; and afterwards, if he knew Philip as well as he believed he did, some thousands of pounds were to be squandered upon a whim. Sinful extravagance at least.

Suddenly the Cavaliere stopped at the edge of a well. It looked like a well; but there were steps down it—about twenty of them—and at the bottom was a door in the rock.

'It is the Tomb of the Dancing Women, signori,' said the Cavaliere, who then inserted a key, pushed, and let forth upon them a rush of cold, fusty air. A lamp was ready to his hand inside, and, being lighted, displayed the ancient sepulchre to their view. It was named from the frescoes on its walls. These, by their colours and sprightliness, delighted both Ogilvie and Philip.

'The treasures are not here,' said Ogilvie when Philip dropped again to the desire of his heart. 'They're in another one, he says.'

'All right; let's get to them. This is very charming and mouldy, but it gives me the creeps. And what in the world made them paint such frivolous pictures above a dead man?'

The Cavaliere said it was one of their customs. He promised to give them a book of his own writing upon the subject anon. And now, if they wished, he would skip certain intermediate sepulchres and take them to the Tomb of the Golden Bier, his present treasure-chamber.

'By all means; at once,' said Philip.

They were pushing through a brake of brambles and Judas-trees, when the Cavaliere spoke words which Ogilvie remembered by-and-by.

'You have perhaps some provisions with you, gentlemen, to eat before you go to the railway? If not, I reproach myself for my want of considera-tion.'

Ogilvie told him that they had given their appetites no immediate thought.

'Is there not an inn near the station?' he inquired.

'Certainly there is an inn. It is a poor house, but eggs and wine and cheese are to be had. Never-theless, I reproach myself. It is coarse fare for a well-bred mouth.'

'Not at all,' said Ogilvie; and he passed on the amusing phrase, 'well-bred mouth,' to Philip.

And now, lowering his head, and signalling them to be similarly heedful, the Cavaliere struggled through some dense brushwood. In the heart of it more rough steps appeared. Descending these, still harassed by the thorns of the *macchia*, they came to another doorway, half-draped with ivy, which heavily mantled the cliff above them. They had crossed the valley, and were under the site of the original city.

'We have arrived, signori,' said the Cavaliere.

The stone slab which closed the tomb required

three keys to release it. Having used the last key, the Cavaliere put his shoulder to the stone, and with a whining creak this moved slowly inwards. Beyond was an iron gate, which also had to be unlocked. Beyond that black darkness.

'By Jove! a banker's strong-room is nothing to this,' whispered Philip. 'What an awful hole!'

A bat shot past his cheek out of the sepulchre.

'I suppose,' said Ogilvie, 'the peasants are not very fond of these tombs, Cavaliere? Of course they are haunted?'

'*Si*, signori,' replied the Cavaliere briskly. 'Naturally they are still possessed by the spirits of the old dead. But we others'—he laughed (and by-and-by they recalled the peculiar sardonic glee of his laughter)—'we others are not superstitious. Education, signori, is a fine whip for such follies. Enter, if you please.'

They stepped inside the grill, which the Cavaliere held for them and then gently pushed close. Another lamp was lighted, a small pottery vessel with oil and two wicks floating in it. Slowly the yellow radiance crept over the chamber, its ledging of stone—stone-vaulting with a stone beam across it like that in old English farmhouses—its frescoes, and, at the farther end, three chestnut-wood cabinets of shining gold and silver.

'Behold, signori!' said the Cavaliere, taking from an upper recess a slight and elegant framework of metal about a yard long, supported on four legs. 'This is the golden bier of the tomb's name. One conjectures that the child which lay upon it was the child of a prince. Examine it, signori, while I unlock the cupboards. There are also the paintings; though they have suffered much. But you shall have leisure for them.'

He set down the lamp on the mortuary ledge half-way between them and the cupboards. Of these he opened but one.

'Signori,' he said, turning with a smile which in that sallow light made him look like an ill-disposed corpse temporarily resuscitated, 'I am in your power. It is the custom of the English, is it not, when on their travels, to carry revolvers? Do you not see how I am confiding myself and my property to your honour? You also carry revolvers, I think?'

'No, sir,' said Ogilvie. 'But—what was that?'

'The storm breaks. It is the thunder,' said the Cavaliere. 'Well, then, since you are unarmed, I feel at ease. Pardon, signori, if I jest in such bad taste; but it is a wicked world, and one must be upon one's guard, you understand. Do me the favour to hold the lamp while I—— But no. A little moment. We must have more light. I beg of you, examine this gold ointment-pot.'

Having given the lamp to Ogilvie, he put into Philip's eager hands an exquisite little effigy of a long-tressed woman with a movable screw-head.

'What a beauty!' cried Philip. 'Just look at its workmanship. Boots, too! Who'd have thought those ancients wore such things? As handsome a nose as any Greek ever boasted about! Why, old chap'—he lowered his voice as he let his eyes range over the shelves of dull gold necklets, the spoons of gold and ivory, the fibulæ and small vases also of gold, and the many other trifles of Etruscan domestic and personal usage in the precious metals and ivory—'our civilisation isn't much better than theirs when you come to think of it; and if you compare our cemeteries with theirs'—— The iron grill to the tomb clicked faintly.

'*Addio*, signori,' said the Cavaliere calmly from the other side of the grill. 'If one may advise, die with as much speed as possible, because it is painful to linger long in starvation. Ah! that is a mistake, my friend. *Addio!*'

Ogilvie had rushed towards him and hurled the lamp at a venture. It broke into fragments against the iron bars.

'We're trapped!' cried Ogilvie in the gloom as he wrestled with the gate.

And then the stone door groaned on its hinges, rode home with a thud, and no ray of light remained to them in the Tomb of the Golden Bier. They heard the methodical turning of the keys in the outer lock, and after that all was still, as the Cavaliere Montarabo, with the face of a satyr, well pleased with himself, cautiously groped from the thicket and scanned the desolate landscape. Some sheep in the valley were the only living objects in sight, save his evil self. The thunder rolled over the hills and the lightning darted as he carefully returned to the garden of Casa Montarabo.

(*To be continued.*)

IN A 'DUG-OUT' CANOE IN NORTH BORNEO.

'WAH, wah, wah, wah!' Dawn is breaking, and we have been wakened by the 'wah-wah' monkey calling to his mates in the jungle. There is probably a proper name known amongst naturalists for this particular kind of monkey, but this is the only name known in North Borneo to whites and natives. 'Wah, wah, wah!' he calls again, and now we are wide awake. So are the coolies, who have been sleeping on the dry, smooth stones of the river-bed. And as we stroll over to the fire where the 'boy' is busy making the early cup of coffee, one hears the grunts and prolonged yawns of the native coolies as they rise up from their none too comfortable beds.

A thick mist floats on the waters, which, tumbling over the rapid, or *kerangan*, as it is called, had soothed us to sleep the night before. As it gets

lighter one can make out the forms of the coolies crouching over the fires eating the cold boiled rice left in the pots from last night's meal. And as we sip our coffee we sniff the smell of the jungle—the fresh, sweet smell of the jungle, which fills our nostrils with a perfume unequalled even by the passing whiff one gets from the outside of Rimmel's. For have we not the orchid perhaps within fifty yards—a mass of bloom scenting the air all round, and yet invisible? Where is one to look for it? On this tree, or that—these tall trees which tower above one with a perfectly straight stem, not a branch within fifty feet of the ground, and the top crowned with a mass of foliage making a canopy almost completely shutting out the sky? The orchid-blooms may be on any one of these trees, and yet remain hidden out of sight, and certainly out of reach.

But the boats are ready, the camp cleared, and only a few burning embers mark last night's resting-place. The men are ready with their paddles, the steersman settled down in the stern of the canoe, with the long paddle necessary to keep the boat's head directly down-stream. After we have settled ourselves under the mat-roof amidships, the canoe is pushed off. Simultaneously the paddles dip, and with swift, short strokes enough way is obtained to bring the canoe to the current, which runs sometimes along one bank, sometimes in the middle, and then changes over to the other side, according to the bends and turns of the river. And once in the current very little work is needed: just a dip here and there to keep the canoe straight. Now comes a *kerangan*, or rapid. The bowman stands up and eagerly scans the surface of the water. These people of the jungle can read their rivers as we read a book. A ripple here, a swirl there, and they know exactly the sort of rock that lies underneath, and whether the boat can safely pass over it or not. Looking ahead, one sees a mass of water tumbling over huge boulders, some round and smooth, and some, recently split by age and the action of the water, with sharp, jagged edges—sharp enough to rip open the canoe at the slightest contact. And below the rapid the water races away in a swift, silent stream, dotted here and there with masses of white foam such as may be seen on the seashore.

The bowman points out a direction and grips his paddle—for he too steers from his position—and it is wonderful the way he and the man in the stern work together. An instinct guides them both; the slightest mistake on the part of either of them, the slightest error in judging the swiftness of the current, the distance between the boulders, or the fall of the water to the lower level, would spell instant disaster. For if the nose of the canoe catches on to a rock or, as is often the case, a fallen tree caught between two boulders, round swings the canoe in a moment and it is dashed to pieces. Then it is just a case of *sauve qui peut*.

But our men know their business this time. Silently we approach the rocks, which appear to flash by as the landscape does when one is sitting in an express train. The roar of the tumbling waters grows louder. A sharp exclamation from the man in the bows as he suddenly notices a nasty swirl to be avoided. For the fraction of a second the canoe shoots out in the air, as it is lifted bodily over the fall; the crew scream as only these people can scream when under excitement; we are covered with spray as the water, tearing over the rocks, throws up millions of tiny drops which sparkle in the sunlight like every sort of jewel, and a rush of air takes away our breath.

We are over, and the crew, snatching up their paddles, dip them and strain till their muscles stand out like knotted cords; for they have to bring the canoe out of the whirlpool which seethes and rages below the rapid, and we find ourselves floating on the quiet waters some fifty yards below.

On we go again, the paddles dipping simultaneously, the canoe moving swiftly and silently down-stream through most gorgeous tropical scenery—every shade of green splashed here and there with the scarlet blooms of the 'Flame of the Forest;' sometimes passing a patch of short grass on the river-bank where the wild-pig loves to feed, and we hear a family of them scampering away in the jungle, grunting and squeaking protests at being disturbed. Overhead the mist has lifted, and the turquoise-blue sky forms a fitting roof for the high walls formed by the forest trees on either bank. A troop of monkeys sitting in rows on the overhanging branches gaze in wonderment at the canoe as though it were some strange animal walking on the water. Truly a curious beast this, with eight legs protruding from the sides, and ever moving onwards till almost underneath the trees on which the monkeys are sitting. First one, then another, makes a move, till the whole band is scrambling along the branches, pushing each other away—a chattering, screaming, protesting flight—with one exception. A gray-bearded old man sits up there, watching alternately his retreating friends and the approaching boat. The rest are high up among the topmost branches, leaping from one to another, arms and legs outstretched, flying through the air and landing on some branch near at hand, never misjudging the distance, and gripping tight as the bough sways up and down. But the old-man-monkey now centres all his attention on the canoe and gazes in silent contempt, till at last he too walks along the branch on all-fours, slowly and dignified, occasionally casting a downward glance. There is nothing hurried about his retreat. For years he has seen these objects moving up and down the river, and well he knows that these creatures that can only walk on their two legs can never reach him in the tree-tops—he knows.

Onwards we go, the silence broken now and then by two of the men talking in an undertone, perhaps discussing domestic affairs, or the prospects of the rice-crop, or pointing out the recently turned-up mud where a wild-pig had been burrowing for

roots. And from somewhere overhead comes the hoarse croak of the greater hornbill, as it flies or rather sails from one tall fruit-tree to another. Every bend of the river brings a new view, as though the leaves of a gigantic picture-book were being turned over by an invisible hand. From the distance comes the deep notes of a gong—*boom, boom, boom!*—sometimes ahead, sometimes astern, now one side or the other, for in such a manner does the river bend that in many places it almost describes a complete circle. Presently we come to a village, just a clearing on the river-bank, a dozen small houses built entirely of palm-leaves plaited together, each house erected on posts raised about six feet from the ground, and each in its own little garden of vegetables: a few melons, maize, sweet potatoes, and ground-nuts.

In front of each dwelling is a platform, where little children—little, brown, naked babies—play and squabble in the warm sun. And the people, how busy, how intensely earnest they all are! Here a young girl, her hair caught up and tied in a loose knot, a coloured cloth, known as a *sarong*, thrown loosely round her body and draped, without any thought of appearances, gracefully over one shoulder, half-hiding a well-developed bust. As she lifts the heavy pole and brings it down with regular beat on the *padi* which lies in the hollowed-out piece of wood, what is she thinking of? This is her daily task, preparing the rice for the evening meal. Perhaps she thinks of the young fellow sitting out on the platform of the next house sharpening his *kris* (long knife) on a smooth, water-worn stone from the river-bed. Farther on an old man sits peeling off the outer skin of the rattan-canes which he will one day sell to the Chinese trader who comes up-river every two or three months to buy the produce of the jungle. How earnest these people are in their little world! For this village is their world. They know nothing of the coast-people, of the rows of shops in the big towns, of the white man and his ways. This is their birthplace, their home, their country.

Some come out on the little platform or stand in the doorway and gaze at the passing boat. This boat must belong to a stranger, for who would travel with eight or ten men to paddle, and going down-stream, too—who but a white man, for are not one or two paddles enough to keep the boat straight as it drifts with the current? Who would want to hurry but a white man? They remain silent, and make no sign that they even see us; but when we are gone, when we are miles away down-river, the subject will be discussed late into the night. Where have we come from? What have we been doing? It will be a matter for much thought and discussion, but now they make no sign. It would be wrong to be surprised. Nothing disturbs their tranquillity. And so we pass on out of their sight, but not out of their minds.

Then more rapids; but the farther we travel down-stream the less difficult these are to negotiate, for the river becomes deeper, until finally we leave the hills behind us, and the country changes to flat land and denser jungle: a jungle that appears almost impossible to penetrate, so close are the trees and so thick the creepers—tall, winding, thorny creepers, stretching from the ground away up to the topmost branches, forming a network which can only be cut through with the sharp Malay *krises*.

But the sun is getting low, and the boatmen in very audible voices discuss 'what an excellent camping-place this or that bit of open ground would make, how easy it would be to get firewood here, and what splendid fish they could catch in that pool for the white man's supper. No, there is no better place lower down-stream than this spot.' So we disembark, fires are lit, and pots of rice soon cooking. Shelters from large leaves are quickly erected, and every one settles down for the evening meal; and, that finished, silence soon reigns over the camp, for no one wants to talk after a long day on the river. And so each one falls asleep, soothed to a long, deep, healthy sleep by 'the insects' drowsy hum;' no one cares or thinks of the outside world—no worries, no disturbing thoughts, nothing but a sense of peace and rest in this jungle, so dark, so silent, but so grand.

PICTURES WITH ROMANTIC HISTORIES.

By CLIVE HOLLAND.

EVERY one must know the story of Gainsborough's 'Duchess of Devonshire;' but scattered throughout the length and breadth of our land and the Continent are many pictures with histories almost as, and in some cases even more, romantic than that of the long-missing masterpiece.

In a Parisian picture-dealer's shop, one of those dark and gloomy depôts in which are gathered some of the pathetic failures turned out by students and artists who have 'gone under' or mistaken their vocation, with old oddments of armour, china, and *bric-à-brac*, lay hidden for nearly twenty years a Titian of immense value. Where the picture came from the dealer appeared to have but the faintest idea. As to its value he was, fortunately for the American amateur who unearthed the treasure, equally ignorant.

'It had been here years, m'sieu,' he explained. 'It was here when I took the business over from Monsieur B. You see, m'sieu,' he further explained, 'I am not a picture-dealer. One day a student—I think he was a *nouveau* at the Académie Julian in

the Rue Fontaine—came in for a canvas upon which to paint. None of those I showed him were big enough. At last he caught sight of the picture in the far corner with its face to the wall. "That's about the size," he exclaimed. I told him it was much too dirty for his purpose, and so he went away, and the picture remained until Monsieur S. F. discovered it, and—I lost a fortune.'

The old man died some years ago; but he seldom failed to drop a few tears from his somewhat over-red eyes at the thought. As for the picture, it was, at least until recently, in one of the magnificent private collections of America. It cost (cleaning, restoring, and carriage included) some two thousand dollars. It was valued by a famous Parisian dealer at forty-five thousand.

So recently as five and a half years ago a tourist tramping through Granada (Spain) came to a small village at the foot of the northern slope of the Sierra de Baza. The only inn was a wretched, tumble-down place with a sinister appearance. The September night was, however, fast closing in, and there was no choice. The mountain-road, at dusk, to the village on the southern side of the hills was not inviting, for brigandage had been somewhat rife. So, making the best of it, the artist, remembering that he possessed a revolver in case of emergency, applied at the inn for a night's rest. He was fairly well received, supper of a sort was hastily provided, and after the meal he sat near the wood-fire and smoked, for the night was a bit chill.

He must have fallen asleep, for he confessed that he woke with a start to find the room in almost complete darkness. But when the fire flickered up he saw two men crouching in a corner with his knapsack in their hands, evidently caught in the act of opening it. Whether it was fancy or not, the awakened sleeper thought that a third person was approaching him from behind, and that in the hand of one of the kneeling robbers he caught a gleam of naked steel. Anyway, he somewhat hastily drew his revolver from his pocket and jumped up. Within a yard or two of him stood a rough-looking peasant with a long knife drawn. It was not a moment for parley. The Englishman covered him with his revolver and called out to him to drop the knife. The man hesitated; and, seeing his companions were coming to his support, moral or otherwise, the artist deflected his revolver so as not to hit the man, and pulled the trigger. There was a sharp report, a crash of something falling, and a stampede of the would-be robbers.

The sound of the shot brought in the landlord and his wife, who in Andalusian patois, but with guilty faces, asked with assumed innocence what had occurred to disturb their guest. He explained somewhat forcibly. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, said he was very sorry, anathematised the robbers (who probably had been instigated to murder his stray guest by himself), and suggested that señor would perhaps like to retire to the upper chamber which had been prepared for him. The artist declined, and intimated his intention of sitting up all night where he was, and shooting any other persons than the landlord, his wife, or their daughter, a girl of about fourteen, on sight, should they enter the room. The night passed quite undisturbed save for the cackling of some fowls which seemed to be lodged in the next room, and in the early part of the night whisperings beneath the window.

When morning came the artist threw open the shutters, and at once noticed that the thing that had crashed to the floor when he fired the night before was an old picture which he had noticed hanging frameless on the wall. His bullet had severed the string. He took it to the window and examined it carefully. He thought he recognised the artist's work, although it was grimed with dirt and smoke. The wood on which it was stretched was injured, and as he stood examining it the woman came in and saw this.

'Señor,' she exclaimed with well-simulated anger, 'see what mischief your shot has done!'

The artist saw his chance. He expressed himself as being sorry.

'Sorry!' exclaimed the woman, thinking she saw a means of extortion; 'but sorrow, señor, does not mend matters. We are poor people.'

The woman's husband came in, and added his tale of woe to hers. In the end the man fixed a sum amounting to four shillings for the damage done to his wall and the picture. The artist declined, and the man finally insisted on his visitor paying a sum amounting to fifteen shillings and taking the picture.

As the artist made his way up the steep path towards the hill-road he heard the innkeeper and his wife rejoicing over their good fortune in selling a fool of a traveller a dirty picture for fifteen shillings. The artist carefully cut the canvas from its wooden stretcher, and also rejoiced, as well he might; for on reaching London he found he had brought away from the sunny South a Velasquez worth twelve hundred pounds to a dealer, to sell again!

Thirty years or so ago a picture with a strange history was purchased and removed from the Florentine palace in which for three or four centuries it had hung. It was by an unknown artist, but was undoubtedly painted with extraordinary skill. It was reputed to have the power of causing the death of any one who was unfortunate enough to be shut up alone with it for any considerable length of time. Tradition at least averred that its place originally was in a certain small chamber of the palace in which its sometimes barbarous and cruelly inventive lords were in the dark past in the habit of incarcerating 'awkward' relatives or persons who had offended them.

The picture hung on the wall in only a moderate light, and depicted a most terrible maniac apparently in the throes of violent passion. Its realism was such that for fifty years before its sale the picture

had been covered by a hanging curtain. It was horrible enough, but the true secret of its affrighting power was not revealed till it was being removed. It was then discovered that there was a large cavity behind the picture communicating with a stairway in the wall, and that the eyes of the maniac were painted on ivory discs which could be slid aside so that those of any one wishing to observe the occupant of the room could be inserted in their place! The same remark applied to the painted distorted mouth. The ivory disc could be slipped back and the lolling tongue (of which tradition spoke) be inserted by the person stationed behind the picture. One who saw the canvas ere its removal and disappearance stated: 'It is conceivable that when real eyes rolling in their sockets and a real tongue lolling from the foaming mouth were added to the native horror of the unknown artist's conception and execution, any one of a highly sensitive or highly strung temperament might (as asserted) die of sheer terror.'

What became of the picture there is no record. Possibly it was destroyed. Even how far its terrible record was true it is not possible to say. All that can be asserted with certainty is that its sinister uses seem borne out by documentary evidence, and that several persons are stated to have become mad whilst incarcerated in the palace in question during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

There are several other stories of pictures somewhat similar in character to the foregoing. One of these is connected with a house in the suburbs of Paris, and dates from the early part of last century. In a large, old-fashioned house, in what was then an entirely rural suburb, dwelt an eccentric man who was stated to have been one of the gayest leaders of society at the Court of the unfortunate Louis and Marie Antoinette. How he escaped the Revolution no one seemed to know; but in the first decade of the nineteenth century he took up his residence in the house in question with one servant, and there he lived almost a recluse till he died thirty years later.

All sorts of traditions grew up concerning him amongst the villagers, and one was of a mysterious picture which hung in the undusted, curiously furnished room which he chiefly occupied. All that seemed to be known was that it was 'horrible,' and that the one or two people he had insisted upon showing it to, as the price of their intrusion upon his solitude, had almost fled from the house in terror. No one had ever described the picture in detail; but the story went that it was a wonderfully powerful depicting of one of the most bloodthirsty and revolting incidents of the Reign of Terror.

One or two curious people had attempted to break into the house after the master announced his intention of living absolutely as a recluse; but if they succeeded in gaining an entrance, they failed to get a sight of the picture. On the death of M. Bisson it was thought that curiosity would be satisfied.

Nothing having been seen of either the old man or his servant for several weeks, the house was one day broken into by the authorities. Both were found dead in one of the upper rooms. The mysterious picture had disappeared from its frame, and whether it had been stolen or destroyed by its owner was never discovered.

For many years the house remained untenanted, so evil was its reputation, and it was eventually pulled down, as no one could be found willing to occupy it.

At the time of the Civil War in England many valuable pictures were destroyed or disappeared mysteriously—sometimes to turn up later on in most mysterious places. The greater portion of the collection of Van Dycks, Hobbemas, and portraits by Sir Peter Lely were taken from the gallery of a Buckinghamshire manor-house, an account of the looting of which by the Parliamentarian forces states: 'Numbers of most excellent and valuable pictures were taken from the house, destroyed, or mutilated. Several paintings of women in lewde dresses or without garments were wrathfully slashed to ribbands by the orders of Colonel Wigginson.'

What became of the majority of the canvases can only be a matter for conjecture; but in the early part of last century two Hobbemas and a very fine Van Dyck were discovered adorning the walls of one of the upper bedrooms of a Buckinghamshire farmstead.

Their discovery was interesting. For a period of some years previous the farmhouse had laboured under the stigma of being haunted, and two antiquarian undergraduates from Oxford heard of the circumstance and decided to investigate the story. The room in which these three valuable paintings were carelessly hung upon the walls was the haunted chamber.

After a considerable amount of persuasion the undergraduates obtained permission to pass the night in the room, the maid-servant who usually occupied it having recently vacated it owing to the 'ghost.' The farmer's wife took the two young fellows upstairs; and after they had inspected the room, put down their haversacks, and asked a lot of questions, their attention was drawn to the three old paintings on the wall, two of which had but the remnants of frames. In reply to their inquiries, the woman told them that 'the ole pickshurs had been there longer than she could mind, or her husband neither.' One, she added, was quite 'undecent' when she came there thirty-two years before as bride, but had luckily got so dirty and dusty that no one now could see what it was.

In the end the visitors became even more interested in the pictures than in the alleged ghost; and, failing to discover the spirit-visitor, eventually they carried off the three old paintings for 'an old song.'

One of the Hobbemas proved scratched and cracked almost beyond the powers of restoration,

but the other was eventually bought, by the dealer who cleaned it, for six hundred pounds, the fine Van Dyck of a nameless Court beauty bringing the fortunate ghost-hunters over fifteen hundred pounds.

It is seldom, one would imagine, that original paintings by celebrated artists are used to illustrate a book. But in one of the Amsterdam book-shops, about two decades ago, a folio miscellany was picked up by an English tourist, who was attracted by the water-colour sketches which had been inserted therein as illustrations. Upon reaching home he placed the volume, which had cost him the equivalent of ten shillings, on a shelf, and forgot all about it for more than a couple of years; when, one evening, a neighbour who happened to be an artist dropped in for a game at whist, and after the rubber, Mr S. suddenly, whilst talking of sketches, bethought himself of the book he had purchased. He took it from beneath a pile of other volumes in the cupboard where it had lain neglected, and handed it to his friend.

After a few minutes the artist said very quietly, 'Have you any idea as to whether these drawings are any good?'

'No,' replied the owner, 'I don't know anything about them; but they took my fancy, and so I gave the man, after bargaining, ten shillings for the book.'

The artist smiled. After a pause he said, 'I will give you three times as much for the drawings, and you can keep the book.'

'No,' said his friend, 'I don't want to sell.'

'Well,' said the other, 'you are wise, for at least six of these sketches are by David Cox, and perhaps worth ten or even twenty guineas apiece. One is a Birket-Foster, worth about thirty pounds, I should say; and one is a Law, worth nearly as much. Two others I am doubtful about; the rest are not of much account.'

The tourist placed the drawings in the hands of a well-known dealer; they were sold by auction, and altogether realised nearly three hundred and twenty guineas. One of the doubtful ones proved to be a Whistler, and the other a sketch for a picture by a well-known French artist.

Seldom has a famous painting ever descended to such base use as was the fate of a beautiful Rubens, which, after many vicissitudes, was eventually discovered lining the lid of a huge travelling-trunk offered for sale in Brussels. How long the picture had been tacked to the inside of the box-lid no one ever discovered; but although cut down and pierced in a score of places by coffin-nails, it was successfully restored, and the lucky purchaser of the box netted about three hundred pounds by the transaction.

In the dusty loft of a Normandy church remains, unless it has been removed during the last few months, what the present writer believes, as do two experts, to be a Raphael of considerable size and importance. Its discovery was made one sunny day in the late spring, when even the dust-laden loft of the church in question seemed less dreary than one might imagine. The roof of the church was reputed to be worth examination, and so we ascended the narrow stairway in company with a young priest who had spoken to us in the church below, and had offered to be our guide. After inspecting the roof we noticed in a fairly well-lit corner a pile of apparently old pictures, which, upon inquiry, we were told had been placed there many years before. Some were reputed to have come from a château hard by at the time of the Revolution, and others had been removed from their positions in the church many years previously, for what reason no one seemed to be quite clear. Whilst the priest was talking to a companion we hastily fixed up a hand-camera we had, and 'took' one of the pictures which seemed most interesting and to have a distinct appearance of being a Raphael or a work by one of his school. By rare good-fortune the negative, taken on a colour-sensitive film, turned out very sharp and clear. A print from it has been submitted to experts, and the verdict is: 'Probably a Raphael or a wonderfully good copy.' Some day, when 'fayre Normandie' calls from across the silver sea, we hope to spin along the white, straight, level road to —— and bring to light the picture, whether Raphael or not.

GEORGE TOWN, CAPE COLONY.

In all your wand'rings o'er the veldt,
Far from your sheltered English thorpe,
Has Fate been kind that you have dwelt
In peaceful little Winkeldorp?

In many a land are nooks, I know,
That I would count a crime to miss;
They all are fair: can any show
A gracious welcome such as this?

Ah, yes! there's one the Homeland holds;
But then it steals its charm perchance
From that dim fragrance which enfolds
The dear leaves of a dead romance.

My Yarrow, though your 'dowie' dales
Were bleaker than the bleak Karroo,
Your ballad-lore, your Border tales,
Would win my heart, would keep me true.

Dear Winkeldorp! your charm of rest
Has proved a double charm to me,
Who long have been the city's guest
In restless lands beyond the sea.

Do leafy lanes at sunset oft
Breathe such contentment on the air?
Are grassy pavements quite as soft
That I have trodden otherwhere?

Are hearts as warm as those that dwell
Secluded in your quaint retreat?
An exile grieves to say farewell,
And takes away a memory sweet.

MARY ADAMSON.

CAPE TOWN.

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CORNELIUS CON.

A HIGHLAND ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

By W. C. MACKENZIE, F.S.A.Scot., Author of *History of the Outer Hebrides.*

THE incident which is known as the abduction of Lady Grange is familiar to all students of Scottish history. It will be remembered how that unfortunate lady was abducted from Edinburgh, and forcibly conveyed to the most distant isles of the Hebrides, where she was detained a close prisoner for several years, until her death. This is one of the mysteries of Scottish history which has not yet been successfully probed, though the evidence on the whole appears to show that the popular idea that political motives were at the bottom of the outrage has some justification in fact.

An abduction which occurred in the Outer Isles about forty years previously possesses certain salient features in common with the better known outrage. Indeed, the resemblance between the two incidents is so close as to warrant the assumption that the earlier one suggested the later.

At the end of the seventeenth century the head of the clan Mackenzie was Kenneth, fourth Earl of Seaforth, known in Highland history as Kenneth Og, or Young Kenneth, to distinguish him from his father Kenneth Mor, or Big Kenneth. He had a chequered career. At the Revolution, he accompanied James II. to France, or joined him there; and when that unfortunate monarch crossed to Ireland to make a bold bid for the Crown which he had lost, Seaforth was one of the four earls who attended him. He took part in the siege of Londonderry and other engagements, and was created a marquis by his royal master. When he returned to Scotland he took up arms for the Jacobite cause, with results which landed him in trouble—and in prison on different occasions. He was finally released from Inverness Castle in 1697, and it was shortly after his release that the story of Cornelius Con* came to light.

Cornelius Con was a priest of the Roman Church, and a doctor of divinity to boot, who probably accompanied his patron and co-religionist Seaforth from Ireland; possibly, indeed, he was Seaforth's chaplain. Though a priest, he was of like passions with other men. He fell in love with a daughter of John Mackenzie of Kildun, Seaforth's uncle, who lived at Aignish near Stornoway. At that period, religious feeling between the Protestants of Lewis and the few remaining Roman Catholics ran so high that Kenneth Morison the Presbyterian minister of Stornoway was accustomed to carry a sword for self-defence when he walked from his manse to his church. Mackenzie of Kildun, a staunch Catholic, was so exasperated with Morison's muscular Christianity that on one occasion he despatched messengers to have Morison seized at night and carried to his house at Aignish. But the minister foiled this pretty plot by the simple expedient of making the messengers drunk, and sending them bound to their master; a practical rebuke which had the effect of reconciling the latter to his enemy. This, then, was the man whom the priest scandalised by appearing in the rôle of his daughter's lover.

The indignant father repulsed the advances of Dr Cornelius, which he stigmatised as 'base and irreligious,' and the disconsolate lover was bidden to return to his duties. But his love for the damsel proved more powerful than his attachment to the Church. Quitting the latter, he boldly carried off the lady, with her consent, in the good old-fashioned way of romance. But he had failed to reckon with the sovereign power which, at that period, was possessed by the chiefs in those remote parts over the lives and property of their dependants. He was soon seized by the orders of Seaforth, who committed him to the care of one M'Clellan, in consideration of a payment of a hundred pounds Scots annually. The unfortunate man was carried from one island to another until, finally, he was

* 'Con' is probably a contraction of 'Connor' or 'O'Connor.'

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taken to a 'bare rock in the sea,' where there was neither house nor means of sustenance. From the context, I gather that this must have been one of the numerous islets in Loch Roag, on the west coast of Lewis, and that his jailer M'Clellan lived on the large island of Bernera in the same loch. The latter sent him provisions once in six weeks, or once a quarter, to keep him alive; and it is plain that these provisions were of the scantiest and most homely description. Cornelius had three places of shelter on his islet against the inclemency of the weather; by constant walking and lying on the rock he had worn it to a certain smoothness. Such were the drastic measures adopted to punish the disfrocked priest for his unlawful passion and his defiance of conventionalities.

The affair somehow got wind, and the Privy Council of Scotland sent one Lieutenant Walkingshaw to inquire into it. But the news of the lieutenant's arrival in Lewis reached M'Clellan before the wretched priest's rescuer could reach him. M'Clellan immediately removed Cornelius from his islet, and when the lieutenant got there he found nothing but the exile's shelters, and in one of them, in a cleft of the rock, the shoulder-bone of a sheep with writing on both sides of it. On one side was an intimation of the day on which Cornelius had been carried away, and on the other a piteous appeal to King William for justice, with some other words which the rain had partially effaced, the gist of them appearing to be that information concerning him might be obtained in Stornoway. The bone was sent to the Clerk of the Privy Council; but it does not appear from the official papers that anything further was heard of the priest.

Fearing the vengeance of the Government, Kildun, 'though blind,' fled; but before he left he wrote a letter to the lieutenant, 'purging himself of violence or revenge,' and insinuating that Seaforth was at the bottom of the outrage. He adds in this letter (what one is grieved to learn) that his daughter had left Dr Cornelius, and now hated him more than she had ever loved him.

This is the official account of the matter; but a private letter to the Earl of Tullibardine on the same subject states that Seaforth was the prime mover in the abduction of Dr Cornelius, who had 'disobliged him.' It is also stated that he had kept the priest on an island for seven years without fire or clothing, only sending him some meal to keep him in life. This being represented to the Council, they ordered Seaforth to be cited, that he might produce the priest, whereupon Seaforth took alarm. 'It is said,' adds Lord Tullibardine's correspondent, 'that the man is now murdered.'

Here we have one more Scottish mystery for historians to solve, if they think it worth their while to do so—which may be doubted. Who was Dr Cornelius Con, and what were Seaforth's reasons for putting him out of the way, if they were other than those of a bigoted Catholic who was scandalised by a priest's behaviour? And was the doctor really murdered as was reported, or did he die a natural death on some lonely islet of the Hebridean group? These are questions to which no answer can be given. So far as I know, there is no tradition in Lewis relating to Cornelius Con. It is, however, significant that when the Earl of Seaforth died in 1701—four years after the citation of the Privy Council—he was in Paris, apparently once more a refugee.

The real interest of this story, apart from its romantic setting, lies in the illustration which it furnishes of the sociological condition of the Outer Isles so recently as two centuries ago. The great lords and chiefs of those distant parts were absolute monarchs. Their will was the highest law of the people, and their actions were consequently beyond popular criticism. And thus it was that deeds of lawlessness, which in the south of Scotland would have been at that period impossible, were of no infrequent occurrence in a part of the country where public opinion was, if not non-existent, at least devoid of expression. The same conditions prevailed more or less throughout the Highlands, and they facilitated the different risings of the eighteenth century to an extent which can best be appreciated by a comparison with the state of public opinion in the Highlands as it exists at the present day.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE WINNING HAZARD.

THE *Banshee* fully justified Bannatyne. She was powerfully engined, comfortable, and fast.

Eddystone heartened them at eight o'clock, and they passed the Lizard, well out to avoid the Race, at midnight. Wolf Rock Light winked gaily at them an hour later, and then, with the Scilly Lights—the Bishop and St Agnes—twinkling due south, they turned to the north-west by Exmoor's advice, and ran so until eight o'clock in the morning.

They all pored absorbedly over the chart which Bannatyne spread before them.

'Give them ten hours for the fog,' he said, after pumping Geoff carefully, 'and supposing they made a steady eight knots and kept a fair wind all through, which isn't at all likely, they'd be just there'—putting a cross on the chart—'at eight o'clock this morning—that is, if they were making straight

for home. This is where we are'—making another cross at some distance—'dead on their course, and they'll reach us about twelve o'clock. From our masthead we'll have a range of about ten miles each side. I don't know that we can do better than go straight up to meet him on the line he ought to come, say at half-speed. We can command ten miles each side of our course, and we ought to spot him if he comes within range.—What do you think, my lord?' to Exmoor.

'You've figured it out pretty close, Ban, as far as we can tell. But I'll suggest one improvement. Make short boards, say three miles each way from east to west across the line you think he's on, and you'll widen your range considerably. He's so slow that if we miss him on one tack we'll catch him on the next.'

'Yes, that's better,' admitted Bannatyne, and set the ship zigzagging at acute angles across her course, still working slowly north, and so bringing a good twenty-six miles under fairly constant observation.

There was not the slightest doubt about the Spaniard being sighted if he came within range on either side of them. Since daylight the rigging had been black with lookouts, till the masts looked like flower-stalks overladen with bees. They clustered thickly at the cross-trees, while sprightlier souls swung precariously at the fore and main trucks with their feet twisted into the backstays. And it was not by any means chiefly or entirely the promised reward that took them there, but a sportsmanlike eagerness to sight the chase at the first possible moment.

The morning was cold and clear. Every vessel that hove into view was keenly scanned, and discussed, and relegated to obscurity. There was a full tide of traffic flowing in from the north and west, and the red-nosed watchers kept up their spirits by a crisp commentary on the ways and doings of the various skippers.

Carrick and Exmoor and Bannatyne paced the deck in expectation of a hail from aloft at any moment. Ellen kept to the saloon because of the cold. Colin paced sedately behind the men, turning when they turned, listening to their intermittent conversation, and occasionally standing up with his paws on the bulwarks to see what was going on outside, and if there was any sign of his mistress. And the hours passed, and many ships, but nothing that answered in any way to Geoff's description had so far topped the skyline.

'Couldn't we hail some of these steamers coming from the north and ask if they've passed anything of the kind on the road?' asked Geoff anxiously.

'Certainly! We'll try,' said Bannatyne, and hailed the next one they met, and asked for news of a fore-and-aft schooner-yacht coming south.

'Seen heaps of schooners, but don't remember any yachts,' was the reply, and they thanked him and passed on. They questioned many others, but always with the same result.

Trading schooners were constantly raising their hopes at a distance, but proximity as constantly dashed them. When it got to midday the jocularity of main-truck and cross-trees waned somewhat, and a feeling of disappointment was abroad.

'She cannot possibly have got ahead of us,' said Geoff, looking anxiously at the others for contradiction of his own doubts.

'Not likely,' said Bannatyne stoutly. 'Much more likely she's creeping along at a good deal less than you thought. Spaniards are no great shakes at best, and Spanish yachtsmen'—— He evidently held them in supreme contempt. 'Wouldn't be a bit surprised if they'd put in somewhere every night, and if they have they've cut a heap off their log.'

The day drew on; never a spar topped the horizon but was eagerly noted and passed upon, but the spars they wanted came not, and disappointment evoked somewhat of a spirit of depression both fore and aft. Carrick paced the deck incessantly, and was not good company even to himself. He had done all he could, and it all seemed of no avail.

Could the Spaniard have gone outside Ireland after all? Could he have got past before they arrived? Could he have come to grief somewhere up north? Possibilities surged through his brain and kept him on the rack. Exmoor and Bannatyne did their best by stoutly maintaining the opinion that he would turn up yet. But night was close upon them, and darkness was all in the Spaniard's favour. And presently the rim of light that still lay lucent along the horizon quenched suddenly, and a dank mist came sweeping down on them and completed their discomfiture.

'It doesna hurt,' Bannatyne asserted cheerfully. 'A Spaniard's no' the man to drive through that. He'll just lie-to till it clears. Maybe it'll stop him for the night, and I'm thinking it would be wise for us to stop too, or we may run past him.'

So they lay-to and kept the whistle going, and got answering hoots and bellows and clangings of bells from out the mist, which grew thicker and thicker till it lay like a pall on Carrick's hopes.

Exmoor's practical experience could not disguise his fears that the chances were against them. Ellen did her best to cheer him with hopeful possibilities and talk of Lesley Cameron.

'You have no fear that he will treat her ill, Geoff? But, poor girl, she must be suffering much in any case.'

'I don't for a moment suppose he'll ill-treat her in any way.'

'He must be mad to do such a thing,' said Ellen.

'He is probably a trifle cracked; but I've no doubt he's a gentleman, and he's very much in love with her. I saw that much in his eyes. But she will suffer grievously in her feelings—more than a man like that can possibly understand.'

'I've a strong impression we shall find her yet, Geoff.'

'Have you, dear? That's very good of you; but this fog knocks our chances, I'm afraid.'

'Captain Bannatyne does not seem to think so.'

'Charlie does, though he does not say it in so many words.'

'She is more likely to be behind time than ahead of it. You can't tell how long the fog up north held. It may have lasted a whole day after you left.'

'It may.' But his hopes were visibly sinking; and having finished an apology for a dinner for which he had no appetite, he went up on deck again, to restless pacing to and fro and the melancholy voices of the sirens in the fog.

More than once their own shrill peal elicited a hoarse answering bellow from some leviathan to whom time was of moment, and they heard it go hooting past them, invisible, menacing. The thick darkness was heavy laden with catastrophe, and all eyes and ears were strained to the utmost to avert it.

By midnight the fog was so thick that the ship's lanterns could not be seen ten paces away. The sea was smooth; but wherever a light gleamed wanly there was a long, slow heave in it, which rolled out of the fog a pace or two on the one side of the ship and rolled into it a pace or two on the other. And curious chill breaths of air stole through the fog, and drifted it silently along the deck in huge coils and whorls, like an endless procession of sheeted ghosts. Bannatyne stood on the bridge at high tension, sounding the whistle every five seconds, and endeavouring to diagnose the approach of danger from the answering squeals and clangings, and now and again *ting-tanging* a peremptory signal to the engineer, which had in it something of the anxiety that was in him, and served the double purpose of keeping the engine-room very wide-awake and the ship's head to the sea. And no man on board gave his bunk a thought that night, for every man knew that if vigilance relaxed for a moment they might all be bunking with the fishes before morning.

It required a practised ear to judge of the proximity of the warning voices that surrounded them, and even the practised ear was out occasionally, for the fog-lanes complicated matters, and brazen calls that sounded muffled and indistinct one moment were suddenly close at hand the next.

'Fog's the very devil,' growled Exmoor, as he and Carrick stood peering over the side. And then, suddenly, out of the woolly wall in front of them came an anxious hail, in Spanish, 'Sancta Maria! where are you coming to?' And then in English, 'Steamare—hoy! where you coming to?'

And the blood surged up into Carrick's head as he reached the bridge, and gripped Bannatyne's arm as if it were a brass rail, and whispered fiercely, 'That's her! Nose up alongside!'

The engine-bell clanged. Bannatyne's eyes and ears almost cracked under the strain he put upon them. Exmoor was quietly mustering the crew. A denser patch of fog alongside, a misty shape, a quick turn of the wheel, a gentle bump and the rasp of iron on wood, and—'Follow me, lads!' shouted Carrick, and a delighted stream of *Seamews* and *Banshees* tumbled over on to the Spaniard's deck and bowled over every man they came across. The Winchesters in the saloon were never thought of. Stout British fists, hard as door-handles and many times as lively, did the business. The Spaniards were felled and trussed before they had time to draw a knife or to understand what had happened to them.

All except one, and at the sound of the turmoil he came rushing up the companion just in time to meet Carrick's fist at the top of it, and went down again quicker than he came, and carried with him a visible reminder of the encounter which lasted him for many a day. I think we may forgive Geoff that blow. It was given in righteous anger, and was thoroughly well deserved. It did one of them, at all events, a world of good and the other no great harm. Carrick leapt over the tumbled heap into the saloon.

'Miss Cameron! Are you here?' he shouted.

And a key turned and the door of a state-room opened, and Lesley Cameron stood with one hand on the door and the other on the jamb and looked out at him.

'Thank God you are there!' he cried, in a voice that told all its story, and she dropped her hands to a joyous greeting, and came towards him with them outstretched, and clung to him as to salvation.

'You! Thank God! I am very grateful,' she said brokenly; and he took her hand and kissed it, and looked into her eyes, and seemed like to go further. Her face was pale and strained, and showed the suffering she had gone through. Her eyes seemed twice their usual size by reason of the dark circles round them.

'How did you manage it?' she was asking, when Exmoor came leaping down the stairs.

'This is my brother-in-law, Lord Exmoor'——

'Delighted to meet you, Miss Cameron, even in this unconventional fashion,' sang Charlie in his heartiest way. 'My wife is in the yacht alongside, very anxious to welcome you also. Have you any baggage?—What's to be done with the crumpled gentleman with the lump on his forehead, below the companion, Geoff? Shall we truss him up with the rest?'

'Yes, I think so, for the present.' And Exmoor picked up a couple of napkins and proceeded to business.

'I will get my things,' said Lesley, and sped to her cabin.

She came out again in a minute or two with her tam on and a cloak.

'There's a box'——

'I'll send for it.—Charlie,' as Exmoor came in again, dragging Don Sebastian by the shoulders, 'will you see to Miss Cameron's things?' And he led her up the stairs.

The cheer the *Seamews* and *Banshees* sent up at sight of her went far towards lifting the fog, and must have sorely puzzled their unseen neighbours for a good mile round.

'Thanks, my lads!' shouted Geoff, with a trium-

phant wave of the hand. 'We win!' And they gave them both another as he handed her up the ladder Bannatyne had thoughtfully dropped over the *Banshee's* side as soon as he had had the ships lashed together. He himself still stood at his post sounding the warning whistle, and listening and watching all round with one eye and ear, while the rest of him followed events below.

Ellen and Colin were waiting for her on the other side of the ladder and took her into their arms at once, and at sight of them Lesley broke down and fell on Ellen's neck with an overwrought sob, while Colin rent the fog with his frantic delight, and raced round the deck after imaginary sheep to keep himself from bursting altogether. Then the ladies disappeared down the companion from the sight of the gaping engineers and stokers, and Colin flung himself after them like a sackload of explosive happiness.

(To be continued.)

RANCHING IN THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

By G. J. Webster.

'THIS pamphlet is respectfully commended to the attention of the very many people in the United Kingdom and elsewhere who in their present surroundings have little prospect of improving their position financially or socially. To all such people, as well as to many others, Canada to-day offers the best opportunities for advancement. Her immense tracts of available agricultural land and vast mineral resources, alike unrivalled in any other country; her excellent system of transportation, with her stable and progressive system of self-government and admirable social conditions, combine to render the country one in which the pursuit of independence, and even wealth, is carried on without encountering the hardships and difficulties of former days, while the rewards to be reaped by individual enterprise and energy are not now to be found under the same conditions in any other landa.'

How many people in the position described in the above have felt a thrill of hope upon reading the extract we have quoted?

The hard-worked city man, with a miserable pittance to live upon and the problem to face, sooner or later, of how to provide for, educate, and give a start in life to the sons and daughters who are growing up about him, reads every word with avidity, and hastens to search the pamphlet in order to ascertain the amount of capital named as requisite for reaching and making a start in this 'land of promise.'

The words we have quoted form part of the introduction to the *Official Handbook of the Dominion of Canada.*

This handbook is issued by the Canadian Government for the purpose of giving reliable information in the form of facts and statistics to intending immigrants. Any one can procure a copy by applying to the High Commissioner for Canada, 17 Victoria Street, London, S.W., or to the various agents in the principal cities of the United Kingdom. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company also supplies very valuable and exhaustive information about Canada through its numerous agencies, the head of which is located at 67 and 68 King William Street, London Bridge, London, E.C.

With so much valuable and reliable information to be had for the asking, the necessity for writing further upon the subject may be questioned. There are, however, many points of interest to the intending settler not touched upon in the books of information which we have mentioned. The experience of one who has 'gone through the mill' on some of these points may be of use to people who contemplate leaving their present homes in order to settle in the 'great North-West.'

My remarks apply more especially to those who belong to what I may term, for convenience' sake, the upper middle-class of the United Kingdom. To those people who have had the benefit of a good sound education and comfortable homes in the old country, and who, without possessing any knowledge of farm-work, are desirous of striking out on a new line for themselves—to all such the freedom from restraint and the liberty of action suggested by the possession and working of one's own bit of land appeal to a degree which neither the working nor the monied classes can possibly appreciate. Therefore, to them I propose to point out some of the advantages and the drawbacks which ranching in the North-West will present.

I say 'ranching,' which term is usually applied to the rearing of stock, as apart from grain-growing or mixed farming.

If the city man or his sons and daughters have made up their minds to take up land in Canada, I should recommend them to go in for 'ranching,' for the following reasons:

Firstly, as regards climate, southern Alberta is generally admitted to be the part of Canada most suitable for the raising of stock, and its winters are far milder than in Manitoba, where most of the wheat is grown.

Let us turn to part three of the *Official Handbook*, and to that part of it devoted to southern Alberta. Under the heading 'attractive climate' we find: 'The climate of southern Alberta is one of its most attractive features,' &c. The 'cold and stormy weather' referred to is, I think, hardly explicit enough. There are degrees of cold; and while the

cold of the coldest weather in England rarely causes the thermometer to register over thirty-two degrees of frost—that is, zero—in southern Alberta the mercury not unfrequently marks seventy-five degrees of frost, or forty-three degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

These 'cold snaps,' as they are locally termed, fortunately are of short duration and generally occur at night; but they may occur night after night for a week or so; while from ten to twenty degrees below zero during the day is not out of the way.

In every other respect the official report on the climate is correct. The sun shines through the greater part of the winter months; and even when the thermometer marks as low as forty degrees below, the atmosphere is so clear and invigorating that when working in the open the cold is not very noticeable and rarely interferes with work when one is suitably clad. Nevertheless, any one coming to Alberta must be prepared to face very cold weather at times; and when cattle have to be fed, firewood cut, and water carried during a severe snowstorm, the new-comer is apt to consider the Alberta climate as anything but 'attractive;' at the same time, it is undoubtedly to be preferred to the extremely severe winters of Manitoba and many other parts of Canada.

Secondly, stock-raising does not entail the amount of hard labour which wheat-growing or mixed farming necessitate. A certain amount of 'feed' must be grown to feed calves and weak animals during the winter; but, generally speaking, cattle are allowed to range in the foothills all winter, where they pick up enough natural or sun-dried hay to keep them in fair condition until spring, when the grass begins to grow again.

When close to the 'range,' the rancher can often cut and haul enough natural hay to give him all the cattle-feed he will require for winter; but he will do well to have a few acres of timothy-grass and green oats to supplement his store.

It must not be supposed, however, that there is no hard work to be put into stock-raising in Alberta. When cattle are on the 'range,' the rancher must either do his own 'riding' or employ a cowboy to do it for him. The latter costs money, so that most small ranchers do their own riding. Cattle are constantly straying to some distant part of the 'range,' or getting mixed up with other herds, so that the rancher must be prepared to ride over the 'range' and look after his 'bunch' of cattle in all weathers. Animals that have lost flesh and are consequently in weak condition have to be brought in and fed from the stack; in spring, when the mud-holes begin to 'thaw-out,' weak heifers often get 'bogged,' and that entails dragging them out with a team of horses, otherwise they sink deeper and deeper, and die where they are. All cattle must be branded with the owner's brand, which forms the only legal proof of ownership. In fact, cattle require almost constant attention in order to be a profitable investment.

As to social conditions. Broadly speaking, the farmers in Alberta may be divided into two social divisions: Canadians and 'Old Country' people. It must be borne in mind that in Canada 'Jack is as good as his master;' so that theoretically there are no social distinctions amongst ranchers. Nevertheless, tastes must differ; and while 'Old Country' folk are naturally drawn together and find pleasure in each other's society, it does not imply any desire to shun the society of their countrymen born in Canada.

The fact that more 'Old Country' people are to be found in the ranching district, within a comparatively limited area, than are to be found farther east must prove an inducement for 'Old Country' people to settle in the same district.

The town of Calgary is the centre of the ranching district of southern Alberta, and a goodly proportion of the surrounding ranches belong to 'Old Country' folk. The embryo rancher cannot do better than make Calgary his headquarters while prospecting.

Hotel charges are moderate: several hotels charge from one to two dollars a day inclusive, while very comfortable boarding-houses supply board and room for twenty dollars a month.

Let us now consider the question of capital. Nobody can possibly hope to start ranching on his own account without a certain amount of cash.

A young man arriving in the North-West without money or farming experience, and with a desire to eventually get a place of his own, must start at the bottom of the ladder.

Domestic servants are very scarce, and, without mincing matters, the young Englishman without funds or experience who hires himself out to work upon a ranch simply takes the place of a domestic servant. When he enters domestic service on a ranch he is called a 'chore-boy'—that is, he does the 'chores.'

What are 'chores'? Chores is a collective name for the infinity of odd jobs to be done about a ranch. The first to rise in the morning, the 'chore-boy' begins the day by lighting the fires and sweeping out the kitchen, &c.; then he milks the cows, feeds the horses, cleans out the stable, carries water, chops firewood, feeds the pigs and calves, also the fowls, washes the dishes, and does an infinity of other 'chores.' On some ranches his remuneration is represented by his board, while at the best his wages will probably not exceed ten dollars a month with board. Even the most saving disposition will find it almost impossible to lay by anything towards starting a ranch out of this munificent wage. He will, however, be gaining an insight into the methods of running a ranch; and if he is 'quick at the uptak',' and learns to handle horses, he will eventually be in a position to hire out as a farm-labourer at, say, one dollar a day with board. He will now be able to save enough during the year to invest in a few cows, which the 'boss' will allow to run with his own cattle.

When his cattle amount to twenty or thirty head, it will be time for our friend to think of 'homesteading' a 'quarter-section' of land from the Government, upon which he can grow some winter feed for his beasts and build a log 'shack' for himself to live in.

He now begins to feel a little more independent, although he had better continue to work out for another year or two until he has gained a firmer footing as a rancher on his own account.

When he can sell as many steers the price of which suffices to keep him for a year, the rancher can congratulate himself on having arrived at the paying stage of his venture, and by that time he will require to devote the whole of his time to doing his own 'chores' and running his own ranch. If possible, a good plan for a single man is to find a congenial companion, perhaps a neighbouring rancher, who will share the shack and living expenses, and help with those inevitable 'chores.' If engaged to be married, let me earnestly warn our young friend against bringing a young lady to the North-West until he has passed the initial stage of ranching, and until he can provide a comfortable house, situated not far from congenial neighbours, and within reasonable distance of a town.

If a young fellow is able-bodied, steady, hard-working, and fairly intelligent, he may reasonably hope to possess a place of his own, with enough cattle to support him, within from five to ten years after his arrival in the country.

So much for the young man who emigrates without capital. Let us now take the young man possessing a limited amount of capital wherewith to make a start.

Although more fortunate in a way than his poorer brother, the man with cash must not suppose for a moment that he can escape all the drudgery which must be undertaken in order to learn ranching, as well as almost any other trade or profession. Let him try to forget that he has or may have such a thing as capital; let him earn his bread, for several years at least, working on a ranch, until he is in a position to invest his money to the best advantage. When others consider him worth a decent wage to work on their ranch he may consider himself fit to run a ranch of his own.

My advice to the elderly man without capital who is thinking of going in for ranching in Canada is—'Don't!'

And as to the elderly man with some capital. In my opinion no man, say from thirty-five to forty-five years old, should think of starting afresh as a rancher in Canada on less than five hundred pounds capital. Taking for granted that he possesses that amount, he probably has his money invested at home in some safe concern that will bring him from 4 to 5 per cent. annual interest. In Calgary money lent with a mortgage on ranching property as security—a perfectly safe investment—fetches 10 per cent. annual interest. This may seem an extortionate rate to the stay-at-home Britisher; but, as a matter of fact, money is being borrowed and lent constantly on these terms in the ranching districts of southern Alberta.

As a rule, it is a mistake for the new-comer in Canada to buy a ranch within a year or two of arrival. The novice with capital will find a dozen ranches on the market which will appear to his inexperienced judgment just the sort of place he requires. But let him beware of rushing in where 'angels fear to tread.' Let him rather make up his mind not to buy land until he has been in the country for one year at the very least.

Meanwhile he may, if he thinks fit, invest his money through a reliable agent—but let him be absolutely certain that the agent is strictly reliable—on mortgage at 10 per cent. After deducting the agent's commission, &c., his five hundred pounds will net him, say, forty-five pounds per annum, paid half-yearly. For this sum he will find no difficulty in getting board and lodging for a year on some ranch within thirty miles of Calgary; while if he is willing to give a hand about the place he may have to pay much less, or even get his board and room free in return for his work. He will also gain very valuable experience, and have the benefit of the rancher's advice as to the best manner of eventually investing his money.

Now we come to that most difficult problem of all—namely, the man with a family and a limited amount of capital—say five hundred pounds.

I advise a man with a wife and small children not to emigrate to Canada unless he has enough money to support himself and family for several years, over and above the capital required to buy and stock a ranch.

With a grown-up family, however, it is different. Girls over fifteen years of age are always in demand either on ranches or in town, to assist the lady of the house. They are received into the home and are treated in every way as one of the family. Boys can always find work that will secure them a comfortable home at least.

If the parents are in a position to secure a home soon after their arrival, and can afford to keep the family together, it is, of course, to be preferred, and on a ranch every member of the family can find work, 'the more the merrier' being eminently applicable to ranch-life. In any case, the man with a family will be anxious to get a home as soon as possible.

It is often possible to lease a farm for a year or two at a nominal rent, the lessee having the option of buying the property at a price previously agreed upon at the expiration of the lease. While the lease is running the rancher has time to determine whether the ranch comes up to his requirements or not, and any improvements he may make will be to his own benefit if he eventually buys the property.

If unable to secure possession on the above con-

ditions, he can either take a farm on a simple lease, or if he decides to buy at once he can generally do so on very easy terms. Perhaps he will be required to pay down 10 or 20 per cent. of the purchase-money before entering into possession, the remainder, bearing 6 or 8 per cent. interest, to be paid off by instalments or after so many years have elapsed.

Having got possession of a small improved place, with house, stables, &c., already built, he should proceed to make himself as comfortable as possible before going in for much stock beyond a horse, cow, and a few fowls. The cow should supply all the milk and butter required, and, with eggs from the fowls, his other stores will cost him, with economy, from eight to ten dollars per head per month.

A quarter-section, or one hundred and sixty acres of land, fenced, partly broken, and with a small house and barn, &c., may be bought for from five hundred dollars to fifteen hundred dollars within thirty miles of Calgary. Let us suppose the price to be paid to be one thousand dollars, or two hundred pounds; a cow will cost about forty dollars, or eight pounds; a dozen fowls, seven and a half dollars, or one pound ten shillings; a team of horses, one hundred dollars, or twenty pounds; a wagon and harness (second-hand), forty dollars, or eight pounds; furniture, &c., one hundred dollars, or twenty pounds—in all, two hundred and fifty-seven pounds ten shillings.

In buying a place to start in a small way, it is desirable to be within easy reach of a lumber-mill, and also within reach of timber-land where logs and firewood can be had for the cutting. The first six months can be profitably spent in improving the place and making things comfortable before any stock is bought. After six months or a year spent on the ranch, man and wife will have experienced some of the pleasures and also the disagreeable features of ranching life; and if they decide to stick to it, it will be time enough to invest their remaining capital in whatever way may seem most profitable.

I shall now try to convey to the reader some idea of the hardships to be endured and the pleasures to be derived from life in the North-West. From the woman's point of view—and let me say at once that the woman it is who suffers most of the hardships of ranching—the constant drudgery of housekeeping without servants is one of the worst trials, and yet there are many women in the 'Old Country' who do their own work while labouring under the disadvantage of having to be smartly dressed in order to keep up appearances. But while the freedom from many social obligations is a relief to the busy housewife, on the other hand the absence of everyday social intercourse will prove a trial to many women. I refer to the hundred-and-one incidents of life in England which will be remembered with regret when they exist in memory only.

Unless a woman is exceptionally robust she will surely suffer from the severe cold of winter more so than the man, who must work for a good part of the day in the open in all weathers. Work in the open air during keen frosty weather sends the warm blood coursing through the body and acts like a tonic on the healthy constitution; but working indoors and bending over a hot stove does not produce the same exhilarating effect.

But the man has his own trials to bear. The journey to the nearest town for provisions is not by any means always a pleasure-trip; often it resolves itself into a perfect nightmare. Such a trip, of say twenty miles, can often be accomplished in a day of fifteen hours—that is to say, forty miles there and back; but as a rule the round trip will occupy two whole days—a day to go and a day to come. Throughout the winter, when the roads, or rather the 'trails,' are all frozen solid, such a journey is done with comparative ease; and if there is sufficient snow on the ground to allow of sleighing, which is not often the case, then the trip is really a pleasure. Even on wheels, and behind a good team of rough-shod horses, the round trip can be done with ease in winter.

But when the ground thaws out in spring, and snow and ice begin to melt, when the rivers and creeks overflow and wash away bridges and culverts, when wagon-wheels sink in mud-holes to the axles, or the horses sink floundering in a treacherous 'muskeg,' then does the rancher think that life in the North-West is not worth the living. Every trip is a colossal task, and twenty miles accomplished in as many hours is a thing to be proud of; to arrive at the ranch with only half your load, the other half lying out in the rain on the open prairie ten miles away, is of frequent occurrence; and it is then that the rain-soaked, mud-bespattered rancher longs for an easier way of existing, and says hard things about those people by whose advice he 'came West.'

But then there are redeeming features. Whatever the hardships of life in the North-West, there at least a man is free to breathe clean air, such air as is unknown in dear, foggy Old England. There are days in Alberta when the atmosphere is so exhilarating that one feels equal, and more than equal, to tackling the hardest task, and every task accomplished brings its own reward in the shape of a healthy circulation, a healthy body, and a healthy mind. Does the reader, I wonder, know the joy of riding out on a clear frosty morning, when he feels as fit as the horse that is going strong beneath him, when every intoxicating breath sends the warm blood tingling to every corner of a healthy body, and when the mere joy of living urges him to shout like any schoolboy? If not, he has never known one of the healthiest pleasures that life affords.

And then there is the joy of ownership: the pleasure of knowing that the frost-laden pines, the frozen creek, and the snow-laden earth are yours, and in summer the satisfaction of shooting over your own hillside, or of whipping the stream which

whimples over pebbles through fragrant woods within your own little estate.

As you pop the speckled beauties into a well-filled creel, you may rest assured that here there will appear no gamekeeper to dispute your right-of-way or to remind you that each trout in the stream has been bought and paid for by another, and that only he who paid has the right to fish.

It may be all summed up in the one word 'freedom'—freedom to breathe pure air, freedom to come and go, to work and to play, to live and to die, unmolested.

THE SIGN OF THE SPIDER.

CHAPTER III.

THE landlord of the Albergo Nazionale was that afternoon engaged in a stimulating argument with his cook about the freshness or otherwise of a mullet (he declaring for its sufficient freshness), when Antonio the waiter called to him from the passage.

'I repeat, Giacomo,' said Signor Scavo, 'that by the aid of a powerful sauce, even a person with a dainty palate may enjoy such a fish. God will perhaps send us another visitor, and it may be served to him.'

'A gentleman, padrone, asks for a bed and to see you,' cried Antonio.

'*Ecco!*' exclaimed the landlord triumphantly. 'Be attentive to that sauce, my friend.'

He waddled towards the corridor, and Antonio gave way to him. The new-comer was dressed like an artist: his light cloak and a broad-brimmed hat well suited his commonplace southern face and especially his trim beard and moustaches.

'Signor Scavo, I think?' he said, looking at the landlord intently. 'I can no doubt sleep here. But—let me have a quiet word with you.'

'Certainly, signore.' The landlord spoke with some hesitation. 'Do me the favour to pass.'

And then, in the small office of his hotel, no sooner were they alone behind a closed door than the stranger raised his hand and spread his fingers, just as Scavo had spread his to Ogilvie and Philip.

'You understand, my friend? Good. Then listen.'

The landlord listened. He trembled visibly at the outset, and more still as his companion proceeded to explain his mission. This was none other than to relieve the Cavaliere Montarabo of his gold and silver valuables at all costs, even to the Cavaliere's life. He spoke as if he were merely reiterating a story of which Signor Scavo had already been forewarned.

'But, for charity, signore'—— the landlord cried at one time in interruption. The other's stern stare checked him, however, and he said nothing more until the speaker had finished with these words:

'Now give me an absinthe, show me my room, let me eat my dinner, and afterwards we will arrange things together. There is still thunder in the air. It troubles my nerves. My nerves only, understand, *amigo!* My hand is under the direction of my will, which is at the disposal of your superiors and mine in the Society, and if I say to it "Strike!" *per Bacco!* it will do its duty, nerves or no nerves. But what is the matter?'

The landlord's distress was obvious.

'*Caro signore,*' he stammered. 'Those others—the Inglesi!'

'How—the Inglesi?'

'They also—that is to say, but perhaps your excellency is here as the *capo*, and—— But yet, *signore mio*, they are gone. They came yesterday and they have left to-day, and doubtless—that is, I do not know. I have not dared: yes, I confess it, as one who is the parent of several helpless young children—I have not dared to inquire if anything has befallen our condemned one. But they are English, and may be trusted for the work.'

The stranger's eyes were upon Scavo with terrifying ferocity while he blurted out his words:

'Give me the absinthe, brother,' he said, 'and be more plain.'

'Certainly the absinthe first, *signore mio*,' whined Scavo. 'I vex myself, I hope, without cause.'

He smiled a wry smile as he left the room, soon to return with a tray, a bottle, and a little glass. But he no longer smiled when he had continued his narrative more in detail.

'Madman!' then said the stranger hoarsely. 'Do you not see? It was by chance only that this Englishman gave you the sign! And you—you have exposed the secrets of the Society to one who will perceive their true meaning. I am here to no purpose; less than none. Who knows? The police may be in the house at any moment. As for you, most miserable of blockheads and traitors, I am sorry for you. I do not stay. Where is my hat? God guard you, *amigo*, for only He can!'

He hurried from the inn, leaving the landlord tottering upon his feet, and with hands that shook like a leaf in a breeze. Fear possessed the landlord of the Albergo Nazionale so that his brain whirled and seethed in his head, and near objects seemed pushed far from him. He dropped upon a chair and shut his eyes; recovered and drank absinthe, then more absinthe, and more still. And after this, courage crept into him, and something worse than courage. He wiped the dew from his brow and his cheeks, and his thoughts centred fiercely upon the Cavaliere Montarabo. The Cavaliere and he were rather less than friends before this dreadful day; the Cavaliere's haughtiness, reserve, and

cynicism were always an exasperation to Scavo, whose nature was of the open, confiding, and domestic kind, save in the one particular of his enrolment as a member of that fatal Society. And hitherto the Society had worked its dark misdeeds here, there, and everywhere in the kingdom without requiring of him more than his small annual subscription and the confirmation of his original oath of blind obedience to its dictates. It had asked nothing vital of him until that disquieting communication of less than a week ago, in which he was bidden to be ready for an event, and the Cavaliere Montarabo was named in cipher as the objective of that event in preparation.

The Cavaliere Montarabo stood before his mind's vision (blurred by absinthe) as his life's enemy. But for him he would never have been so indiscreet as to volunteer the sign of the Spider to those Englishmen. Without a doubt the Englishmen had warned the Cavaliere, and——

'*Cristo santo!*' muttered the man, 'I will be revenged.'

He stared about him in the dusk, rose and again wiped his forehead before a small mirror above his account-books on a shelf in a corner, and then furtively unlocked a cupboard and took from it a stiletto in a bone sheath. He unsheathed the stiletto, tried its point on his thumb, thrust it beneath his shirt-front laterally, and drank yet another glass of absinthe.

Mulci's venerable cathedral clock tolled the hour as he stepped into the street.

But though he had drunk much absinthe, caution was still alive in Signor Scavo. He did not go straight to Casa Montarabo at the end of the street. Slipping into a side-alley, he made a circuit towards the Cavaliere's lamp-lit shrine. He reached the portico with almost frenzied glee that he was unseen by a single discernible eye, and rang the bell tenderly. Waiting, he felt the handle of his stiletto. And his rage against the Cavaliere swelled as he reflected how his earlier fears had all been wasted, and that, instead of being dead, the Cavaliere was probably brooding only how he might consign him (Scavo) into the hands of the law without undue risk for himself. For the Cavaliere, like others, was aware of the powers of the 'Society of the Spider,' and that it were not well to fight an open duel with it; and he was not, moreover, believed to be a very brave man.

'It is I, *donzella mia*,' he whispered anxiously when Anna came to the door. She appeared with a basket on her arm. 'Do not speak loudly.'

'*Buona sera*, signore,' said Anna, 'I am going out for a litra of ordinary wine.'

'You are going out, *cara?*' asked Scavo, controlling his emotions. 'One little minute. Tell me—I wish to see your master—is he at home?'

'He is bent over his papers, signore, and he speaks very little since he was with those Englishmen. No; and he has no appetite. I am telling you the truth, Signor Scavo, when I say that I am concerned for my master's reason. I must run to the shop and run back.'

'Ah! But look you, my girl, there is no such haste. I—you have seen Andrani to-day?'

'No, signore.'

'Then, look you, go to the hotel and console the poor man. He—do not say I sent you; but see, here is a lira. Drink a little wine with him. Poor Andrani is not well; he resents it still that those Englishmen, uncivil ones! laughed at him for giving them an entrance yesterday as if they were gentlemen. Do not say I told you; but his sensitiveness makes him suffer pain as if he were a woman. I have a friendly affair with your master; but do not mention that either.'

'There are times, signore,' murmured Anna sadly, 'when I believe Andrani does not love me.'

The landlord forced a low and husky laugh.

'*Cristo!*' he whispered, 'what absurdity! He is not blind, only backward.'

'Well, signore,' said Anna more cheerfully, 'there is at least the wine. Who knows? If I am not quick, my master may in his moods take his own life. He has lost much money, and it depresses him. I go, signore.'

She tripped away. Scavo watched her for a moment or two, and then darted into the house. His heart had leaped for joy. It was as if his wicked purpose had received sudden consecration. He took the stairs with irregular strides, sometimes two, sometimes one, at a time, and came panting to the door of the Cavaliere's cabinet, beneath which he could see a light. There he paused only to recover breath and draw the stiletto from his shirt-front. Then, with this clutched behind his back, he daringly opened the door. He did not even knock. He opened, and, reckless as an angry bull, he charged upon the Cavaliere, who was still sitting over his papers by the light of the silver tripod lamp. The Cavaliere looked up in surprise, and in the act of rising, angry on his part also, received the stiletto in the hollow of his left collar-bone. It struck deep into the lung.

'That for the English!' hissed Scavo. 'It shall silence thy tongue for ever.'

He snatched the weapon out of his victim, and would have repeated the blow. But the Cavaliere slid from the chair, bathed in his blood, and the sight of the blood instantly arrested his assassin like the hand of a policeman.

'*Dio mio!*' he groaned, 'what have I done?'

The Cavaliere lifted his head.

'Scavo?' he said.

'Yes, signore, it is I, most wretched of men. I have killed you!'

'Yes.' The word came, with blood, thickly from the Cavaliere's mouth. 'I die!'

Then, on his knees, Scavo took from the Cavaliere's hand the handkerchief which the mortally injured man had drawn feebly from his pocket and attempted to use, and himself sought to assuage the flow of blood. The Cavaliere's eyes

gazed at him inquisitively, while his breast heaved with sobs of pain and blood.

'Would that I had restrained myself!' lamented Scavo. Tears were on his cheeks. With one arm he supported the Cavaliere, and with the other he attended to the Cavaliere's blood.

And then, making a dying effort, the Cavaliere tried to sit up.

'Do not incommode yourself, my friend,' he said faintly; 'it is fate. If you would fetch a priest—— And yet, no; time lacks. To you, Scavo, I must say what I have to say. There! keep me so. My strength goes. Release me and place my back against that coffin of Tarquinia. Draw me along, my friend. I am past more hurting. Be quick! be quick! There! Now, open the drawer of the table. Open, I say!'

'But, signore'—— protested Scavo, in an agony of remorse and terror, especially (be it said in justice to him) remorse.

'*Basta!* There is little time. I meant to starve them and then rob them. Virgin most holy, intercede for me! The keys—they are in the drawer yonder. Give them to me.'

Scavo obeyed him. He was dominated by the stronger will of the Cavaliere in his last forcible moments. Even the Cavaliere's amazing words made little impression upon him at the time. He put the keys into the trembling hand that opened for them.

Then, trembling himself, with a stare of awe in his tear-dimmed eyes, Scavo listened on.

'They are in the Tomb of the Golden Bier, Scavo. See! I separate the keys from the others. There are four: three for the door and this small one for the gate within. See to it! On my behalf, entreat their prayers for my forgiveness with Heaven. Yes, I rejoice now, Scavo; I thank you for this. One must not go to God with crime on one's soul. Four keys, remember. Take them, and do not mix them. I'——

But he had nothing more to say. A fresh fountain of blood welled from his mouth, and his head fell forward. With the keys in his hand, holding the bunch by the four isolated ones, Scavo bent over the Cavaliere, and understood that he was definitively a murderer. He raised the dead man's head by the chin, and, shuddering, loosed it.

And then he heard slippered feet upon the outer stone stairs, and knew that the Cavaliere's housekeeper had returned.

He shouted to her.

'I come, signore!' she cried, surprised that another than her master should call her in that house. Entering, she stared and shrieked. Down fell the basket with the wine, and down she fell also.

'Did I not believe it?' she wailed. 'Master mine, he has killed himself. Signore! Signore! Oh, what calamity! Dear Signor Scavo, tell me that he is not dead!'

'Yes, he is dead!' said the landlord of the Albergo Nazionale.

He still held the keys in his hand. The despair and remorse in him, however, had in the meantime abated. He breathed very fast as he looked at Anna. 'I—found him so. He has but just died. He asked for a priest, but—there was no time. Anna, I must tell you something. Your master was a cruel and wicked man. Before he passed, he confessed to me—to *me*, Anna *mia*, and I—yes, to you and you only I will tell the truth; afterwards we will forget it and leave him to God. He declared to me that the two Englishmen are imprisoned in one of the tombs. See! he gave me these keys. The Tomb of the Golden Bier, he said. Do you, Anna, know the location of that particular tomb?'

Scavo felt an unholy pride in the success of his self-command. He held his head high, and his words came more and more fluently as he realised how complete was the woman's faith in what he told her.

Anna burst into tears.

'My poor master!' she wailed.

'Yes, Anna, your poor master, in truth. But your wicked master, also, in truth. That is to say, if he did not speak vain words with his last breath. Please God! the poor English gentlemen are to be found in that tomb, to—to justify him for taking his own life. Do you not remember what the Holy Scriptures say: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"? It is the same thing as a life for a life. But come, we must not be idle. They may be choked, those poor Englishmen. Where is this tomb?'

Anna rose and smoothed her hair, with a light of new intelligence in her fine dark eyes.

'I—should not have believed it of him, Signor Scavo,' she said. 'But yes, I know the tomb. It has three Judas-trees by the door. In my opinion, it is the one where his most precious things are kept. He has never told me, but I have guessed, like others.'

'Good, Anna; very good. Three Judas-trees, you say, *donzella mia?* And that also is good, my Anna. Do you not see? We are in the hands of God, and He has brought him to an end which, perhaps, befits him even like that of the atrocious Judas. Come now! The night advances. Let us be sensible. We will lock up the house, and go together to that tomb with a lantern. The rest must happen as we arrange when it is proved if your unworthy master spoke truth about them or not. He said there are two doors, and this little key is for the inside one. Anna *mia*, a fine memory is a gift to be grateful for; he said distinctly the little one is for the gate inside. Come! We will leave the lamp burning, and we will not disarrange him. He is no more, poor man, than a cinder fallen from the furnace of life. Pick up the wine. Stay, I am thirsty with all this excitement. It is sound glass not to break, my Anna. I will ask you to excuse me if I drink like an animal. Ah, my hands! Yes, I must wash them; though, when

one thinks rationally, it is no more than has happened to them when I have killed a little white hen for the table.'

Scavo moved about restlessly while he spoke. He drank from the bottle, nodded, and gave this to Anna, whose eyes were upon him as if still wholly reliant upon his strong masculine guidance. He was not the Scavo with whom she and Mulci were familiar; that Scavo was a rather weak though sufficiently amiable husband in thrall to his wife; but she respected him the more that he could rise to the dignity and activity demanded by so horrible an occasion.

'My hands, Anna! Take me where I can wash them.'

With one more glance at her dead master, and a long shiver, Anna turned away.

'Do me the favour, signore,' she said, 'to follow me.'

It was black night when they left the house by the garden, like the Cavaliere and his guests earlier in the day. Scavo's wits were now alive to every necessary detail of his behaviour. It might not be prudent that they should be seen together by Mulci's Porta Orientale at the end of the town. Though the path above the valley-ravine was rough as sin itself in its outcome, they would follow it. Moreover, it was shorter, and they had a lantern. The lantern at such an hour, in such a spot, could betray nothing, for no one was likely then to be in the vicinity of the tombs of the old Etruscan dead.

And while they stumbled along, Anna leading with the lantern, and babbling little prayers and ejaculations to the saints, more thoughts of a singularly stirring kind came to the developing intelligence of the Mulci innkeeper. If the Englishmen were dead—what then? And if they were not dead, what should he say to them? And, chief of all, what of the late Cavaliere's treasure in the tomb—its tens of thousands of francs' worth of fine gold? The Cavaliere had been a lonely man, unvisited by relatives. His weekly journeys to Rome were the only incidents of his life over and above his very profitable passion for investigating Etruscan tombs. The events of this never-to-be-forgotten day had quickened Scavo's wits like a divine miracle.

Once Anna tripped and measured her length.

'Signore, signore!' she moaned, when she had risen; 'I wish we had not come. I feel fear of I know not what. There are spirits abroad at such an hour.'

Scavo laughed at her terrors.

'Courage, Anna *mia*,' he said, 'we fall but to rise. I have read the words in a wise book. Yes, and I perceive their truth in my own life.'

Thus consoled, Anna went on. They passed several tomb-openings at which she hesitated, to seek the three Judas-trees. And then, when they were near the Tomb of the Golden Bier itself, Scavo put his hand on her arm and stopped her.

'I wish to say something to thee, my Anna,' he whispered. 'Is not the light in the lowlands yonder the farm of Angelo Romana?'

'Yes, signore. It can be no other. There is no other house between us and the railway.'

'Good. And there is a path down to the road by the farm, and from the farm it is a straight road to the station. Yes, and there is a train in two hours for Rome. Anna *mia*, I tell you what you shall do. You say this is the tomb beneath us. Give me the lantern and you shall repose yourself near at hand, and say nothing until I have discovered the poor men and set them on their way. It were charitable to persuade them to make no scandal. Let the Cavaliere Montarabo go to his grave unreproved save for the crime which no one but Heaven can now judge and chastise. Do I not talk like a man of sense as well as a Christian?'

The woman protested a little. She was afraid, she said. And yet, being pressed, she admitted that she would be still more afraid to enter that terrible tomb and behold the spectacle which it might disclose. For Scavo had said that her master might have killed the Englishmen and forgotten it in the briefness of his agony.

'Think, Anna *mia!* Two such scenes in one evening! That were too much for any woman; even I myself, strong as I endeavour to seem, feel far from cheerful about it. Be advised, therefore, and stay where you may hear my voice and yet remain unseen.'

He persuaded her. She sat on an old Etruscan stone, hidden by the brushwood, and, having drawn her kerchief over her eyes, grasped her rosary.

And Scavo, with a heart that beat fast and heavy in him, descended to the door of the Tomb of the Golden Bier.

'Signori!' he cried; and the next moment there was an answering shout from within. Yes, two voices, one entreating him in good Italian to open the door.

But he was in no hurry. He had to reach the iniquitous end of the thoughts which had grown in him by the way. He held the lantern to the door and examined the three distinct keyholes.

'I come,' he shouted; but he did not move a finger.

He returned to Anna, indeed, before trying one of the keys.

'My child,' he said soothingly, 'I have a plan for your comfort. To you, who know the path, a lantern is not needful for your return. Go back to the Casa and there will I join you as soon as God wills. Trust me, it is best so. You are tired; no wonder, poor soul. But I—I have more work to do. I must assist these Englishmen to the station with the lantern. Yes, my Anna, they are alive, God be blessed! Take that joy with you like a little star of brightness to light you; and, above all, keep a brave heart. Andrani is a good lad and loves you well, and I, myself, Maria Farnese Scavo, will see to it that he soon has a wage which shall

enable him to marry you. Soon, do I say? In a month, perhaps even a week. Give me your hand. There! it is arranged, Madonna Andrani. Let me see you set forth to return.'

Again he persuaded her, though not without more words. He helped her with the lantern for the first tangled hundred yards of the path and then retraced his steps.

And now he worked briskly with the keys, calling softly to Ogilvie and Philip the while.

At length the door yielded, swung inwards, and, lifting the lantern, he held it towards the white faces at the iron grill beyond.

'Ah! what satisfaction, my friends!' he exclaimed. 'What mercy from the skies!'

(To be continued.)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

TUNNELLING THE DEE AT ABERDEEN.

AN interesting and somewhat difficult undertaking, calling for the exercise of considerable skill and forethought on the part of contractor and engineers, is the tunnelling of the river Dee at Aberdeen by means of an hydraulic shield and under compressed air. The tunnel, which will be one hundred and fourteen yards in length, is part of an extensive scheme for conveying the sewage of the city to an outfall into the sea near Girdleness lighthouse. When finished, the tunnel will form duplicate inverted siphons, either of which can be cleared at will without deranging the sewage system of the city. The shield, which is of the usual construction, is a cylinder of steel six feet six inches long and eight feet eight and a half inches in diameter, and weighs about twelve tons. It is controlled by powerful hydraulic rams, which find their necessary resistance against the cast-iron segments that form the lining of the tunnel. The necessary supply of compressed air is afforded by means of a couple of Ingersoll-Sergeant air-compressors, fitted up in a compressor-house on the Torry or south side of the river, from whence the tunnel is being driven. The engines, which are of beautiful build, are capable of driving into the tunnel forty thousand cubic feet of free air, each miner requiring four to five thousand feet per hour. The shaft leading down to the tunnel is fitted with an air-lock, through which all workmen and others who have occasion to enter the tunnel must pass in order to get acclimatised to the change of atmosphere; and above ground a medical air-lock, properly equipped, is in readiness should any case of 'bends' or compressed-air illness occur. So far there have been no cases of the kind reported at the Dee tunnel. Gauges in the compressor-house indicate to the men in charge the amount of pressure in tunnel and air-lock. There is telephonic communication between the tunnel and the compressor-house, and the works above and below ground are electrically lighted. The appliances all throughout are of the most perfect character; simple, yet complete. The tunnel is twenty feet below the bed of the river, and about forty-one feet below the high-water mark of ordinary spring-tides. The men work day and night in shifts of eight hours each, and the compressors never cease working, as a failure to supply the requisite quantity of compressed air would result in a fatal inrush of water from the river.

ELECTRICAL EFFECTS AT WINNIPEG.

Professor A. H. R. Buller, writing to *Nature* from the University of Manitoba, describes some striking electrical effects due to the dryness of the atmosphere at Winnipeg. The air during the winter months contains so little water-vapour that bodies charged with electricity lose their charges relatively slowly. When the thermometer is low, ranging as it often does for a week or more at a time from zero to minus forty degrees Fahrenheit, very little friction—such, for instance, as may be produced by walking along a carpet, causes a person to become charged with sufficient electricity to produce a visible and audible spark on touching an iron bedpost, the radiator, the gas-tap, or any other conductor. It is a favourite amusement of some children to take sparks from each other's noses after running about a carpeted room. In the Manitoba Hotel, now burnt down, there was a ball-room with some iron pillars in it. Professor Buller was told by a trustworthy eye-witness that, after a dance, dancers on several occasions have been 'severely stung' by accidentally coming into contact with one of the pillars. Many ladies have considerable difficulty in combing their hair, for during the process it becomes so charged with electricity that it stands out in the most astonishing manner. Even the short hair of a man, when being combed, often 'crackles,' 'stands on end,' and in the dark produces a display of sparks. It is quite easy to light the gas with a spark from the finger when matches are not handy by merely shuffling a few paces over the carpet and then holding a finger to the burner. On 6th February at one P.M., when a thermometer in the shade out of doors registered minus six degrees and indoors sixty-two degrees Fahrenheit, Professor Buller found that a spark half an inch long could be obtained between his finger and an earth-connected iron pipe after sliding his feet smartly for twenty paces along the maple-wood floor of his laboratory.

THROUGH FRANCE ON BUSINESS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By JOHN B. DRAYTON.

MY first journey in France was in 1855, but my first business journey in France and Italy was in the following year. Thereafter I frequently visited the Continent on business. The greater part of the following notes refers to my early journeys.

Our business was in drugs, spices, chemicals, and dye-stuffs. We had an old connection with one of the sixty sworn brokers in Paris and some business with four or five chemical houses in Paris. Wishing to extend our business through France, I obtained introductions to two very important houses, one in Paris and one at Rouen. I not only did business with these houses for years; but they gave me introductions to good men through France who were their agents, and would no doubt act as mine. I think in every case they accepted my agency. They were not young men living on commissions, but men of position, who could more or less command business.

Travelling in France was easy enough in those days, though some important places were still without railway communication; and a few hours' journey in one of the lumbering old diligences had still to be endured. Perhaps the fact that the postage between England and France was tenpence the quarter of an ounce, and that you could not enter France without a passport nor leave it without a permit to embark, shows more than anything else what improvements have been effected in the last fifty years.

One of the first things I found out was that if you took a South-Eastern Railway first-class ticket (which was, in fact, a little booklet of some half-dozen leaves, one to be given up at different stages) from London to Paris or Ostend, you paid more than if you took separate tickets at each change. This seemed to me to be an imposition, and of course I took separate tickets.

The first-class carriages on the French railways were at that time preferable to those on the English lines. They were rather small, but not so small as the English carriages were at that time, and they held eight passengers instead of six. But they were much more comfortably upholstered, and in winter were always supplied with foot-warmers, which were changed *en route*. They were also furnished with a silk blind which could be drawn across the light in the roof of the carriage—a great boon when travelling by night.

The trains were either express, first-class only, or 'omnibus' trains—equivalent to our parliamentary trains. The express trains travelled at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and were very punctual. On long journeys there was a stop of half an hour for a good *table-d'hôte* dinner. The chief objection to these express trains was that they 'jumped,' and so shook the passengers. This was due to the fact that they were short trains and were drawn by small engines. At that time engineers did not seem to have realised that a heavy engine was necessary to run a train steadily at a high speed. It was some years afterwards when Mr Coles Child, then a director of the South-Eastern Railway, told us in the railway carriage as a startling fact that the company had given an order for some locomotives to cost three thousand pounds each! When the London, Chatham, and Dover line was first opened to Dover, the night mail had *very* few passengers, and consisted of some six or seven carriages. This train ran off the line five or six times, though only once, I think, with serious consequences. The engines were small, and there was no weight to keep the train on the rails when running at speed and round curves. The French have now surpassed us in the size of their locomotives. Two English railway companies are said to have ordered some of the latest French locomotives, which are huge machines.

The French people make themselves comfortable when travelling, especially at night. I once travelled all night with two gentlemen and a lady, all French and strangers to each other. The lady was not young—perhaps forty—and was elegantly dressed. At supper-time she produced chicken, wine, and all et ceteras from a picnic-basket. After her supper she took off her bonnet, put up her hair, put on a night-cap, took off her boots and put on slippers, and slept the sleep of the just. The gentlemen took no notice of her proceedings.

I passed seventeen hours in an 'omnibus' train. Starting from Cette at five o'clock in the morning, I arrived at Bordeaux at ten at night. We stopped *en route* for a good breakfast and a good dinner. It was just after the opening of the line, and express trains were not run at first.

On this occasion I travelled third-class, and as most of the passengers went only a short distance, the occupants of the compartment were frequently changing. This gave me the opportunity of many interesting conversations, which served to pass the long day. I talked with about a dozen country curés. Most of them had never been far from home, and all were simple and unsophisticated. They were much astonished to hear that there were so many old cathedrals in England; and they would not believe I was an Englishman and not a Catholic. They thought I must be at least an Irishman.

At the railway stations in the provinces the booking-clerks were young women, and very exact and quick they were. At Basel and other places where there is more difficulty about the currency, the male clerks still keep a pad and pencil at hand,

and will not give you your change till they have worked the sum out on paper.

The welcome I met with everywhere was most remarkable. No doubt one reason for this was that it was just after the Crimean war. Also, I doubt if the mercantile houses with whom I got into business relations had any personal knowledge of their London correspondents. I was treated with the greatest confidence, was shown my competitors' invoices, and was often given orders without limit of price: that was left to me.

Englishmen at that time were highly esteemed by all classes. One Sunday at *table-d'hôte* in a provincial town, where the landlady sat at a separate table and herself carved the different dishes, sending a portion to each guest in country fashion, one dish was a fillet of beef, and she sent the waiter to me with a second portion because I was an Englishman and Englishmen liked roast-beef. She told me afterwards how much she admired the English.

It seemed a universal idea, too, that England was such a market that if an Englishman would only undertake the sale of their produce it *must* be a large and profitable business. A wine-grower at Bordeaux was so impressed with this idea that, although I told him I could not take up the wine trade, he fêted me, and took me out to his château for a couple of days, and treated me like a prince in the hope of getting me to alter my decision.

Another excitable Frenchman at Bordeaux, whose propositions I refused to entertain, afterwards chartered a steamer, loaded her with Bordeaux produce, including baskets of champagne worth here twelve shillings and sixpence a dozen in bond, and without any warning consigned steamer and cargo to us. We had to sell the cargo, and, as may be supposed, the shipper sustained a heavy loss.

Another idea that prevailed was that in England there were no Customs' duties. I was writing letters in the brokers' room at the Paris Bourse when a gentleman was introduced to me. In the course of conversation he said what a fine thing it must be to have no duties and no Custom-House. I replied that he was quite mistaken, and said I was sure we raised more by Customs' duties than France did. Upon reference we found that the amount of Customs' duty received in France for the previous year was only about nine million pounds, whilst the English amount was twenty-three million or twenty-four million pounds. The Frenchman was puzzled to understand what 'Free Trade' meant!

Paris was not the Paris of to-day. Many of the streets were paved with rough paving-stones, having the gutter in the middle of the street, and no pathway. This was the case not only with bystreets but with some important business streets. One to which I often had to go was so badly paved that to walk there was torture.

The sworn broker could only act as broker. He could not handle finance, draw a bill, or make out an invoice. Our broker kept a very nice open one-horse carriage, also a large white dog called Bob which always accompanied him. I used to drive round with him to our different correspondents, starting quite early; then to breakfast at a café, where we met others whom we knew. But many of the business people, even in Paris, and more often in the provinces, lived in the house where they had their office. In many cases, too, a lady was the head of the office—not a young lady-clerk, but a substantial lady, dressed plainly in black silk, often a connection of the merchant.

Cheques were not used, but payments were made in notes of the Bank of France and in silver five-franc pieces. Even in Paris this was the case; but in the *midi*, at Montpellier, I saw quite a considerable sum paid entirely in five-franc pieces. In fact, when the merchant opened his safe to get the money out I was surprised to see what a very large stock of these pieces he had.

I found the French business-folk were not, generally speaking, quick at making a calculation. From the first, all my dealings with them were in French money and French weights, and at prices inclusive of charges and commission or profit. This, no doubt, facilitated business immensely; and it gave us a firm hold which our competitors in London could not shake.

A firm at Marseilles always sent us a considerable order for Japan wax whenever a parcel was put up for sale by auction in the London market, and left the price wholly to us. We treated them fairly, and charged them a price in francs and kilogrammes c.i.f. to Marseilles. A cutting German commission-house in London traced our shipments, and bombarded the Marseilles firm with letters; sent out the catalogues of the sales here, with the prices we had paid marked against the lots; and also bid against us at the sales, to make us pay a higher price, and then offered our friends the lots he had purchased. All to no purpose. The Marseilles house laughed at the German, and told me they put all his letters in the waste-basket; and at last the German said to me, almost shaking his fist at me, 'I don't know how you do it, but I give it up.'

Marseilles fifty years ago was a dirty, miserable place. The Emperor had not then modernised it. My first visit only extended to four or five days, and I changed my hotel twice to escape insect pests at night—trying the three best hotels, but all in vain. They had one excuse: the passengers from the East then landed at Marseilles, and often stayed for a night at these hotels.

From Marseilles I went in an Italian steamer to Genoa. She was a slow boat, but it was a most enjoyable voyage. There were very few passengers; the only other English being an officer on his way to inspect the Quadrilateral for our Government. He kindly pressed me to go with him, and said I should see everything; but I could not put business on one side. The captain of the steamer gave us the two large deck-cabins, one to each, and we had a grand time. A fine old lady, a princess

of the Bonaparte family, was a passenger. The captain was exceedingly attentive to her.

My return trip to Marseilles was made under very different circumstances. It was by a French mail-boat, very much overcrowded in consequence of the breakdown of another steamer. There was no vacant berth, and many gentlemen had to sleep on small mattresses—mine being on the saloon-table in a row with others. It was a merry company, and there were several ladies. As it was fine weather, the only real trouble was how and where to *wash*, especially as my portmanteau was put in the hold. I asked a steward where I could wash, and he took me to a place fitted up luxuriously—hot and cold water laid on, and soap and towels provided. I stripped to the waist and began my ablutions, when I heard a movement, and discovered that I was in a ladies' cabin, with four berths all occupied, and only concealed by small, light curtains. I thought the right course was to ignore my surroundings, that the ladies might not know I had discovered them.

I am sure family life and affection exists very generally in France, and my relations with some of our correspondents was of a most intimate nature. I will give an illustration. A distiller of essential oils in the south of France, who lived in quite rural surroundings, far from a railway, when I visited him in 1856 was troubled at the idea of sending his son—a promising youth—to Paris, and consulted me about it. A few years after, I met the son in Paris, as the father had opened a depôt there, and sent his son with an older man to manage it. Time went on, and the son became a cultivated Parisian, and won the affections of a charming American girl who was on a visit to Paris with her father and mother. The father was a wealthy man, holding an important public position. He sanctioned the engagement on condition that the young man made the States his home, and lived with his wife in a wing of their mansion, as she was their only child. The young man paid me a visit some years afterwards, and detailed to me the excellent position he was in, thanks to his father-in-law's influence. He did not forget his family. He found a New York firm to take up the essential oil business with his father, he put his brother into a good position, and he sent money to give his sister some time at an expensive English boarding-school. Then her father wrote to me, asking me to go and see her and take her out occasionally.

Again, at the time of the Franco-German war, one of my Paris friends, a rich gentleman about sixty years of age, and his wife, would not quit Paris, but stayed there through the siege and the Commune. Honour bade *them* stay; but they sent their only son, a youth of eighteen, to England. Dining at their house after the war, the lady begged me not to allude to the siege or to ask her anything about it. She could not bear to be reminded of all they had gone through.

I have mentioned the diligences in the provincial parts of France. A journey by them was an unpleasant experience; but I shall never forget the last journey I took in a diligence. It was from Como, across the Alps, to the Lake of Lucerne, by night, forty years ago. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and I had the coupé—three places—all to myself. The constantly changing scene, with its bright moonlight and dark shadows, was most romantic and indescribable. Sometimes the road ran along the edge of a precipice, and in the middle of the night I was roused from a doze by a sudden stoppage and the terrible objurgation addressed by the driver to his horses. I found we were close to the edge of a precipice, and that the two horses in front had turned completely round and stood facing the driver. They had been frightened by some of the dark shadows. The driver dare not use his whip or get down; but after some minutes the horses, thinking perhaps that they had had enough of this language, most quietly turned round, and we resumed our journey. We had a fresh driver as well as fresh horses at each stage. The road was dangerous, and it was necessary that the driver and his horses should thoroughly know each other. The number of the horses varied from four to seven, according to the character of the road.

The French theatres fifty years ago did not depend upon scenery or the luxury of the auditorium; but the acting was excellent. The waits between the acts were most tedious, and were accompanied by the noise of a great deal of carpentering, as the scenery was put up by hand. Two points were very French. Any one paying for a place and being dissatisfied with it was entitled by law to have his money returned; and any one in the pit going out of the theatre between the acts could reserve his seat by tying his pocket-handkerchief round it.

At the provincial hotels it was very difficult to get enough water to wash in; and if you paid a franc for a hot bath you got enough water to wash your feet, with a man to wash them for you if you liked. Another trouble was how to keep warm in winter—and in Paris it is often *bitterly* cold. The fire in your room was solely of wood, and more often of faggots than of logs.

Many and more important were the business journeys I afterwards made both in France and in Germany; but I always look back with especial pleasure to my first journey in France and the reception I met with there.

THE GARDEN OF MY HEART.

THE garden of my heart is full of flowers:
Sweet pansies—thoughts of you in lonely hours,
Forget-me-nots of hope, and lilies fair—
White trust for lovers parted long—are there;
And in my heart, deep-hued with passions red,
Love's roses all their tender fragrance shed.
Oh, gardener, take my flowers! They only grew
Within the garden of my heart for you!

MARY FARRAH.

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THE TRAGEDY OF ARCOLA.

By W. D. Gray.

He whom the gods love dies young.

THE day was breaking over the little village as the trumpets sounded, and the soldiers roused themselves to the fight which lay before them. As the light gradually grew and the sun rose, the mountains in the north could be faintly seen, their summits covered by heavy clouds. In front of the hamlet was a swampy marsh, through which ran, straight as an arrow, a long, narrow causeway. On each side of it were the swamps, interspaced with dikes. Beyond the marsh the river Adige ran, and over it was a bridge —the old stone bridge of Arcola. It was the morning of the 15th of November 1796, and the Italian campaign was entering on a fresh phase.

Ever since Bonaparte had come from France, eight months ago, it had been one long list of triumphs for the French. Army after army had been poured down from Austria only to be shattered and driven back. General after General—Beaulieu, Wurmser, Davidowich—had been crushed by the heavy hand of this sallow-faced, long-haired boy. And his own ragged, starving soldiers had been brought up to such a pitch that it seemed nothing could stand against them. Let them only have their Little Corporal of Lodi in front of them and there were no odds they would not confront. Now another army and another General had been sent down, still bent on retrieving the situation. But the Austrians had committed their old mistake of dividing their forces, and though at one time it seemed that Alvintzy would at last get the better of his terrible adversary, yet the genius of the latter rose up to meet the situation. At this critical period the two parts of the Austrian army were close together, and it was imperative that one of them should be defeated before they effected a junction.

On the night of the 14th of November General Bonaparte left Verona with his army, crossed the Adige, and turned eastward. At Ronco the river was recrossed, and, marching silently and speedily, he went northwards, intending to take the Austrians on the flank and rear. Yet for once the surprise was hardly effectual. All depended on the occupation of the village of Arcola, and there a strong force awaited him, ready, expectant, and prepared.

At the end of the causeway were three battalions of infantry, with some cannon placed so as to sweep it from end to end with their fire. In the village itself was another brigade; and behind it and on each side were more infantry, with guns and a large force of cavalry. These last, however, were of but little use owing to the marshy nature of the country.

As the sun rose higher, the white-coated men lit their camp-fires and cooked their breakfasts as best they could, some in the village itself; others, less fortunate, in the marshes lower down by the river. But they laughed and joked over their discomforts, being good soldiers. The regiment nearest the causeway was one of Croats. Just behind the cannon and in front of their men stood two of its officers, one looking through a telescope across the bridge; the other, with bent head, moodily digging holes in the soft soil with his scabbard. He was a tall, slight man of an exceedingly aristocratic appearance, with a long face, pointed chin, finely arched eyebrows, and delicate, clear-cut features. His hair was coal-black, as also were his eyes, appearing the darker by contrast with his white uniform. But beyond all his personal appearance, he merited some attention, at least standing where he did, an officer in a regiment of Croats. For he was a Frenchman.

Raoul de Ravaillac belonged to a cadet branch of one of the oldest families in Normandy. For centuries his ancestors had dwelt in their old stone château, proud, imperious, assured, doing (as they thought) their duty to those whom it had pleased God to place under them. The first of the race had ridden to the Crusades, and had been ennobled by Philip of France; and ever since, wherever history was being made, and more especially when it was made by means of war, they had thrust themselves forward. One had fought under Condé at Rocroy, another under Turenne on the Rhine. Later,

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another high-nosed, black-haired seigneur had commanded a regiment of horse at Fontenoy, and died upon the field of battle. So they had been, and so they were, until some five years ago. And then the Terror seized them.

The peasantry had made a huge bonfire of the old château, after raiding the wine-cellars and maddening themselves upon their contents. They had beaten Raoul's father to death with clubs, rushing in a human tide up the stairway, at the top of which he stood with drawn rapier, defiant to the last. They overran the place, sparing no one they met; and Raoul himself could hardly say how he escaped. It was all a confused dream to him when he looked back, a nightmare of curses, hideous faces, shrieks and outcries, the smell of blood and spilt wine; and behind all, the loud, harsh, roaring of the flames. Riding by night and hiding by day, he had at last gained Paris, where he hoped to find friends. But Paris just then was no place for an aristocrat. His friends had vanished, either into the prisons or on to the tumbrels, and he found himself alone. He had disguised himself and gone from hiding-place to hiding-place, cursing the day when he had first entered the city. Yet there was plenty to be seen in Paris in those days, and life for the fugitive could hardly be termed dull. At last, as he was on the very point of breaking down and shrieking out his name in the open street, he escaped and flew south to Toulon and the Royalists, where he had connections. In this haven of refuge he remained until the Republic sent an army to besiege the city and the English fleet came to help to defend it. Raoul had aided in the defence, toiling all day, and sometimes all night, upon the ramparts. Then Bonaparte appeared to direct the artillery, and the place was taken.

The British ships sailed away, and the townspeople were left to their fate. It was an evil one. For weeks the executions averaged three hundred a day, and De Ravaillac looked on again as at Paris, disguised, in hiding, unable to escape. At last he got away, swimming by night to an Austrian ship bound for Trieste. And so he said farewell to his native land, staring sombrely over the stern at the vanishing lights in the bay, his mind filled with bitterness and anger.

He had some acquaintances in the Austrian army, and soon after his arrival, owing to their influence, he was given a lieutenant's commission in a regiment of Croats. So for the first time in the history of the family a Ravaillac served under a foreign flag. His hatred of his own nation grew and deepened day by day as he thought of the horrors he had witnessed, and heard rumours of fresh ones. At first he had not wished to take part in the furious war being waged between Austria and France, for he felt his dead ancestors would cry aloud against it. A Ravaillac to fight against his own countrymen! And yet, when he had been in Austria a year or two, he had convinced himself that it was the right thing to do. When Alvintzy was sent down with his army, after the defeat of Wurmser, Raoul's regiment formed part of his command; and so he found himself this November morning in the village of Arcola awaiting the attack of his fellow-countrymen.

His companion, an Austrian Count and his only friend, was inclined to be despondent over the coming battle.

'You do not know General Bonaparte,' he said. 'I fought against him at Castiglione, and again at Lodi, and I tell you this fool of an Alvintzy is no match for him. Pray Heaven the affair of Lodi may not be repeated upon this bridge here!'

De Ravaillac's face grew dark. 'It will not be,' he answered shortly. 'God cannot permit it.'

The Austrian looked at him curiously. 'There are times when I wonder at you, my friend,' he said. '*Sapperment!* here am I an Austrian and you a Frenchman, and yet you are far the more bitter of the two. And against your own countrymen! Truly, I think you go a little too far sometimes.'

'That is your opinion, Monsieur le Comte,' replied De Ravaillac coldly. 'Had you seen what I have seen and suffered what I have suffered you might think differently. If your father had been killed before your eyes by these—rats, you might possibly be a little bitter also.'

'Yes, that is quite true,' replied the other, 'and I ask your pardon if I have angered you. But as to this battle, I am not at all easy.'

'Tut, man! we beat some of these same troops three days ago at Caldiero, did we not?' said Raoul.

'Yes,' replied the Count; 'you are right, we did. And what have we done since? Nothing! Not one thing! Imagine Bonaparte defeating *us* in such a manner and not following up his victory! We have lost all our advantages by our sluggishness.'

'Bah!' said the Frenchman, 'who *is* this upstart Bonaparte, then, that you are so frightened of him?'

'Oh yes, he is an upstart no doubt,' answered the other; 'and it is even possible that his family is not particularly ancient. But as I said, I have fought against him before, and I know a General, my friend, when I see one.'

'Well, I know him too, for I was against him at Toulon, though I never saw him,' answered De Ravaillac; 'and it is possible that he placed his artillery cleverly. But it needs more than that, surely, to win battles. And we are in a very strong position.'

'Yes, we are in a fairly strong position,' returned the Count gravely; 'but so we were at Lodi until they came across the bridge and drove us out.'

'Well, they will not drive us out this time,' retorted Raoul fiercely; 'this stone causeway is a different thing from the bridge of Lodi. Then, too, we have a much stronger force. They are good men, too, these white coats of yours, my friend. I am proud to command them.'

The Austrian's face flushed with pleasure. 'Yes, as you say, they are good men,' he replied, a trifle bitterly, 'and belong, I think, to the most unlucky army on earth. However, man for man, I should not fear. But it is an old fool against a young genius—yes, a young genius. I tell you, Bonaparte has breathed a new life into this ragged, rascally army of theirs. It is only a few months since he came from France, over the heads of a dozen others, and look what he has done. And then, too, if we are badly beaten here, Mantua must soon fall.'

'But we are not going to be beaten,' cried Raoul irritably. '*Parbleu!* one would think it was already all over with us to hear you talk. You do not seriously think that in the end this *canaille* can defeat an army commanded by gentlemen?'

The Count smiled sardonically and shrugged his shoulders. 'Oh, of course not,' he said. 'I am a gentleman myself, so how could I think that? Yet facts, my friend, are stubborn things. But of one thing be assured. Our men will hold this place while one of them has strength to lift a musket.'

'Then, what do you mean?' asked Raoul impatiently. 'If they will stand as you say—and I believe they will, too—how can we be driven out?'

'There are more ways of crossing the river than one,' replied the Austrian dryly. 'I suppose he possesses some bridge-equipage and engineers. Let us trust to his not thinking of that. But I will say no more. We will hope for the best.'

He looked through his glass again along the causeway. In spite of his confident words, De Ravaillac felt vaguely disturbed. He had never seriously considered the prospects of ultimate defeat. How could these rascals defeat an army in a state of discipline such as the Austrian? And this fellow Bonaparte—what was he? A conceited young man who had had the best of luck. How could he beat a man like Alvintzy, grown old in warfare? And yet—there was the history of the past eight months. It needed a deal of explaining away. And his friend was a clever officer, too, who never spoke without good reason.

So he wandered about restlessly behind the guns, glancing sharply at the mustering men. His face cleared somewhat as he looked. *They* were all right at all events. As he had said himself, 'No man could wish for better troops,' in outward appearance at any rate.

It was now about nine in the morning. The sun was getting hot, and a steaming mist was rising from the surrounding marshes. The soldiers had been under arms for some time, and the guns at the end of the causeway had been loaded and trained along it. The houses at Arcola were loopholed, and sharp-shooters had been placed along the dikes to harass the enemy's columns. But still he did not come. The officers began to look at one another, and to wonder if he really *were* coming. Was it possible that they had been outwitted again?

Then at last, far away on the slopes beyond the Adige, a thin blue line was seen slowly moving along towards the river. Almost at once another appeared beyond it, and then another and another. Every now and then a quick flash passed along them as the sun caught them. A deep, low murmur rose from the waiting Austrians. It was true, then! Here was the French army. The flashes came from their sabres and fixed bayonets. Nearer and nearer they came. Now the different columns could be made out—the cavalry, the infantry, and the cannon. As they approached, Raoul, standing with drawn sword behind his men, caught the faint sound of music from one of their bands. The tune seemed strangely familiar to him. It awoke some chord of memory within him, and played upon it cruelly.

At length he remembered.

It was the *Ça Ira!* What scenes it brought back to him! He clenched his hand round his sword-hilt and ground his teeth. Remembrances crowded upon him. His thoughts tortured him. Ah! those Paris streets with their jeering crowds; the dull rumble of the tumbrels with their pale, sad-eyed occupants; the loud, strident rattle of the drums; the flash of steel which ended it all; and the hideous laughter of the dispersing populace! Then, after Paris, the red horrors of Toulon, the blood-splashed houses, and the dead bodies in the streets, and, above all, the feeling of being defeated by such *canaille*. Name of God! but some of those dogs over yonder should pay dearly for all that to-day!

The French had now advanced to within cannon-shot. Their artillery unlimbered and opened fire, the Austrian guns in Arcola and at the causeway replying. The air was shaken by the heavy detonations, and the smoke hung like a white curtain over the damp ground, so that for a time the defenders could see nothing in front of them. Then a wind sprang up and carried the vapour to one side. And now there came a sound of distant cheering from the French, and their central column formed up in close order and made a dash for the bridge. They came very swiftly and very straightly, their officers shouting and pointing with their swords. Suddenly the Austrian musketry began with one deafening volley, and the head of the column seemed to melt away. The guns, too, were loaded with grape, and swept the causeway with a hurricane of iron. Still the ragged, splendid infantry came on, led by a General on foot, with his sword in his hand. It was Augereau—the iron-handed Augereau of later years. But the Austrian fire was too terrible, and the men involuntarily slackened their pace. It seemed to Raoul, watching breathless amid the uproar and the powder-flashes, that no human being could cross that causeway and live.

Then all in a moment a horseman galloped furiously up from the rear, followed by half-a-dozen others. The soldiers knew him, and shouted wildly. He dismounted and rushed through the groups of

hesitating grenadiers. Then he seized a flag and sprang on to the bridge, the shot whistling by him. He was a very young man, in a General's uniform, with a tricolour sash round his waist. He had long hair and a thin, eager face. There was a strong wind blowing, which filled out the standard and lifted the hair from off his forehead. He drove the flag-pole into a crevice in the bridge, and turned to the men behind him. Pointing to the Austrian position with one hand, with the other he held aloft the flag. His eyes were blazing, and he shouted fiercely to his soldiers. Even in Arcola, above all the din and furious turmoil, the sound of his voice could be plainly heard: '*En avant, mes enfants! en avant! en avant!*'

De Ravaillac stared from the Austrian position with parted lips and flushed cheeks. After all, this was a man: whoever it was, there stood a *man*. There was a touch on his shoulder, and he turned with a start. It was his friend the Count. He pointed to the man with the flag.

'That is Bonaparte!' he said.

Raoul gave a quick exclamation, and looked again eagerly. By this time the French had got the better of their hesitation, and were rushing forward again in a dense column, their officers leading. But still before them all, many yards in front, was that dauntless figure with the standard. De Ravaillac's lips tightened. He dropped on one knee and snatched up a dead Croat's musket. He looked hastily to see if it was loaded, and then took a steady aim at the coming Master of Europe. In the old days he had been one of the best game-shots in Normandy. But now, in spite of himself, there came a mist before his eyes, and his hands trembled. In spite of himself, too, there came a thought into his mind: 'What is this you are doing? That man is fighting for France, for your country. In spite of all, it is your country!'

Now the French were on the bridge itself, and the leading officers had almost reached their General. The Austrian fire hailed down upon them again, yet still they came on. De Ravaillac cursed his weakness, and raising the musket afresh, fired with a steady hand. And at that same moment the gallant Muiron gave his life for his friend. He sprang in front of Bonaparte to shield him, the bullet pierced his brave heart, and he fell dead without a cry.

A moment after the French grenadiers were all around their General. No man, it seemed, could cross that bridge; but at least they swore that the Little Corporal should not die there. But still the bullets came flying down the causeway, and the slaughter was terrible. Bonaparte, still holding the standard, tried to force his way to the front again, and, stumbling over a dead body, fell into the marsh. But the grenadiers rescued him and carried him backwards as they retreated.

De Ravaillac had been standing with the smoking musket in his hand, watching the scene like one in a dream. All at once he gave a sharp cry and pressed his hand to his side, then fell gasping on his knees. A chance shot from one of the scattered French sharp-shooters had gone through his lungs.

The Count was by his side in a moment.

'Are you badly hurt, my friend?' he cried anxiously.

De Ravaillac looked up at him in agony. 'I am dead, Karl,' he gasped. 'I am dead!'

The Austrian knelt down and passed an arm round him. His face had turned very white and set.

'Ah, my poor friend, my poor friend!' he murmured; 'and yet you could not have died in a better hour. We have beaten them this time.'

'Beaten them—whom?' said Raoul faintly. His senses seemed to be leaving him and his eyes were closed.

'Why, the French,' cried the Count. 'Yes, we have defeated them at last.'

Raoul raised himself with a great effort. He was very near to death, and saw things very plainly. He was no longer in the Austrian service, but had gone back to the old time when he listened to his father's tales, sitting by the great fire in the hall of the château. He remembered them all: tales of French chivalry and heroism; tales of Condé, of Turenne, and Marshal Saxe. And now he had fought against the descendants of those same men. 'A Ravaillac,' he murmured—'a Ravaillac to fight against the French!' He raised himself higher and looked at the shattered column on the other side of the bridge. 'Frenchmen!' he murmured as if to himself. 'Frenchmen! Frenchmen!' Then with a great cry of mingled shame and anger he fell forward on his face. So he died, killed by a French bullet, fighting a French army.

All men know the final result of the battle: how General Bonaparte again attacked the bridge on the next day and again failed; how on the third day he sent Augereau to cross the river by a temporary bridge higher up, keeping on meanwhile the attack in front; and how Augereau took the Austrians on the flank and drove them headlong from the village. The Count's fears had been well grounded.

And so Napoleon went on, followed by his army—on to Rivoli and Marengo, on to Austerlitz and Jena, Friedland and Wagram; on still to Moscow and Leipzig, and the end of all things upon the great Sunday. His history was the history of Europe, and his name can never be forgotten. And yet, if he had died upon that old bridge at Arcola? It might have been better both for himself and for the world. No great inhuman genius there, only a young man of twenty-four—ardent, afire, carried out of himself, in his hand the tricolour, on his lips stirring words, behind him his soldiers.

But twenty-five years were to pass before death found him, a broken exile, upon a little island lost in the South Atlantic.

GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE.

THE GOLDEN PYX.—CONCLUSION.

'WHAT are we going to do with these gentlemen?' asked Exmoor as Carrick dropped down again on to the Spaniard's deck.

'Let them lie for a bit,' said Geoff, looking round at the nearest black-faced scowlers. 'Nell will hear from Miss Cameron how she has been treated. Then we shall know what to do. Meanwhile, I want that thing they came after. This man must suffer for his sins, and he'll feel the loss of that more than anything else.'

'It'll be down below in his state-room,' said Exmoor; and they went down for a look round, while the *Seamews* and *Banshees* patrolled the deck with extreme enjoyment, and the black-faced ones foamed curses at them, and their bumps and bruises swelled afresh each time the Englishmen passed.

Carrick and Exmoor made careful inquisition into Don Sebastian's private effects in his cabin, and he knew perfectly well what they were after, and came near to bursting blood-vessels in his efforts at self-restraint. But search as they might, they could not light on that which they sought.

'Any chance of Miss Cameron knowing?' suggested Exmoor.

'I shouldn't think so, but we can ask her; and I could do with something to eat. I've an impression I had no appetite till we sighted this boat. Now I feel wolfish.'

'Same here.'

So they left the bo's'un in charge of the prize and went back to the *Banshee*. Carrick suggested to Bannatyne that a reasonably good supply of hot grog would probably prove acceptable to the boys all round, and further authorised him to tell them that since no one could claim the prize for first sighting the Spaniard, he thought the best thing to do would be to give every man five pounds over and above his wages. And when the grog and the news reached them did they shout? Well, the fog began to thin at once, and I am not sure it was not their doing.

Pending final settlement of accounts, Bannatyne headed the two ships for Land's End, towing the Spaniard alongside, and presently went down to join the others at breakfast, pinched and blue with the cold and strain of his long night's watch, but jubilant and ravenous.

The hot coffee had a flavour such as none of them had ever dreamed of coffee possessing. Exmoor wondered if the cook of the *Banshee* was open to a berth ashore; but if he had engaged him, it is doubtful if the latter would ever have attained to such perfection again.

Lesley and Ellen joined them at table, and it needed no second glance at Nell's face to tell Geoff that they two were friends once and for all, for friendship has no quicker tie than grievous need and swift and delicate sympathy. Lesley's heart had been bruised and sore for a womanly heart on which to fall and sob itself back to its normal tranquillity. And now already the high, calm look he loved was coming back to her. Her face was still pale, and the large, dark eyes still looked unnaturally large; but the strain was over, and every minute made her more like herself.

'It was very wonderful,' said Geoff thoughtfully. 'We had been searching for that schooner for twenty hours, and were almost in despair. Then the fog killed our last hopes, and *bump!*—and there you are!'

'Giant Circumstance!' quoth Exmoor.

'We'll call it Providence,' said Carrick.—'And now, Miss Lesley, you shall be judge and jury all in one. What are we to do with this Spaniard now we've got him? There are several courses open to us. We could carry him into port and prosecute'——

'Means a lot of trouble and publicity,' said Exmoor.

'We could give him a sound bodily thrashing.'

'He's got a lump on his forehead the size of an egg,' said Exmoor with relish.

'Or you could just let him go,' said Lesley quietly. 'Beyond the outrage of being carried off like that, and the thought of what my mother would be suffering, I have had nothing to complain of. What did you tell her?' she asked anxiously.

'I thought it best not to see her myself, as she did not know me. Old Donald was to tell her you had had to go away for a day or two, and I promised to wire him as soon as I had any news. We will put into Penzance and wire from there.'

'Thank you! I think that man must be a little bit mad. He treated me on board with every consideration, but what on earth he hoped to gain I cannot imagine. My father had always been friendly to his quest after'——

'Ah! now that's another thing,' broke in Geoff. 'Have you any idea where he's hidden it? We have been searching everywhere, but cannot light on it.'

She shook her head. 'I have no idea. I have never been out of that cabin since they put me into it. It will be very carefully hidden somewhere. He values it more than any other thing on earth.'

'What is it?'

'The golden pyx. I have never seen it, though I've heard it talked about enough. It was carried by his ancestors in the Armada to ensure their victory. Their tradition had it that the House

of Alvarez would never take its proper place in the world again until it was recovered. They have tried after it for generations. Probably his finding it turned his head a little.'

'Well, I think we'd better turn it back a bit, if we can only light on the thing,' said Geoff.

'It would be the very sorest punishment you could inflict,' said Lesley gravely. 'Perhaps too sore,' she added.

'Nothing is too sore. He deserves hanging,' said Geoff vehemently.

'I don't think I'd hang him,' said Nell, with a smile.

'Might provoke international complications,' said Exmoor.

'Well, we'll find it if we have to pull the ship to pieces,' said Geoff; 'and when we get it, tradition or no tradition, and House of Alvarez or no House of Alvarez, he shall go home without it.'

So, presently, he and Exmoor and Bannatyne went aboard the Spaniard again, and found the fog lifted and a cold December dawn struggling feebly in the east. The *Seamews* and *Banshees* had propped their prisoners in a row with their backs against the bulwarks. At sight of Geoff and Exmoor, the Englishmen gave a rousing cheer of thanks, and the others scowled their curses.

The three men went down to the cabin and stood before the Spaniard.

'I want that golden pyx you stole from the island,' said Geoff. 'I intend to have it if I have to pull the ship to pieces. Where is it?'

For reply the Spaniard scowled at him, dropped the corners of his mouth, and set his jaw.

'Very well!' He loosed the napkins. 'Come up on deck;' and the three followed him, Bannatyne acting as rear-guard.

'Now, translate to your men what I tell you,' said Geoff to D'Alvarez.

But the Don folded his arms and declined to open his mouth.

Geoff glanced round the prisoners. 'Any of you speak English?'

Then his eye fell on the man who had acted as leader in the cavern after D'Alvarez left it, the man who had put his fellow out of his torture under the big rock.

'You!' he pointed, and told them to set him free. 'Now, will you tell your fellows what I have got to say to them?'

'I do my best, señor.'

'All right! Every man of you is liable to imprisonment in England for assisting in carrying off Miss Cameron.'

The Spaniard translated that, and the prisoners spat.

'On one condition only will I let you go free'—the prisoners looked interested—'and that is, that you hand over to me that special thing which your leader came to find.'

The prisoners looked doubtful. 'Your own findings you may keep. But Señor D'Alvarez has committed a gross outrage, and that is how I punish him.'

D'Alvarez leaned gloomily against the side of the ship and eyed his men. They were mostly hired mercenaries, and did not care a button for the golden pyx and the House of Alvarez, especially when the alternative was a British prison.

There was some talk among them. Then one spoke back to the interpreter, and Don Sebastian cursed him with his eyes.

'What does he say?' asked Carrick.

'He is carpenter. He think he know.'

'Do you know yourself?'

'I do not, señor.'

'Loose the carpenter!' And the carpenter, loosed, led the way back to the cabin, and round to the back of the mainmast, whose base penetrated it, and there tapped knowingly on a cunningly fitted little door about fifteen inches in height and six inches across. It was varnished over like the rest of the mast, and utterly undiscoverable.

The carpenter signified his need of a screw-driver, and Bannatyne ran upstairs and rooted about till he found one. The men were all agog with curiosity, and half-a-dozen of them had edged up towards D'Alvarez by way of precaution.

Half-a-dozen screws out, and Geoff held in his hand the age-encrusted silver box which he had seen in Don Sebastian's hand on that eventful day in the cavern. He opened it and drew out the golden pyx, the search for which had cost men's lives, and the time and money of generations.

It was something like a sacramental cup, standing on one central leg with a broad base. It had a conical cover like a wide candle-snuffer; and cover, cup, and base were crusted with probably precious stones. Apart from the sentiment that centred in it, it did not look worth what it had cost.

Geoff placed it carefully in its box again, and they all went up on deck. At sight of the box Don Sebastian's face went red-black with fury, and if curses avail, the carpenter's future was assuredly in jeopardy.

The men all craned forward to see the unique treasure.

'If you had come to me honestly and straightforwardly,' said Geoff, standing in front of the Spaniard, 'I would willingly have helped you in your quest. You would have had to arrange matters with the British Government, no doubt, but there also I would have assisted you. Instead, you chose underhand ways and capped them with an outrage which passes words. This'—weighing the box in his hand—'belongs to neither you nor me, and so—I return it whence it came;' and he flung the box overboard.

The Spaniard watched it with eyes like coals. It splashed in the smooth water, and in a moment, with a louder splash, he was after it.

The box floated for a second or two. He caught it as it was sinking. But he was evidently no swimmer.

He began to thrash the water wildly with the box and his free hand. The men sprang to the falls to drop a boat, but he would have been fathoms deep before they could have reached him.

Then there was a third resounding splash, and, with a vigorous kick or two, Carrick had the other by the back of the collar, and was holding his head above water, and through it all the Spaniard clung to his talisman like a limpet. The boat came swinging towards them at last, and they were dragged aboard: first the half-drowned, and wholly blue and rigid, Don Sebastian and the golden pyx, and then Carrick, not much the worse for his ducking, but mottled pink-and-blue with cold and his teeth going like castanets.

'Fill him with hot grog and rub him down hard,' said Exmoor to the man who could speak English, as they handed the Don up the side. 'The box?'—as the other tried to draw it from the blue-white claws.

'Let him keep it,' said Geoff. 'He deserves it;' and he climbed briskly into his own ship, and tumbled down into his own cabin, to the consternation of the ladies, who were deep in conversation and had seen nothing of the little happening alongside.

He was out again in a quarter of an hour, as warm as a toast and not a whit the worse, and hurried over at once to see how his friend the enemy was getting on.

It was some time before Don Sebastian was in condition to be interviewed. He had swallowed a great deal more water than Geoff, and cold tubbing had no natural place in his creed; and when Carrick at last went down to see him, it was a limp and washed-out Don who tried to rise from the sofa as he entered.

'Don't get up,' said Geoff, sitting down on the edge of the couch.

'I have to thank you, señor, for saving my life.'

'Don't say any more about it, my dear sir. I have simply come to say good-bye, and to wish you luck with your talisman.'

'Ah!' said the Spaniard, starting up. 'You permit'——

'You salvaged it at risk of your life, and it is fairly yours. If you had only gone about the business straightforwardly there need have been none of this pother, Don Sebastian. And I find it hard to forgive your treatment of Miss Cameron.'

'Señor, I was wrong. I regret. I would ask her forgiveness. In justificacion I can only plead that those great eyes of hers bewitched me. But they are for you, señor. Yours is the greater prize. You can afford to be generous.'

'Good-bye!' said Carrick, and held out his hand.

'Loose those men!' he said to the *Seamews* and *Banshees* as he skipped up on deck. 'And get back on board, lads.—Cast off, Bannatyne, and get us to Penzance as quick as you can.'

And with a triumphant peal the *Banshee* swung loose and swept away homeward bound.

There I think we may stop. If there is one thing you can imagine better than all the rest, it is the rest so far as Lesley Cameron and Geoffrey Carrick are concerned. Peach-bloom is better left unhandled, and some things are better imagined than described.

I had hoped to tell you of their after-life: how in due course they went to Vienna and won golden opinions there; and of several odd things that befell them: how the Duchess of Cashel came to them for help in time of tribulation, how they encountered Don Sebastian d'Alvarez again in the person of the first attaché from Madrid, and particularly of their friendship with Max of Gerisau in his curious little kingdom of strange happenings. But this present record is long enough. We have seen how Geoffrey Carrick went down into the Valley of Humiliation and bore himself manfully therein; and how he climbed the higher slopes, as a strong man always may, no matter how dire his downcasting. And this, for the moment, must suffice.

THE END.

THROUGH THE WOOD.

A GREEN lane divides two stretches of parish moorland; it marks the track of an older road that led to a market-place beyond the moors. An annual market is held there still, though it has lost all its early importance. In past days this market was one of the largest gatherings of the kind over a wide district. Buyers and sellers came from far distances, and great numbers of horses, cattle, and sheep were brought to it along the old road. But the green track is all that is left of the once busy thoroughfare. Stray vagrants use it for their camping-ground; the smoke of their wood-fires rises from it, and their miserable tents are set up under shelter of the trees and bushes along the sides. Broken-down horses and shaggy donkeys pasture on the sweet natural grass. The old track is given up to the vagrant tribe; in the neighbourhood it is known as 'the tinklers' road.'

Near one end a path leaves it and winds across one of the moors through furze, broom, tall heather, and dwarf trees to the wood. In spring-time the moor is golden with blossoming furze. Before the snows of winter have gone, a bush steals from the rising sun the Promethean flame. Another day it has spread to a second bush; by-and-by others kindle here and there until, presently, all the moor is aglow with the divine fire. Near the wood tall bushes of broom grow among the scattered firs and young

spruce-trees. The broom flowers later than the furze, though some bushes of both are often in flower together. The green twigs of the broom are hidden beneath the flaming yellow of the blossom. By the wood broom and furze bushes grow side by side. The eye can mark, through contrast, a difference of hue in the flowers. The ruddy sheaths that cover part of them give the furze-blossom a deeper orange.

The path enters the wood through an opening in the turf embankment. On the right it joins an avenue. Here, in the warm days of June, winter-chickweed opens its lovely petals, delicate starry-white, in the cool shadow of the trees. Quite near, where the ground is more marshy, blue bugle-flowers grow. Part of the wood is open; a storm some years ago levelled all the trees. The ground is covered with trunks and branches of fallen spruces. Some have been uprooted, others broken by the ground; several trunks are snapped higher up, and rise into the air like shattered masts. A little distance from the path the great gusts had exhausted their force; there a branch or two are broken, but farther away the woody phalanx remains uninjured. The fallen trees are the nameless heroes of the wood that fell in the shock of battle; they have given their life for home and country. Even in decay they are useful still; the wild creatures of the wood find shelter among them, and rear their young in the close covert they have made. In the evening the crow of the pheasant comes from them, and the opener parts are alive with rabbits.

Stay! there is a roe-deer in front of us. We just get a rapid glance of it before it disappears in the wood. Step gently along the avenue; there are always some roe-deer about, and the snapping of a dry twig sends them off at once in alarm. Without some woodcraft all that we shall see of most of them is the fleck of a white tail among the trees. One day five crossed the avenue; they were so near that you could see the quick, nervous expression of the dark eye. Two of them were rich-chestnut bucks with nice horns. They stood in the open to regard the intruders, and then bounded with short leaps into the wood. At sunset they feed quietly in the grass of the avenues, and along the narrow cross-paths you can get quite near without disturbing them. When sheep come to the wood in winter, roe-deer pasture freely with them, and unless often hunted, seem to have little dread of the dogs. Sometimes a young one wanders into the bushes by the moor. One, hardly larger than a hare, but graceful as a gazelle, strayed into a belt of birch-trees farther away. On one side was the open moor, on the other a fence too high for jumping. Using every available bit of cover, it tried to keep out of sight; at last it disappeared among some thick furze. What a lovely creature it was!—lithe, active, and spotted like a fallow-deer. At this age the young run some risk from poaching dogs. Old roe-deer visit the corn and turnip fields evening and early morning, frequently paying the penalty with their life. The head is mounted in the farmer's room, and there is an interesting story connected with the stalk, though he does not always care to tell it. Notwithstanding his right to protect his crops against the encroachments of all ground game, he is afraid it might make bad feeling between himself and his landlord.

The avenue takes us into the wood, crossing some streamlets bridged with tree-trunks. Right before us is a perfect woodland picture. The path is vivid green with short grass that hardly feels the scorching rays of the sun; tall spruces rise on both sides, so near as to leave but a narrow pathway of blue, cloud-flecked sky above them. The older green of the spruce-branches is covered with fresh, light-green shoots. Everything is intensely brilliant in its colouring, from the cool green of the mosses under the trees, and the lighter green of the grass, up the living walls of spruce-tree green to the blue depths and the fleecy cloudlets overhead.

It is all so peaceful; the few woodland sounds hardly break the stillness. A blackbird is singing in a glade behind the spruces. The wood gives a delicious flavour to the melody of his song. Again and again his notes sound in the stillness, full-throated and luscious as a nightingale's; their constant repetition brings no sense of monotony. Some tits and golden-crested wrens are calling among the fir-trees; the shrill *che-chees*, like the call of the curlew among the mountains, are the voice of the loneliness and wildness of the wood.

Let us take this little pathway to the left; a stranger would hardly find it. We have to push aside the branches as we go. On one side of the narrow path are opener firs, on the other dense spruces. Through the upper branches shafts of soft orange light penetrate; lower there is a deep twilight all the day. The branches a good way up the crowded spruce-trees are withered and dead. The pathway, after a short course, ends in another glade; it is really a little circle of blown timber, a Flodden in the woodland strife. You find it hard to explain; all around the blown part are the other trees of the wood, sheltering it on every side, apparently untouched. The blast that overturned the fallen timber must have been a strong whirlwind, an eddy in the tempest descending from above. On the ground before us, as in a book, the storm has written part of its history.

Ferns are growing all over the glade: broad-buckler, polypody, lady and male. Under the branches of a fallen tree are some delicate oak-ferns, and near them green leaves of marsh pennywort. Crossing the glade, we can return to the avenue through the thick spruces another way. The silence has grown oppressive; there is a feeling of detachment from everything; extremes meet; it resembles the feeling which rises in a strange crowd.

Some of the trees have failed to push their way through the thicket of branches above; living in the constant twilight, they have become great, thick

bushes of spruce. The shadow and the struggle of their existence have influenced them strangely. The sprays are not flattened laterally like those of spruce-trees under happier auspices; they are narrow and rounded, with short spikes of leaves.

The dense growth and the stillness suggest some primeval age; the stunted spruces recall young trees of the old coal-measures. The wood in this part continues as it was planted; the trees have never been thinned. Every year the struggle for existence has grown sterner. A fallen tree is covered with moss; outwardly it seems quite firm, but a stick goes into it without much resistance. The ground is bedded with innumerable needles; it feels soft and peaty under the foot, which makes no sound. Outside in the glade are the thick ferns, and nearer, the strange spruce-branches. The imagination overpowers the judgment; the past steals upon the soul. Under the shadow of the dense spruces is a glamour, a mystery. Some reptilic creature of the past may creep from them; it would only be in keeping with this weird and silent side of the wood.

Beneath the fir-trees is the scene of a woodland tragedy. Light-blue feathers are scattered over the ground, and a dead wood-pigeon lies near them. There are large gashes in the neck and on the back; the bird has been the victim of some relentless sparrow-hawk. One can see it all: the chase in the open, the doubling among the trees, the untiring pursuit, and at last the fatal stroke. Dead doves are often found in the wood, many of them, like this one, entirely uneaten; they have been struck down for the mere lust of killing.

But now, leaving the deeper shadow, let us enter this pathway on the other side of the avenue; it is better defined than the one we have left—a soft mossy pathway, in every shade of green, that feels delightful to walk upon. The ground is covered with tender spruce-tips cut by the squirrels from the trees above. Numbers of large, elongated cones are lying by the path. A shallow stream crosses it, clear as crystal; and, bending, you can see the faint gleam of its water under the thick trees.

The pathway joins another avenue, from which the edge of the wood, on the side of the fields, is visible. Across the end of the avenue is a single row of trees. The little opening might be a latticed window in some temple of nature; the thicker trees of the wood are the enclosing walls, the single trees across the avenue the mullions, and the interlacing branches the lattice-work. When the sun is setting behind the fields, and the saffron or rose-tinted rays are streaming through this opening, the resemblance is almost complete.

Farther along we cross the winding stream again. In front the path reaches so far that the wooded sides appear to meet in the distance. It is a long, cloistered path, green and cool from the moist mosses and the deep shadow. A fresh and healthy fragrance fills it, the exhalations of innumerable trees. Near the pathway a convenient pile of wood, cut years ago, is lying; and, sitting on it, we are within the sound of the softly murmuring stream. Two ringdoves are cooing near. *Coo-coo—coo-coo—coo-coo*, the plaintive notes are uttered with short pauses. The ringdove ends each time with a note like the final note of the cuckoo, though less harsh; you cannot hear this final *cok* unless the bird be very near.

After each woodland sound comes a deeper interval of silence. The quiet is seldom broken by human intruders. Yet the public road skirts the whole length of the wood; neither fences nor walls make it difficult to enter; notice-boards do not warn the trespasser away. The very want of restriction preserves the sanctity of the wood better than anything else. Only the sportsman visits it in the season, and cottagers going to the nearest village cross it from the way of the fields. But here in this quiet path no one will disturb us; everything ministers to sacred feeling and deep thought. These are the real hours of life, when we get nearest to its depths. To-morrow for the struggle again; but to-night, while the passing woodcocks call in the twilight, we shall linger until the spirit that dwells in the silence has strengthened and uplifted the soul.

THE SIGN OF THE SPIDER.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR so inexperienced a dissembler, Scavo played his part with Ogilvie and Philip very well, right from the moment of their release until he had despatched them towards the light in the valley, which was to guide them to the railway station and the security of Italy's capital.

He clasped their hands successively, and told a plausible tale.

'Ah, signori, how I rejoice that I come in time!' he cried, still holding Philip's hand. 'There is a plot of the devil against you, my friends, and I am the fortunate one appointed by Providence to save your precious lives. You are still strong? You breathe and are well?'

'Yes, we breathe,' said Ogilvie. 'But there will be a reckoning to pay for this.'

'Surely, signori; and yet'——

He raised the lantern, and viewed the stern and angry face of Ogilvie with concern. Philip was much the more exhausted by the day's imprisonment without food. He looked as if all interest in Etruscan antiquities had faded from him.

'Where is that scoundrel?' asked Ogilvie.

Then Scavo set the lantern on the mortuary ledge to the right, and sat down by it.

'Excuse, signori, if I rest while I speak. I have greatly incommoded myself speeding, without rest, to the relief of your excellencies. I am not young, you understand. Ah, what a mistake, that of yesterday! You who know Italy so well, signore, and talk like a fellow-countryman, will believe me when I tell you that there were reasons which made this monster Montarabo an enemy to many. Yes, and he is in league with villains like himself; not only against such innocent and illustrious strangers as yourselves, but against his own country, signori. I'——

Philip interrupted.

'Can't we clear out and get something to eat?' he asked plaintively. 'If once he begins to talk, there 'll be no end to it.'

'Wait a bit,' said Ogilvie.—'We are grateful to you, signore, at all events. How did you know we were here?'

'I shall tell you, signore,' said Scavo. 'Yes, and I will be quick, because there are others and they may come, and they will not perhaps have your excellencies' interests at heart like your friend and servant, Maria Farnese Scavo. I myself, signori, not an hour ago, with my hand at the throat of that assassin Montarabo, forced the confession from him. You were here to *starve*, signori—starve, with nothing to eat, and no light, and among such loathsome vermin as breed in the grave! Signori, I shake with sympathetic horror. But I will be brief. There is no time to lose. It is your excellencies' valuable lives that I think of. I fear those others. Even now Montarabo may be telling them that which under constraint he told me, and they may be approaching. Signori, I do not compel, but I ask you, for your freedom's sake and the safety of your possessions, to go from here at once.'

'My good man, of course we will do that,' said Ogilvie. 'We have had more than enough of this diabolical place. Are they all bandits in Mulci, then?'

'There are many, signore,' said Scavo, with fine impressiveness, 'and it would be dangerous for you to return to the town. I, myself, will guide you to a road whence it is only three kilometres to the railway station; and there you shall find your luggage still waiting for you, and a train in less than two hours.'

'Come, Philip,' said Ogilvie. 'We may sleep in Rome to-night if we are brisk.'

'That 's a mercy to be thankful for,' said Philip.

'The station, signore, if you will be so good as to direct us, and very many thanks,' said Ogilvie to Scavo.

'Yes,' said Scavo; 'your excellencies are very wise in the matter. But stay'——

Another idea, on the heels of the many of this surprising day, had come to him. It was vague, but the more stirring for its mere glimpses of beguiling attractiveness. Were the Englishmen to take away with them a portion (however small) of the deceased Cavaliere's valuables, well, circumstances might contrive somehow to associate *them*, and not him, with the ravishment of the tomb. True, Anna was in the way; but Anna must be talked to. There was, indeed, no time to test the reasonableness of the idea throughout, were even his surging brain capable just then of a reasonable judgment.

'Your excellencies,' he proceeded, 'may, on my invitation, carry with you sundry of these little ancient things.'

He raised the lantern towards the treasures of the tomb.

'Choose for yourselves, and welcome, signori,' he said. 'Only, be quick. A little something that shall not incommode the pocket, and be for remembrance in the future.'

Ogilvie translated for Philip.

'It 's all very odd and detestable,' he said; 'but what do you think?'

Hungry and weak though he was, Philip could not resent such civility.

'Why, to be sure. It 's no more than we deserve,' he said. 'What is there detestable about it?'

He guided Scavo's shaking hand and the lantern towards the one cupboard of the series which was still open as the Cavaliere had left it.

'There is but little time for your train, illustrious signori,' murmured Scavo, almost with a whine; 'but a very little time.'

'Hurry up, Philip,' said Ogilvie, who was himself satisfied to annex a small but grim silver effigy of the Etruscan Pluto, with red jewelled eyes and a golden hooked proboscis.

'My dear fellow,' sighed Philip, 'it 's frightfully embarrassing. Oh, well, these 'll do.'

A beautifully chased bronze mirror, bright as if the Cavaliere had polished it only that morning; a *tazza* of the best period of Greco-Etruscan art; a lady's silver toilet-box on four elegant legs, the box graven with Trojan heroes; and three or four fibulæ taken at random—such was Philip's portion; nor did it seem to him too much.

'Come along,' he said. 'If they were good to eat I believe I 'd eat them, pretty as they are. Anyway, it 's something.'

Again Scavo took up his parable.

'There is more to tell, signori, while we walk; and we must not make much noise, for fear of those others. I shall close the doors of this miserable home of the once-dead in which your excellencies have so unworthily spent so many hours, and we will go.'

Ogilvie and Philip climbed the steps into the perfumed scrub, and breathed freely again; and, having locked the inner gate only and drawn the outer door close, Scavo joined them. Excitement was boiling in the landlord of the Albergo Nazionale. It was wonderful to him that he could thus live

two lives so convincingly at the same time; but the more he advanced in his duplicities the smoother seemed the way for further progress.

He was not at all familiar with these wild paths amid the sepulchres; but with the help of the lantern and that useful light in the farm below, it was easy to follow the proper direction with due heed for the pitfalls of holes and tomb-openings. He led the way at a shuffling trot.

'I don't quite understand what it all means, even yet,' Ogilvie began, early in their walk. 'This Montarabo wished to starve and rob us, it seems; but why should he tell any one else about it?'

'Why, signore?' said Scavo, with a laugh. 'Why, because I take him by the throat and force him. Do you not see, *signori*? You do not return to the hotel, and you do not go away with your luggage. Yes, I rejoice that I have my brains. And it is because I think of your safety, signori, on all sides, that I ask you not to speak to others in the neighbourhood of the infamy you have suffered. The League has many members, and you may make a mistake. But when you are in Rome, if you wish, you may do what pleases you; though even there, perhaps, if you would forgive the outrage and say nothing, it might be better. This you shall be sure of, moreover, that the Cavaliere Montarabo is to pay for his sin. In Italy, signori, it is not always the law of the courts which punishes crime as it deserves.'

'What in the world,' exclaimed Philip, 'is he saying now? I wish to heaven we were eating macaroni in Rome!'

'Patience, my boy! I want to fathom these turbid waters a little before we are out of them.'

But that satisfaction was denied him. Scavo had become suddenly suspicious and something else. He did not like Philip's querulous tone, and he felt no great confidence in the amiability of Ogilvie, whose face had not exactly won his esteem in those first moments of their acquaintanceship, when he had so miserably assumed him to be an emissary of the League of the Spider. A few more questions and the weakness of the disconnected tale he was making up as best he could might be apparent. Also, like the Cavaliere Montarabo the previous day, he believed the gentlemen might be armed; and the purer air of the hills, in freshening their intelligence and making their blood flow vigorously again in their veins, might at any moment rekindle their wrath and urge them to turn even upon him, their benefactor.

This was one reason which decided the landlord of the Albergo Nazionale to quit the Englishmen without further delay.

The other was even more imperative. Supposing Anna should meet any Mulci person before again reaching Casa Montarabo, how should she be expected to hold her tongue as he had bidden her? She was but a woman, and a distracted one. Apart from that, he could not trust her courage to await him alone in the blood-stained house for more than a little time. She was an hysterical creature. Why, that very hour she might be raving up the Via Vittorio Emanuele proclaiming the Cavaliere's death to every open door in the place!

'Signori,' he said, stopping short, 'you are now safe. With permission, I will return. It is not a smooth path; but Romana's light is nearer. Continue and you shall come to the road.'

'Oh!' said Ogilvie. 'He wants to leave us, Philip. Says it's plain sailing.'

'Good business, then; that's what *I* say. It's not what I should call a first-class road; but who is to know if he's any better than the other brutes?'

'My own opinion too,' said Ogilvie.—'Well, signore, we owe you very much, if not our lives. What can we do to show our gratitude?'

'Gratitude, *caro signore!*' exclaimed Scavo, delightedly. 'Do not speak the word, I beg. It has been my privilege, under God, to be of service to you, and I am content, *caro signore.*'

He offered Ogilvie his hand and smiled anxiously. The lantern did not betray the agitation of his smile.

'You would rather we said nothing of our adventure for the present?' asked Ogilvie.

'Yes, it were best, for your excellencies' own sake. Wait a day or two. *Addio* and good-night, *caro signore.*'

He again pressed their hands with spasmodic fervour.

'Another time, signori,' he said, 'when you return to Mulci, you will not forget Scavo and the Albergo Nazionale?'

'Never in this world,' said Ogilvie.

'That is well, signori. *Addio! addio!*'

But, having bowed in the darkness and left them, Scavo smiled as he realised that nothing but the most melancholy bad luck in the world could keep him in Mulci even for a single night longer. *Dio santo!* what years he had lived since the sun had set! It seemed to him that he had outgrown even his wife and children. At least, he could not just yet afford to think of them as belonging to himself. Perhaps, if fortune favoured him and he got safely to the frontier, either of Switzerland or France, and contrived also to cross the frontier without the attentions of impertinent officials—perhaps then he would communicate with his Teresa, and—who knows?—his reunited family and himself might thereafter live days and years of peace and plenty in the very country of these English imbeciles; for the fame of England as an asylum for evil-doers had reached even to Mulci in the Apennines.

These were the visions which cheered him as he sped back to the Tomb of the Golden Bier with his lantern.

Once again in the tomb, he wasted no moments. His eyes shone with avaricious delight as he pawed the remaining treasures in the cabinets. To Ogilvie and Philip in their hours of despairing anxiety these had all been less than nothing. They would have bartered the whole of them for a long brown

loaf and a quart of wine, and Philip's signed draft on the Roman bankers for six thousand pounds might have been thrown into the bargain. But to Scavo they meant everything in the world now.

He stripped off his coat and waistcoat and then his shirt. He used his shirt as a wrapper for the gems, gem-studded vases, breast-covers and chaplets of gold, the gold and ivory spoons, brooches, pins, and all else of plain value which he could cram into the rough sack, made by tying the arms and neck-opening of the shirt. Only when he could persuade the shirt to close with seemly ease on nothing more did he desist from spoiling the late Cavaliere's grim treasure-chamber.

Sweating from head to foot, Scavo now prepared for his flight.

He was satisfied to turn but a single one or two of the keys in the outer door of the tomb. Ascending with the lantern, he threw all the keys far down into the brushwood, and then proceeded a little way along the track towards Mulci.

Only a little way, however. He could not confront the already ripened risks in that direction. By descending into the ravine and continuing down it where it debouched upon the coast, he hoped at dawn or thereabouts to reach the village of Marossa and the railway. There was an acquaintance in Marossa from whom a respectable travelling-bag might be borrowed. A plausible tale would be easily put together, and in the meantime his exquisite shirtful of plunder might be left in an outlying vineyard. So to the train, and the first great step towards a life of idle opulence would be accomplished.

But Nemesis was already at the rascal's shoulder, toying with him ere breaking him.

For several minutes Scavo toiled with increasing effort among the rocks and thorns of the break-neck descent. He ought to have known better than attempt such a route, honeycombed as it was with open and half-concealed perils. He had a foretaste of what was to come when he slipped on the edge of an excavation and the lantern dropped from his encumbered hands and smashed in the bottom of the hole. But he was blind to the warning, thanked his stars that his weighted shirt had not followed the lantern, and stumbled on.

He was scarcely a hundred yards farther on his way, however, when the end came. His feet went through a beguiling carpet of brambles and ivy, and he pitched sideways into space down a precipice of tufa, with the Cavaliere's Etruscan treasures loose about his ears. The fall was only some eighteen or twenty feet, but it was enough. Signore Scavo of the Albergo Nazionale did not move a limb after the fall. He breathed heavily for a little while, and then died. His neck was broken.

Ogilvie and Philip in the meantime had a rough journey down to the hollow. They reached the slip of white road, thankful that *their* necks were whole. The temptation to call at Romana's farm, a little to the south of the road, was not overmastering. Though hungry, they were not in extremities, and the events of the past two days had filled them with distrust of these Apennine Italians. The road at least they could trust, once they were sure of the direction in which it trended.

Nor had they any temptation to descant about their hardships at the little railway station. Time had slipped along fast, and all their energies were devoted to persuading the somewhat obstinate officials to undertake the registration of their luggage for a train which was due in the course of about six minutes. It was explained that they ought to have presented themselves and their request some four minutes sooner. But a bribe settled the official scruples, and when the train came up all was ready for them. They took their seats in a first-class carriage, leaned back, and in the momentary complete revulsion of their feelings—the painful brew of four-and-twenty unforgettable hours—were ready almost to forgive even Mulci the pain it had caused them.

Then Philip gave way to weariness, and slept until they were at Rome. Even their treasure from the tomb could not keep him awake.

At supper that night—a supper to be enshrined in memory—they discussed their adventure with very natural ardour. Ogilvie yearned to visit the authorities before retiring to bed. Philip felt less revengeful. He was already half inclined to crow about the adventure through which they had come without injury either material or personal. But Ogilvie, over his cigar, longed, he said, to hit out at that hateful little black-shadowed town on the hill-top and its mysterious inhabitants.

'Put it off until to-morrow, old chap,' urged Philip. 'It's an experience, anyway. It hasn't hurt me in the least, and it'll be something to talk about in the old country. Once you start telling them about it *here*, you'll never get to bed. It'll be question after question, and the odds are then they'll just twist their moustaches and ask you if you're sure you're not drunk. And you know we have had about a bottle apiece!'

Philip's cautious instincts prevailed.

The next day also they did nothing active in the matter. Philip was unwell. The reaction was telling upon him, and his imprudent supper also. Ogilvie decided to make a written report of the outrage for the British Ambassador. That would be easier and much more dignified than confusing himself with the Italian authorities. He began his narrative, and off and on continued it until the evening. He grew interested in his descriptive powers, and when they sat down to dinner his report was incomplete.

Nor did he finish it at all, in fact.

They were eating a ragout of chicken when one of Rome's newspaper-boys scurried into the restaurant with the *Gazetta della Sera*. Ogilvie bought a copy. He opened it when they had done with the ragout, and, after a glance or two, exclaimed, 'Hallo! What's this?'

And this was the translation he gave to Philip of the paragraph of provincial news which had arrested his attention :

'TRAGEDY AT MULCI.—A crime of extraordinary interest is greatly disquieting this small town, of which the victim is the well-known Etruscan connoisseur, the Cavaliere Enzio Montarabo. The Cavaliere was found dead in his house on Tuesday evening. At first it was supposed to be an instance of suicide. Interrogation of his housekeeper, Anna Morella, however, produced a remarkable story, which seemed to implicate a Mulci innkeeper named Scavo, especially as Scavo was missing from his house. Two Englishmen who were at Mulci on Monday and Tuesday were said to have been shut up in one of the Etruscan tombs leased for exploration purposes by the Cavaliere. The woman's story was not credited until this afternoon, when the body of Scavo was discovered within half a mile of the town, surrounded by a litter of Etruscan valuables which he had stolen from the sepulchre known as of the Golden Bier. The man had no wound on him, and an autopsy will be made. All the circumstances point to a crime of peculiar interest and barbarity, with which the two Englishmen already mentioned, and whom it is desirable to discover, may or may not have been associated.'

Ogilvie and Philip had little appetite for the rest of their dinner. They debated this news from Mulci with full appreciation of its ghastliness, as well as its concern with them.

'Do you know,' said Ogilvie at length, 'I don't at all feel like mixing up with the mess. I dare say it's our duty; but—one never knows what may happen with these people. And, you know, those things we've got; they might be dangerous.'

'Let's get off home at once,' said Philip enthusiastically.

'Really? You won't mind?'

'My dear chap! Mind? After that night before last! But don't you think the police will nail us as witnesses, and so on?'

'Not if we're sharp. Shall we take the night-train north—now? That poor wretch Montarabo must have been out of his mind. It would almost be a kindness to his memory not to have our story dragged out of us against him. That innkeeper fellow's more of a mystery, and will be, I suppose, till doomsday. We have two hours, Philip, to pack in and get clear off.'

'We'll do it,' said Philip.

They did it, and felt pretty comfortable only when they had passed Ventimiglia the next day. Italy, which had entangled them in such a nasty little web of its own, might now be left to do its own unravelling.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TRAFFIC IN CAGED BIRDS.

THE Royal Society for the Protection of Birds issues periodically a circular-letter entitled *Bird Notes and News*, in which it is its custom, among other things, to call attention to abuses which it is desirous of seeing corrected. A recent issue deals forcibly with the export of caged birds from this country to the United States. In America no traffic in caged birds of native species is allowed, and it is not surprising to learn, therefore, that British species are shipped in large quantities across the Atlantic. Apart from the serious strain upon the bird population of this country, there appears to be very considerable cruelty in connection with the traffic in the helpless little songsters. In one case which is quoted, forty-four dozen larks and greenfinches, newly caught, were sent from Newcastle, *vid* Liverpool, to New York. On arriving at that city over 80 per cent. of the birds were dead. The consignee refusing to accept the small remnant of the original shipment, the poor creatures were lying among their dead comrades in the Express Office. The law prohibiting the holding of live birds in captivity, and the traffic in them, was passed in the United States in 1904, in spite of strenuous opposition from the State which supplies most of the birds. It is hoped that a similar law may some day be passed in England for the further protection of our own birds.

ALUMINIUM AS A PROTECTION AGAINST MERCURY-VAPOUR.

The terribly poisonous nature of mercury vapour which constitutes so grave a menace to the workers of many industrial processes may now be combated by the use of a respirator containing a mass of finely pulverised aluminium. Aluminium has the power of absorbing mercury-vapour even when present in minute quantities in air. It is said that even in the dense vapours resulting from the burning of chloride of mercury, breathing through the aluminium respirator may be safely conducted, so completely does the one metal absorb every trace of the other.

FATED PENGUINS.

In Macquarie Island and in the Auckland Islands, where clouds of penguins were wont to reside, a curious trade is being carried on in the preparation of penguin-oil, which, according to Dr E. A. Wilson, appears to be obtained by the crude method of casting penguins by the thousand into a melting-pot and boiling them down. The market has recently been enriched by no less than one hundred tons of oil prepared in this manner, and it is said

that the success of the undertaking has given encouragement to a scheme to set up further cauldrons on the Auckland Islands. It is feared that when once the trade has obtained a firm foothold the penguins will be exterminated at a far greater rate than they can be replaced by nature, and it is hoped that something will be done to regulate the traffic.

A TRAVELLING-HAMMOCK FOR INVALIDS.

It is a well-known fact that a journey by rail is a very serious strain upon an invalid, and in many cases a visit to the seaside, with its beneficial change of air and scene, has to be abandoned because of the more than compensating disadvantages of the railway journey which is involved. A special invalid-car is a luxury which can only be afforded by the rich; but a simple device has recently been invented by Mrs M. C. Horne which promises to reduce the difficulty to a minimum. The couch is of the nature of a hammock, which, we gather, is applicable at short notice to an ordinary railway carriage. It has been tested by the Great Northern Railway Company with results which appear to be satisfactory, the harmful vibration having been practically eliminated although the train was travelling at high speed. The inventor claims that the new device will not only make railway travelling possible to numbers of invalids who at present must perforce remain where they are, but that it will practically increase the accommodation of hospitals by making it possible to send patients home within a shorter period after an operation or other treatment.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY SIGNALS.

The South-Eastern Railway Company, not hitherto regarded as the most progressive of lines, has recently adopted experimentally a system of operating signals by electricity. The new method does away entirely with the elaborate system of hand-operated levers, which are replaced by a small keyboard whereon the switches are worked with the fingers only. The system, which is that of the W. R. Sykes Interlocking Signal Company, Limited, of Clapham, enables two men to do the work which at present requires all the attention of six. The physical labour connected with the operation of brass knobs and steel slides is practically nil; men do not get tired at their work, and are therefore better able to keep their minds upon it. Moreover, the system appears to be so elaborately interchecked that it is practically impossible for a signalman to make a mistake. The South-Eastern Company is fitting about ten miles of their line with the new system, and the experiment will be watched with the greatest interest, for if its success is unqualified it is likely that the new mode of signalling will be adopted by other lines.

PAINTING IN THE DARK.

Artists are known to be often eccentric in their methods; but Mr H. Keyworth Raine appears to have adopted an entirely original system of his own. While his confrères of the brush are seeking by artfully placed studios to have a steady, brilliant light upon their work, Mr Raine retires to the seclusion of an underground London cellar, and there he paints portraits which are remarkable for their beauty and strength. The light he elects to work by can scarcely be called light at all, for even the enfeebled rays which filter through into his dingy studio are practically stopped by tissue-paper and curtains. Mr Raine recently gave an exhibition of his method at a London hotel. On four consecutive days he painted for an hour at a time in a room which was almost dark, watched eagerly the while by a committee of literary, journalistic, and art critics. At the end of the four hours the light was let into the room, and a fine portrait, full of power and originality, was seen to have been produced.

CANADIAN PETROLEUM.

The New York papers publish a telegram from Egg Lake, Alberta, in which it is stated that a vast subterranean lake of petroleum has recently been discovered in north-west Canada. Oil prospectors and others interested in the subject have rushed to the spot, and in a few weeks a thriving town has sprung up. The oil, which is now gushing from the earth in large quantities, is said to be of the highest quality ever discovered. Petroleum plays such a very important part in so many industries that the new discovery is of great value not only to the territory immediately concerned, but to the rest of the world as well. Two railway companies are extending branches to the new camp-city, and it is expected that work will soon be in progress on an extensive scale.

A HUGE DAM.

The city of New York is shortly to be supplied with water from the Croton River, which has been dammed to form a huge lake, from which the necessary supply can be obtained. The work on this immense piece of masonry was commenced in August 1892, by excavating one million seven hundred and fifty thousand cubic yards of earth. During its construction the Croton River has been allowed to flow through a gap left for the purpose, and the recent opening of the dam—or, more properly speaking, the closing of it—was accomplished by shutting off this passage, and an immense lake is now gradually forming in the valley. By the time the waters reach their allotted height the lake will extend up the valley for nearly twenty miles, thus necessitating the construction of many miles of new roads in place of those which will shortly be submerged. The arms of the lake will stretch out in many directions, and long and costly bridges have been constructed to carry the new roads across it. The huge mass of masonry which is changing the appearance of the country for so many miles measures two hundred and ninety-seven feet from foundation to crest, one hundred and forty feet

of which is below the ground, through which it had to be extended so as to obtain a firm footing upon the rocks. The width of the foundation upon the rocks is no less than two hundred and six feet, this great thickness being necessary to prevent the whole structure being overturned by the pressure of the water. At the ground-level the thickness is about one hundred feet, which tapers to twenty feet at the crest of the construction. The object of the new reservoir is to provide for New York City the three hundred million gallons of water which it requires for its daily consumption. It is estimated that the reservoir will contain, when full, about thirty thousand million gallons of water.

A NEW ANÆSTHETIC.

The *Petit Journal* publishes particulars of a new anæsthetic which appears to have valuable properties. The drug is obtained from a Japanese plant, and has been named scopolamine. Administered by subcutaneous injection, it has the effect of producing a deep sleep for about eight hours. The principal virtue of the new drug appears to lie in the fact that it has absolutely no after-effects, and it is claimed that as an anæsthetic it is far superior to any of the drugs at present in use.

SOUNDING WITHOUT LEAD.

The disadvantages attending upon the present method of gauging the depth of water beneath a moving vessel are sufficiently obvious, and were it possible to take soundings with ease and accuracy, less would be heard of vessels running aground in shallow waters. The *Scientific American* publishes particulars of a new and ingenious method of sounding, which, if it fulfils its promise, should be of considerable interest in the maritime world. At one side of the vessel is fitted beneath the water-line a funnel-like apparatus, by means of which sound-waves in water are periodically emitted by an electrical sounding contrivance. On the other side of the vessel is a similar funnel whose function is to receive the sound-waves after they have been reflected from the bottom of the ocean. Sound-waves travel at a slow, steady rate in water, just as they do in air, though not quite so slowly. Their progress is, however, slow enough for the interval between the sending of the vibration from one side of the vessel and its receipt at the other to be readily appreciable by proper means of detection. In the instrument described, these intervals are periodically recorded upon a revolving drum, and should the interval be so small as to indicate that the vessel was in shallow water, an alarm-bell would be rung and due notice given to those in charge of her safety.

AN ELECTRIC WATER-CART.

The city of Hartford, Conn., is experimenting with an electrically driven water-cart, which appears to be giving every satisfaction. It consists of a big boiler-shaped container such as is usually employed in that part of the world, mounted on a truck *châssis* of the type associated with self-propelled vehicles. The motive-power is derived from a battery slung beneath the reservoir, and is capable of driving the contrivance in use thirty or forty miles a day at a speed of six miles an hour. This is the average work of four horses; but the principal advantage is that during a spell of wet weather, when the water-cart is not required, it costs nothing for upkeep.

WARSHIPS DRIVEN BY GAS.

The explosion engine which is now going through such a rapid and very successful evolution is believed by many thoughtful people to be destined to oust the steam-engine from its present proud position. Doubtless it must pass many further stages of development ere it will be fit to supplant the mighty power which stalked like a giant through the nineteenth century; but many who watch its childhood's service to the motor-car predict great things for its maturer years. Herr E. Capitaine of Frankfort sees in the new power an economical and efficient means of propelling the largest ships along the ocean highways, and has laid complete designs for big marine engines before an engineering society. In place of the immense boilers, which take up so much valuable space on the steamship, he puts a gas-producer plant similar to those now in use in connection with large gas-engine installations in many places. Thence the gas passes through the necessary purifiers to the vertical engines, where it is mixed with air and exploded in the usual way. Herr Capitaine has built for himself a launch fitted with such an engine and producer on a small scale, and from it he has obtained very satisfactory and promising results.

GASLIGHT VERSUS ELECTRICITY.

The city of London has been lighted by electric light for about fifteen years, and in that period little or no improvement has been effected in the illumination of the streets. On the other hand, various people interested in gas have been steadily working at the improvement of the illuminant in which they believe, and gaslight is a very different thing to-day from the flickering yellow flame of fifteen years ago. The authorities of the city are now doing what hundreds of private householders have already done—reverting to gas. The lamp-standards in Fleet Street are to be lowered, and the electric lamps replaced by incandescent gas-mantles fed by gas under pressure. The result of the experiment will be awaited with much interest both in regard to illumination and to cost.

SMELTING BY ELECTRICITY.

In countries where electric power is cheap—that is to say, where the forces of nature can be easily and efficiently harnessed to a dynamo—iron and steel smelting by electricity can be practised with economy. In parts of Canada electric-furnaces are in use with promising results, and it is said that one ton of pig-iron can be smelted for thirty shillings,

and a ton of best steel for eighty-eight shillings. Mr Scott Anderson of Sheffield has recently patented a furnace of this description, in which it is claimed that not only can the ore be reduced, but the product can be mixed and the best steel produced. The temperature of such a furnace is the highest which can be obtained by any practicable means, and alloys may be produced with it which are unobtainable by other means, for the heat will conquer the most stubborn metal or oxide known to the metallurgist.

DISCOVERY OF ANOTHER EGYPTIAN ROYAL TOMB.

The *Times* records the discovery, by Mr T. M. Davis, in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, Egypt, of a royal tomb which is quite intact and has never been visited or plundered since the age of the eighteenth dynasty. When found, it was filled from end to end with the richest spoils of ancient Egypt. There were mummy-cases encrusted with gold, huge alabaster vases of exquisite form, chairs and boxes brilliant with paint and gilding, and a pleasure-chariot with six spoked-wheels, richly painted and encrusted with gold, the leather-work being fresh as of yesterday. Beyond the coffins at the western end of the tomb were large sealed jars of wine or oil; boxes of black-painted wood, each of which contained a piece of cooked meat wrapped in black muslin; also, four canopic jars of alabaster in which the entrails of the deceased were deposited. Gold is plentiful, and an inscription says it was brought from the south. This tomb was the burial-place of Yua and Thua, parents of Queen Teie, the wife of Amon-hotep III., and the mother of the heretic King Amon-hotep IV. of the eighteenth dynasty.

MEXICO'S RAILWAY FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

Messrs S. Pearson & Son have several very large contracts on hand, including the four railway tunnels under the East River, New York, which are to connect Long Island City and New York. The same firm has completed harbour works at Vera Cruz at a cost of three million pounds, and the drainage of the valley of Mexico, involving an outlay of two million pounds. Another great scheme on hand is the reconstruction of the Tehuantepec Railway, one hundred and ninety miles long, across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, from Salina Cruz on the Pacific to Coatzacoalcos on the Atlantic. Two million pounds have been expended on the railway, while six millions are being expended on the ports in order that they may be perfectly equipped for steam traffic. A steamship service will be inaugurated on the Atlantic side to New York, and on the Pacific side to San Francisco. Sir Weetman Pearson reports that Mexico is making marvellous progress, and that Englishmen are not participating in its development as they might do. Germans and Americans are making headway there rapidly. There is a great field for frugal, energetic men, with a capital of about one thousand pounds, who are prepared to go in for stock-raising and other enterprises. The country is healthy, and President Diaz has proved an excellent administrator. The railway across the isthmus is expected to become one of the great trade-routes of the world and a rival to the Panamá Canal.

FAIRY TALES.

I KNOW a pool where water-lilies blow
All pearly white,
And where the iris with a regal glow
Reflects the light.

The silence is about it all the day;
And, on its breast,
The gaudy butterflies and dragons play,
Or, lighting, rest.

Hid in the woodland's heart it lies serene,
And, on a day,
Here Beauty met me midst the green and gold
(The fairies' way!).

No fairies they, but, on a grassy bed,
Two little maids,
Absorbed, unconscious, head to sun-kissed head,
Ringlets and braids.

The elder told a tale of wonders rare,
And jolly fun;
At least I guessed so, for ere I came there
The tale was done.

'True, Hilda?' asked the one, wide-eyed, demure,
With frock of blue;
And then I heard the answer, certain, sure,
'As true as true.'

And true it was, and is, whate'er it be
The story told;
For who like children know of truth? Not we,
Children grown old.

F. W. SAUNDERSON.

The August part of *Chambers's Journal* will contain the opening chapters of a romance of powerful interest, entitled

"THE AUTOCRAT."

By MAYNE LINDSAY,

Author of the "Whirligig," &c.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE AUTOCRAT.

By MAYNE LINDSAY, Author of *The Whirligig*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

MRS MILLINGHAM, sitting under the sycamore after her placid summer custom, dropped three stitches in succession. This was portentous; so was the flush on her cheek, and a slight—a very slight—air of mutiny among her cap ribbons. Small things made ripples in the Chescote backwater; and the event of to-day was not a small thing, but one that involved the future life and happiness of her only daughter. She glanced to where a restless figure, seen behind roses and a box-hedge, was disturbing the designs of the thrushes at the strawberry-beds. Olive, too, for all her spirit, and the glamour of courtship, and a large faith in the world as a place that could not be unkind to a pretty girl, was in suspense. Her mother, with some recollection of a thin curate, long since transformed into a plump vicar—but none the less dear for that; what was the dream of youth to the devotion of middle-age?—gazed anxiously at the open French windows of the study, and forgot her knitting altogether.

'He is a nice young man.' She nodded there. 'A very nice, amiable young man, and high-principled I am sure, and likely to make his way in a good profession. I liked his manner from the beginning, and there seem to be means.' . . . This was worldly wisdom, and led at once to the obstacle. 'If he only had a single relation of whom any one had ever heard! Even Jane knows nothing.' Jane was Mrs Millingham's sister-in-law, the squire's wife, who went to London for a month every summer, and was reputed to know all the world and his wife. 'To do the boy justice, there appears to be no wilful concealment, only—ignorance. Yet, if Olive is to . . . Well, let us trust that Henry will succeed in getting a little light as the result of this uncomfortable interview. Now, I know where she has gone: she will be sitting under the medlar, just as she used to do, poor child! when her father was ready to hear her catechism. How glad I am we have no more daughters to be asked in marriage by unknown young men!'

The Reverend Henry Millingham, vicar of Chescote, was making the same reflection, and at the same time. The most disagreeable part of the task had fallen to him; and though, as a man and a parent, he had not shirked his duty, the discomfort with which he occupied the inquisitorial chair showed that he was no more at ease than the rest of his family. The Millinghams belonged to good country stock, if a younger branch; it was not in them to forget it. They had intermarried for a very respectable number of generations with other minor country folk; parsons, squires' sons, the Admiral's son at The Hollies, the General's daughter at The Grange. It was their groove; and they had been in a fair way to forget wider ways. Here, by contrast, was Rex Jenkins, wearing a vulgar name and an artlessly trusting air, easy-mannered, well dressed, public school and 'varsity written large all over him; and yet, for all that was forthcoming about his antecedents, as remote from the known world (by which the vicar meant a very small portion of it) as if he and his elusive father had dropped from the moon.

'I'm afraid I have no more to tell you, sir,' Rex had said to his face. 'I haven't a relative, to my knowledge, except my father, and I have never seen him for more than a day or two at a time; and I can't even tell you where, for the most part, he lays his head. He has given me a rattling good education, and he has been most generous to me. He used to arrange for me to spend my holidays with people; but they were paid hosts always, I believe; not friends—not known to him in a private way. . . . I don't remember hearing him speak of my mother. I know it all seems desperately vague, but I think—I am sure—the future will settle itself. I intend to be called to the Bar, and I have always had a liberal allowance. In fact, it was only a few months ago that my bankers wrote to me to say my father

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had deposited bonds to the value of ten thousand pounds with them in my name, so that, you see, if you were to give me Olive'——

'Ah, yes, yes!' Millingham said. Ten thousand pounds in the inexperienced hands of two-and-twenty! He began to think of American plutocrats; only the boy looked so little like his idea of a young American. He had dark colouring, a slightly foreign appearance that suggested, Millingham thought, a strain, barely perceptible, of Southern blood; but in speech and manner and charming simplicity he was a well-bred young Briton, and nothing more.

'Dear me! I hope you are not tempted to spend your capital.'

'Oh, I get my quarterly allowance independently of that,' Rex said, looking straight at him in his ingenuous way. 'Father told me once he was going to make a provision for me against accidents, and, as such, it is my business to keep this money intact, isn't it? It may be a year or two before I make anything at the law. I dare say he was thinking of that.'

'Just so,' Mr Millingham said, smiling. It was impossible not to take to the hopeful youth. He felt that he was losing his judicial balance, and he rose, and pulled down an ample waistcoat. 'But you will understand, my dear boy, that we are old-fashioned people, Olive's mother and I, and we should not like to think of our little girl's life being disturbed by uncongenial rela—by—er—the intrusion of unpleasant people.' He became red, as Rex's eyes opened wide. Jane had been responsible for the preposterous suggestion of an Australian convict ancestry, advanced by gold-digging to vulgar wealth. It was like Jane to manufacture such a bogey, and confuse his common-sense to the verge of a gross insinuation. 'Well, that is all about it, isn't it? You will see Mr Jenkins, and assure him that we shall be delighted if he will favour us with a visit, or permit me to call on him in town at his leisure. He is in London now, you say?'

'He may be,' Rex said, with a troubled look, rising as the vicar left his chair. 'He is more often in Paris, and sometimes he is in the East, out of my reach altogether. I think'—he hesitated—'that he has property in Farther Asia—plantations. . . . But that is only an idea of mine. He has never told me anything about his business affairs. To tell you the truth, sir,' the young man wound up frankly, 'I could not admit to myself that I had a right to ask until meeting *her* turned all my ideas topsy-turvy.'

Mr Millingham smiled again, and the suitor escaped to the garden. He went with long, impatient strides to the medlar by way of the sycamore; and Mrs Millingham, watching his approach, decided that, nobody or not, he had an excellent figure, and that his dark eyes, his budding manliness, were quite enough to account for Olive's surrender.

Olive had forsaken the shade, and was on her knees at the strawberry-nets. Her honourable intent was not plunder, but the rescue of a young thrush that had let daring outweigh discretion. As Rex appeared she was gently disentangling his poor legs, and assuring him, in a voice soft enough to soothe the most timid robber, that it was not the gardener this time.

'But it may be next; do keep to the snails, and take this as a warning. You are one of the holly brood, of course. I told your mother you were hatched too early, and here is the end of precociousness.—Oh Rex! did they—have they——? Come and tell me all about it, my poor boy. Father! How absurd! As if we are, any of us, truly afraid of *father!* Still, there was judgment in the air; and there is such a cult of conscientiousness at Chescote that I am never quite sure who or what is to be the next burnt-offering.'

'You and I must bring our small tribute, and you are not to be flippant about it,' Rex said, as the thrush, with gaping beak and ruffled feathers, fled to freedom. Olive remained sitting on the path, with the July sun streaming about her, and her brown eyes, her pretty, alert face, looking up at him. He put his hands resolutely behind his back, and his colour rose a little; even a conscientious young man has his temptations. 'I am not engaged to you,' he continued. 'Please to understand that. You are not engaged to me—officially. But you may come for a walk, if you wish it, seven times round the currant-bushes, and I will try to explain the situation. Your father is awfully reasonable and awfully long-suffering, and I am going to do my very best to satisfy him. Heavens! If any one came to *me* and asked quite coolly that I should hand you over to him, I know what I should say, and it wouldn't be half as kind or merciful as what has been said to me.'

They walked to and fro in the garden, and were, as might have been foreseen, late for tea under the sycamore, and they went to the post-office afterwards for the letters, as if their courting were not, from one point of view, at a deadlock. It was six o'clock before Rex tore himself away, and went, with a thoughtful brow, to his rooms in the village, the lodging he had taken a month ago, when, after meeting Olive at a college friend's house, he had discovered the burning necessity for improving their acquaintance. He ate his eggs and bacon, and he took a cigarette out to the village green and strolled about it, avoiding the scratch cricket and the bench of gossips before the inn. He had been light to Olive; but really the matter was serious. He walked up and down with his young face grave, weighted by his difficulties.

His thoughts reviewed his childhood as far back as he could remember. Dim vision, first, of a little boy in a big suburban house, eying the noisy family next door, with whom, apparently, he was not allowed to play. He had a nurse, and a housekeeper, and maids; the whole establishment had been maintained on behalf of a rather forlorn Rex in velvet and curls. The women had kept him

late in curls. . . . His first memory of his father was a sudden arrival—but all his appearances were unlooked-for—which brought about close-cropping, and so one step upon the road to manhood.

His discernment had widened with the years, but not, he thought, in this one intimate instance, not in his puzzled outlook upon his father. In the broken recollections of his babyhood, through the awkward age to coat-tails, from coat-tails to Oxford, the riddle, as it intruded and vanished and pushed to the front again, remained insoluble. He did not believe that his father had lost one whit of the singularity, the alienation from a decorous world, that had been perceived by the child long before it intruded itself into the boy's perception. Rex bit his lip. How generously he had been treated! What liberty he possessed! And yet—yet—— He was by no means a morbidly retrospective person; but he could see a dazed child, who had been caught up unexpectedly to the whirl of a day in London—strange, rich foods, wine that first stung and then stupefied him, glare and glitter of a stage, and people dancing, and singing unintelligible songs, and the sallow face looking on, sardonically amused by what must have been rather a piteous bewilderment. He saw, too, the trifles that children store in their minds until light streams in on them: the reluctance of his pious Scotch nurse to let him go, the indignation with which she took his programme trophy away from him, and tucked his tired little body into bed. Mr Jenkins' descents had not been very well received by the impeccable, respectable servants with whom he had surrounded his son. A protest from his tutor when his father had carried him off, on one occasion, to a raffish race-meeting beyond the suburb, had been met with swift and autocratic dismissal, a tigerish outburst of temper that had greatly bewildered the small onlooker. And later, when he was at Eton, and the contrast between other boys' fathers and his own had been forced on him by sundry brutally candid critics, how often he had swung between condemnation of himself as a disloyal snob and shrinking from the bizarre personality that he found it necessary, by 'milling' and fisticuffs, publicly to champion! Other fathers held up ideals—religious, moral, worldly—to their sons; had careers mapped out for them; spoke of things that were to be avoided because 'we don't do 'em, you know.' *His* father spoke of life habitually as a state in which no man's motives were without suspicion, in which the best that could be done was to follow the easiest whim, to eat, drink, and be merry, and to leave codes of honour to the fools. Mr Jenkins and the Millinghams were far apart as the poles in their objects of existence; there were thorns in abundance about the projected meeting. Rex hastily recalled, again, the care with which his guardians had been picked, and the environment that had been chosen for him, and all the wholesome conditions that made the paradox between his training and the man who had ordained it so perplexingly apparent.

The dusk had fallen upon him. A mist was rising over the village; the air was heavily scented; lights glimmered in the cottages. His youth tingled through his veins; and a vexation at the perverseness of Fate nipped him. He was, so far as he knew, a rich man's son; he was a man himself now, not meanly equipped, he thought, for the quiet professional life to which he looked forward; and yet a country vicar, with a gentle worldliness to direct his aim, had touched his weakness at their first encounter. A nobody? That remained to be seen. Yet, if not a nobody, still the son of Mr Jenkins, who held the inner springs from which the Millinghams drew their sustenance in outspoken contempt, and who, on more superficial counts, had nothing in common with their careful, well-bred, conscientious obscurity.

He returned to his lodgings, took pen and paper, and wrote a letter to a London banking-address. It was a request that his father would name a place in which to meet him as soon as his convenience permitted, and he paused when he had written it, shaded his eyes with a long, slender hand, and stared, without observing it, at the solemn entry of the stars into a purple firmament.

He was not afraid that Olive, whatever might happen, would fall away from him. They loved each other: this was the certainty, the light, the moon in his sky. They had come together, they two, because it was their destiny; the miracle was accomplished, not now to be upset by all the malpractices of Fate. Even if—the terrible thought was there—they might never marry, they would remain staunch, and trust each other through tragic separations. Rex the idealist, at two-and-twenty, was not in a mood to admit that there could be an end to his love-story. And if it were merely a matter of effort. . . . Work—wait? He would work himself to a shadow, grow gray and old, before he let hope pass him by.

He rose from this youthful resolution with fresh confidence; and he went to the window with his shoulders squared, a young man who had already, in imagination, made short work of the lions in the path. The green, on which he had turned over more depressing reflections, recalled them. The lion in question was not an obstacle to be overcome by the most strenuous exertions, valour extraordinary; and it was crouching within measurable striking distance. He took his candlestick soberly, and went to bed.

When he had undressed, and was about to blow out the light, a thought struck him. He took a photograph from a drawer, propped it against the foot of the looking-glass, and studied it. It showed the head of a man in early middle-age, a man with narrow, inexpressive eyes, and pinched nostrils, and high cheek-bones above a lean jaw. The mouth was well shaped, except for a full under-lip. It was the mouth of a *bon vivant;* but

there was a peevish droop of disillusion in it. The face was not English, certainly—the lank black hair and almond eyes insisted upon that; but neither was it typical of any nation that he knew. The collar and tie were faultless—too faultless if anything; the general impression was not one of refinement, though oddly enough the poise of head spoke of an arrogance of birth, the aristocrat's contempt for lesser mortals.

Rex, when he had ended his examination, lifted his eyes and looked into the mirror. Was there a likeness? Something—the set of shoulders, the high forehead—declared their kinship. He did not resemble the photograph even remotely in expression, and his slightly foreign look was no more than an Italian touch overlaying the home product; but he was none the less surely his father's son. He learnt nothing more from his survey than this, and he laid the photograph away, and went to bed.

'It is absurd that a man shouldn't have the remotest idea of where his own father and mother came from, or who he is!' It was his last waking thought. 'It didn't matter before, but now it makes a world of difference. I have never asked a question; but the time has come when I must know, for Olive's sake. And even if there is something ugly behind, must they not understand that my life is my own, unmade as yet, and all at *her* disposal? I'm not a genius; I'm only a very ordinary fellow; not brilliant a bit; but I believe I can plod, and do fairly decent work. Surely, then—surely—surely'——

And so on, through a lover's optimism, into sleep.

(To be continued.)

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF LOCAL EXPENDITURE.

THERE is much need at the present time for a thorough and exhaustive examination into the expenditure of our local governing bodies, urban and rural. The subject is not understood by the ratepayers in general, who, though they may feel the pinch given by the ever-advancing rates, are ignorant of the causes which bring about the increase. What we know as the highway and poor rates are by no means confined to those single items. If you live in the country they include all sorts of other rates, such as the sanitary, the educational, the Rural District Council, and various items booked under the headings of poor and roads.

Upon one occasion I ventured to ask why the rates were doubled, and the reply was that during a colliery strike in a neighbouring village some damage had been done to the colliery by the strikers, and the ratepayers had to settle the bill, which was a heavy one. It happened that the men on strike, who were marching in a large body, approached a brewery belonging to a local county councillor, and beer-barrels were broached to conciliate the mob. The beer, however, unfortunately stimulated the men to violence, and they wrecked the colliery, doing something like four thousand pounds' worth of damage.

When once rates have been put on they very rarely come off again, and it is not until statistics are studied that you can know the reason of this. A valuable paper contributed by Mr Holt Schooling to the *Windsor Magazine* throws a flood of light upon this question. The local debt is approaching five hundred millions, and the annual local expenditure, which in the sixties was thirty-six millions, has grown to nearly one hundred and fifty millions. No doubt this enormous increase is due to the multiplication of councils. We have the County Council, the Rural District Council, and the Parish Council, with officials all drawing salaries, and the councils endowed with powers of borrowing money.

Whatever may be said in praise of local government and the benefits to be derived therefrom, a few practical statements from other opinions may not be out of place. I take as an instance a small village of under two hundred inhabitants where I live. The ratepayers met in the village schoolroom to discuss the propriety of having a parish council. As our numbers were under three hundred, this was optional. I asked the meeting whether there was any necessity for us to go to the expense which a parish council would incur, and it was unanimously decided to take advantage of a clause in the Act and decline to have a council. I then asked for any ratepayer to say what benefit our parish had received from any one of the councils; and the only change for the better which any of us could note was an improvement in the condition of the roads. In other respects we had got heavier rates and were restricted in many ways.

For instance, supposing any one—he may be the squire of the place or a workman who has saved money—wanted to build some cottages in the village. Plans for these have now to be submitted to the board of management of the District Council, and no house may be built excepting of brick or stone, entailing an outlay of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds. To secure an adequate return for this expenditure a rent must be charged of at least five shillings per week, and no labourer could possibly pay that. Add to this, again, the rates and taxes, and house-building becomes impossible. This seems a strange state of things, when the one endeavour of the Government is to repopulate the villages.

Under the direction of Mr J. St Loe Strachey an exhibition will take place this year of cheap cottages at Letchworth, when probably more will be heard on

this subject. Undoubtedly by cheapening the cost of building the labourer will be able to obtain a house commensurate with his earnings. So long as the sanitary laws are not infringed, the construction of a cottage in the country need not be ruled by any hard-and-fast lines. It is altogether different in a town, where people are crowded together, and light and air are deficient.

The following incident affords a singular example of the extravagance of the Rural District Council; and as it happened to a neighbour of mine, I heard all the particulars. If a ratepayer requires some disinfectant powder for his drains, an application is usually made to the sanitary inspector, who provides it free of charge. During a hot summer my neighbour sent his servant to ask for a tin of powder to disinfect his drains round the house. He was promised that a supply would be forwarded, and in the course of a few days a dray with sixteen sacks upon it was driven into his stable-yard. My neighbour took these sacks to be horse-corn, but on inquiry he found they were filled with disinfectant powder. He went at once to the drayman and expostulated, and ordered the man to take the whole lot back to the council. This he protested he could not do, declaring he had been ordered to deliver it, and it was as much as his place was worth to take it away again. In vain my neighbour declared that he asked for a tin and not a ton. The man was obdurate, and the sixteen sacks are to this day on his premises.

I spoke of the multiplication of officials under these various councils. No doubt they are a necessary body of assistants, but it sometimes happens that their very number increases the difficulty of getting things done in an inexpensive and practical way, as the following circumstance, I think, sufficiently shows.

It happened one day that on the high-road just beyond my gate a barge-horse was coming along with its driver, passing from one portion of the canal to another. The poor beast, no doubt well stricken in years and worn-out with work, fell dead by the roadside within the jurisdiction of the Rural District Council. The driver stripped off the bridle and the can which hung round its neck, and walked off, leaving the body of the horse for any one to dispose of who chose. A message was sent to the Rural District Council, and the officials took the matter in hand. It proved a very expensive burial, as I afterwards ascertained from the farmer who represented our village on the board, for the bill when presented was five pounds eighteen shillings and sixpence, a dearer charge than a pauper's burial, and my friend's comment was, 'If they had sent for the knacker he would have carried it away for nothing and given ten bob for the skin.'

We live in days when the old humdrum ways are repudiated, and a more expensive tone runs through the administration of local expenditure. The ancient courthouse, with its hard-backed chairs, good enough for old-fashioned county magistrates, is repudiated for a palatial County Council building which is said to have cost over one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Here you will see the marble hall and staircase, and your feet sink in the carpet pile as you walk along its corridors. Its board-room is a sight little grander than Buckingham Palace, and the chairman's seat is, if anything, finer than the King's throne. The blinds are of white silk, and the upholstering of the chairs and tables has been done on the most expensive scale. A tone of luxury runs through the whole place, and as all comes out of the rates, nobody seems to mind the cost.

Statistics, however, are very formidable things to explain away, and the article above referred to, by Mr Holt Schooling, is well worthy of the attention of every ratepayer in the country. The towns have now become very much like huge octopuses whose unsightly arms stretch in every direction, north, south, east, and west. If you happen to live anywhere within the radius of their embrace, they clutch you with a squeeze that drains your life-blood. Their one ambition seems to be the enlargement of their borders, and to include within their areas every outside village or hamlet, and make it part of the borough. It then matters little whether you have the modern conveniences of the town, such as lighting or paving; you have to pay just the same. Mr Schooling shows up the mismanagement of the municipalities in figures which are painful reading for the overburdened ratepayer. He states that two hundred and ninety-nine corporations out of three hundred and seventeen are responsible for unproductive undertakings. That is to say, they run baths and wash-houses, gasworks, tramways, &c., at a dead loss to the public. This serious state of things is clearly demonstrated by statistics which are irrefutable.

The total capital invested in these various undertakings amounts to the enormous sum of one hundred and twenty-one millions, of which one hundred and seventeen millions are borrowed, and only sixteen millions had been paid off in 1902. Going carefully into details, Mr Schooling points out that though some of the undertakings, notably gas, show a yearly profit, others are worked at a dead loss; and when a proper amount—namely, 5 per cent.—is written off for depreciation annually in respect of plant, machinery, &c., which have cost over one hundred and twenty-one millions—there is a net yearly loss of four pounds ten shillings and sevenpence per cent. per annum on the one thousand and twenty-nine unproductive undertakings in England and Wales, excluding London.

As an instance of the octopus-like proceedings of the municipal authorities, I may quote the following example. The village where I live is some four and a half miles from the nearest town. Our overseers received an intimation that if we wanted the services of the fire-brigade we must pay an annual sum towards its cost and maintenance. This we declined to do; but the municipal authorities

obtained parliamentary powers to compel us, and now another burden is laid upon the local rates.

It is all very well for the citizen in the town, who sees great improvements before his eyes in the widening of streets, the electric light, the trams, and other benefits which improve his shop and increase his business, to take quietly the growing expenses that are laid upon him; but what does the man in the country village get for his share in this gigantic expenditure? The electric light and the trams do not reach him, and no business is ever put his way. The town van of grocery stores of every kind, including liquors, drives into his village, and drops at each cottage the provisions necessary for the week, to the detriment of the small village shop and the publican at the village inn. It is no wonder that people leave the villages when the rates go on increasing and they get so little benefit from all that is being spent.

It may be said, and no doubt with some truth, that those who are elected on rural councils should take more active steps in controlling the expenditure; but this is far more difficult than it seems. In the first place, no one but an expert in financial matters can grasp the working of the great machine of local government. The farmer who takes his place at the Rural District Council board knows nothing about what the County Council is doing and spending. He may record his vote against wasting money over a bridge, or mending a particular road, but with that his power of restricting expenditure ends. As an instance of this, I quote from a newspaper of a few weeks ago. New locks for the doors of the county lunatic asylum were required, and the County Council had the estimate for this work laid before their meeting. The sum stated to be required was a little over one thousand pounds, and I was glad to see this was relegated for further consideration.

Sometimes the ignorance of the members of these boards leads them into expenditure which might be avoided. It was so in the case of our Rural District Council. The assessment committee of that council, mostly composed of farmers, had before them an appeal against assessment by a certain firm of large steelworks. Valuers were appointed on both sides, and each side had a lawyer. The valuers could not agree; and, no doubt stimulated by legal advice, the committee did not appoint a third man to arbitrate, but carried the case into court. The committee lost, and had they been well advised they would have ended the matter at this point. Their lawyer advocated an appeal to a higher court, and the case went to London. Again the committee lost, and again they appealed, only to lose, and to be cast in costs which amounted to some thousands of pounds. It seems extraordinary they could not adopt the sensible plan of appointing a third valuer, for they were not fighting any private cause, but simply adjusting a fair valuation of the property in dispute. A few words might have settled it; but instead of that we all felt the effects of this worthless dispute in the shape of a much enhanced rate. It would have been far fairer if the committee had referred the matter to the general body of ratepayers, and asked them if they were willing to run the risk of losing a vast sum of money. Such a serious question should not be decided by a board of assessment alone, and provision should be made in the Local Government Act to prevent such a gross waste of money.

It may be asked, 'Is there no way of putting an end to the present state of things?' There is one step, certainly, which should be taken by the Government, and that is to issue an order to stop all borrowing by county, district, or parish councils. The local debt stands at high-water mark. The next step, I think, should be to educate the people more about the subject of local expenditure. Things may go on pretty well as they are so long as trade continues good, and there is an ever-increasing development of property coming under the control of assessment. But in colliery districts pits begin to fail and wear out, and when the mineral is gone the work of the population ceases, and they leave for fresh fields and pastures new. The agricultural industry alone will remain in the end, and on that ultimately the burden of the rates must fall.

When Messrs Cammell & Company moved their great steelworks from Dronfield to Workington in Cumberland, Dronfield was a deserted village, encumbered by a heavy debt, and it was said you might buy an excellent workman's cottage for five pounds if you would face the rates contingent upon your purchase. In more than one colliery in South Yorkshire the end of the coal is coming into view, and before long populous villages must of necessity decay and become rural hamlets. If advantage is not taken of the present conditions of prosperity, and the local debts are not cleared off, I cannot see how they will eventually be paid.

Another danger is the ignorance prevailing among the lower classes on this subject, and in many instances they are not made to feel the extravagance of local expenditure. Cottages are frequently let by the landlord for a fixed rent, inclusive of rates. It is so in the village where I live; and out of a population of just under two hundred only some sixteen farmers pay rates. Now, if the cottagers felt the rates increasing year by year they would quickly find out the reason why they were made to pay more, and then the outcry would assume larger proportions. If the farmers grumble everybody smiles, and says it is their natural state of mind, and only what they do about the weather, the crops, and general prices. In the towns it is different, and every town councillor has to reckon with a large body of constituents, who force him to vote the way they wish. Things are not so well organised in the country, and there is much ignorance about all these questions among the rural population.

The subject, however, is one of national importance, for it directly or indirectly affects all classes. When asked if he had a remedy to suggest, Mr

Schooling replied he had none. Sir Robert Giffen thinks that the Government should put a stop to any further borrowing. The real difficulty appears to be in getting the right men elected on these various councils. The upper classes seem disinclined to undertake the responsibility, and men get elected who are regardless of expenditure, as it only very lightly touches their own pockets. If men of patriotic feeling cannot be got on these councils, ready to curb extravagance and repress waste, Parliament must interfere and alter the present system of local government. When small villages have their rates over nine shillings in the pound, and further expenditure is threatened over educational projects, it is time something was done. The most unfortunate fact is the little good the rural districts derive from all this costly outlay. Agriculture is severely hampered and not benefited, and it is no panacea to promise that the old whitewashed village school shall be done away with and a fine new building erected in its place. The labourer wants better wages, and these he cannot get when his master has to pay for the extravagance of local expenditure.

THE BROWN LUSTRE JUG.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'I AM so glad—so glad!' Mrs Stradford said, shaking Lord Fetherell's hand warmly. 'You know how fond I am of Retley; but I shall love it more than ever since you and dear Gertrude have found your happiness here. When did it happen?'

'As we were coming home. The ladies came to meet us. I got Gertrude away from the others, and as we were passing Lowercross Coppice I asked her,' the young man answered eagerly. 'I shall never forget Lowercross Coppice.'

'I shall put up a tablet on one of the trees,' replied Mrs Stradford, laughing: "At this place Lord Fetherell proposed to and was accepted by Miss Gertrude Dunstone," so that all the world shall remember.'

'And you must add, "Through the kindness of Mrs Stradford."'

'No, "Fate," not Mrs Stradford.'

'But you brought us together.'

'Yes; but you would have met elsewhere.'

'I don't think so,' Lord Fetherell replied. 'Gertrude's people never go anywhere, and her mother won't let her pay visits. I don't know any one except yourself in this neighbourhood; so, if you hadn't asked, and urged, and moved heaven and earth to get her here, I should probably have never seen her again after that meeting in Florence last year. We both feel that we owe it all to you. Gertrude says she is sure you knew from the beginning, and have done everything you could to help us.'

'Well, perhaps I suspected,' Mrs Stradford answered, taking up some knitting lying on a table at her side, 'and I am so glad'—she spoke almost vehemently—'that it is all settled. It means so much.'

'It means everything,' Lord Fetherell said gravely.

'Yes, everything,' his hostess replied, emphasising the last word. Then glancing at his muddy boots and clothes, 'Now, run away and change, or you will find all the tea gobbled up by those hungry people when you come down.'

'Oh, I had forgotten.' He looked apologetically at the marks his boots had made on the carpet. 'I beg your pardon.'

'You are forgiven,' said Mrs Stradford, nestling into the depths of an easy-chair. 'What man who has just been accepted could think of his feet or other people's carpets, although he has been in the coverts all day?'

As the door closed Mrs Stradford dropped her knitting and addressed an 'Ah!' of triumph to the damask-hung walls, a triumph that was reflected in every line of her plump figure and in her good-natured face.

Mrs Stradford had cause for triumph. Seven years before, she had come to Retley Hall possessing none of those passports necessary to the social acknowledgment of an unknown stranger in 'exclusive neighbourhoods.' That she was a rich woman was obvious, for no one without ample means could have rented the beautiful Tudor home of the impoverished owners of Retley village. She had taken the Hall on a long lease, and had spent largely on its improvement and adornment. Retley was within comparatively easy reach of London, and surrounded by properties of varying sizes; but their owners held aloof from their new neighbour. There was no justifiable reason save the prejudices that ruled the little society. It was indifferent to money, and could not be lured by the rumours of proposed lavish entertaining set abroad by the wives of the vicar and curate, who, in virtue of their husbands' office, had called in fitting state on the new parishioner. 'Nice,' 'amiable,' 'pleasant,' were the adjectives applied to the new-comer by the clerical ladies. But the name of Stradford was unknown. Mrs Stradford said she was a widow. Who and what was Mr Stradford? Who was Mrs Stradford before she was married? And how did Mr Stradford make so much money? No answer being forthcoming to these questions from Mrs Stradford's only visitors, Lady Catharine Laneside, who tempered justice with prudence in the social rule she exercised over Retley by virtue of being an earl's daughter, thought it 'wiser not to call just yet. It would be

so undesirable to have a City element introduced into Retley.' The 'just yet' passed into nearly two years, and Mrs Stradford found her riches stale and unprofitable, and her beautiful home a sepulchre of loneliness. She regretted many things in those days, but kept a brave front and showed Retley that she was as indifferent to Retley's acquaintance as was Retley to hers. It was noticed and commented upon that during the first year she never went to London, and very rarely walked outside her own park gates.

At the end of this time Lady Catharine Laneside, by the light of two incidents, received a pleasant impression of Mrs Stradford. Calling at the Vicarage one afternoon, she found the lady of the Hall taking tea with the vicar's wife and her sister. The vicar's wife, nervous at the unexpected appearance of the social ruler—for she denied her door when Mrs Stradford, a generous subscriber to parochial charities, took tea with her—maladroitly edged Lady Catharine to the farther end of the room with the obvious intention of avoiding an introduction. The same nervousness assailed the lady's sister, who crossed the room and seated herself as a palpable barrier between Lady Catharine and Mrs Stradford, bursting forth into a torrent of the conversation she deemed suitable for the occasion. 'What beautiful horses you have, Mrs Stradford! I saw them in the village yesterday. I was so puzzled to know to whom they belonged. There were no crests on the harness, and I know all the crests in this neighbourhood, so I asked my sister'——

Lady Catharine could not hear the conclusion of the sentence, but gathered that the sister of the vicar's wife was urging the use of crests.

'But that is quite impossible,' said Mrs Stradford, rising. 'My husband never possessed a coat of arms. I have no crest. You surely would not advocate my buying one from the College of Arms?' she continued laughingly, shaking hands. Lady Catharine bowed as she passed her.

The second incident affected the whole neighbourhood. Retley was the cricket centre of the county, and for many years Retley Cricket Week had been one of the most interesting events of the cricketing year, contending teams from the counties fighting their battles in Retley Park. Owing to various circumstances, the Week had not taken place for three years, and in the meantime Retley had been let to Mrs Stradford. The neighbourhood was greatly agitated. Could Retley ask a woman upon whom Retley had not called to lend her Park for a week? And if they did, would she not take the opportunity of forcing herself upon their acquaintance? There was no other possible place for the Week; the pitch in the Park was the best in the county. What was to be done? In the midst of their cogitations the secretary of the county team, under whose ægis the Week's meeting was held, received a letter from Mrs Stradford saying that she understood it had been the custom for the Week to be held at Retley, and she would be pleased to place the Park at the team's disposal for a week, regretting that she could not personally entertain them, as she would be away.

'She must be a nice woman, very tactful and most unpushing,' said Lady Catharine as she sat under the beech-trees watching the batting, surrounded by what the local paper called the *crême de la crême* of the *haut ton* of Retley society. 'I shall call upon her.'

Accompanied by a dame of degree in the neighbourhood, she called immediately after Mrs Stradford's return. Lady Catharine herself was too direct to offer halting excuses for the tardy visit, but her companion murmured the usual and obvious untruths as to time and occupation; and Lady Catharine came away with a distinct admiration for the woman who in reply could say without the least trace of rancour, 'But why should you have called on me? You knew nothing about me.'

Retley followed Lady Catharine's example, but there still remained a suggestion of the defensive; it was one of the few remaining country neighbourhoods where wealth as the only recommendation is looked upon askance. Mrs Stradford felt this suggestion of restraint in the air, and answered it by going abroad each winter. She found greater facilities for making acquaintance with her own country people in foreign hotels than in England, and also that her money stood her in better stead than at Retley. Acquaintances made abroad were pleased to stay at so comfortable a house as Retley Hall, with its excellent shooting. Mrs Stradford paid return visits, and gradually found herself possessed of a visitors' list which even Retley could not ignore. Her fifty years, her white hair, made the conventions that would have tied a younger woman a dead letter. Young men liked to stay at the Hall—eligible young men—and Retley, which was scattered broadcast with unmarried and marriageable daughters, ended by stepping down from its pedestal of doubt and aloofness, and eagerly seeking Mrs Stradford's invitations.

Lord Fetherell was one of her earliest foreign acquaintances. He had been an attraction which she had deftly used to further her progress along the social plane, and with consummate tact she had helped him in a difficult financial moment, the news of which had come to her indirectly. Lord Fetherell was now numbered amongst her intimate friends; and, despite the use she made of him, she liked him. At the present moment, as she sat in happy triumph, her feeling for him was one of gratitude. His proposal to Gertrude Dunstone, the daughter of one of the most difficult members of Retley society, and who herself was only staying at the Hall through Lady Catharine's good offices with her mother, put the coping-stone on the social structure Mrs Stradford had erected stone by stone with such elaborate and laborious care during seven years.

The servants brought in tea, and Mrs Stradford,

the happy smile still lighting her face, rose and went to her writing-table. There was a discreet rattling of china; then the two footmen went away, leaving the butler arranging the cups and saucers. He was a sturdy man, his shoulders bent as if from years of incessant toil, and almost bald save for a fringe of hair above the ears. His face was lined and seamed like the palm of a navvy's hand, the wrinkles looking as if cut in the skin with a sharp knife. He glanced over his shoulder at his mistress with an expression not wholly vindictive, or of hatred, or repulsion, but blended of all three, playing about his eyes. She laid down her pen, but before she had risen from her chair the man had taken a small object from an inside pocket and placed it on the tea-tray.

Mrs Stradford came towards him, a telegram in her hand. He moved quietly, so that he stood between her and the tea-table.

'I want this telegram to be sent at once, Brigswell. Lord Fetherell tells me that there is very little of that claret left in the market. I have ordered three barrels. It should be sent immediately they receive this telegram. Let me know when it comes.'

Brigswell took the telegram and left the room. Mrs Stradford sank with a contented sigh into a chair, glancing with a gratified pride round the brocade-hung walls, upon which the light from a great fire of logs was leaping and dancing. It was a room of exquisite taste, and this was one of the moments when Mrs Stradford revelled in her own handiwork. Her glance wandered proudly from one object to another, from the Aubusson carpet at her feet to the delicate water-colours on the walls, from the sweeping curtains that shrouded the windows to cabinets and consoles with laden china and *bibelots*. The fireplace of gilded oak had once served as an altar-piece in a church at Seville, where she had bought it from the impoverished monks. Its carved pillars glowed radiantly in the leaping light from the logs. To her triumphing mind this play of gold upon gold seemed like the blowing of victorious trumpets.

She sighed again, profoundly content, then stretched out her hand to take the silver tea-caddy, with a lingering glance at the fireplace. Turning, her eyes fell upon the tray. In an instant the triumph died from her face, leaving a craven and unreasoning terror.

She clutched the arms of the chair, staring steadily at a little brown lustre jug which was placed amongst the silver and china, her eyes strained and unmoving as one who looks on imminent and certain death. And, as she gazed, many years slipped away, and a picture, a scene which had long passed from her memory, swept across her mind: an unfinished street in a London suburb, a street of mean, semi-detached villas, the grass-grown kerb-stones losing themselves in grassless fields, dingy with rubbish-heaps and building refuse; the closing in of a winter afternoon, dank mist rising from the destroyed and degraded fields, rain falling drearily; and in the last of the jerry-built houses two men and a woman in an upper room throwing bundles of torn-up papers into a fire, breaking up copper engraving-plates, and throwing the pieces into the air-space between the two double outer walls, feverishly, desperately, with the dread of the police thundering at any moment at the door below.

Voices sounded in the hall, and laughter. Mrs Stradford regained her composure with a mastery of herself that suggested years of experience in the control of her features. Gertrude Dunstone was the first to enter the room. She ran up to her hostess with pretty girlishness, offering her cheek. 'He has told you?'

'Yes. I am so glad for you both,' replied Mrs Stradford, kissing her with motherly tenderness. 'As I told Lord Fetherell, it makes Retley dearer to me than ever.'

'Dearest Retley!' cried the girl. 'And dearest, dearest you, Mrs Stradford! We shall never forget that we owe it all to you!'

'I think you would forget, and very speedily, my dear,' Mrs Stradford said grimly to herself, glancing at the brown lustre jug, 'if that jug could speak.' The presence of the jug at this moment of her life gave it a piquant pleasure in her eyes—but only for a moment.

The remainder of her guests now made their appearance, a party of fourteen, all clamorous for tea.

'Oh, what a darling jug!' Gertrude Dunstone cried out as they settled round the table. 'I am so fond of brown lustre. And this is an old one.' She took it up and examined it. 'How funny it has nothing inside! What is its history?'

'I know nothing about it,' Mrs Stradford replied calmly, busy with the teapot. 'I expect one of the village people brought it up, hoping I would buy it. If one buys a china plate or a brass candlestick from one of the cottages, it is a signal for all the rubbish in the village to be cast at one's feet,' she added to Lord Fetherell.

'But this is not rubbish,' he answered, holding the little jug to the light. 'It is the real old English bronze lustre. It becomes rarer to find every year.'

'Does it?' She spoke indifferently. 'It doesn't interest me.'

'If you don't want it, may I have it?' he asked eagerly. 'Gertrude, you know, collects lustre. I should like to give it to her.'

Mrs Stradford's face lost all its fresh, healthy colour. Lord Fetherell had turned to the light, against which he was examining the jug. Gertrude Dunstone joined him. Her exclamations brought up others of the party, and the jug passed from hand to hand. Mrs Stradford turned her head involuntarily to hide the terror which stiffened her face.

'Gertrude's collecting instincts are roused,' Lord Fetherell said smilingly. 'They must be satisfied.'

'I will find out who brought the jug,' Mrs Stradford answered with an effort.

'Shall I ring?' Lord Fetherell inquired, so engrossed that he did not notice his hostess's manner. The sound of her own voice, hoarse and muffled, was like a whip to a horse.

'Don't trouble,' she answered naturally and easily. 'I have to see Brigswell in a few minutes about the wine. By-the-bye, I have ordered three barrels of the claret you recommended.'

Lord Fetherell was diverted from the jug to the wine, as Mrs Stradford intended that he should be. When the dressing-bell rang ten minutes later he was still in the flow of vintages and vineyards.

Taking the jug from the tray, Mrs Stradford followed the other ladies from the room, saying to Lord Fetherell, 'I hope the seller will be reasonable. It would be a pity to disappoint Gertrude—your first gift, too.'

She crossed the hall to a small room where she transacted her business, and, ringing the bell, sat down at a large desk facing the door, and placed the jug on the ledge in front of her. The butler entered, eying her furtively across the rail of the desk. Then his glance fell upon the jug. Mrs Stradford looked for a sign, but the creased face remained as impassive as a crumpled parchment. She gave the orders for the wine for dinner, the man listening deferentially, and turning to go when the list was completed.

'Do you know who brought this jug, Brigswell?'

The man turned, with the door half-open. He closed it, and faced his mistress squarely.

'I brought it.'

'You!'

A cunning smile parted Brigswell's thin lips at the terror which leapt to the woman's face and brought her to her feet. Mrs Stradford's eyes were fixed upon the man's face, poignantly searching to pierce the mask to arrive at the knowledge instinct told her lay behind it. Her hand moved towards the jug, her eyes still burning upon Brigswell. With a stealthy movement he took it up and held it before her. Mrs Stradford recoiled, seized her wavering courage, and asked calmly, 'Does it belong to you?'

Brigswell's eyes narrowed, the pupils glimmering through the nearly closed lids. It was a peculiar expression, so menacing, so calculating, that once seen it could never be forgotten. Mrs Stradford remembered it only too well. With a superhuman effort she repressed a desire to shriek aloud the recognition that burst upon her, and pressing her knuckles hard upon the table, waited for the man to speak.

'The jug is mine! It used to belong to you, Jane Grayson!'

A shiver ran through Mrs Stradford at the name she had not heard for twenty years; but she still kept silence.

'The prison people are straight,' he continued, replacing the jug on the desk. '*They* return what they take—when you come out.'

Again there was silence, Mrs Stradford standing immovable.

'You still wear your wedding-ring,' the man said, looking at her clinched left hand.

'What are you going to do?'

Mrs Stradford was now mistress of herself. She knew the worst. There was no answer. 'What are you going to do?' she repeated imperatively.

'Take my place as your husband.'

'That is impossible!'

'No, it isn't. You can't produce me here; that's certain. We must go somewhere else. We can be just as comfortable on our money in another house as here.'

'It is impossible—impossible! How much do you want to go away?'

'You can't give me what you stole from me,' he replied, a note of anger sounding for the first time in his voice. 'All the money you do this on belongs to me. Either you give me everything or I live with you and go shares.'

'I thought you were dead—ten years ago,' burst involuntarily from Mrs Stradford.

'That was a little mistake of the prison people. They gave Harry Leader the name of John Grayson. "Death of a Notorious Forger"—eh? And you never took the trouble to inquire—wanted me to be dead!'

'It is impossible,' again cried Mrs Stradford, her calmness deserting her. 'I lose everything, and you gain nothing that I cannot give you now to go away—to go away and leave me in peace.'

'I stick to what I said,' the man replied; 'shares as husband and wife, or everything.'

'How did you get here?' she inquired hotly.

'Writing other people's names is second nature to me,' he answered, not without pride. 'I came out six months ago, and because I wrote a good hand I got a temporary job at the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. As luck would have it, Mrs Stradford of Retley Hall sent the cheque for her annual subscription. It was passed to me to enter up the amount. I spotted the hand in a minute. I came down to Retley to make sure, and when Mrs Stradford, the rich lady at the Hall, drove down into the village, with all the folks bobbing and touching their caps, lo and behold! it was my wife, Jane Grayson, fatter, and with white hair. I wrote a letter but didn't post it, because I saw that Mrs Stradford was advertising for a butler. Now, Jane Grayson used to be a clever, 'cute woman, but I suppose living soft for so long has made Mrs Stradford easy-going. Anyway, she took her new butler on written characters without inquiring about him from the people who wrote 'em.'

Mrs Stradford gasped.

'I was going to have it out with you the day I came to see you. But when I saw you didn't know me, with all my hair gone and my beard off—no wonder,' he added bitterly, 'after a lifetime of prison—I thought I'd have my little joke too, if you didn't write to all the fine folk that were sup-

posed to have given me characters. It was a joke, too, to see my wife, Jane Grayson, sitting in that chair engaging her own husband as her butler, as if she had never washed a dish or cooked her own dinner in her life. I must say, Jane, you've picked up the way of it all something wonderful.'

Mrs Stradford moved impatiently.

'After three weeks I found the joke a bit thin, and I'm a bit out of practice in the waiting line, so I thought I'd give you a reminder by putting the jug on the tray. You used to be very fond of that jug, Jane. Don't you remember my buying it for you at Trendlesham Fair when you were sewing-maid to old Lady Hexworth? I nearly died of laughing the other night when Lady Catharine Laneside came to dinner. What would she have said if I had told her that Mrs Stradford was the Jane Parsons who used to make her dresses when she was a little girl, and do her mother Lady Hexworth's hair when the lady's-maid was ill?'

The malice underlying the banter was unmistakable. Mrs Stradford shivered.

'You must give me time,' she said huskily. 'A place like this cannot be got rid of in a day. I must make arrangements—in a fortnight you shall have my answer.'

'You had better not play any tricks,' he retorted threateningly, as she moved round the desk.

'You may be sure I shall do everything to save myself,' she answered, coming close to him; 'but you have me in a tight place. I see I shall have to give up Retley; but I'll never live with you; no,' as he was about to speak, 'not even if you threaten to kill me, as you did once before. And if you do kill me you will be a pauper.'

She threw open the door before he could prevent her. A footman was in the hall mending the fire.

'Then you wish to leave at once, Brigswell?' she asked coldly, turning and looking into the room. The man was taken aback by her resource. There was a pause.

'No, ma'am,' came the answer. 'If convenient to you, I should prefer to stay my month.'

'As you please,' she answered, crossing to the staircase. As she reached the landing the clock struck the quarter.

'Brigswell!' she called, leaning over the stair-rail.

'Yes, ma'am,' deferentially from below.

'Tell them in the kitchen to put dinner back a quarter of an hour. I am late. Then she passed with calm sedateness to her room.

'The brown lustre jug belongs to Brigswell,' she said to Lord Fetherell at dinner. 'You must ask him about the price.'

Brigswell almost dropped the decanter he was holding. His wife's audacity unnerved him.

'It was quite a mistake, my lord,' he said hurriedly. 'I just put it down on the tray, and it was carried into the drawing-room before I knew.'

'Lord Fetherell would like to buy it from you, Brigswell,' said Mrs Stradford grimly.

'I couldn't part with it, my lord,' the man answered with the same haste. 'It was all a mistake. It was never meant to go into the drawing-room.'

'You must talk to Brigswell about it afterwards,' Mrs Stradford said to her guest. 'You may be able, perhaps, to persuade him to part with it. It is a pretty jug.'

Brigswell's hand shook so violently that he spilt the wine on the tablecloth. Years of prison had shaken his nerves for moments of emergency. The plump, amiable woman sitting at the head of the table with diamonds in her white hair and on the black velvet of her dress, talking so easily and so naturally of the link that bound her with an ugly past, knowing that with one sentence he, her butler and her husband, could shatter the regard with which she was surrounded, paralysed him. He was amazed, yet vaguely fearful.

(To be continued.)

THE PASSING OF THE AMERICAN PASSENGER PIGEON.

By W. B. Mershon, Saginaw, U.S.A.

INTRODUCTORY to my subject, I will reproduce the following story written by myself and never before offered to the printer.

From a paper published in my own town, dated April 8, 1873, I have clipped the following: 'The sky has been filled with wild pigeons to-day; commencing at about 7.30 this morning, a continuous stream of pigeons has been passing over the city up to about 4 P.M.'

Such an item in a newspaper to-day would occasion great surprise, as much as if we were to read of some trans-continental train in the West being stopped for hours by the passage of a herd of buffalo; yet it is not hard for me to remember the time when it seemed as if there would always be plenty of buffalo and wild pigeons, as if their countless number could not be lessened, and farthest from our thoughts was the idea that they could be completely exterminated in so short a time.

My first shooting as a boy was at wild pigeons. As I was living in what was then the backwoods, eagerly was the spring looked forward to for the first flight of pigeons. It was the sign of spring. I remember as a youngster, on the 1st of April, I used to 'April fool' my mother by standing at the window early in the morning and calling her to see the flock of pigeons, only to say, 'April fool.'

Sometimes, however, the 'April fool' would be for me; for though a flock of pigeons might not have been seen up to that time, by looking a few minutes one could almost always pick out a stray flock.

When I was big enough to shoot, I used to go with my two uncles, whom I looked upon at that time as mature men, although in reality they were decidedly young men. Early in the morning I would be awakened by them, for it was generally the rule to be on the way by four o'clock, and at daylight be below the old salt-works out at the point of woods where would stream flocks of pigeons crossing the river to the west, going to some favourite breeding-ground if they had begun their nesting, or migrating to find their nesting farther west in Michigan.

I used to go along to pick up the birds, and well do I remember one morning when my two uncles had made up their minds to get one hundred birds that outing. Of course, muzzle-loading guns were used, for it was before the days of the breech-loaders. We went down to the north end of the little village (for Saginaw was only a village then), and even before we had got to the desired place the first streak of dawn brought the pigeons over us, so my uncles began shooting in the village streets. When we did reach the old solar vats of the salt-works, the flight had become so fast and furious that we stayed there to do our shooting, and I rushed around among the salt-vats and picked up the birds that fell everywhere. Sometimes the flight was high and it would be long shooting, but more generally they would fly across the commons or flats so as to be within what we consider nowadays good, easy-shooting distance. When we picked up the birds and returned to breakfast a little after seven, the count showed one hundred and one birds.

After I grew older my father gave me a sixteen-bore English gun, which had stub-and-twist barrels, and I remember the name 'Playfair' was engraved on the locks. I soon learned to shoot as well as my elders, and used to delight in picking out a single pigeon that would come twisting and hurtling through the tree-tops. I had about a mile and a half to go to school, and during the spring flight I generally would get up at four o'clock in the morning and come back at seven o'clock for breakfast, take my dinner-pail, and be off for school, and rarely did I miss having from half-a-dozen to twelve or fifteen birds for my morning's sport. And how good they were on the table! Pigeon pot-pie, or stuffed and browned down in the pot, or broiled over the coals, to this day bring to my mind the juicy morsels and how we all enjoyed them. When too many were on hand to serve for our family and our friends, mother used to take the breasts and put them in brine for a short time, and father would cut a thorn-bush and stick these breasts on the thorns. An old hogs-head was called into requisition, and the thorn-bush with the pigeon-breasts was hung in it and lightly smoked, and put away for the time when pigeons were not in season.

After the nesting had become established, there would be certain points in the woods around town where, night and morning, shooting could be had, when one of the parent birds had gone to the feeding-ground in the morning, and the other later in the day; at least, I believe that was the process. People used to say that if the parent birds happened to be killed, the young in the nests would be taken care of by some other pigeon; but this, I am afraid, was not the case.

I believe the wholesale netting of pigeons during the nesting-period was the great cause of the extermination of this beautiful bird; and not only were the old birds killed, but the brood of partially grown poults at the nesting-ground starved to death, so that while the netter was shipping his thousands of birds to the markets of the large cities, as many or more were exterminated by starvation at the nesting-ground. The young pigeons began to come late in June, and during August good shooting was often to be had by the finding of some stubble-field where they were feeding. The young birds were mottled, and it was well into autumn before they had taken on a plumage that looked like the mature bird.

Professional netters used to follow the birds away from their winter nesting-ground in the hills of Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina; so the warfare waged on them was continuous, all for the almighty dollar.

The method of trapping pigeons was something like this: A bough-house would be built (this was a building or shed for the trapper), and a bed or feeding-ground made in the woods or grove which the pigeons frequented. This bed consisted of the mossy ground being cleared of all twigs, sprouts, or anything that would catch the net; then it was carefully sown with wheat, oats, and chaff, and left undisturbed for a day or two so that the birds would get into the habit of feeding there. A stout rope was fastened to a spring sapling behind the bough-house, then passed through the bough-house, extending a hundred feet or more to another spring sapling opposite; then one edge of the net was fastened to this rope and weighted, and the other edge thoroughly pegged down with wooden pegs to the ground on one side of the feeding-bed. When the net was set, two men would take hold of it where it was fastened to the line which had drawn it taut to the opposite side of the bed from which it was fastened, and press it back over to the side where it was pegged down to the ground, and hook it there under two wooden hooks or clutches; and thus the net was gathered along one side of the bed under a great strain because of the two saplings which had been sprung by the operation. The net was then covered with leaves and everything made so as to attract the least attention possible.

The stool-pigeon with eyelids stitched together was on hand, and some were frequently thrown in the air to attract passing flocks. The blinded bird

would be tossed in the air, and the sight of it fluttering to the ground would cause the passing birds to alight in the trees near by. Then on a padded disc another blinded or stool-pigeon was placed. A cord running to this disc, which was on an arm or lever, being pulled, would raise the bird a few feet in the air, and then letting it go would cause the bird to drop, and as soon as the stool-bird felt it was being dropped it would flutter its wings as if it were naturally alighting. A professional netter had all these things calculated to such a fine point that it was almost a sure thing that he could cause a flock of pigeons to alight on a bed if they were in the neighbourhood. When the first flock had alighted more would come, and the netter, watching his opportunity from the bough-house, when the bed was sufficiently filled with wild birds, would give the rope to which the net was fastened a good hard pull, and the saplings would spring back, the net being released and thrown with an upward and over movement so as to cover the entire bed; then the heads would stick through the net, and the netter would kill the birds either by biting them or by using a pair of heavy pincers and crushing the skulls. The birds were then taken out, put in the bough-house, things smoothed up again for another catch, and so it would continue all the morning.

I am writing this from memory, for it is over thirty years since I saw a pigeon-net; but, as I remember it, that was the process.

I frequently hear reports of wild pigeons having been seen of late; but I do not believe there are any passenger pigeons left at this date, 1905. When I have been fishing in northern Michigan I have heard these reports, and have been told by guides who ought to know what they are talking about that they had recently seen a flock of pigeons; but I believe they were mistaken, and that it was only the common dove.

I do not believe we have to look beyond the netter or the market trapper for the cause of the extinction of the passenger pigeon. Like the buffalo, it disappeared almost in a day. The old birds were netted continually, and had no chance to rear their young. The cutting off of the forests and natural feeding-grounds, and disseminating of the large flights, made it impossible for the scattered bands to adopt a new habit of living and adapt themselves to the changed conditions, and thus the birds that were left after the general extinction of the mighty host failed to reproduce their species and soon became extinct.

The wild pigeon has existed in America farther back than the history of white pine; the first settlers found them, and the early English travellers told great tales of them on their return home.

Father Gravier, going down the Mississippi River in 1700, tells of the tremendous flights of pigeons until October 16, below the mouth of the Wabash River, and says: 'We saw so great a quantity of wild pigeons that the air was darkened and quite covered by them.'

Alex. Henry the younger speaks of them south of Winnipeg in 1800, finding them in great quantities and using them for food for his party of trappers.

Audubon gives the following most graphic description of their enormous numbers: 'In the autumn of 1813 I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the barrens a few miles beyond Hardinsburgh, I observed the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before. I travelled on, and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons. The light of the noonday was obscured as if by an eclipse. The dung fell in spots like melting flakes of snow, and the continued buzz of the wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose.

'Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Hardinsburgh fifty-five miles. The pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession. The people were all in arms. The banks of the Ohio were crowded with men and boys incessantly shooting at the pilgrims, which flew lower as they passed the river. Multitudes were thus destroyed. For a week or more, the populace fed on no other flesh than that of pigeons. The atmosphere was during this time strongly impregnated with the peculiar odour that emanates from the species.'

In estimating the number of these mighty flocks, and the food consumed by them daily, he adds: 'Let us take a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us at the rate of one mile per minute and continuing for three hours. This will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eighty square miles; and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one thousand one hundred and fifteen millions one hundred and thirty-six pigeons in one flock; and as every pigeon consumes daily fully half a pint, the quantity required to feed such a flock must be eight million seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day.'

I could make quotations from many writers to show the enormous quantity of these birds.

Their last general nesting, used for commercial purposes, was in 1879 in the northern part of the lower peninsula of Michigan. There were probably over two million birds shipped from this one nesting that season by professional netters.

H. T. Phillips, now living at Detroit, Michigan, has given me access to his records, and they show that during that year he alone shipped one hundred and seventy-five thousand wild pigeons alive. They were shipped in crates and used largely at that time for trap-shooting purposes. As late as 1881, at a shooting tournament held at Coney Island, New York, twenty thousand wild pigeons were used for so-called sport.

But after 1879 the nestings were so small that the business did not pay commercially, and no large numbers of birds were seen after 1888. From that

time up to 1894 authentic reports of occasional flights are recorded. From 1894 to 1902 they were seen in pairs or an occasional half-dozen birds together; but since that time I cannot find any absolutely authentic facts to show that passenger pigeons are living in the wild state, with the exception of the report of the Fish and Game Commission of the State of Massachusetts for the year ending December 31, 1903, in which mention is made by Deputy-Warden Samuel Parker of Wakefield, Mass., of his having seen in the spring of that year a flock of twenty-five or thirty pigeons passing over Crystal Lake. The authority seems high and the report authentic, and I hope Mr Parker was not mistaken; but I am afraid he was.

A small body of passenger pigeons in captivity are in the possession of Dr C. O. Whitman, of the University of Chicago; but these are fast dying out owing to the inability to introduce any new stock, they having become inbred and unproductive.

Mr H. T. Phillips of Detroit says that at the Petosky netting in 1879 there were three hundred professional pigeon-netters, those who followed the flights from one nesting to another; and besides these there were the natives—probably as many more.

A professional netter named Osborn, who was living in southern Michigan in 1898, kept a record of his trapping for about twenty years, and here are some instances of the enormous number of birds taken at one springing of the net: 'In 1862, at Monroe, Wisconsin, George Paxon and myself made one haul of two hundred and fifty dozen birds. We built a pen sixty-four feet long by thirty-two feet wide, with nets sprung across the top. We fed at this one bed over five hundred bushels of corn, and at other beds we were maintaining at the same time nearly as much. In 1871 Charles Curtin took over one hundred dozen. At Cheboygan in 1868 I took over six hundred fat birds before sunrise.'

There are records in my possession of other netters, showing that professionals took at one springing of the net from one hundred to one hundred and thirty-five dozen birds. An old professional netter says that at the Logan County roost in Ohio he killed at one shot of a two-barrel six-inch bore shoulder-gun one hundred and forty-four birds.

I have tried to avoid filling this article with dry statistics, but have shown from quotations from various writers how plentiful, almost beyond comprehension, these birds were a hundred years ago, that they are extinct now, and the tremendous slaughter that was waged upon them continuously. There is no wild animal or bird that can maintain the balance that nature has established against the unlicensed, unlimited, commercial ferocity of mankind.

LOCH ROAG: A NEW SUMMER RESORT.

By W. C. MACKENZIE, F.S.A.Scot., Author of *History of the Outer Hebrides.*

DR JOHN M'CULLOCH, Sir Walter Scott's correspondent, drew a somewhat sombre sketch of Loch Roag when giving his impressions of the scenery on the west coast of the Island of Lewis; and on a dull, dark day, which is by no means uncommon in that part of the world, his picture is doubtless, in the main, correct. But the present writer's experience was of a different character when sailing up the loch on a fine August day. The warm sunlight smote upon the rocks, showing up the red and white of the gneiss and the black of the hornblende, brightening the greenness of the hills, and sending a sparkle into the smoothness of the water. The effect of scenery is, of course, largely subjective.

Loch Roag is not too easily accessible to the tourist. From Stornoway, the capital of Lewis, which is reached by steamer from Glasgow, Liverpool, or Mallaig (the railway terminus), one drives sixteen miles westward to Callernish, whence the journey is continued by boat, for which special arrangements are sometimes necessary. Every one who goes to Callernish inspects, as a matter of course, the so-called Druidical remains which have been there—to use a common and convenient phrase—'from time immemorial.' They consist of a circle of monoliths with a central stone some fifteen feet in height, and radiations which give the remains the form of a cross, the total original length of the structure having apparently been about seven hundred feet. There are in all forty-seven stones now, either erect or fallen. Theories about the origin of this remarkable structure are plentiful, but nothing is known except that one of its uses was that of inhumation. There are two smaller circles in the immediate vicinity, and at Garynahine, two miles distant, there is a third, near which is a fairly good specimen of one of those curious archaic dwellings known as 'beehives.'

But now we are sailing down the channel which separates Great Bernera from the mainland of Lewis. The navigation requires care. There are sharp bends in the narrow strait, the safe negotiation of which, with a head-wind, calls for local knowledge and no little skill. But Callum at the helm knows his business, and in his hands the passenger need feel little concern. On the right-hand side, the village of 'Borvabost' (Tackleit) in Great Bernera soon comes in view, and visions of the *Princess of Thule* instantly flash across the mind. Here the rugged 'King of Borva,' whose possessions embraced weird English and a kind heart, ruled over the small community which looked up to him as its head. 'There's the house,' remarks Callum, pointing to a neat cottage on the brow of the hill,

'and there's the wharf,' indicating a small jetty at the water's edge. 'Many's the time Mr Black walked from the one to the other. *Thon* was a man that could write!' Striving to project fiction into fact, one seeks to weave the adorable Sheila herself—a singularly effective type of true womanhood—into the warp and woof of the landscape. For it was here that her heart was won by the impulsive Frank Lavender, and it was here that, years afterwards, he was brought to his knees in an agony of repentance by his pure and single-hearted wife. The incidents of the reconciliation, forming one of the best passages in a celebrated book, are brought vividly to the memory as the boat scuds past the little farm-house. One feels that the talented novelist was happily inspired when he chose 'Borvabost' and Loch Roag to give local colour to his story. To his judicious choice of material, no less than to its treatment, the success of his book is due. For Loch Roag offers abundant pigment for the word-painter's canvas. Colour and form alike are diversified, and—to use the inevitable word—the 'atmosphere' is haunting. Hence, without depreciating the skill of the master-hand that worked his puppets, the grip of the *Princess* on the minds of the readers. The natives of Bernera are proud of their 'princess,' though they persist in materialising her personality: for a heroine of the imagination is beyond their grasp. But the original of the portrait of the old 'King of Borva' was a genuine dweller at Borvabost. He has now, like, alas! his painter, passed into the unseen.

We emerge from the strait upon an archipelago of wonderful interest. To the left are Bhuidha Mhor and Bhuidha Bheag, and farther to the west Flodaidh—we need not stop to discuss Gaelic-Norse etymology—while to the north-west appear Vacsey, Pabaidh Mhor, and Pabaidh Bheag. Pabaidh Mhor, the Priest's Big Isle, contains a small chapel or oratory, being one of the lonely islets in those seas to which anchorites of post-Columban days were wont to repair for meditation and prayer. It was also a favourite resort of the last and the most turbulent chief of the Siol Torquil—the Lewis branch of the Macleods—who ruled his ancient patrimony ere it fell into other hands. Dean Monro, who wrote in the sixteenth century, tells us that this chief—old Ruari Macleod—went to Pabaidh when he wished to be 'quyeit' or was 'fearit'—a statement which contains a world of suggestion. From the summit of a hill in the islet a magnificent panorama is spread out. To the south-west are the glorious sands of Uig in Lewis, which stretch for miles in an unbroken line of silver. Behind them heave the mighty shoulders of Suinabhal, the mountain that keeps guard over Loch Roag. To the east is Great Bernera, which divides Loch Roag into two branches. It is by far the largest of the islands in the loch. A narrow strait separates it from Little Bernera at its northern extremity. It has a length of about seven miles and a population of some seven hundred inhabitants. It figured largely in the year 1874 as the centre of the agrarian disturbances in Lewis known as the 'Bernera riots.' But on this August morning nothing more peaceful than its aspect was conceivable. To the south-east of Pabaidh is Vacsey, and to the south the little islands of Sigram Mhor and Sigram Bheag, which Dean Monro tells us were famous in the sixteenth century for their rabbits, but are now, in common with the other uninhabited islets of the archipelago, devoted to grazing. On the north-west is Gallon Head, a bold headland which gives its name to a particular species of whale that was at one time largely consumed as human food under the name of 'sea-pork.' Stretching away to the north are several rocky islets, the most interesting of which, historically, is Bereasaidh.

Out yonder in the broad Atlantic the black hull of a steamer passing on her way to America is painted on the horizon, and presently the graceful outlines of a sailing clipper come in sight. And when the sun is warming the ocean before taking its evening bath, the western sky over Gallon Head is in a blaze. Sea, rocks, and the face of the beholder are alike painted like a crimson rose. A Loch Roag sunset is a study in red.

The rocky islet of Bereasaidh, or Birsay, has a romantic story. It is locally known as 'Macleod's Island,' from circumstances which belong to authentic history, as distinguished from tradition. It is a natural fortress, its precipitous sides rendering it impregnable if defended by a band of determined men. And such a band, consisting of thirty-eight men, led by Neil Macleod, an illegitimate son of old Ruari already mentioned, held it, early in the seventeenth century, against all comers for a period of about three years, until they were finally driven out by the Mackenzies, who had acquired a legal though not a moral right to the Island of Lewis. Sir Robert Gordon tells an uncorroborated story of Sir Roderick Mackenzie, the stern Tutor of Kintail, having forced the Birsay stalwarts to surrender by placing their wives and children on a rock within sight of the refugees, and threatening to leave them to the mercy of the advancing tide unless they capitulated. But another, and probably more accurate, version is that Neil left the islet because he was 'wearied' of it; which is quite conceivable.

During Neil's occupation of Birsay he struck up a friendship with an English pirate named Peter Love, who, belying his innocent name, was a terror of the ocean. His ship, the *Priam*, had a valuable cargo of a miscellaneous character, the proceeds of sundry robberies on the high seas of England and Ireland. Loch Roag was an admirable retreat for desperate men, and a common danger cemented the friendship of the outlawed Hebridean and the piratical Englishman. The intimacy became so close that the pirate was promised the hand of a relative of Neil in marriage. But the wedding never took place, for one night the bride's father, with a strange forgetfulness of the duties incumbent upon a prospective parent-in-law, attacked Love's

ship with a company of determined comrades, and captured her with all on board; and while this pretty plot was being carried out the pirate captain was being right royally entertained by Neil on Birsay! Neil handed over to the Scottish authorities the ship, with her captain, crew, and cargo, after apparently deducting a share of the booty as a 'secret commission.' The pardon for which he hoped was, however, not forthcoming, and ultimately this stormy petrel of the Hebrides was—to use the playful expression of the period—made 'short by the head' at Edinburgh. A pot of gold was dug up in 1813 near the scene of Neil's exploit. Peradventure this was part of his reserve-fund when he handed over the pirates, who received short shrift on Leith Sands.

The haunts of these desperate outlaws of the seventeenth century are now the resort of quiet, law-abiding, hard-working fishermen, many of whom are engaged in the lobster industry. Loch Roag has long been celebrated for its luscious lobsters. Last century an English company opened a station on its shores, and exported to London in one week no fewer than forty thousand lobsters. The quality of the Loch Roag oysters, also, is excellent, but the culture of the bivalve is utterly neglected. Capital and enterprise appear to have an opening here. The loch was likewise celebrated for its kelp in the days when that industry was such a lucrative source of revenue. It was the best kelp in the Highlands, and fetched a guinea a ton more than any other kelp. In the first half of the eighteenth century Loch Roag was the chief seat of the winter fishing of Lewis, and at one time herrings were in such abundance that they were sold at the rate of one shilling per cran (four baskets). To-day the fishing is of minor importance owing to various circumstances. But good trout-fishing is said to be obtainable in Bernera, as well as in Uig; and so, too, is excellent duck-shooting on the various islets. Solan-geese, cormorants, great northern divers, and other sea-birds have their home on these rocky shores.

Adjoining the northern branch of Loch Roag is Loch Carloway, where there is a magnificent land-locked harbour with a fine jetty, where the much-talked-of light railway is to have its western terminus some day. When the railway is constructed—and its present prospects are apparently hopeful—a new era will have arrived on the west coast of Lewis. For the Loch Roag and the Carloway fishermen will then be in a position to rail their fish to Stornoway, the exporting centre, instead of wasting precious hours by sailing round the Butt of Lewis with their cargoes. And the line will, moreover, open up the tourist traffic to what is incomparably the most picturesque part of the island. For the west coast of Lewis, at Loch Roag, Uig, and Carloway, has only to be visited in summer to receive the appreciation which is its due. It would be difficult to conceive of greater natural attractions alike for the angler, the golfer, the antiquary, and the city toiler with wearied brain seeking for ozone and rest far from the busy haunts of men, than those offered by this rock-bound coast, with its exhilarating air, its charm of scenery, its hospitable people, and—a not unimportant consideration—its cheapness of living. When its present inaccessibility shall have been modified, its future as a health-resort will be assured.*

At Carloway is one of the most perfect specimens to be found in Scotland of those remarkable structures known as brochs or duns. Dun Carloway is still wonderfully complete, considering its antiquity; the double walls, with the gallery between, being in an excellent state of preservation. What the original purpose of these duns was, and by whom they were erected, are questions which have not yet been satisfactorily solved. The archæologist, when questioned, shakes his head, looks wise, and ventilates a theory. Tradition boldly asserts, without a qualm of conscience, that a 'giant' built Dun Carloway—a giant with a fearsome name and a genius for puzzling modern antiquaries. Thus it is always: tradition has no 'perhaps' in its vocabulary, while archæology has little else. Whatever the origin of Dun Carloway, it is matter of tradition (which in this case rises to the dignity of history) that it stood a siege in the bad old days of the clan feuds, when men slit one another's throats as calmly as their descendants dissect a herring. A certain ancestor of Lord Macaulay, Donald Cam Macaulay, who had a blind eye but a keen scent for his enemies, was the hero of this siege. He was a man of great strength and infinite daring. His enemies, the Morrisons, took refuge in Dun Carloway, and Donald Cam had recourse to strategy to compass their destruction. With the help of two dirks he scaled the wall of the broch, and having reached the top, threw bundles of heather inside, set fire to them, and smothered the unfortunate inmates. If heredity has such a powerful influence as some people suppose, one can quite understand Lord Macaulay's well-known pugnacity on learning that he was the great-great-great-great-grandson of this firebrand of the sixteenth century.

* Since the above was written arrangements have been made to place a small steamer on Loch Roag for the general convenience.

THE LOVERS' HOUR.

When the dim twilight hides the distant hills,
And fragrant hay-scents linger on the air;
When weary mortals cease from toil and care,
And Philomel breaks forth in pensive trills;
When the low west its gold of sunset spills
O'er sea and land; when, lo! from none knows where,
The circling bat comes flitting here and there;
While gathering mist the silent valley fills:

Then evening throws a spell o'er lovers' eyes,
And maiden faces like the angels' shine;
While whispers sweet, shy looks, and gentle sighs
Tell of a love whose birth is half-divine;
And every sylvan nook and scented lane
Becomes a sinless Eden once again.

SAM WOOD.

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A WOODLAND SANCTUARY.

By ALFRED WELLESLEY REES,
Author of *Ianto the Fisherman, and other Sketches of Country Life.*

ABOUT half a mile from my home, the Lower Road beside the river turns abruptly northward, and begins a steep ascent in the direction of the moorlands. At the foot of the hill, a weaver's cottage stands near a sun-flecked brook that turns an old-fashioned water-wheel. Here all day the rhythmic clack of the shuttle mingles with the sounds of the groaning wheel, the splashing 'feeder,' and the rippling ford.

I often climbed this rugged road only that I might look on the glorious landscape and enjoy the fresh, cool breezes always playing about the hill. Then, during my winter expeditions with gun and spaniel, I explored the course of the brook, and my delight was unbounded as I wandered through dingles and gorges where every turn in the path revealed a change of scenery, and I was promised opportunity for lonely summer studies of wild creatures amid conditions of life apparently unchanged through many peaceful years.

There were several reasons for the unusual variety of animal life in this valley. Among the silent, romantic gorges cultivation had never been attempted. So steep were the declivities that the burning of the gorse would have meant at least the destruction of the trees along the slopes; and frequent trimming with bill-hook and 'prong' would have been both tedious and unremunerative.

Each narrow gorge was an almost perfect sanctuary for wild creatures. High pinnacles of rock caused the water from the hillside springs to divide and trickle into numerous tiny fountains along the edge of the cultivated uplands beyond. Whenever a gorge opened out into low-lying pastures, a tangled swamp was to be found on each side of the brook, so frequently had its ill-tended sluices overflowed on the way to mill or farmstead.

The brook-trout were too small to tempt any angler to leave the sport afforded by the main river, and as the byways of the country had little attraction for my neighbours, I was always alone when rambling through the dingles and the gorges.

After becoming thoroughly familiar with every part of the valley I seldom proceeded farther than a certain spot, only about half a mile from the weaver's cottage, but difficult of access at all times to a stranger. With one exception, the numerous cattle-paths leading thither end in swamp and tangle, and this one path is not easily followed.

The perfumed breath of spring seemed to ascend like an invisible incense-cloud from the dingle far beneath, as one morning I climbed the low hedge-bank half-way up the hill beyond the cottage, and afterwards moved down the path skirting the precipitous woods towards the brook. The sounds of the feeder, the wheel, and the loom mingled in a distant monotone. Nearer, at the margin of the woods, many little cataracts hissed and bubbled. And still nearer, within the woods, where the brook reflected the sunlight between the trees, the voice of the water was subdued and tremulous, as the current rose and fell about the moss-grown stones and among the hollows of the alder-roots. Everywhere beside the path the sword-shaped leaves of the wild hyacinth were standing erect above the rich brown soil, the iris flags were lengthening, the anemones were blooming, and the earliest buds of the daffodil were beginning to assume the pendulous position in which they open their yellow cups. As the only dense shadows in the woods were beneath a clump of fir-trees near the brook, I seated myself on the dry brown 'needles' carpeting the grass, where I found that I could command a view of the brook and of the slope on either side; and where, if silent and motionless, I should probably remain unseen by the wild creatures on whose haunts I trespassed.

I had not long taken up my position in the shadows before a little wood-mouse stole out from

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his burrow under the dry oak-leaves at the edge of the glade, and passed on his journey quite close to my feet. At any other time I might have thought that the timid mouse, continually persecuted and therefore ever suspicious of the presence of a possible enemy, had thus unwittingly paid a compliment to my knowledge of wild life; but now the breath of spring was in the wood, and the mouse, on courtship bent, had probably rid himself of his haunting fears and wholly surrendered himself to a subtler, more insistent influence. He had gone for some distance from his home, and much rustling and squeaking had caused me to believe that fighting and love-making were in progress among the withered leaves, when suddenly, as I turned my head towards the brook, I saw, to my surprise, that a water-ouzel (dipper) stood leisurely preening her feathers on a stone in the middle of the stream, not more than three or four yards from my hiding-place.

The scene before my eyes was one of great beauty. The brook reached away like a shining path through an avenue of trees; a steep declivity, strewn with fern-clad boulders, between which, here and there, grew stunted oaks and pines, towered from the farther margin of the stream; while on the nearer side, beyond the firs, the glade ended in a gradual slope on which were some of the stateliest beeches on the country-side. The wood, except beneath the firs, was, as I have already said, almost shadowless, for the trees had not yet opened their leaf-buds; but the colours of spring were on the flowers in the grass and on the fresh green weed that, in long filaments, trailed from the pebbles on the banks of the brook; and the air was full of reinvigoration.

The dipper, unaware of my presence, showed no sign of hurry while with elaborate care she preened her feathers. Every part of her plumage seemed in turn to need her close attention; but, like the majority of the water-birds that I have been able to watch intently, she devoted most of her care to the underside of each wing, to the breast, and to the neck, where every feather, after being dried and shaken into place, was stroked out, whorl by whorl, and dressed with oil from the gland near the tail. For a little time the performance was highly entertaining; but at last the bird's fastidious repetitions failed to interest me, and I became somewhat impatient, especially as my position was uncomfortable, and afforded only a view of the stream towards the falls, and not of the nearer pools and shallows under the boulders.

I had resolved to risk detection in an effort to gain a better position, when the dipper suddenly finished her toilet. Walking deliberately off the stone, she disappeared, with a flick of her wings, beneath the surface of the stream, and proceeded to hunt for worms and grubs among the stickles and the backwaters by the bank. As for the time I was completely hidden from the bird by a projecting ledge of rock, I moved from my seat and stealthily crept towards the shelter of a bramble-clump from which an uninterrupted view of the dipper's haunts could be obtained. Exercising the utmost caution, I slowly gained the heart of the thicket, and there, not far from the edge of the brook, gathered about me a small heap of withered leaves which, as opportunity served, I quietly sprinkled on the briars, that I might be still better hidden while watching the water-ouzel as she searched the bed of the stream for food.

Presently a loud, ringing call—*chit-chit! chit-chit!*—came from some distance away, and a second ouzel flew straight up-stream, and alighted on the stone where, a few minutes previously, the first bird had been standing. Without delay he joined his little mate in her search for food in the shallow, and I was treated to a display such as hitherto it had never been my privilege to witness. And, now and then, the birds were so close that I could follow with ease their every movement in the clear water. They shot hither and thither beneath the surface, using their wings as fins in playful pursuit of each other; they explored the hollows between the pebbles in diligent search of worms and caddis larvæ; occasionally they pushed the stones aside, and firmly grasped them with their long, curved claws while they thrust their beaks into the gravel; then, having found the desired dainty, they quitted their hold on the stones, floated buoyantly to the top, and with evident relish gulped down the morsel before diving once more to resume their frolic and work. Each action was quick and decided, manifesting exquisite ease and the perfect adaptability of the birds to their surroundings. Whenever they tired of such proceedings, they adjourned to convenient resting-places at the margin of the brook, where they stood blinking at the sunlight, and repeatedly twittering and curtsying to each other.

After a while the hen, perched on a moss-grown ledge, called to her mate, just as he happened to float up with a large worm in his beak from the bottom of the stream. He immediately flew towards the ledge, and offered her the dainty he had secured. As he stood in the shallow beneath her, and with gently fluttering wings begged that she would accept the tit-bit, and she with much show of coyness and misgiving stooped to take the tribute, it seemed to me that in the affection of these happy birds I could recognise a sentiment subtly different from mere animal passion—if such I may term the instinctive desire to which the matter-of-fact naturalist is accustomed to refer nearly all the actions of beasts and birds in the mating season of the year.

I cannot explain why it seemed to be so. In those rare brief periods of outdoor study when, to my surprise and delight, I have caught a glimpse of what, for want of a better phrase, might be termed the humanity of Nature, I have not merely imagined, but have felt sure, that many of the finest

feelings of man—pity, sympathy, devotion, unselfish comradeship—are shared in no small measure by creatures considered to be far beneath our plane of life.

Directly his gift had been received, the dipper waded out, dived with a flourish and a splash into the deep water past the stickles, rose quickly a little way down-stream, swam to the bank, ran up the gravel, and flew to a large, round pebble well within the shelter of an alder. He shook the drops of moisture from his wings, dipped once or twice as if to satisfy himself that the stone afforded a sure foothold, then, turning so as to face the brook, poured forth a low, sweet, bubbling song, full of joy, and love, and the hope of spring and sunny weather. Having ended his carol, he flew up-stream in the direction of the gorge; and as his last *chit-chit* reached my ears from the corner of the meadow beyond the wood his mate departed in pursuit.

I find that as my quiet years occupied by an unremitting study of wild life in one of the most secluded districts of Britain have passed, and ever and anon I have gained new ideas of Nature's purposes, my methods of observation have gradually changed. In studying certain creatures as types, I had been apt to form a too hasty opinion regarding the habits of various members of the family to which they belonged. Now, however, in each separate study of a mammal, a bird, a fish, or an insect, I am led to pursue that study to the farthest limit possible to me, even though I had already observed with care some creature nearly allied to the one engaging my attention. But there are many creatures whose habits of life are so peculiarly fascinating—the fox among mammals, the owl among birds, the salmon among fish, and the moss humble-bee among insects may be instanced—that a preference for these is well-nigh inevitable. Without the fox, the life of the coverts and the upland fields would seem incomplete; without the owl, the night in the woods would be devoid of much of its appealing mystery; without the salmon, our rivers would have far less charm than now for angler and naturalist alike; and without the humble-bee, the summer meadows in the sweltering heat of noon would seem silent and deserted. Similarly, the dipper—the cheery, restless, white-breasted robin of the brook—is so completely at one with his surroundings that in his absence the gorge, the glen, and the low water-meadows by the mill would lose not a little of their own special attractiveness. Though the dipper is as much at home on the main river as on the tributary stream, he is more particularly associated in our mind with the dams and the leets and the purling shallows, over which the branches of the arching alders meet, than with the wide, uninterrupted sweep of salmon-pool and trout-reach where, as he stands at the water's brink, he may be mistaken, from the opposite bank, for a white pebble thrown among a number of stones brown with sun-bleached moss and gray with the natural hue of the river-bed.

I have not found it so difficult to observe the habits of the dipper as those of the heron, the kingfisher, and the water-rail. Often, by accident, I come across the kingfisher perched on a stump or branch above the water. Long before I am aware he has seen my approach, and directly I pause he is gone, with a glint of topaz and emerald, through sunlight and shadow, to some distant haunt that I have not discovered. Only in summer, when he makes his home beneath a gravelly bluff where the river-bank is so steep that the path of the angler deviates for some distance from the course of the stream, am I sure of being able to watch him well during most of the long, bright day. But then I am amply repaid for all my patience as I lie hidden in the undergrowth on the bank opposite to the kingfisher's home.

The rare sight of a kingfisher engaged with his mate in teaching an eager, attentive little family of three or four how to catch fish is something never to be forgotten. Below the hole inhabited by the kingfisher, the pool is calm and deep, with a shelf of rock in midwater, and a leafless oak-bough shadowing the surface just above the shelf. The spot is perfectly chosen. No inquisitive angler intrudes on the solitude; no prowling otter, stoat, or weasel can climb the sheer ascent to the nest; shoals of silvery minnows wander in the summer sunshine over the shelf of rock, and from the old oak-branch the bird can watch each movement of the tiny fish.

Once, when I had crept silently into my hiding-place, I saw both parent kingfishers perched on the oak-bough. The mother was calling eagerly, yet persuasively; and now and again, from the dense shadows beneath the bushes, came a feeble, piping cry. This calling and replying continued at intervals for some time, till an odd-looking fledgling fluttered out from the shadows, and with a mighty effort succeeded in perching close by its parents. Another youngster followed, and still another, and then the family was complete. The birds sat in a row with their heads turned up-stream. But directly the little ones became familiar with their surroundings, they—unusually hungry, perhaps, because of a long absence from their parents—sidled along the bough, opened wide their beaks, and with trembling wings begged the old birds for food. One of the parent birds, apparently the male, uttered a low, harsh *kr-rh*, and edged away to the end of the bough. The hen, however, seemed to be questioning and reasoning with her impatient offspring till, one by one, they moved to their former positions, and, as if in obedience to her injunctions, remained quite still and silent. Both parent birds now kept watch intently on the pool where the water flowed slowly over the submerged shelf of rock. The male was the first to leave his perch. Quickly lowering his head, he dived with a plash into the river and disappeared, but soon came up with a minnow wriggling in his beak, and

returned to his resting-place, where he killed the fish by a few smart blows on the branch. Instantly the little kingfishers, their appetites sharpened by the sight of the silvery minnow, crowded about their parent, and snatched the prize from his possession. The hen also dived from her perch, but failed to catch a fish, and immediately resumed her watch on the pool. The minnows did not reappear till all the occupants of the bough were once more motionless. In her second dive the mother bird was successful; she carried an unusually fat minnow to the bough and surrendered it to her little ones. After obtaining a fish for the third time, she changed her methods and dropped the disabled minnow into the river just as her fledglings were striving to take it from her. One of the young birds, eager to grasp the dainty, slipped from the bough, but, fearing to enter the water, soon struggled back to its perch. Several times in succession both parent birds dropped the disabled minnows back into the pool, while in great excitement and anger the young birds protested against the treatment they were receiving, and failed in their persistent but feeble attempts to secure the falling fish. At last, desperate with hunger, one of the fledglings took a plunge, and came quickly to the surface with a minnow in its beak; then, failing to fly up straight to its perch, fluttered across the pool to a low alder-root, and there, in the shadow, called continually to the rest of the family. Either from pity or because they knew not what else to do, the kingfishers, both old and young, at last flew over to join the disconsolate adventurer, and soon afterwards the parents proceeded in earnest to feed their brood.

Next day, when I came again to the place, the education of the kingfishers' family seemed to be entering upon another stage. The little birds had discovered a convenient perch close above a shallow by the bank, and their parents, having perhaps taken the failures of the previous day to heart, were carrying thither minnows they had captured by diving from the old oak-bough, and were dropping them, disabled, into the ripples. Now one, then another, of the fledglings would dive in pursuit, and sometimes the three would dive together and a tug-of-war would take place for possession of the fish. Much splashing and scolding and many topsy-turvy falls lent variety to the proceedings. Carried away by excitement, the youngsters were unconsciously becoming accustomed to immersion, and were learning to use their beaks and wings with increasing strength and dexterity.

When yet again I came and watched the kingfishers' family, the lessons had so far advanced that the young birds would enter the deep water, without the slightest fear, from the oak-bough, and had fully recognised the importance of remaining motionless on their perch, instead of begging food from their parents, till the shoal of minnows, its numbers sadly diminished, rose from the depths of the quiet pool to play about the rock.

THE AUTOCRAT.

CHAPTER II.

A LEAN, foreign-looking, sallow man, with an aggressive diamond winking in his shirt-front, stood in the doorway of the Café Doré, rocking himself on a pair of highly varnished boots. It was ten minutes to eight; and London, though it was only the empty August London, was making a prodigious bustle about getting to its dinner. The electric lights were awake, flickering at the sunset; the café doors stood wide open for the allurement of the hungry. Hansoms jingled by, omnibuses jolted ponderously on their way, pedestrians hurried and dawdled and jostled each other, and odd scraps of conversation floated up to the door-step. The street smelt of pitch, for it was being repaired a couple of hundred yards away, and a watchman was hanging out pretty little ruby lamps upon his barrier, as a jeweller might dress his window. The air was dusty and stale; but it was unmistakably the air of a metropolis. The lounger looked incuriously at the passers-by, returning their stares with a contemptuous appraisement. Presently a gleam of personal recognition lightened his expression; his lips parted, showing excellent teeth, and he held out his hand as Rex Jenkins mounted the steps towards him.

'How do you do, father?'

'Much as usual, thank you,' said Mr Jenkins; and he turned into the café. 'Ready for dinner, if anything fit to eat is to be found in London just now. I don't dine at my hotel; can't stand the Yankee tripper in August. Let me see; when did I see you last? You look as if the country—it was the country, wasn't it?—has been agreeing with you.'

He spoke with a monotonous, slightly nasal intonation, and he strolled across the gorgeous lounge to the stairs with his forehead puckered, the heavy lower-lip slightly out-thrust as if something were awry in the day behind him, and he had small illusions of bettering it in the immediate future. It was, perhaps, only a habit, a pose: as they seated themselves at the table, and Rex's slim young figure faced him, he drew his head back quickly, and a human interest flashed to the surface. He put his hands in his pockets, tipped his chair, and appeared to enumerate the young man's points, and when Rex spoke he paused, with a titbit on his fork, to listen.

'Yes, it was the country,' Rex said. 'I came up this morning because, as I wrote, I had something to say to you.'

'Is that champagne in the ice?' Mr Jenkins said to the waiter.—'Something to say? I put your allowance to your credit at the usual time, didn't I? Overdrawn? No, that can't be: there's the other: my—er—savings last spring at Monte—amazing luck, a-mazing! I dare say you read it in the papers. It might have gone to pay debts; but, honestly, I grudged it. . . . You ought to be fairly affluent, but *I* know what young men are.' He smiled with a sardonic jocularity at his son.

Rex held his tongue for a moment. Debts? What did *that* mean? It was a new note, and not a pleasing one. It occurred to him that this Bohemian parent of his looked at life through a perpetually dusty window. He had come to town fresh from the peace and dignity of the Millinghams' simple life and ideals; the tawdriness of the big gilded room, the persistent flash of his father's diamond, urged unfavourable comparisons. He looked across the table quite gravely, his face troubled.

'I say, sir, if you want that money, less, much less, will set me going. . . . And I'm not in any difficulty, thanks. You've always been very generous to me. I don't really want'——

The elder man laughed.

'You've got a conscience, Rex, haven't you? So your house-master informed me some years ago, and I told him it must be the first in the family. The word "debts" startled you; I saw your eyes open. You can be easy; they don't give me any sleepless nights. I keep a fair palate, too. And, by the way, you are a fool to pass that salmi.'

Rex sat still, looking rather stiffly before him. He had reddened, and his plate remained empty.

'I wish you would let me know something about your real life, father,' he said suddenly. 'Won't you let me have any share in it except spending your money? And I don't want to spend it either, though I have always done it, thinking you were a —supposing until this instant that you were a rich man. I want to stand on my own feet, and make my way for myself.'

'Oh, you will be doing that presently,' Jenkins said. 'You are as representative a specimen of the barrister in embryo when you wear that condemnatory expression as a man could wish to see. I don't doubt your successful future.' He drank a glass of wine and wiped his lips. 'Dry! Now, it is odd, and part of an evil inheritance; but I prefer sweet champagne, the stuff the Russians drink. Rich man? You may call me a pretty extensive landed proprietor if you like; and there *is* money, only it has to be squeezed out of the—soil, and it dribbles when, if it considered my convenience, it would flow freely. You wouldn't find my "real life," as you call it, at all congenial. It is based principally on the effort to get through time with as little *ennui* as possible. That means a considerable amount of running to and fro, and I don't know, remembering that conscience of yours, that it would edify you to accompany me.'

Rex refused to be shaken off. He had put a foot in at the door, rather to his own surprise; for Olive's sake he pushed it farther.

'If you have a business'—— he said.

'I let other people look after it.'

'Might I not be one of the other people?'

'My—er—business,' said Mr Jenkins, and peered, with a veiled eye, at the bubbles in his glass, his yellow hand hooked about the slender stem, 'may unfortunately become known to you in the fullness of time. It is a detestable one, in a detestable climate. I have kept you out of it that you may be an Englishman—a European; which has always appeared to me about the best existence, given certain accessories, that the world can show.'

If Rex had reddened before, he lost colour now. He drew an uneven breath, and suddenly, with a convincing distinctness, he saw the tinge of the face before him, the long, inscrutable eyes, the black, smooth hair untouched by gray. He had always known these things, but at this moment they startled him.

'I had to be made an Englishman? Yes, of course, I knew that; but'—— He stumbled over his words, and his imagination leapt at the East, the unknown place to which his father made his mysterious pilgrimages. 'Not European, then, that means? Father, is *that* it?' He could not frame the question, but his eyes said it for him.

'That is a part of it. Don't look so tragic. My contention is that a man is what he feels himself to be, and your feelings, I observe, are purely Occidental. Besides, your mother'——

He stopped and set down the glass. Rex leaned forward eagerly. The blood was coming back to his cheeks, but the security of ignorance was gone. The solid ground had begun, quite unexpectedly, to shift under him.

'You are very like her. You have taken something from me, but it is only the merest superficiality; the essentials are hers. . . . You grow more like her, too. She was an English lady; and she did me an honour beyond my deserts when she married me. She died within two years of our marriage: she showed a wisdom in that as great as her toleration, till then, of a world too evil for her.'

The mocking tone was gone. He was speaking with his usual monotonous inflection, but his manner carried weight. The Millinghams swept into Rex's mind upon an inrush of enlightenment: Olive among the fruit-trees, the vicar in his quiet study, the middle-aged lady knitting on the lawn. A shadow from the past moved among them, a spirit who found their quiet ways her own.

Mr Jenkins went on speaking.

'For the matter of that, *my* mother was a white woman too, an American. She did not bring me up to her life, though; she let me go to—the other.

It was not exactly a kindness. Dear me! yes, the unlucky soul had a bad time of it; her indifference to me, who belonged there, is perfectly explicable. She died when I was a small boy; I don't suppose she was more than thirty. Thirty is old for a woman in—my place of business.' The corners of his mouth wryed at some sour thought. 'Does this information give you any satisfaction? Dear knows why I have been so garrulous to-night. It must have been the sight of your sleekness; I could never see a purring cat without wishing to rub its fur the wrong way, and yet I assure you I don't dislike the brutes.' . . . He looked obliquely, subtly, at his son. 'If I were you, I should let it rest at that. Your life, as you have found it up till now, has been a tolerable one; it isn't altered by your knowing that your blood is not as white as it might be, is it? As I said, you'll always pass muster, and the inner man is British right through. Make the most of what you have, Rex, without troubling about its nature or the exact sources of its support.'

The restaurant was too fully lit; the clatter of voices and service, the glare, began to be intrusive. Rex looked round him in a hot irritation. This was no place for confidences such as he had just heard, disturbing things with a deeper undercurrent below them. He was no nearer to knowledge of practicalities than before, and yet his father, out of an impulse that he himself had described as wanton, had destroyed his ease of mind at a blow. The old tigerish rage that had wreaked itself on the tutor bobbed into recollection; there was no anger here, but there was maliciousness, the tiger at play.

'You have told me of mixed races. It isn't good to hear,' he said slowly. 'I want time to think it over, father.'

'All the thinking in the world won't mend it,' Mr Jenkins said lightly, cracking a walnut. '*You!* Has any one ever accused you—hinted—of this? No! Oh, they've asked if you were Italian sometimes, have they? Ye—es; it might strike a very observant person that way; the majority would not think at all about it. You may thank me, in fact, for that, though there is no credit attaching; your education was a debt I owed to your mother; and I have repaid it to her son.' He threw the crackers on the table with a clatter, and changed the subject.

'Have you half-an-hour to spare to-morrow morning? I am going to try a new motor I brought over from France. I wish I had the taste for road-racing; but it entails too much physical strain to please a lazy man.'

Rex, however, with the savour of the dinner lost beyond recall, was unable to let the matter be tossed aside in this off-hand fashion. It was to the memory of his English mother, then, that he owed his English upbringing. Was it this, also, that accounted for the perpetual lack of harmony between his guardians and the man who had selected them? It looked like one riddle's solution. There were more remaining. It was true that he felt himself to be healthily British in every fibre, as true as that his looks had never betrayed him; he was optimistic enough to seize the plank pushed out, and bestride it; but the new knowledge hurt. Oh! knowing it hurt him abominably, though it was only a scratch on the surface; it had not gone deeper, where, he was confident, he remained himself. Still, it was not only he who was concerned; for Olive's sake he braced himself, and returned to the subject.

'What part of the East, then, do we——?'

Mr Jenkins shrugged his shoulders, his eyes derisive, and his mouth returned to its peevish twist.

'My good lad, you will get into trouble in a minute if you persist in asking foolish questions. Here you are, a moderately intelligent young man with approved principles, the right kind of friends to your taste (too mild for me, I admit; but then, I prefer high seasoning), and a fistful of money. Isn't that enough? I wish you would either drink your coffee or send it away. It is getting late, and I have stalls at the Frivolity.'

He motioned to the waiter for his bill. They sat in silence, and the elder man stared round him, coolly beating down the return glances of the other diners. Rex was still cogitating when the sovereigns went jingling away on a plate; he followed their disappearance absently, and drew his forces together.

'Father! I—I had a special reason for asking you to see me to-night; you don't—it is difficult to find the chance to speak of it, but I want you to hear what I have to say. I *must* know my own history, because I have to give an account of myself to other people.' He spoke unevenly, and he kept his eyes on the cloth. 'My past, and my future, are all concerned'——

He broke off abruptly, aware that he had no hearer.

Mr Jenkins had turned in his seat, and the napkin he held was crumpled to a wisp. There was light at last in his heavy eyes—the light of a smouldering fury; it transformed the man from a gibing, pleasure-seeking pagan into a being more elementary, and infinitely more dangerous. Rex's little appeal was cut midway; he, too, turned, and followed the intent gaze.

Two strangers were standing side by side a few paces from them, their attitudes profoundly deprecatory and obsequious. Their hands were at the level of their breasts, the palms laid together, the fingers extended; the filbert nails with the pale half-moon at the base caught Rex's attention early. They were utterly out of place in the London room, and they were obviously unexpected by the person to whom they were deferring.

The two men, though they were dressed in conventional frock-coats, were certainly not Europeans. They had narrow black eyes and yellow faces, high

cheek-bones and lank black hair. They were, at a guess, from the Far East—Malays, Mongolian—Rex did not know much about the far-off peoples. What was beyond doubt was that they were, however distantly, men akin in race to his father; and that was a sufficiently startling discovery to rivet him to his seat. He did not examine the foundations of this conviction; it had risen tower-high upon the instant.

Mr Jenkins spoke, monotonous, sibilant words in a strange tongue. The other diners were quizzing the group. The two intruders began an answer in the unfamiliar language.

Rex, without understanding a word, hung upon the colloquy. Asiatics, with mask-like, inexpressive faces, so like and yet so unlike the one he knew; subdued men, bearing still a suggestion of curbed potentialities—what could they be but messengers from the remote 'place of business' that he had heard spoken of for the first time that evening? They were beings from another continent; he knew less than nothing of them, and he had never felt more thoroughly insular in his life; but his heart beat fast.

The three spoke together; for how long he could not have told: it was a scene too full of unsifted meaning to measure by minutes. At its conclusion Mr Jenkins, who had merely interrupted with swift, savage stabs of fluency the speeches of the others, held up his hand and commanded them to silence. He faced Rex again, a little sallower than before, a crooked smile, that gave him the appearance of snarling, disfiguring his face.

'It is odd that this should have happened when you were with me. It looks as if you may as well have your information.'

'They are your employés? They come from—from your plantations?' Rex hazarded eagerly.

Mr Jenkins nodded, and lit a second cigar. He seemed to be turning something over in his mind.

'Employés—no, not exactly. My subjects—yes. I warned you that I had a detestable trade. Wouldn't you class the king of a few hundred thousand treacherous, yellow-skinned barbarians among the unlucky? And my mother'—he threw his head back and laughed—'was bred to believe that all men are born free and equal.'

'*King?*'

'It is a large mouthful to swallow; you had better shut your eyes and take it at a gulp. Your wildest dreams wouldn't have suggested it, would they? It sounds romantic to your inexperience, Rex; the title has a misleading glamour. I have always preferred incognito as plain Jenkins, and rule by deputy whenever practicable. King, alas! yes, of Kerisal, which is a place about as far from these pleasant flesh-pots as the middle of the Sahara.'

It was a long time since Rex had conned his geography. His mind ran back to his studies of the map of Asia, researches never very zealously prosecuted, and recalled with difficulty now. The name brought no further enlightenment than a faint suspicion that he had seen it in small print, and made haste to forget it.

Mr Jenkins rose. Rex, rather dazed, looked round for his hat; and when he had received it, the envoys, their audience over, their obeisances made, were walking towards the door. He stood staring after them with, it must be confessed, an open mouth, drinking in their strangeness.

'They would call it *kismet*,' his father's voice said in his ear. 'I call it an unutterable nuisance. They have the impudence to bring their protests to *me!* There is something rotten in the state of Kerisal; and it appears that I am wanted. Now I come to think of it, Spencer's last three letters, ominously fat and bulky, are lying unopened at the hotel. . . . Well, shall we go on to the Frivolity?'

Rex wheeled to him, and met a scrutiny that belied the indifferent words. His father was eying him; when their looks clashed furtively, it was the elder man who drew his away.

'No!' he cried, so loudly that a dozen heads craned. 'I don't understand, and it is all rather a—a nightmare, but I am sure we ought to go back to the hotel. You will want to see your letters, your mail, won't you?' There was the crudity of youth in the appeal; Mr Jenkins gave his ugly smile again, and the boy winced, but only for a second. 'Oh, I am out of all order, I know, sir, from your point of view. But I have got to hear; and I am not a child to be kept in the dark because knowing things isn't good for me. This talk of . . . kings needs explaining.'

He stood back for his father to pass, holding his young head high, his face strained and excited. Mr Jenkins, with a shrug and an expression of grim amusement, turned.

'You don't belong to it in the least,' he said. 'You never will. It is a dust-heap, an ant-hill, good for nothing but to keep you and me here. It is better, believe me, to be a nonentity in England than a king in Kerisal. Still, as your virtuous mind speaks profound wisdom, and you are bent on hearing the facts of the case, I will get back to those neglected despatches, and you shall come with me.—Waiter, call a hansom.'

(To be continued.)

TOBACCO-GROWING IN IRELAND.

By Mary Gorges.

On a Tobacco-Jar.

Three hundred years ago or soe,
Ane worthye knight and gentlemanne
Did bring me here, to charm and chere
Ye physical and mental manne.
God rest his soule, who filled ye bowle,
And may our blessings finde him,
That he not misse some share of blisse
Who left so much behind him!

Bernard Barker.

TOBACCO, 'the gift of the gods to high-strung humanity,' was grown for the first time in the British Islands in Sir Walter Raleigh's garden at Youghal, in the south of Ireland. It was a time when, with the discovery of a New World, a new world of thought and imagination as well had been opened up to minds perhaps as feverish and restless as those of to-day, and its soothing charm was felt at once. Smoking became a very fashionable habit in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Ben Jonson held it as 'most divine—the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.' That Shakespeare never alludes to 'divine tobacco,' as Spenser calls it, may perhaps be partly attributed to the almost insane hatred of tobacco shown by James I., whose favourite playwright Shakespeare was. King James doubtless expected the treatise which he wrote, *A Counterblast to Tobacco*, to sweep away all desire for the obnoxious weed; but neither this nor the prohibitive duties he put upon it availed to stop the growing of tobacco, until it was absolutely forbidden under tremendous penalties by Charles II., who stated in the preamble of the Bill that this was a measure of protection for the American colonies. Tobacco was not to be grown in England save on forfeiture of forty shillings for every rood of ground thus planted, though it was allowed in small quantities in 'physic' gardens; while Justices of Peace had power to issue warrants to constables 'to search after and examine whether any tobacco be sown or planted, and to destroy the same—which they are to do under penalties.'

In 1766, when Adam Smith wrote his *Wealth of Nations*, tobacco had become a principal subject of taxation, and the prohibitions against its home growth continued. This gave in effect a monopoly to the countries where it was allowed, Virginia and Maryland principally, as having the largest produce. In these States ninety-six thousand hogsheads of tobacco were annually purchased with a part of the surplus produce of British industries; only fourteen thousand of these, however, being required for Great Britain, so that the remaining eighty-two thousand hogsheads were sent abroad and exchanged for something more in demand at home.

Ireland, however, shared in none of the advantages of this trade; but in 1785 the prohibition Act was withdrawn, and when the Union with Great Britain was accomplished, the sixth article of the Act of Union provided for the continual right to grow tobacco in Ireland. Between this period and 1830 it was grown, and with profit; but in the latter year its culture was again forbidden on the ground of assimilating the laws of England and Ireland, tobacco-growing being also stopped in the former country. The real reason, however, was jealousy, for it flourished in Ireland and did not in England. This measure was introduced and excused by Mr Dawson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a great speech, and had the immediate effect of rendering valueless a large quantity of tobacco then growing, as it was made illegal to manufacture it. Naturally, smuggling followed.

Such was the state of things until 1887, when temporary permission was given to grow small quantities in Great Britain and Ireland; but owing to want of experience, the experiments were unsuccessful. There was a generally diffused belief at the time that tobacco required for its growth a much warmer climate than is to be found in the British Isles. Yet a writer on the subject in the *Nineteenth Century* (1888) showed this to be a fallacy, and pointed out that 'Nature first grew her tobacco in the West, where exactly it is every day more difficult to say with any certainty, for the species spreads from cultivation in an energetic and bewildering manner. But its typical home is in the subtropical regions. There it wastes its sweetness—a rampant, verdant weed, tall and stately and crowned with pink blossoms, in those sunny and quiet glades of the Californian forests where the humming-birds like living gems glitter amongst the strands of flowering creepers, and the still, green twilight of the woodland invites luxuriant growth. When it finds itself upon the hillside, however, with the ready adaptability of animated life, it reduces its ampleness, growing sessile and with smaller leaves, and living more sparsely according to the capabilities of the soil. The climate of this latter habitat, and the nature of the ground that characterises it, are unquestionably to be found in England.'

If this be true for England, it is yet more so for Ireland, with its moister and milder climate. And it is with the experiments tried in the latter country and their results that I deal, hoping to draw attention to the great issues depending on their success in a land where 'the drain of emigration has reached a point at which, if it is not checked, it will speedily wipe out the nation.' Political measures supply no remedy; employment for men and women is the want—such employment as would

make it possible to live upon the soil. Tobacco-growing seems one of the most hopeful means of attaining this end, and that it is practicable the experiments at present being carried on show.

Colonel Everard of Randlestown, County Meath, was one of the growers in 1887, and became convinced that it was from want of expert knowledge in curing that failure had resulted. From 1898 to the present time, Colonel Everard, having obtained permission to grow small quantities, has been engaged in making experiments, and has been able to get tobacco grown under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture in sixteen different counties. He found that not only could it be grown but cured, and that a good market was ready for the crop.

Colonel Everard's next step was to obtain the assistance of influential members of Parliament, Unionists and Nationalists alike, able to bring sufficient pressure on Government to obtain permission, for a period of five years, for the cultivation of tobacco on a commercial scale, by persons approved of by the Department of Agriculture. To what was promised was added a refund of one-third of the existing duty—three shillings on the pound—which is levied on all unmanufactured tobacco.

It was arranged that experiments should be tried in Wexford by Mr W. Redmond, while Colonel Everard undertook to organise those in Meath, and to represent the growers on an advisory committee, formed by the Department of Agriculture, of leading manufacturers and representatives of the retail trade. The questions submitted to this committee were: (1) What quantity of tobacco should be grown to form a commercial test? (2) In which counties should tobacco be grown? (3) What tobacco is best suited to Irish trade? And the answers were as follow: (1) Quantity: twenty acres; (2) Locality: Meath and Wexford; (3) Prior tobacco: as best suited for manufacture of Irish roll.

Mr W. Redmond failed to organise in Wexford, owing to the Department finding it impossible to engage an expert from a tobacco-growing State in America in time to superintend the planting of the crop. Colonel Everard consequently took the whole amount—twenty acres—in hand, in order to fulfil the conditions of commercial experiment, and to avoid the loss of a year—a very important consideration where the concession is only to last five years, and the erection of a curing-barn involves a great outlay, becoming useless if withdrawn at the end of this term. The Department undertook to build this barn and curing apparatus. The result of the experiment now depended wholly on the crop produced by Colonel Everard; and he, finding that the expert promised in February did not arrive, sent his son Captain Everard at his own expense to the Southern States of America, to study there the conditions of growing and curing tobacco, and the best kind of curing-barn. The building of this was deferred until it was dangerous to delay longer waiting the arrival of an expert; for if it was not ready for the reception of crop the whole experiment would be a failure. So the barn was commenced on 8th July, only eight weeks before the beginning of harvest.

It was necessary to provide against all contingencies, so the barn was provided with a roof perfectly air-tight, suitable for the Virginian system of curing, which necessitated also the erection of a powerful steam-boiler and pipes. Virginian tobacco is usually cured at a temperature of one hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit, the crop only occupying the barn four days till cured out; while the Kentucky or slow cure takes from four to six weeks. The barn was designed by Colonel Everard and his son; and as no builder would take the contract under penalty to complete within the time specified, Colonel Everard undertook the construction himself, and by employing day labour, local carpenters, workmen, &c., began and finished the building within the time.

Seeds are sown in hotbeds in March and transplanted to the field in July. In order to test the suitability of soil, the crop was grown in three parishes, and a marked difference was observed in yield—the best land giving best results. The month of June was too dry to favour vegetation, but the rest of the summer proved suitable. At the critical moment the services of a highly qualified expert were obtained to superintend the harvesting and curing of the crop. Professor Harper, of the Chair of Agronomy in the College of Agriculture, Kentucky (U.S.), spent his vacation in Ireland, and placed his services at the disposal of the Department. He had come over in the interests of science to study the influence of climate on tobacco-planting, and was quite unacquainted with the climatic conditions of Ireland. His knowledge, however, of the nature of the plant and of the different systems of curing in the United States enabled him, after a few preliminary experiments, to devise a system of curing suitable to the Irish type of tobacco. He found the slow cure developed the most satisfactory results, and as there was nothing that he could suggest to improve the barn and curing apparatus, he was able to cure successfully the whole crop.

He arrived at the opinion that the climate of Ireland is better suited than that of Kentucky for the production of tobacco. This is due principally to the fact of the rainfall in Ireland being more evenly distributed throughout the year. The best Irish grass-lands are equal to the soil of the best tobacco-lands in America, though the poor, sandy soil, which in Virginia produces the best yellow tobacco, in Ireland produces one with too much moisture. Clay soils on fairly porous subsoil, however, in the professor's opinion, produce the best type of heavy shipping tobacco, and the texture, colour, and quality of leaf are superior to the greater portion of the tobacco imported into this country.

The treatment of the crop during the growing period consists principally in keeping the land free of weeds, stirring the soil, stopping growth by

pinching off the budding shoots, and removing the axillary shoots, called suckering. Some of the leaves attain enormous size, measuring over forty inches long by twenty broad, and the object of topping and suckering is to throw all the sap into the number of leaves—usually ten—allowed to each plant.

Before harvesting the crop it is necessary first to ascertain that the leaves have attained maturity. When ripe they become blotched with yellow and very viscous, the epidermis being easily separated from the substance of leaf. The plants are then cut down with a spade-like knife below the lowest leaves, and are laid upon the ground to wilt for a few hours, when they can be removed to the barn, where they are tied to a stick about four feet long —six plants to each stick—head downwards, and hung upon 'tier'-poles.

The next process, stripping the leaves off the stalks, I was just in time to see before its completion, on the occasion of my visit to Randlestown to view the working of the industry for myself. I shall not easily forget the fine old place, on which shone a brilliant December sun, lighting up park and lawn, and bathing in brightness the massive stems and dark branches of the tall old trees which stood there, unsheltered and patient, listening to the message of hope the sunbeams were whispering: 'Courage! The winter will pass and spring return; once again shall the green leaves clothe your branches and the singing birds be heard therein.' I took that glorious sunshine as a message of hope to more than the trees; I thought of it as I stood in the barn a little later watching the work going on.

The plants had then been all removed from the tier-poles and their places filled with bundles of leaves, technically called 'hands,' which, after being stripped from the stalks, have to be again hung up in the barns and thoroughly dried out before being packed down in hogsheads. The process of curing is too technical a subject to describe with any minuteness, but at least I can give an idea of the general principle followed. This is gradually to deprive the plant of its moisture by the application of artificial heat, care being taken at the same time to provide sufficient ventilation for its escape. The process of 'running the colour' requires most careful supervision; as, while there is a danger on one hand of stopping the process by allowing the plant to become too dry, there is also a risk of producing mould if it is allowed to remain too long in a moist condition without sufficient ventilation. Curing on the slow method is carried out at a temperature which rarely exceeds ninety degrees Fahrenheit, and is seldom over seventy-five degrees.

For the slow cure, the plants remain in the barn for a month or six weeks, when they are fit to be stripped. And this is what I saw in the warm, comfortable sorting-room, provided with forms on which the workers sit around the tables. There is a central table and a table at each end at right angles to it. The plants are laid on the central table; the leaves are stripped off and placed in a heap to the right of the operator, with the exception of the small top-leaves, which are tied by a worker in 'hands,' while the flying or 'base' leaves are similarly removed and tied by another worker. The heap of leaves is then transferred to the other tables and placed in front of a sorter, who divides them into three grades, technically called 'leaf,' 'lugs,' and 'trash.' These are separately tied by workers into 'hands'—a leaf being wrapped round the base of the leaves to hold them together—and placed astride on a stick, which, when it has received its complement of 'hands,' is replaced upon the tier-poles in the barn. The 'hands' of tobacco, after being thoroughly dried out, are next brought into 'case,' or made pliant by sprinkling water upon the steam-pipes, and thus producing vapour. They are then packed down in large hogsheads, screw pressure being employed so as to get as much tobacco as possible into a given space. The hogsheads when filled contain usually from eight hundred to one thousand pounds.

More and more did I realise, as I stood in the barn looking on and trying to grasp details, that here was the most practical means yet devised for staying the tide of emigration, by finding profitable employment for men, women, and children. In the sorting-room the workers were women, mostly old, two of them the sole support of invalided husbands, and children on whose wages decrepit parents were depending. How deftly the toil-worn hands manipulated the tobacco-leaves!—the apathy had passed from the old faces—how eager and interested they all looked!

The tobacco crop is, or may be, as profitable to the farmer as the Government wills to make it. The duty on all tobacco, imported and home-grown, is three shillings per pound. The gross value of an average crop of one thousand pounds per acre is one hundred and sixty-six pounds sterling; but the duty amounts to one hundred and fifty pounds, leaving the grower only sixteen pounds gross profit, which represents the probable average price—namely, fourpence per pound—obtained from the manufacturers, who of course will also have to pay the duty before taking the tobacco out of bond. However, the Excise Department are authorised to return one-third of the duty—namely, one shilling—from this to the grower, amounting to fifty pounds for a crop which weighs one thousand pounds of cured tobacco. This makes a total gross profit of sixty-six pounds per acre, and—deducting the cost of production, rent, interest on building, plant, &c., estimated at about twenty-three pounds per acre—leaves a handsome net profit of about forty-three pounds per acre. Under these conditions, tobacco would be extensively grown; but for the present short term of years (four only now remaining) for which the concession lasts, growers could not recoup themselves in the time for the necessary heavy outlay, and

they are thus prohibited from embarking in the enterprise.

But I think this hope will not die out, that it never will be written on a page of future history: 'There was a great revival of the tobacco industry in Ireland; but owing to the refusal of Government to continue concessions it failed, putting an end to the hope of placing it on a firm footing and giving sorely needed relief to a people exiled and perishing for want of profitable employment.' Rather, let the shining of that winter sun be what I hoped it might, as, looking back from the gates of Randlestown, I beheld its westering rays—an omen of success for one of the most interesting experiments yet tried in Ireland.

THE BROWN LUSTRE JUG.

CHAPTER II.

FOR three days Mrs Stradford skilfully avoided all possibility of Brigswell speaking to her alone; and in those three days she lived over again a period of her life that the habit of forgetting and ease of days had swept from her memory—days and nights of anguish and revolt against the disaster that threatened her fortunes and her ambition.

John Grayson had been a footman in the service of Lord Hexworth, she the daughter of a game-keeper on the estate and sewing-maid to Lady Hexworth, the mother and father of Lady Catharine Laneside. Lord Hexworth was a famous ornithologist, spending his days amongst his collection. During an illness of his curator, the footman, John Grayson, showed such aptitude in making sketches on zinc and in copying labels on the same material that his master, saying such talent was wasted in a footman, had him taught engraving with the view of ultimately taking him into his museum as assistant curator. But John Grayson was engaged to the sewing-maid; and then, as later, he was as wax in her hands. When the time came for him to return to Lord Hexworth he received an offer of an excellent situation in London. His first impulse was to refuse it, feeling that he should return to the master who had so generously provided the means for his training. His future wife saw otherwise. Hidden deep down in Jane Parson's capable, pitiless nature, masked by a pleasant and, for her station, refined exterior, was an absorbing passion to 'be a lady,' to live the life and to be surrounded with the luxuries and interests that seemed to her to make existence a golden dream for her mistress and her daughters. In the London situation she saw the means of breaking away from old associations, and under her urgings and pressure John Grayson accepted it. She gave up her place of sewing-maid, and they were married.

Engravers are well paid, and the Graysons, whilst living comfortably, made considerable savings—more considerable than the husband knew, for, his wife's business instinct showing itself speedily after their marriage, he gradually left all money affairs in her hands. As a result they were in a few years in remarkably easy circumstances for people in their position of life. But the wife's passion 'to be a lady' had become an obsession, dominating all her thoughts. So perfect was her self-control that no sign ever escaped her. Their home was one befitting their station, although its severity filled her with daily loathing.

John Grayson had a remarkable facility in copying handwriting so exactly as to deceive the actual writer. Their next-door neighbour was a Pole, and Jane Grayson could never determine whether the scheme that made her a rich woman emanated from him or herself. But the upshot was that for a year John Grayson was actively employed in forging foreign bonds and bank-notes, and in making plates for printing them in his back kitchen. The Pole and an English friend of his, a hapless ne'er-do-well called Leader, who had a good knowledge of languages, put the bonds and notes, in quantities carefully arranged by Jane Grayson, on the markets in the smaller cities abroad, no supplies being given out from the little suburban house until two-thirds of the price obtained for the former supply had been handed to Mrs Grayson.

About this time a little old woman, very bent, with grizzled hair, and always dressed in dingy black, opened an account with a highly respectable City bank, recommended by one of the partners, who oddly enough had died suddenly the day after he had written the letter introducing Miss Marwell. Miss Marwell was Jane Grayson, and the opening of this account, instituted at first as a measure of precaution for the four people involved in the forgeries, placed the means in her hand of realising her passion. Reading of the death of the banker, who was also a politician, she remembered having seen a fac-simile letter of his reproduced in an illustrated paper in an article on the judging of character from handwriting. To gain admittance to the dead man's house on the pretext that she had come from a dressmaker to receive instructions for the servants' mourning was an easy matter, and, being left alone for a few moments, it was equally easy to obtain possession of some sheets of stamped note-paper from a writing-table. She was informed she was mistaken—the dresses had already been ordered; and, expressing proper bewilderment at being sent by her employer, she withdrew, unsuspected.

With the fac-simile letter and the dead banker's

note-paper, John Grayson made a *chef d'œuvre* in forgery, and, dressed in accordance with the part, his wife was warmly received by the bankers as Miss Marwell, described by their late colleague as a lady of means who was disposing of house property in the country, and who from time to time would place considerable sums to her credit upon which she would need advice as to investment. She proved to be a highly profitable client, for at her own suggestion the bulk of the money she brought at periodic intervals was invested in the bank itself.

At the gloomy building in the City she was considered an eccentric miser, but was none the less an honoured visitor. Full of well-simulated doubts and anxieties as to investments in which she declared she had money, she would seek the manager, whose opinion, jumping with her fears, brought his bank yet more money from this odd old lady. 'Then I'll sell out. Now—this minute,' she would say; and a day or two later would creep into the manager's room with a cheque from a well-known firm of stockbrokers. The shares she had bought a week, a month, sometimes a day before, with ready money, fearing lest the continual payment of cash into the bank would arouse suspicion. Her interest she allowed to accumulate.

She had fixed upon a certain sum as necessary to produce the income she would need 'to be a lady,' and the sum was almost reached when it became known that false bonds were being offered for sale on many of the European Stock Exchanges. So faithful were the forgeries that only an expert in paper could detect the difference between them and the originals. With the first sign of danger, Leader and the Pole returned to England, John Grayson ceased his making of plates, and they moved to another quarter of London, to a dreary suburb of half-finished houses. Leader and the Pole, leaving a portion of their share of the plunder in Mrs Grayson's hands, took life more easily. The Graysons lived as simply as before.

The husband, however, until now entirely under his wife's influence, began to ask awkward questions. Why should he go on slaving every day at his trade when they had all that money lying idle? If it had not been for him there would have been no money at all. He had done most of the work, and wanted to know when he was going to have the fun.

To stifle these questions, the wife urged the risk of detection; but after a while this stratagem failed. One day he returned from his work, saying he had thrown it up, and that henceforward he was going to live on his means; that as his wife had the money she would have to pay for everything; he was going to work no more, and they must go to a better house. Until that moment Jane Grayson had decided on no precise scheme for the future. She had amassed the money under the influence of vague dreams in which her husband had no place. His sudden action forced upon her the fact that he was an element in existence not to be ignored. This fear threw her off her guard, and she answered sharply that the money was as much hers as his. He struck her, demanding money. Her silence maddened him. He struck her again and again, demanding money at every blow. Finally, seizing her by the shoulders, he threw her to the ground, and, kneeling upon her, threatened to strangle her unless she handed over the whole sum they had made into his keeping.

As she lay upon the ground with her husband's hands pressing tightly on her throat, his convulsed face above her, she saw her path to the golden future, a path she would walk alone.

She abjectly promised all that he asked, and immediately gave him twenty pounds.

A few weeks later, Leader and the Pole both coming to her for money, she suggested that the former sales should now be repeated—this time in Austria. Success had made the men careless. There were still a considerable number of forged bonds and notes in the Graysons' possession, the larger number of which the wife placed in their hands.

A month afterwards Leader was arrested in Vienna in the act of passing a forged note. The Pole dexterously escaped, and thirty-six hours later was in London, lying hidden at the Graysons' house.

The Austrian police had been warned by Scotland Yard, who had based its advice on an anonymous letter so explicit as to leave no doubt as to its truth.

Jane Grayson ran an agonising risk when she wrote the letter. If the police discovered her husband's connection with the forgeries before the announcement of the arrest in Vienna appeared in the newspapers she herself was in danger of prison equally with the men she had betrayed. Her terror of her husband forced her to run the risk of ruin rather than let him suspect her treachery. The arrival of the Pole ended the days of torture she had passed. On his advice they broke up the plates and moulds, throwing them into the air-space between the outer walls of the house, together with the burnt paper from the remaining bonds and notes. Surreptitiously, however, the woman threw a small bundle of unburnt bonds after the broken copper plates.

Although two days had passed since Leader's arrest, no word appeared in the newspapers, and Mrs Grayson, rightly surmising that the police were preventing this warning from being given to his confederates, on the third day quietly disappeared. That same afternoon Grayson and the Pole were arrested. Leader had confessed the fraud in all its details.

The case was one of the most remarkable in the history of forgery, and it speedily became evident that the three men had acted under the domination of the woman. Grayson, furious at her desertion, but not suspecting her actual treachery even when the broken plates and the unburnt bundle of bonds

were produced in court—found, after a second anonymous letter had been received, but not mentioned by the police—blurted out the story of the forged letter of recommendation. This brought the partners of the highly respectable bank in the City into the witness-box; but they could say nothing except that the eccentric Miss Marwell had withdrawn her account and her money invested with them a year before, saying she was going to New Zealand. They had neither seen nor heard anything of her since. A former managing-clerk of this bank, now manager to a rival firm, volunteered the evidence that Miss Marwell, on his suggestion, had opened an account with his new employers, and through them had also engaged in large and profitable transactions. This account had run concurrently with the first one, and had likewise been withdrawn abruptly a year before, the same reason being given.

The story of financial genius thus disclosed caused Jane Grayson to be the most notorious woman in England for a fortnight, but still she remained a name. The newspapers said that it was impossible for a woman possessing so many thousands of pounds to remain hidden; that the money must ultimately betray her. The public had visions of a hunted criminal fleeing from justice laden with boxes of notes and gold. But the fortune was all securely invested in railway stock in the name of Mrs Stradford, whose address was Mona Lodge, St John's Wood.

During a period of years Jane Grayson had bought this stock carefully, and in small quantities, adding to it considerably when she withdrew her two banking accounts, and investing what remained in foreign securities. A large sum of money, notwithstanding, lay in the cellar at Mona Lodge in notes, whose numbers, she feared, would betray her. The house in St John's Wood she had rented furnished for some time, an old commissionaire, half-blind and deaf, and his wife looking after it. Her long absences and short visits made their work a sinecure. They were well paid, and were as far from suspecting that the notorious Jane Grayson was the quiet, amiable, kindly Mrs Stradford who 'was always visiting or abroad,' as were the railway companies which paid her dividends.

Traced to a butcher's shop near by the unfinished street in which she had lived, all further sign of Jane Grayson was lost. The most practised and astute minds at Scotland Yard were baffled; so thorough and so widespread was the search that the police finally believed her to be dead.

At this time she was a woman of thirty-five, with dark hair and eyebrows, a plump, happy face, and a slight figure. The Mrs Stradford of Mona Lodge was as plump of body as of face, her hair was snow-white, and her eyebrows were of a nondescript brown. Jane Grayson had an unerring instinct for what actors call 'dressing a part.'

For three years she spent the greater portion of her time at Mona Lodge, with occasional excursions into the country to see houses that were to let—excursions that showed that her income, considerable as it was, was far short of the one necessary to realise her ambition in all its fullness. And this ambition was a daily scourge. The comforts, the luxuries, her means would afford her would leave her still unsatisfied. She yearned for the magnificent, a princely home, jewels, all the surroundings that great wealth alone can give, with the yearning of mania. Scientists, perhaps, would explain this obsession as atavism; but whatever the cause, it sharpened her uneducated although acutely intelligent mind to undertake financial operations that only genius could conceive and execute.

During ten years she speculated with a success that was as amazing as it was diabolical. Her instinct was unerring, and her judgment was guided solely by her instinct. She alone knew the history of those years that brought her desire within her reach. Once she had become the tenant of Retley on a long lease that in all human probability would exceed her lifetime, the daily care as to expenditure slipped from her; she became as generous as formerly she had been miserly. Her ambition attained, the past fell away; she lived only in the present, forgot the name of Grayson and even the thankfulness with which she had read the notice of her husband's death in prison in the newspapers. She was 'a lady' at last, superbly housed, beautifully clad; life was the golden dream she had envied Lady Hexworth and her daughters, one of whom was now her friend.

This blow was so sudden, so unexpected, that her brain refused continuous thought. She could only rage impotently, and vaguely wonder over possibilities of escape. With superhuman effort she kept a brave front to her guests; but the spur of necessity passing, she sank into a mental inertia, paralysed by the impending ruin. Her husband's attitude and manner were as impassive as her own, but she was conscious that he was watching her closely.

She believed that if John Grayson cried her crime from the house-tops, the tale was too old for the police to proceed against her. But she knew that if a shadow of doubt were cast upon her respectability, the fabric she had built would crumble into ashes and leave her nothing save her money—and John Grayson.

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL OF ST KATHERINE.

By W. M. J. WILLIAMS.

A SHORT time ago the Society papers announced that Lady Anna Loftus, a maid of honour to Queen Adelaide, the wife of William IV., had expired at St Katherine's, in Regent's Park, London; and for a day or two, perhaps, in the maelstrom of London life, a few were talking of the event and of the institution at which this Court lady of other days had paid the debt to nature. Recently much has been said and written of the affairs of the country a hundred years ago; and though this institution in its present habitat in Regent's Park cannot be deemed a centenarian, yet so rapidly do matters pass out of sight to-day, so old-world seem the days of George IV., and so remarkable are the history, objects, and position of St Katherine's Hospital, that no apology is needed for calling attention to it.

When a man desires to see the Royal Hospital of St Katherine, if he proceeds by Regent Street and Portland Place to the east gate of the Park, and goes up along the terraces on the east side until he passes Cumberland Terrace, between that and Gloucester Terrace he will come upon the institution, which will attract his attention by its sedate, trim, and respectable appearance, not to speak of the towers of the chapel. Railed off from the road, as also from adjoining properties, the Hospital is built around three sides of a square; the chapel and schoolrooms attached facing the road, and the residences of the chapter, three at each end, occupying the sides. Nestling to the north and south of the wings are lodges where the steward and other servants reside. The visitor who marks the place will observe that on one lodge are the Royal Arms, while on the upper is an inscription, 'Fundavit Mathilda, MCXLVIII.;' and near by, on the adjoining building, is another inscription, within a medallion, 'Eleanora fundavit.' Within the front rail is a tablet giving the table of services at the chapel, and it is adorned with a representation of a sword and half a steering-wheel, the whole signed by Arthur L. B. Peile, Master. Two gates in the substantial railing admit to the 'precincts.' Let us enter, and endeavour to learn something of this ancient foundation.

St Katherine's Hospital is a foundation which was better known before it came to be located in Regent's Park. The reference to Mathilda and Eleanor on the medallions outside the present buildings is intended as a memorial of the large part these royal ladies had in founding and refounding the institution. The origin is attributed to Mathilda, the wife of King Stephen, who in 1148 obtained her lord's consent to found a hospital and church in pure and perpetual alms, to secure the repose of the souls of her children Baldwin and Mathilda, who were buried within it before her own death. The original site of the Collegiate Chapter of the Royal Hospital and Free Chapel of St Katherine was near the Tower of London; and it stood there till 1825, and was undoubtedly an ecclesiastical corporation. Soon after that foundation William of Ypres granted some ground called Edredeshede, since called Queenshithe, near the Tower, to the Priory of Holy Trinity, but charged with a payment of twenty pounds to St Katherine's Hospital.

The refoundation, as it may be called, took place at the persistent desire of Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry III. Things went their course until 1255, when Queen Eleanor instituted a suit against the prior of Holy Trinity, which issued finally in the alienation of the custody and the dissolution of St Katherine's Hospital. Queen Eleanor was undoubtedly jealous of the authority of the Austin canons of Holy Trinity at the Hospital; and though she failed both before the Lord Mayor and at Westminster to move the Courts in her favour, she persisted in her efforts. Having secured the aid of Fulke Basset, the Bishop of London, she caused him on St Giles' Day, 1257, to visit the Hospital, to demand of the prior and canons of Holy Trinity their right to exercise authority there, to remove the canons from office, to prohibit the inmates from obeying the prior and convent, and to appoint a chaplain as master of the Hospital. A second time, in 1261, the Hospital was visited by bishops and others, who intimidated the prior and canons into a complete surrender of all claims to St Katherine's, so that the Hospital was transferred by seal to Queen Eleanor. Pope Urban IV. in 1267 endeavoured to persuade the Queen to restore the Hospital to the owners, but in vain; and Eleanor in 1273 proceeded to refound the institution, giving it a charter, making herself and the successive Queens of England the patrons of it. That charter still governs the Hospital, which claims to be the most ancient ecclesiastical corporation of the Church of England.

The constitution of the chapter at the foundation by Mathilda is very obscure; but it appears that Eleanor, by a charter of 1273, directed that it should be for a master, three brethren, three sisters, ten beadswomen, and six poor scholars, with endowments, reserving to herself and successive Queens of England the nomination of these beneficiaries. Edward II. and Philippa, the wife of Edward III., were in turn benefactors; and among other gifts were the benefices of St Peter at Northampton and the chapelries of Upton and Kingsthorp. Down to Reformation times the charity continued on this basis, and it is said that it escaped dissolution by Henry VIII. at the request of Anne Boleyn. But

in the spacious days of Queen Bess, the secretary, Dr Thomas Wylson, who was a lawyer, was made master. This was an innovation but not a reform, though he received a new charter from the Queen, which practically still remains in force. The Hospital was for ages, and is to-day, in the hands of the Queen-Consort, who, in addition to appointing the chaplain, nominates her ladies and other dependants in old age, or for other reasons, to offices at the Hospital. It was also observed that foreign chaplains were so appointed occasionally, for within the precincts they were free from all interference from the City authorities.

What the flight of time for centuries failed to do modern commerce did: it caused St Katherine's Hospital to be removed. For over six hundred and seventy years it had occupied the site below the Tower, when a dock company, now known as the St Katherine's Dock Company, caused its removal to Regent's Park. In Henry VIII.'s days it was reported as worth three hundred and thirty-eight pounds a year, with outgoings of twenty-two pounds odd. In 1698 Dr Somers, as Lord Chancellor, visited it, and drew up rules for better government. From 1705 a school was held in connection with the Hospital, apart from the institution itself, in which were some boys and girls; but before the dock company came upon the scene, at the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, this establishment, which had cost about sixty pounds a year to maintain, had ceased altogether.

The modern history begins with 1825, when, in October, an agreement was made between the St Katherine Dock Company and the master, brethren, and sisters of the Hospital, by which the property in the precinct of St Katherine and in the parish of St Botolph was sold to the company for one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. In addition, two thousand pounds were to purchase a site, and thirty-six thousand six hundred pounds to build the new Hospital. Compensation to the members and officers was also paid, amounting to nearly twenty thousand pounds. The purchase-money, invested in Consols, together with the estates, produced an income of five thousand one hundred and thirty-six pounds. The average annual charge on this for the chapter of master, brethren, and sisters, &c., was, for twenty-one years, about two thousand and thirty pounds, leaving an annual surplus of three thousand one hundred and six pounds. The income of the master was eight hundred and eighty-one pounds; the brothers, one hundred and three pounds each; the sisters, eighty-three pounds each; and the clerk, sixteen pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. But this was by no means all they enjoyed. In 1829 Lord Lyndhurst drew up a new scheme necessitated by the surplus income. The master was given one thousand two hundred pounds, the brethren three hundred pounds, the sisters two hundred pounds, the clerk one hundred pounds, and a porter sixty pounds. Ten beadswomen and twenty beadsmen at ten pounds were placed on the foundation; and a school for thirty-six boys, or twenty-four boys and twelve girls, to be clothed, educated, and apprenticed, with premiums ranging from fifteen pounds to twenty-five pounds, was founded at a cost of about three hundred pounds a year. Eight hundred pounds a year and fines on leases were also allowed for repairs and expenses: a provision which will mean much to those skilled in such matters.

It was in the same year that arrangements were made to build the new Hospital on ground bought of the Woods and Forests Department, the central feature of which is the chapel, a Perpendicular structure suggested by King's College Chapel, Cambridge, from the designs of Ambrose Poynter. These buildings cost all the money in hand; but by 1837 the estate was nearly free, and since then up to 1893 estates have been purchased which, with stock, produce five thousand five hundred and five pounds a year, and are still improving. It is noteworthy that for forty-three years, up to 1837, fourteen thousand one hundred and ninety-six pounds had been received in fines on leases, and this was divided between the masters and the other officers. These officers lived rather an otiose life: the master was master; the brethren conducted the service; the sisters were not in residence, and let their houses, and so forth.

Lord Cairns in 1878, by direction of Queen Victoria, drew up a new set of regulations for the Hospital, the affairs of which at intervals attract the attention of the public—never very favourably. It was stated in Parliament in November 1902 that these rules were founded on the recommendations of a Royal Commission over which Lord Hatherley presided. Not to put too fine a point upon matters, the corporation tended—shall we say tends?—to deteriorate, to stagnate, to offend; and Lord Cairns's rules provided eight hundred pounds for the master, and three hundred pounds each for the brothers and the sisters; they created ten 'extern' sisters at one hundred pounds each, and ten St Katherine's Hospital Nurses at fifty pounds each; while a chapter-clerk was granted three hundred and fifty pounds a year. These, except in the case of the 'externs,' were sums payable in addition to all the fixed charges and repairs on the homes provided. The school also received some attention. Altogether, these rules, forty-four in number, which govern the foundation to-day, virtually make a very brave show, and appear firm and wise; but it has to be recollected that they are expressly *not* as the laws of the Medes and Persians, but subject to the Royal Patron's will at any time; and it is justly believed that they are not construed very rigidly.

The rules of 1878 were called for by Parliament in 1889, and the London County Council's attention was drawn to the Hospital, especially up to 1893. In 1892 Mr Gladstone stated in the House of Commons that the income that year was thirty-one thousand nine hundred pounds, and the payments thirty-two thousand and forty-eight pounds. There were doubts respecting the figures; but, as given,

we now again find one thousand two hundred pounds paid to the master, while twenty-four thousand pounds was invested. Among the items of expenditure is found a sum for fitting up No. 1 St Katherine's for the use of St Katherine's Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute. This reminds us of the Women's Jubilee Offering of 1887, which Queen Victoria handed over, amounting to over seventy-two thousand five hundred pounds for a nursing-fund for the promotion of the education and maintenance of nurses for the poor in their own homes. By a royal charter granted by the Patron of St Katherine's, the Institute for Nurses was incorporated, and the master of the hospital became *ex-officio* the president of the council. That was in September 1889. There was great dissatisfaction in various parts of London with the Hospital, notwithstanding the desire of Queen Victoria to render it more useful by giving it a more modern function. It was felt that the whole of the ancient foundation was obsolete, not to say an offence in the light of to-day. Parishes in the City and East End of London claimed that a charity so long associated with the City was rendering it no service; that the growing income was spent largely on the chapter, and in such wise that the benefits become almost wholly personal. The Lord Chancellor having replied to a representation of the London County Council that he was ready to receive representations which might be laid before the Royal Patron, the matter was considered by the Corporate Property Committee, which laid before the Council a set of suggestions. It is clear that these suggestions, afterwards adopted by the Council and despatched to the Lord Chancellor, were founded on the association of the Nursing Institute with St Katherine's four years previously, and that by the special desire of the Queen. The suggestion, therefore, was that the Hospital and its resources should become a school of nursing; that branch institutions, whence nurses should go forth, should be established east and west, north and south, in London; and that the Institute should at once participate in the funds of St Katherine's. The reader will not fail to perceive that this involved a revolution of the whole foundation, which was intensely clerical. It was proposed to retain one clergyman only as master, the place of the brethren to be taken by medical men to train the nurses; and, as modern educational requirements are provided by the public, it was recommended that the school for boys and girls, a little forcing-house, should be abolished.

The vigorous councillors evidently meant business, and were of that hustling, utilitarian character which the age calls for. Their recommendations were sent to the Lord Chancellor, Lord Herschell, and it is probable they were considered; but the affairs of St Katherine's move slowly, the shades of Regent's Park are not conducive to life and bustle, and the resisting-power of an ecclesiastical corporation is proverbial. In short, the world has had to wait since 1893 for the reform then sought. From twelve to eighteen months ago, on inquiring of the Lord Chancellor, it is understood that the London County Council was informed that he is unable to do anything until he receives Her Majesty's instructions to deal with the matter.

The reply serves to reveal the fact that, formally, the Hospital of St Katherine is still a hobby of the Queen-Consort. All is done in her name; she is Patron, and can and does appoint the beneficiaries. Matters are kept close at St Katherine's, and applications for a report are left unnoticed; but it is to be hoped yet that the day is not distant when a wealthy and sterile foundation will be made as unspotted to the world as the name of the gracious Patron herself.

MAY MINSTRELSY.

Swift swallows dip to the river-brim—
Summer swallows from over the sea;
Dusk is falling, and light grows dim,
A star peers over the cedar-tree,
The nightingale is singing to me,
And my heart sings silently to him.

What is the song my heart is singing,
Till it swells to fullness within my breast?
Lonely woods and valleys are ringing
With the song of a sorrow that finds no rest.

The snowy owl, on his noiseless flight,
Moth-like has flitted along the hedge;
Down in the east is a golden light,
With just the rim of the moon's keen edge
Rising over the river-sedge,
To hear the song of the bird of night.

What of the song my heart is singing,
Till it breaks with fullness deep in my breast?
Hark! how the valleys and woods are ringing
With the song of a love that cannot rest!

The bats have circled and ceased to fly,
Swung clear of the earth the moon ascends,
And in her journey across the sky—
A tireless travel that never ends—
Her willing ear to the earth she bends,
To hear the song that can never die.

What is the song? For the night is ringing
With strains of melody most divine.
Nightingale, nightingale, sweetly singing,
Is the bliss and the sting of a lost love thine?

With hardly a pause the long night through—
In tangled thickets and dusky dells,
Where hyacinths shake the drops of dew
From fragile leaves and from fragrant bells—
The song of the minstrel sinks and swells,
And dies to silence, but wakes anew.

And what of the song my heart is singing,
At one with the bird of peerless song?
Ah! how my bosom is ringing, ringing,
With a wealth of the hidden thoughts that throng!

Lawrence B. Jupp.

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SIXTH SERIES.

HAUNTED WOODHOUSELEE.

LORD WOODHOUSELEE, when trying to tempt Archibald Constable to his rural retreat at the base of Castlelaw, on the southern slopes of the Pentlands, said no one would suppose there was so much of the genuine features of rural nature within such a short distance of Edinburgh. Thomas Constable adds that, with its loving inmates and the friends whom their hospitality and other attractive qualities brought around them, it must have been an earthly paradise. One guest said no man could go there without being happier, or return without being better. Elizabeth Hamilton came thither when the hamlet of Easter Howgate, six miles from Edinburgh, was larger than it is to-day, and received the suggestion for her once-popular story *The Cottagers of Glenburnie.* Close by, at Rullion Green, R. L. Stevenson found a subject for his first published effort in the Covenanting battle of 1666. The little green-covered pamphlet of twenty-two pages is a prize for the book-hunter, and was issued by Mr Andrew Elliot in 1866. Professor Sanford Terry has recently published a history of the rising which culminated at Rullion Green. It seems strange that neither Stevenson nor Mr Crockett has touched the romance of Woodhouselee, which Scott did not miss. Swanston, on the north side of the hills, now so much visited for its associations with Stevenson, has not the same picturesqueness or haunting charm; neither has Lord Cockburn's residence of Bonaly, also on the northern side, the same interest.

For the place is haunted not only by the ghost of 'Lady Anne,' but by memories of the great and good; and even the ancestral rooks seem to know it, for they cling to the trees in front on the old Biggar Road and are in evidence in the wood behind, close to Allan Ramsay's seat on the hillside. And we are able to announce for the first time that an old diarist, it may be one of the old lairds, has left an interesting and vivid journal of some of the happenings in the '45 in and around Edinburgh. The narrative is yet in manuscript, but is well worthy of publication. This discovery by Mr C. E. S. Chambers amongst the manuscript collection of his grandfather, Dr Robert Chambers, lends a new interest to this place and throws a fresh and valuable light upon the period. Later we shall indicate the scope of the narrative, which would have delighted Sir Walter Scott, a frequent visitor here, who never missed a good story and has the Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh legend in his 'Cadzow Castle,' and mentions 'Auchendinny's hazel shades and haunted Woodhouselee' in his 'Grey Brother.'

The irregular pile known as Woodhouselee, having a square tower at one corner, originally the old fortalice of Fulford, dating from the fourteenth century, has been in the Tytler family since 1748. The Tytlers were Seatons. How the name was changed and how the founder of the family came across from France in the retinue of Queen Mary is delightfully told, with much else, in the Life of Patrick Fraser Tytler, the historian of Scotland, by Dean Burgon. The book is correctly styled *The Portrait of a Christian Gentleman.* William Tytler, who purchased Woodhouselee, was widely known for a book defending Queen Mary, and his recipe for a happy old age like his own was 'short but cheerful meals, music, and a good conscience.' His son, Alexander Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, published *Elements of General History,* and succeeded here and at his Princes Street home in gathering round him the most eminent men of his time in his happy household. His translation of Schiller's *Robbers* helped to direct Scott towards German literature. Amongst his guests, besides Walter Scott, were Professor Dugald Stewart, Lord Jeffrey, Henry Mackenzie, Sydney Smith, Basil Hall, Sir James Stuart of Allanbank, and John Leyden, who wrote the following sonnet with a diamond on a pane of the window in his bedroom, where we read it the other day. The glass is cracked, but the lines are entire. The window looks north on the Pentlands and on the musical hill-burn so besung:

> Sweet rivulet! as in pensive mood reclined,
> Thy lone voice talking to the night I hear,
> Now swelling loud and louder on the ear,
> Now sinking in the pauses of the wind.

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A stilly sadness overspreads my mind,
To think how oft the whirling gale shall strew
O'er thy bright stream the leaves of sallow hue,
Ere next this classic haunt my wanderings find.
That lulling harmony resounds again,
That soothes the slumbering leaves on every tree,
And seems to say, 'Wilt thou remember me?'
The stream that listened oft to Ramsay's strain,
Though Ramsay's pastoral reed be heard no more,
Yet taste and fancy long shall linger on thy shore.

There is an ominous ring in the lines, written before the poet and orientalist left for India in 1802, never to return.

In order to give the ghost a proper introduction, a reference to antecedents is necessary. The ruins of the original castle of Woodhouselee stand on a bank overlooking the Esk about three miles from the present house, which four or five hundred years ago was the fortalice of Fulford. Oliver Sinclair, a younger branch of the Rosslyn family, was in possession when, in Queen Mary's time, the estate came into the hands of Belches of Tofts and passed to Couper of Fulford. Under Couper the lands were forfeited; Sir William Purves of Tofts obtained a gift of the estate, and in 1657 procured a charter from Cromwell erecting the lands of Fulford into a barony. It was in Purves's time that stones and material from old Woodhouselee were conveyed to Fulford for a new building. The ghost clung to the stones of its old habitation, and gave several generations as lively a time as has been recorded of the mansion of Ballechin in Strathtay, Perthshire. A portion of the old building remains below the present tower in the vaulted kitchen and the immensely thick walls, which were pierced by a spiral staircase. Purves sold Woodhouselee to his son-in-law James Deans, who was proprietor of the inn in Anchor Close, High Street, where Burns used to carouse. At the end of the seventeenth century his son Robert Deans came into possession. Alexander Pitcairn was the next laird, who in 1735 sold the Mains of Woodhouselee to Patrick Crichton, saddler in Edinburgh. It was Patrick Crichton himself or his son Alexander who sold the place to William Tytler in 1748. Sir Alexander Crichton of this family, born in 1763, was physician-in-ordinary to Alexander I. of Russia, and was an authority on mental diseases, and advocated the use of vapour of tar in cases of consumption. William Tytler in 1755 pulled down the old tower of Fulford, and the present house was built by his son Lord Woodhouselee in 1796. The vaulted apartment, the base of the old tower, still remains. The south wing was designed and built under the superintendence of G. M. Kemp, architect of the Scott Monument, whose father was shepherd at Nine-mile Burn, farther to the west. Several of the later lairds made alterations and improvements.

We give the commonly accepted tradition regarding Woodhouselee. James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh had been one of Queen Mary's firmest supporters, and fought for her at Langside, where he was made prisoner and sentenced to death. Regent Murray spared the life of Bothwellhaugh, but forfeited his estates, which he gave to his favourite Bellenden, the Justice-Clerk. Woodhouselee became the property of Hamilton through his marriage to Lady Anne Sinclair, of the Rosslyn family. Bothwellhaugh, thinking that Woodhouselee was not included in the forfeiture, placed his wife there with her infant child, and went to join the Earl of Hamilton at Cadzow Castle. Bellenden took the castle of Woodhouselee in his absence, which he burnt to the ground. Lady Anne was turned out to the woods with her child, where she went mad, and perished. It is her ghost with child in arms which has haunted old and new Woodhouselee. A considerable part of the present mansion is built from the stones of the old castle, and the ghost clung to and followed the stones. Hamilton took vengeance on Regent Murray by shooting him from a window in Linlithgow ere a year had passed. The higher critics, such as John Hill Burton, have tried to prove that Lady Anne was alive after the death of Regent Murray, and that the real ghost was Lady Anne Bothwell, whose lament is well known. It is said that she and her infant, having been deserted by her husband, returned to Fulford, now Woodhouselee, only in time to die. One or other of these stories has given the place the reputation of being haunted. Scott worked the story, as we have said, into his 'Cadzow Castle,' where he calls Hamilton's wife Margaret, and in the 'Grey Brother' there is the well-known reference to 'haunted Woodhouselee.'

The story goes that in some of the old rooms a mysterious knocking at the door is heard, a distinct, loud, treble knock, which sends the servants to answer it. Many visitors have heard the knocking, either in the garden room, the laird's room, the Shepherd's room (so named because Allan Ramsay frequently slept there), or the tower room. Lady Anne was said to pass up the wooden stair which winds between these three last rooms. Once an old coachman, Sutherland by name, and his family were acting as care-takers of the house in the absence of the family in winter. Sutherland had gone to feed the horses about six o'clock, when his wife and daughter were terrified to hear a loud and reiterated knocking at the hall side-door. The terrier in the side-room heard the sound also, and began barking furiously. Neither mother nor daughter dared rise and go and see who or what was thundering at the door. Woodhouselee stands alone on the hillside, and they were afraid of tramps or bad characters. The knocking continued at intervals until seven, and the dog kept barking also. When Sutherland returned they summoned courage to go to the side-door with a lantern. The snow was lying several inches deep and untrodden; the avenue too was untrodden, which only deepened the mystery of that still, calm night. Again, two ladies were burning nuts at Hallowe'en in the Shepherd's room, which is in the tower, and one of them rose to invite another friend to join them. Just on the instant that she

rose, she heard, as she thought, her brother pass the door of the room and go up the little wooden stair. A little later a heavier step passed to the tower room. It was found that no one in the house, known to them, passed that way. The other experiences have been those of guests awakened by knocking. None of these things has ever been explained. The last shooting-tenant of Ballechin, Perthshire, told his servants that the first one who heard any warnings or knocking could go. This threat laid the ghost in the meantime. It seems to be laid here also!

Scott was a frequent visitor at Woodhouselee for days at a time when he started housekeeping at Lasswade, a few miles away. After breakfast he commonly proposed a walk, and, says Ann Fraser Tytler, 'with his joyous look and vigorous step, he would take his way towards what was called the Green Hill of Castlelaw. It was rugged of ascent, but the summer wind as it blew upon us came laden with the fragrance of the wild thyme and purple heather, with which it was covered to the very top.' They halted at a particular spot, when Scott would start one of his delightful stories, generally the production of his brain at the moment; sometimes he told legends of Covenanters, for there were graves of these men just over Logan burn at Rullion Green. To these mornings would succeed the evening ghost-stories, when the young folks were so excited and spell-bound that no one dared move. 'How,' says Ann Tytler, 'could we dare doubt the truth of every word, having ourselves our own legitimate ghost to be believed in?'

At the time of Scott's visits there was one bedroom in the house which, though of no extraordinary dimensions, was always called 'the *big* bedroom.' Two sides of the walls of this room were covered with very old tapestry, representing subjects from Scripture. Near the head of the bed there was a mysterious-looking, small, and very old door, which led into a turret fitted up as a dressing-room. From this small door the ghost was wont to issue. No servant would enter 'the big bedroom after dusk, and even in daylight they went in pairs.'

To the old nurse Cicy Low, and her daughter Betty the dairymaid, Lady Anne had frequently appeared. Old Catherine, when asked about Lady Anne, would say, ''Deed I have seen her times out o' number, but I am in no ways feared. I ken weel she canna gang beyond her commission; but there 's that silly, feckless thing Betty, she met her in the lang passage ae night in the winter-time, and she hadna a drap o' bluid in her face for a fortnight after. She says Lady Anne came sae near her she could see her dress quite weel; it was a Manchester muslin with a wee flower.' Walter Scott used to laugh heartily at this 'wee flower,' and hope that Lady Anne would never change her dress.

It is a shock to come suddenly from these gloaming stories to the matter-of-fact laird or tenant of Woodhouselee who set down all that he knew and saw of the '45 in Edinburgh and his neighbourhood. Why were these manuscripts not published or utilised before? Possibly for the good reason that no one save an expert could decipher them. The curious, old, crabbed hand of a Deans or a Crichton has now been deciphered by an expert. The manuscript formed part of Mr Archibald Stuart Denham's Whig papers, which passed from the hands of Sir James Stuart of Allanbank into those of Robert Chambers. However that may be, the journal describing the state of Edinburgh during the incursion of Prince Charles Edward and his Highland host in the autumn of 1745 is full of interest; every line is of value, and gives a living and vivid picture of what the narrator saw passing before his eyes. The diary begins on that Sabbath of September 15 when the worshippers in Glencorse church were startled at the news that Prince Charlie and his men were marching on Edinburgh. The long sermon by John Wilson, and an 'ill-timed exhortation,' were heard with impatience, and the writer hurried to an eminence of the Pentlands from which the dragoons could be seen at Corstorphine. Next day he saw the cavalcade with the baggage and 'Highland wifes' pass the Braid Hills towards the camp at Duddingston, and caught a glimpse from Canaan Muir, Morningside, of the Prince and his men on their way to Holyrood. He entered the town by the Bristo Port, which, to his indignation, he saw was 'in the keeping of these caterpillars; a boy stood with a rusty drawn sword, and two fellows with things like guns of the sixteenth century sat on each side the entry to the Poor House, and these were catching the vermin from the lurking-places about their plaids, and throwing them away.' Our friend the laird asked of the Rev. A. W. Jardine, minister of Liberton, 'Are these the scoundrels who have surprised Edinburgh by treachery?' The minister replied that he had rather seen the town in the hands of Frenchmen; but the devil and the deep sea are both bad. Then follows a description of the proclamation at the Cross, of the surprise at Prestonpans, and of the whole neighbourhood being overrun by Highlanders on the pretext of searching for arms, which meant the seizing and carrying away, like Border reivers, of anything that was neither too hot nor too heavy. R. L. Stevenson gives us the tradition of the Highlanders at Swanston; here we have the reality. They visited Boghall, Glencorse, and Howgate, where they put all Charles Straton's baps and ale on a large fire, and drank whisky. From Woodhouselee they get a little money, and bear away the sheets hidden in the hay; from a terrified serving-man hiding in the garden they extract five shillings and sixpence. They retire behind Woodhouselee, quarrel over the booty, march towards Edinburgh, stop a carriage, and then 'gullravage' in the public-house at Lothian Burn. Secretary Murray is seen riding past to Linton, one of his men being mounted on Colonel Gardiner's horse. Lord Maxwell, a son of the Earl of Nithsdale, also rides past. A fellow captured at Castlelaw has on a fur hat and clean shirt with cambric ruffles

down the breast, very clean, and not bleeding. 'No doubt he had robbed the shirt,' says the writer.

When Prince Charles was appealed to regarding these depredations by men from Swanston and others, he said if the thieves were pointed out they would be hanged. No more came of it; but the Laird of Woodhouselee no doubt heaved a sigh of relief when with his 'prospect-glass' he had a clear view of the Highland host, with pipes playing, and replenished in horses, goods, and gear, passing on by Milton Bridge to Peebles. 'All General Cope's wagons taken at Prestonpans were there. Deserters here and there were picked up; three found on Castlelaw were brought to Woodhouselee; one was wounded by a stone in the head, and all bloody.' They were carried forward to Boghall, the next farm, Edinburghwards, and the tables being turned upon them, they were relieved of five guineas and a crown.

The ghost is of such stuff as dreams are made of: here we have the rude and rough reality of the time. It supplements what Dr Carlyle of Inveresk set down in his autobiography and the notes of Campbell the banker, as published by the Scottish History Society. We may not mention the pictures at Woodhouselee, although some of the Dutch, Italian, and English and Scottish schools are of rare interest. The sword of Claverhouse, which was in his hand when he fell at Killiecrankie, July 16, 1689, is a valuable relic. A former minister of Cockpen, to whom it belonged, had it hung above his bed, and on holidays would take it down, present it solemnly to friends, and make them kiss it. It is a light rapier, with no ornamentation. A small silver medal is attached with a motto. Then there is Queen Mary's watch and solitaire, given to her French attendant Massie on the eve of her execution. The pedigree of sword and watch are faultless; the watch came to the Tytlers through the late Rev. Mr Torrance of Glencorse church, in gratitude to the Woodhouselee family for having presented his father and himself to the living. The watch is a round gold one, perfectly plain, one inch in diameter, made by Hubert in Rouen. The solitaire is set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls, in the centre a tiny figure of a cupid playing with a mouse, and on the reverse is a motto. It is said to have been given to Mary by the Dauphin before their marriage. In a portrait which was in the possession of the second Earl of Buchan she is represented as wearing it. There is a kind of poetical justice in these relics coming here: a Tytler who founded the Scottish branch came over from France in Queen Mary's retinue, and a later member of the family wrote in her defence.

THE AUTOCRAT.

CHAPTER III.

AN atlas lay on the table of a private sitting-room in the hotel; the waiter who had fetched it was closing the door. Rex, who had been so deep in his own thoughts that he could not have said how they came there, watched his father turn over the leaves. The lights of the street, the click of hoofs, the buzz of the hotel entrance, had passed as the fabric of a dream. This, however, was real enough: the index-finger on the map of Asia, and the level voice taking up an interrupted history.

'East from Singapore, a little north, at the back of beyond—there you are. It is small print; you had better take the glass.'

He took it, and bent over anxiously. The tiny green patch of Kerisal was well away from the familiar red of British possessions; apart, too, from the Dutch islands; it appeared to be a blunt peninsula with tropical Asia at its back, remote from the high-roads of ocean. 'Akasa' trailed from a black dot on the coast. He indicated it, and looked up in inquiry.

'Akasa? Yes. Port and capital. Overgrown, insanitary village. You can almost cover my dominions with your finger-tip, you observe. I suppose they must be as big as Ireland, if you come to comparisons; they are certainly as unruly. We had a standing army once; but it took to weekly mutinies—wanted its pay regularly!—and we disbanded it. Sit down, boy, and take off that woe-begone look. The place is too squalid for any man to worry over; its only merit is that, with a little persuasion, it will ooze some sort of revenue upon which you and I, by virtue of the privilege of the lion's share, will contrive to live.'

Mr Jenkins, as he delivered himself of this confession, dropped into a comfortable chair. Rex, after another uneasy cogitation over the map, followed his example. A window was open beside them, and the tide of London life surged up and down below it, swelling now and again to the brisk rattle of a hansom, and sinking at its lowest ebb to a medley of familiar sounds. It seemed to throw the scene of the narrative still farther into the distance by its insistence that the heart of the world was beating here—here—here.

'So far as I know,' Mr Jenkins said meditatively, opening his gold cigar-case again, 'the whole of Kerisal was once a jungle, as the greater part of it is to-day. There was a big forest, and the natives lived in it, and cut all strangers' throats to pass the time, until the Malays came along and cut *theirs*, and mixed in with them. The strain of Malay blood doesn't make for meekness; graft it into a fine talent for inhospitality, and you have the spirit of the country. Kerisal doesn't encourage the trader and the tourist; it hates all outlanders quite

ferociously; and I don't suppose, if the Malays had not, anticipating Mahan, learned how to dominate the coast strip with their pirate craft, that they would have kept their footing long. For, d'ye see, all the fertile land is on the line of westerly seaboard, hemmed between the bad lands and the sea. Its position is naturally as well as politically precarious, for it lies low, below sea-level, and at one time it was at the mercy of the monsoons, and an extra storm or two meant something very like famine. The natives used to come up from the interior and scratch at their wretched crops, with one eye to the sea; and Akasa was their market and meeting-place. It stood, and stands, on a ridge of sandhills, out of ordinary danger.

'One day a shipload of Dutchmen landed on the shore. It was not the first time they had prospected there; but so far they had found it wise to clear off again as soon as they could. This time one of them contrived to get himself into the good graces of the chief at Akasa, probably because he suggested a scheme for putting an end to the uncertainty of the food-supply. It was simple enough to a Netherlander. He built a dike five miles out of Akasa, all along the line of unprotected coast, and he made a good piece of work of it, so thorough and substantial that it stands to this day. It is just as well it does, for the sea has been encroaching steadily of late years. He built to keep out occasional floods; but we have to repair and strengthen it, because the monsoon bursts throw an enormous pressure upon it, and if it went the Kerisalis would have to go back to their forest fruits and roots, and leave us nothing to tax. As it is, our principal funds come from rice and fish dues levied in the Akasa markets. We have means of enforcing them there; and it isn't expedient to tamper with the hinterland.

'Well, you had better take an interest in that 'way-back Dutchman, Rex, for he married the chief's daughter and became your great-great-grandfather. He must have been an enterprising person, and how he kept his place in the face of the local prejudice against foreigners remains a mystery. He was the first man to style himself King of Kerisal, and he has handed a garbled edition of his name down to his descendants, so that when I hear myself called Jani Mata I guess the original man may have been Jan Maarten somebody. The chief's son's party kept him busy. It quieted down as years went on—you see, the dike-builder had the pull—but it still exists; and it prides itself on being pure-blooded, if you please. The present representative of what you may call the Legitimists is a seditious gentleman named Ahmed Madrali, who has had the misfortune to be educated above his station, and who cultivates a popularity that he has an insolent way of flaunting in our faces.

'Now you know all about it, don't you? The place is out of the way of trade, too pestilential for globe-trotters, and, I 'm bound to confess, too beastly for King Jani Mata when he can keep out of it. Any one who would guarantee me five thousand a year for life might have my throne to-morrow, though he would not sit long upon it unless he had a long, strong arm to protect himself. The Kerisalis' opposition to strangers is something more than a prejudice; it is a part of their religion. It is not so many years ago that they crucified a trader who went looking for camphor in the jungle, and Spencer had to take an extra 10 per cent. off the grain-harvest to pay the widow an indemnity and keep the thing out of Foreign Office reports.'

He picked up the pile of letters on the table, ripped them open, and plunged into his correspondence. Rex rose without speaking, and traced the boundaries of Kerisal, his forehead knitted. Once he looked round, to see his father's eyes bent to the sheets in his hand. He was glad that there was time to think; he thought many things, indeed, before Mr Jenkins raised his head again.

'What is it? You look as if you wanted to ask questions.'

'I do,' Rex said, struggling with their multiplicity. 'No, I never dreamed of this. It's—it's—almost beyond belief.'

'It doesn't go with your present way of living, you mean. It is really a sordid, stupid business, a kingdom in a teacup, mean and evil-smelling; and I assure you there isn't any romance in it.'

There was another silence, during which Mr Jenkins re-read the letters, flashing a guarded look at his son each time he turned a leaf.

Rex said presently, 'Who is Spencer?'

His father laid the letters on the table and lit the cigar he had selected. He did not hurry to answer the question, but he replied as he pushed the match-box away:

'Spencer is my right-hand man, my prime-minister, chancellor of the exchequer, viceroy, and generalissimo. He is also the writer of this correspondence, which explains, to a certain extent, why two officious native gentlemen thought fit to come all the way from Akasa to hint vaguely at coming trouble. He has a project brewing—he won't commit it to paper, I notice—and it seems that the Kerisalis think that they won't like it. The air is thick with hints: that, if you come to analyse it, is the atmosphere known as Oriental mystery—the veiled intrigue of the East. Tcha!' He laughed shortly. 'Even Spencer is infected with it. Oh yes; and, by the way, he is a kind of uncle, too, for he is my mother's half-brother, son of a Yankee skipper who was drowned off the islands years ago. Colonel Elias Spencer—and goodness knows where he got the colonel. In command of the Legion, perhaps—did I tell you he exists by the kind help of a Foreign Legion? Pretty pack of ragamuffins, too. Oh, he is a raffish character, our uncle Elias, and the Kerisalis love him as they should, and almost as much as they love me.'

'He governs for you?' Rex's amazement died away; it was merged in an antagonism to the callousness of his father's tone. It set his teeth on

edge. In spite of himself he could not help a pharisaical note hardening his next words: 'You are satisfied to leave your people in his hands, sir?'

Mr Jenkins crossed his knees, and crooked his hands round them while he weighed the interrogation. He smiled the ugly smile that was so much more of a sneer. He began to speak after a few minutes; and this time his tone suggested less indifference than the surge of opinions hidden but unchanging, and working through the medium of active prejudices.

'I must have been as young as you when I had yearnings over the Kerisalis; but I wasn't so smug about 'em, I think,' he said dryly. 'I had an idea of educating 'em, sweeping out their dust-heaps, making 'em clean and tidy, so to speak. I went to Singapore to see how the British did things; and I went as an American, not wanting patronage, and fingers in my pie. I had had some time in 'Frisco before that—went to give my mother's people some trifles she left; but I—they—oh, well, the climate of the States didn't suit me; and my kinsfolk there were a set of sharks, and when it leaked out that I was a king, they rose up in a body and took ship to come and exploit my country. They never got there, luckily. Spencer's father was bringing them, and, as I say, they were wrecked on the islands, and not a man survived. So much for your American relations, Rex. Where was I? Ah, Singapore!' His voice changed indefinitely; he threw his eyes to the ceiling, and kept them there, following the thin smoke as it drifted into the corners of the room. 'I met an English girl on my travels, governess to an officer's family, and I married her; and after it was done I told her who I was, and took her back to my own place.

'She lived two years. I wanted to send her back, but she wouldn't go; she hadn't a relation in the world, and she thought, as I did then, that there must be some way of getting at the Kerisalis. My mother had eaten her heart out years before, and died; it ought to have warned me, but it didn't. The natives did my wife to death, no less. There was trouble over some reforms, and they set it down to her—to *her*.' He stopped, and he breathed hard. 'She wanted to do good to 'em; she hadn't an evil thought of a soul in the world; but they hated her, like the savages they were and are, because she was civilised and had a white skin. She had enteric, and I got a little German doctor over for her, and they mobbed him through Akasa, and hunted him up to the gates of the palaces—our bungalows, you know—and the terror and shock of it killed her. I washed my hands of them then; and if I could have roasted the lot at a slow fire to revenge her I would have done it—which I suppose is my Kerisali blood getting the better of the Yankee. I haven't changed my feelings in the last twenty years; and as the notion isn't practicable, I have kept clear of the country as much as possible, and given myself a good time over here at its expense.'

The story, with all its pregnant detail, defiled through Rex's mind. He began to hear the note of emotion and tragedy, and to perceive something grimmer than sheer indifference. Here was the unlocked door; but he stood rather uncertainly on the threshold, conscious that the veiled observation, the heavy, satirical mood, gave him no welcome.

'I am glad to know about my mother,' he said. Olive was very vividly present in his mind just then. 'I wanted to know; I wish you had told me before. Oh yes, father—I would have given a good deal to know.'

'Well, there you have it,' Mr Jenkins said curtly. Then he puckered his brows and looked at the young man's fresh cheeks, his spruce appearance, the candour in his eyes, and he drew his lips together sharply. 'Did you expect me to dig in my past to gratify your curiosity? You have had everything my pocket could give you; did you want my'—— He checked himself, and seemed to force a spurt of rage. 'You are rather more of a prig than I like, at close quarters,' he ejaculated. 'By Heaven, you are! Keep your comments to yourself, if you please, and let me get on to business.'

Rex turned scarlet, as astounded as if he had received a blow in the face. He swallowed his protest, and choked down the hot sense of injustice that bubbled up; but he drew himself together, and he stiffened. It was the tiger again, with claws out this time, and the mask-like face told him nothing of its motives. No, for all he had heard to-night—so much more than all the rest of his life had shown him—he knew nothing of what lay behind his father's recital, as enigmatical in its way as his years of reticence.

'These letters,' Mr Jenkins went on, sticking the cigar in the corner of his mouth and impassively ignoring the effect of his outbreak, 'beg me to return immediately in the interest of my own affairs, and they proceed *crescendo* to the same tune in the three successive mails. That, if you knew Spencer, is an odd thing, for he prefers to rule without superior assistance. Something is certainly brewing. He would not trust it to paper, because he has his suspicions of most people; that is a Kerisali touch, which please note. What a pest they are, these animals! And I ask nothing better than to be left alone, and have a moderate income paid regularly.'

He walked down the room and rang the bell, and he called for a Continental Bradshaw and a newspaper.

'The *Rissala* leaves Marseilles for Singapore on Saturday,' he said. 'The eleven o'clock train from Victoria to-morrow would do it, and a cable would be carried to Spencer in time for the *Star* to pick me up. No shooting this autumn, thanks to *them*.' His heavy under-lip sagged. 'So—that is fixed.... It is at times like this that I am sorry I am too incurable a vagabond to endure a valet.'

Rex watched him, and cooled in the interval. He spun about, and caught his puzzled attention at work-

'I know what you are thinking,' Jenkins said suddenly. 'A king—and not even a valet! It usually strikes the practical British sense that way when realised.'

'Not quite that,' Rex said, and succeeded in galvanising a smile into being. 'I was considering *this* mainly—that I can't stay outside any longer.' If he looked for verbal violence here, he saw no sign of it. 'I shall go with you.'

'Curiosity?' The word darted at him.

'No'—flushing again, but with the smile still steady. 'It is my duty to go, to see if I am not wanted there too. I have to reconstruct myself, you see. And, father'——

Jenkins flashed a keen glance at him, and held up his hand.

'Now you are going to revert to the reason that brought you to town.' Rex's jaw dropped slightly at the penetration in this remark; it was Olive's concern in the matter that was, indeed, at the tip of his tongue. 'Listen to me. Don't say it till you've seen Akasa. Your interests of yesterday were purely English; if you go with me you'll get a taste of the East your mouth won't lose in a hurry. I *advise* you to stay behind; but I have my reasons for believing that to let you come may be the best way of rebuilding that sweet confidence in your own well-being which I seem to have hit so hard to-night.' The satire was pungent here. 'You will see that you have no part over there; you will be better able to understand how absolutely you belong to England, and how few qualms you need have about those drops of Kerisali blood. Are you thinking of the succession? There is no law of primogeniture yonder, and you would never follow me, for many reasons; one of which is that you are a white man, and the Kerisalis wouldn't have you. They find it difficult to swallow *me*, and I was born and bred in Akasa. I am never quite sure when I go there if I shall come away again. For the easing of your tender conscience, Rex, I am now going to write cheques for half-an-hour, and settle the debts that agitated you so much an hour or two ago. You see they weren't beyond management. Spencer has sent a draft which he assures me cleans out the treasury for the time being; it will clear me up here and pay my steamer fare, and the future will take care of itself, I dare say. You had better stay, and run up to Scotland for the grouse.'

A silence ensued. It was crowded with visions to the young man leaning on the table, and Mr Jenkins did not disturb it. He took up a pen instead, and began to write busily.

Olive—only Olive! And yet, was it just because Rex loved her that he put the present hope and happiness aside? Rex felt the need for fuller knowledge schooling him. He must see and judge for himself. The whole story was too strange to be launched at a placid Vicarage; he turned it over and over in his mind, but by no jugglery could he make it fit in the Chescote pigeon-hole. His father's assurance tingled in his ears. Yes, he must see with his own eyes—haply to be convinced that his place lay in the pleasant paths he knew; if to be thrust into strange happenings, to take, he trusted, his man's part there. Was there nothing to be done for Kerisal, if only because he had lived on it ignorantly all his life? There was this to do now; to leave the woman he loved, and learn if he, too, had the power of repaying a long-standing debt.

Was it necessary to tell the Millinghams anything beyond the vague declaration of business in the Far East? He thought not. Yet he longed to see Olive once more, but he beat the temptation off. He could not go, because the boat-train left Victoria to-morrow. . . .

Mr Jenkins scrawled some flying signatures, rose, shuffled his letters together, and went towards the door. Rex sprang after him.

'Father! I am coming with you.'

The elder man hardly glanced at him. He shrugged his shoulders; then, with a twist of the head, he tossed a final word back.

'Have your own way,' he said. 'I forgot to tell you there is always an element of risk in Kerisal; or did you gather it? It may make a difference.'

Rex pondered it for a moment.

'I think it makes it better,' he said; and with that they parted.

(To be continued.)

FIRE-SERVICE AT HOME AND ON THE CONTINENT.

By Σος.

IT may be remembered that the original object of international exhibitions was the propagation of knowledge; but the more recent great international exhibitions have somehow deteriorated, and become merely glorified advertisement-stands and sites for second-rate entertainments. It is thus pleasurable to record that two 'class' exhibitions of an international character held during the first few years of our current century have, as far as the dissemination of useful knowledge is concerned, come up to the original ideals of the promoters of such undertakings, much good having been done by them, the direct result of their organisation being an evolution of the subject to which they were related.

These two international exhibitions were the International Fire Exhibition of Berlin (1901) and the International Fire Exhibition of Earl's Court, London (1903).

Both fire exhibitions were well organised as far as their technical side was concerned, both were visited by those for whom they were intended, and both fulfilled the highest objects of exhibitions and practically revolutionised the methods of dealing with fire-protection questions. It is true that these exhibitions, considered as exhibitions alone, may not have attracted or influenced all the parties for whom they were intended. In fact, in both cases, without the congresses convened in connection with them—namely, in the first instance, the Berlin International Fire-Service Congress of June 1901; and, in the second instance, the London International Fire-Prevention Congress—it is doubtful if the exhibitions would have had their far-reaching effect. But the two congresses and the two exhibitions supplemented one another, and probably neither would have had the results desired had they remained independent in themselves. As it was, however, these two exhibitions, with the congresses that took place in connection with them, have practically with one stride placed the subject of fire-protection in the position of a science, and raised the fire-service from its doubtful position of a very subordinate kind of handicraft to that of a profession.

Of course we are fully aware that the exhibitions in themselves, even combined with the congresses, could not have attained this end during the years 1901 and 1903 had not preparations paved the way, and hard work been done by a few far-seeing individuals during the decade preceding these two exhibitions and congresses. Without such spade-work the results of these two enterprises would have been of minor value, and probably neither exhibition nor congress would ever have taken place. Similarly, although much was done to raise the status of the fire-service on these occasions, there are yet innumerable gaps, both in this country and on the Continent, where the old state of affairs still exists and fire-brigade work is of the artisan's standard.

But, speaking generally, it may be truly said that the two exhibitions and congresses marked the evolution necessary for obtaining better fire-protection and a better fire-service. They marked the recognition of the subject of fire-protection as a science and of the fire-service as a profession.

On a recent occasion a writer in one of the reviews found it necessary to dwell on the fact that fire-protection was not a popular subject. Of course the brave fireman of all countries is a popular hero, and every deed of daring is rightfully and popularly acclaimed; but to say that the subject of fire-protection is popular would be a mistaken assertion, for in most countries of Europe the public are very apathetic regarding the matter, and generally also take quite a wrong view of it. To quote some words used elsewhere, 'fire and loss of life are unfortunately still taken as a matter of course. Fire-protection is looked upon as a kind of unnecessary fad, and the fire-service merely as one of those sensational adjuncts which find embodiment in a galloping fire-engine, and are given as much thought as a runaway horse.'

That our annual fire-loss in the United Kingdom, as far as insured property is concerned, is at least ten millions sterling, and is probably still more, is entirely overlooked; further, no one until lately realised what a constant drain this national fire-loss and wastage means. On the North American continent during such a year as 1902, with its great conflagrations at Toronto, Baltimore, and Rochester, the insured loss is officially announced as having been about sixty-two and a half million pounds sterling; and this, as in the case of the British figure, of course takes no count of the loss in uninsured property. And then, whatever the direct insured loss may be, how enormous must also be the indirect loss (the stoppage of business, the reduction of employment, &c.) caused by fire!

Now, to cope with the fire-loss of the country, fire-protective measures have been adopted, and these fall under the two great headings of fire-prevention and fire-service work.

Fire-prevention, with which we have nothing to do in this article, embodies everything relating to the prevention of an outbreak of fire and the limitation of the extent of such a fire by structural and other safeguards.

Fire-service work includes everything appertaining to the extinguishing of fire and saving of life and property from fire from the moment such an outbreak of fire has commenced.

Fire-prevention must logically take the lead, and fire-service work will no doubt eventually become an adjunct of fire-preventive work, the two departments being worked together; but the policy of such work is primarily governed by the fire-preventive and economic requirements of the subject, by questions of £ *s. d.*, and not by sentiment.

Regarding our own fire-service, of course it is quite generally recognised that the fire-protective organisations of the British Isles have not yet been elaborated and developed to the same extent as those of several Continental countries. This applies, with some exceptions, to our country districts generally—that is, to the villages, to the small townships, &c.—and equally to our large centres. But with the recent recognition of the fact that fire-protection is a science, and that the fire-service is a profession, a rapid change has lately come over the country, and a marked improvement has already shown itself during the last few years, which will no doubt eventually give us all that national economy demands.

It would be rather difficult to speak of a national fire-service for the British Isles, for the simple reason that it does not exist as a national institution. We have a fire-service which is divided approximately as follows—namely, there is a professional

fire-service which is maintained in our large centres of population; then there is a partly-retained or volunteer service, essentially local and generally inadequate. Both are of a local as distinct from a national character. In respect to the English country forces, more particularly those in the southern half of England, the majority of the brigades are now banded together under the well-known organisation of the National Fire-Brigades Union; whilst the remainder, including those of Scotland and Ireland, have no general organisation as yet, but act just as they please, according to local circumstances or according to local intelligence, and are generally at sixes and sevens when they occasionally meet. As far as the professional service is concerned, the brigades as such are not banded together; but the chiefs and second officers have recently formed a professional association for the consideration of technical matters, the presidency of this association being vested in the well-known Scotch fire-chief Mr Paterson of Glasgow, whilst Chief Superintendent Thomas of the Liverpool Police Fire-Brigade acts as honorary secretary.

The National Fire-Brigades Union, however, is essentially a union of brigades—we believe of some six hundred brigades; and here we find a mutual object in view—namely, that of improving and systematising the fire-service. That excellently managed body is gradually giving us a service which will eventually not only truly be a national one, but one of high standing. It may be shortly expected that practically the whole of the brigades of England, Scotland, and Ireland will be affiliated under its management, excepting perhaps some of the older professional forces; and there will then gradually evolve a general uniformity in the work and principles which has already made itself apparent to such a marked degree among the brigades already associated with that body. The president of the National Fire-Brigades Union is the Duke of Marlborough, K.G., and the general honorary secretary and organiser is Mr Horace Folker, F.A.I., of Guildford.

Without the slightest disparagement to the Association of Professional Fire-Chiefs—an institution only two years old—the National Union is certainly the representative body of the fire-service at the moment, and will no doubt retain that position; whilst, however, if one were to try and say how the subject of fire-protection, as distinct from the fire-service only, is represented as a whole, one would say it is represented by a combination of the aforesaid National Fire-Brigades Union, of the Professional Fire-Chiefs Association, and of the British Fire-Prevention Committee, which latter body comprises a number of professional gentlemen interested in the subject, including many of the senior fire-chiefs. The committee has as its chairman Mr Edwin O. Sachs, F.R.S.Ed., and Mr Marsland as its honorary secretary. These bodies represent the country in general questions of fire-protection on the International Fire Council, and what is more, represent it with exceedingly able delegates. But it should be quite distinctly remembered that the union is a body representing brigades, that the association represents individuals—that is, the professional chief-officers—and that the committee is also a society of individuals.

It was this last-named committee, by-the-bye, which organised the technical side of the International Fire Exhibition at Earl's Court (1903) referred to above, and convened the International Fire-Prevention Congress held in the Metropolis; it thus serves as the scientific factor in the combination. It was this committee, too, that formed a commission to visit central Europe on the occasion of a fire-brigade gathering at Budapest. This commission, comprising executive officers of both bodies, visited in rotation Vienna, Budapest, Munich, Nuremberg, Frankfort, and Cologne, and several other minor centres, with the view of reporting on the general fire-protective and fire-service arrangements to be found in these localities. The results of the visit of this commission have now been embodied in a report issued by the British Fire-Prevention Committee (illustrated), comprising a diary, accompanied by technical notes; and its publication is the occasion of this article. The report, we would add, is signed on behalf of the commission by Mr Sachs, chairman, and Messrs Folker and Marsland, above named, as honorary secretaries.

From this report one gathers the principles governing fire-protection generally and the fire-service in particular of Austria, Hungary, and Bavaria. And as Bavaria forms part of the German Empire, and two of the cities visited — namely, Cologne and Frankfort—are in Prussia, one might even go so far as to say that the report gives an insight into the principles governing fire-protection in Germany.

Taking these three countries dealt with in the report in question, one might say that Austria and Bavaria verily have a national fire-service, whilst Hungary is very much on the same footing as Great Britain—that is, is still developing in this direction.

Regarding Austria, a country of some twenty-six million inhabitants, and having an area somewhat less than that of Great Britain, the report tells us that there are nine thousand one hundred fire-brigades, equipped with close on one thousand two hundred steam fire-engines and close on thirteen thousand manual fire-engines; and the report goes on to say that only 3 per cent. of the existing brigades are not enrolled in the Austrian Imperial Fire-Brigades Association, which ranks as the national institution.

It is surely of eminent interest to note the number of brigades named; but what is perhaps of still greater interest is the indication that these brigades are generally extraordinarily well equipped and very efficient, that their gear is modern in the truest sense of the term, and that they do their work quietly and well. There is a considerable uniformity

in their management and equipment, and a gradual uniformity is also being obtained in their gear and other details. They use standard manual fire-engines, have standard couplings or connecting-pieces for their hose, and, to put it quite plainly, are generally organised on national as distinct from local lines.

The brigade of the capital city—that is, the Vienna professional fire-brigade—stands as the leading example of the service as a whole by its wonderful modernity of method and equipment. A brigade of this kind, which not only has horsed chemical fire-engines at every station, but actually keeps fifteen horsed chemical engines in reserve; a brigade which has introduced electrically propelled chemical engines, and daily uses pneumatic eighty-feet-long ladders (five in number); a brigade that numbers among its appliances combined chemical engines and extension ladders for the use of its suburban volunteer reserves, cannot but advantageously influence the fire-service of the whole country. Taken all round, probably the Austrian fire-service stands first at the present moment of all European countries, and this, it would be well to remark, is primarily due to two men, both energetic workers of the best type; the first being Chief-Officer Müller of the Vienna Fire-Brigade, who, by the modernity of his ideas and his principle of scrapping anything that savours of antiquarianism, has set such a splendid example to the whole country; the second, Councillor Czermack, the ex-president of the Imperial Fire-Brigades Association above referred to, who during the years 1890 to 1900 practically brought that association and the national fire-service to its present high standard by his skilful and energetic methods of organisation.

If we return to the report on the Hungarian fire-service, which has to protect a country of about twenty million inhabitants, and an area slightly larger than that of Great Britain, we observe that the country has about eight thousand five hundred brigades, and of these one thousand three hundred and twenty-five are affiliated to the Hungarian Fire-Brigades Union. Thus the union, although of considerable strength, cannot be looked upon as the national representative institution, as in the case of the Austrian association, but would rank practically on identical lines with our own National Fire-Brigades Union of England. The brigades of this Hungarian union are moderately well equipped; but the capital city does not serve as an example, as in the case of Vienna, and is in fact at the present time undergoing reorganisation and re-equipment. But the Hungarian union is particularly strong in the high technical standard of its officers and the principles of examination practised. Thus there is a school of instruction for volunteer fire-brigade officers, which is held annually.

Regarding Bavaria, one can again speak of a national service. Every brigade practically in that kingdom, with its six million inhabitants, and one-fourth the area of Great Britain and Ireland, belongs to the Bavarian Fire-Brigades Union. There are not less than seven thousand two hundred and ninety brigades in that country, and, in fact, some six thousand seven hundred parishes out of seven thousand three hundred have their own organised fire-brigade force—which is, of course, an extraordinarily high proportion. The service is essentially a national one, and the association has had a most beneficial influence on the management of these brigades. Their uniform and equipment are very much on identical lines; they have their standard couplings and their standard manual engine. As the commission reports, there are but few professional brigades in our sense in Bavaria; in fact, practically only one—namely, at Munich—for another at Nuremberg would in this country be termed a retained brigade on municipal service. As a matter of fact, the national organisation in Bavaria stands very high, and in its equipment the country stands well, but not on the same high level as Austria.

Touching on Germany (of which Bavaria forms part), it may be well to indicate that the total number of brigades in that country number twenty-five thousand to a population of some fifty-six millions and an area twice that of the British Isles. These are centralised through various associations, such as the Bavarian association, and the Prussian, Saxon, and other similar bodies, into one great German Imperial National Fire-Brigades Union, which practically centralises the combined body of the twenty-five thousand brigades in question. The volunteer brigades—that is, country brigades—are fairly well equipped, though the absence of steam fire-engines is still a peculiarity of the country. On the other hand, the professional brigades, particularly in northern Germany, are equipped on first-class lines, and the Berlin Exhibition referred to has practically brought about a complete revolution in the fire-gear for the professional service of that country. We find in places like Hanover entire units of self-propelled fire-appliances. The eighty-foot chemically worked long ladder is quite a common appliance; the horsed chemical engine of considerable capacity may be said to be in general use; and there are many other appliances, such as oxygen-smoke helmets of an up-to-date character, which have either already been introduced or are being most rapidly brought into operation.

Without going into detail, these notes will no doubt give some idea of how things are managed in three well-known countries, which serve as interesting examples. Thus we would only further indicate that in France the service generally may be termed a national one, but it is not yet equipped on modern lines. In France everything is managed on military lines, the Paris Fire-Brigade being a military force. The latter brigade has recently introduced a considerable amount of very excellent electrical self-propelled gear.

Speaking generally, the particulars presented of

the countries referred to will have indicated that much useful information is to be gleaned from the notes issued in the report under consideration.

The commission comments 'on the high efficiency of the country fire-brigades and the usefulness of the national fire-brigades unions,' and thus in drawing attention to this Continental fire-service work the commission has done well. Had the subject been a more popular one than fire-service—say, a matter of education, libraries, hospital work, or the like—no doubt the report would have received that attention which these subjects generally have accorded them by the public press, while under present conditions it unfortunately only reaches the ears of those specially interested. The commission, we would add, travelled at its own expense, and the British Fire-Prevention Committee has issued this report out of its very limited funds.

We consider the commission's report supplements the good work done by the two exhibitions, and we trust a similar commission will also some day visit the United States to see if there is anything to be learned there. We have a feeling that the American fire-service must be somewhat overrated and too showy for truly economic purposes. We should like to see it as ably reviewed as in the case of this report on some of the Continental services.

THE BROWN LUSTRE JUG.

CHAPTER III.

THREE great hogsheads of claret duly arrived from London, and Lord Fetherell, calling himself the 'sponsor of the wine,' went to the cellar to superintend the placing of the barrels, insisting that Mrs Stradford should go with him. The cellar was vast, old-fashioned bins of brick running down each side.

'It always reminds me of a vault. It looks as if there should be a coffin in each one of those partitions,' Mrs Stradford said, pointing to the upper row of bins divided from the lower by a long shelf of stone.

The barrels were placed each in a separate compartment in this upper row, with wooden blocks to support them. Two barrels had already been hoisted and fixed in their places, and the men were arranging the ropes of a pulley round the third when Lord Fetherell uttered a loud cry for assistance. Whilst talking to Mrs Stradford he had rested his hand lightly on the rim of one of the fixed barrels. To his surprise, he had felt the heavy weight oscillate under his touch, and glancing round quickly, had seen, to his horror, that the barrel was slowly slipping forward, pressing the blocks outward. In a few moments he and Mrs Stradford must undoubtedly have been crushed to death.

She, too, saw their peril, and simultaneously they both darted forward and pressed against the barrel with all their strength, holding it back until the men came to their assistance.

'You are splendid!' panted Lord Fetherell as the men straightened the displaced blocks. 'Any other woman would have stood still and screamed.'

The explanation was simple: the stone shelf was too narrow for the barrels, and the supporting blocks had been placed too near its outer edge; consequently the weight of the barrel, instead of coming directly upon the top of them, had pressed at an angle upon the topmost block, thus forcing them all forward. The result was a most delicate balance, which the slightest touch on the front of the barrel was sufficient to destroy. Lord Fetherell himself took especial care to see that the blocks under the other two barrels were placed sufficiently far from the edge to prevent any possible disaster.

When they came out into the daylight at the top of the cellar steps Lord Fetherell uttered an exclamation of dismay.

'You are ill!' he cried to Mrs Stradford.

'No, no!' she muttered, putting her handkerchief to her mouth to hide a trembling of the lips that she could not control. She leant helplessly against the wall, and in the glare of the light he saw that her face was strangely gray and pinched.

'This has been a bad shock to you,' he said, putting his arm round her to steady her. 'Let me help you to the library.'

'The keys—the cellar keys,' she murmured, struggling with the faintness that she felt coming upon her.

'Brigswell will bring them,' the young man answered. 'Lean on me'——

With a choking little gasp Mrs Stradford fell heavily against him, then slipped from his arms and lay huddled and unconscious at his feet.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS STRADFORD did not appear at luncheon, but came down to tea, calm and placid, although still pale.

'It was only when I saw the daylight that I realised the dreadful danger we had escaped,' she said in answer to the sympathetic inquiries of her guests. 'I must be getting old,' she added to Lord Fetherell. 'I never fainted in my life before.' Then anxiously, 'Are you quite sure the barrels are safe now. Perhaps it would be better to have them put down on the floor?'

'They are perfectly safe,' he answered. 'I tried them all myself. They did not move.'

Mrs Stradford had not fainted under the sudden shock of peril.

Late that night, her footsteps muffled by thick list slippers, she crept from her bedroom to the cellar, feeling her way unerringly in the dark. When she reached the cellar steps she lighted a candle and locked the iron-bound door behind her. In the flickering light of the candle the cellar looked, as she had said, like a charnel-house. But Mrs Stradford glanced neither to the right nor to the left; she saw no terrors in the shadows. Seizing a heavy wooden mallet, she passed swiftly to the last of the three big barrels, in which a tap had been placed, and with vigorous, well-directed blows brought the supporting blocks to the extreme edge of the shelf. In answer to a light touch upon the tap the barrel oscillated ominously. Mrs Stradford waited, but the blocks did not move. She touched the tap again. Again there was the same oscillation, without any movement of the blocks. For a quarter of an hour she watched the barrel, the big white letters on its front glaring in the light like a skull; then, satisfied that it would not fall without the tap being touched, she returned to her bedroom as noiselessly as she had come.

A week later her party broke up. On the last evening, at dinner, she said casually to Lord Fetherell, who was sitting next to her, 'Do you think we could try some of the new claret, or is it too soon after its railway journey?'

'It doesn't give it much chance, certainly,' he replied doubtfully.

Mrs Stradford turned to speak to her neighbour on the other side, a local squire.

'I must say I should like to see the wine before I go,' Lord Fetherell said when she turned to him again, 'having been its sponsor.'

'Yes, and then you can tell me how long it should be kept before I begin to use it.—Brigswell!'

Her husband came to her side deferentially.

'Bring a decanter of the new claret. The end barrel next the wall has a tap in it.'

Brigswell left the room.

Two courses were served and eaten. Mrs Stradford refused them. Her hands were trembling so violently that she kept them hidden in her lap, tightly clinched together; no other sign of agitation escaped her.

'Brigswell is a long time,' she said as a third course appeared. 'What can he possibly be doing?'

The third course was cleared away.

'Perhaps he is tasting too,' said Lord Fetherell lightly; 'meanwhile I go wineless for fear of spoiling my palate for *my* tasting.'

'Go to the cellar and tell Mr Brigswell we are waiting,' she said to one of the footmen.

Her hands had ceased trembling, and she was eating calmly when the door was thrown violently open and her messenger ran into the room, white, terror-stricken. 'Oh, come! Come!' he gasped.

'What is the matter?' Mrs Stradford cried, half-rising from her chair.

'Not you, ma'am; not you!' the man cried. 'Some of the gentlemen!'

Lord Fetherell, two or three other men, and the servants hurried from the room, leaving the women startled and afraid.

Before the door closed, Mrs Stradford, standing rigid at the head of the table, heard the footman say, in answer to a question from Lord Fetherell:

'The barrel's come right down on his head, my lord! I couldn't move it! He's stone-dead!'

THE END.

THE NOVELS OF CHARLES READE.

By LEWIS MELVILLE, Author of *The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray*, &c.

MID-VICTORIAN novelists of note fall almost naturally and beyond dispute into two groups. The first, consisting of the greater writers, is numerically weak: Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot; the second includes Disraeli, Lytton, Lever, Mrs Gaskell, Charles Kingsley, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, and Charles Reade.

When Reade published his first book, *Peg Woffington*, most of the writers just mentioned had made their mark in the world of letters. Thackeray had published *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, and Dickens much of his best work, including *David Copperfield*. Charlotte Brontë had established her position with *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley*, while her sisters had issued *Agnes Grey* and that strange, fascinating book, *Wüthering Heights*. Disraeli was famous as the author of the social-political novels *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and *Tancred;* Lytton, abandoning the Newgate novels and melodrama, was acquiring fresh laurels as the novelist of the domestic hearth and home with *The Caxtons;* Lever had issued most of his rollicking stories; Mrs Gaskell had published *Mary Barton* and *Moorland Cottage;* and Kingsley had introduced himself into this goodly company with *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*. *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho!* were yet to come. The two writers whose literary careers synchronise with that of Charles Reade were Anthony Trollope and Wilkie Collins. Trollope, a year his junior, published in 1847 his first book, *The Macdermotts of Ballycloran;* while Collins, ten years younger, issued in 1850 his first book, *Basil*.

Of English writers, however, Reade resembles Wilkie Collins more than any other. Both held it the first duty of the novelist to tell a story, and both to the utmost of their power endeavour to do

so. Both told their story well, in a straightforward manner, and in a style which was simple and clear and always equal to the demands made upon it. But Reade was more literate. He was also the better-informed man. He bristled with facts; he overflowed with arguments. He was equally at home when dealing with the herring-fisheries or trades-unions, lunatic asylums or farming, gold-digging or underwriters. Indeed, this was the cause of one of his most annoying faults. He was conscious of his knowledge, and delighted to parade it.

Again, Reade and Collins employed coincidences; both regarded as legitimate the use of 'what might happen.' Finally, both belonged to what, for want of a better phrase, may be called the philanthropist school of novelists. They made their books the vehicle for the exposure of abuses, and more than once each was carried away by his purpose, overstated his case, and so by this excess of zeal irretrievably spoilt his story. Notably was this the fault with Reade's *It is Never too Late to Mend*, which was described on the title-page as 'a matter-of-fact romance.' In 1855 a certain William Austin was tried for cruelty to the convicts who had been under his charge when governor of Birmingham jail. Reade, one of the tenderest-hearted men that ever breathed, was shocked by the revelations made at the trial. He set to work immediately to study the convict system, and devoted many months—during which he visited the jails of Durham, Oxford, and Reading—to this heart-rending labour of love. The results were given to the world in the novel; but it is believed that, carried away by philanthropic zeal, he was guilty of some exaggeration. This Reade denied in a pamphlet entitled *It is Never too Late to Mend: Proofs of its Prison Revelations.* Whether true or untrue, the description of the brutalities practised in the prisons and the terrible existence suffered rather than lived by the convicts makes the book terrible to read even as a work of fiction, whilst there are pages and pages of the narrative which, though faithful realism, have no artistic signification. None the less, *It is Never too Late to Mend* was a great success, and in book-form enjoyed a tremendous circulation. It was dramatised by an unauthorised hand, produced at the Grecian Theatre, injuncted by the author, and subsequently by him adapted for the stage. At the Princess' Theatre in 1865 it ran one hundred and forty-eight nights—a long run in those days; and even now in the East End and surburban theatres of the Metropolis and in the provinces it still holds the stage.

Reade was always at heart a playwright. In 1851 he served the office of Vice-President of Magdalen, and prepared the four-act tragedy *Angelo*, with which in the following year at the Olympic Theatre he made his début as a dramatist. This was followed at the same theatre by his adaptation of one of Scribe and Legouvé's comedies, which he called *The Ladies' Battle.* At the same time he produced at the Strand Theatre *The Lost Husband*, and at Drury Lane a drama dealing with the life of the Australian gold-diggers, entitled *Gold.*

In 1852, in collaboration with the prolific Tom Taylor, he wrote *Masks and Faces*, a comedy which still keeps the boards. Originally produced in two acts at the Haymarket Theatre, when Benjamin Webster played Triplet and Mrs Stirling played Margaret Woffington, it was subsequently expanded into three acts and revived in 1875 at the same theatre by the Bancrofts. Before it was brought out, Reade was persuaded to turn it into a novel. The result was published under the title of *Peg Woffington* (1852).

It is always a dangerous experiment for a novelist to dramatise his story. At every step there are pitfalls, and into most of these the unfortunate adapter contrives to stumble. Novel-dialogue is utterly impossible on the stage, although of course now and then a page may be transcribed. The dialogue of a play must not be subtle; the humour must be broadened; the characters from the first must be distinctly defined—that is to say, they must be presented, not allowed to present themselves. Everything requires to be slightly, and sometimes more than slightly, exaggerated—dialogue, humour, characters, costume; and it may be said that the successful dramatist is he who exaggerates most skilfully. Above all, the plot must not be intricate, and everything must be open and above-board. Even if there is a mystery, the spectator must be let into the secret early in the progress of the play.

The difficulties of the author who turns his play into a novel are as numerous. To judge by results, it seems almost impossible for him to remove the air of exaggeration natural to the stage. The book almost invariably suggests its origin. This is certainly the case with *Peg Woffington.*

Reade's next book, *Christie Johnstone* (1853), is less a story than a picture. The background is Newhaven and its fisheries. There are portrayed aristocrats. The most prominent is Viscount Ipsden, who wishes to marry his cousin Lady Barbara Sinclair. She, however, will have nothing to do with him as a lover. 'The man I love must have two things: virtues and vices; you have neither,' she tells him point-blank. My lord is bitterly disappointed; he is also suffering from that most terrible malady, *ennui.* Dr Aberford (drawn from a physician of the day noted for his brusqueness) is called in, and prescribes that his patient shall make acquaintance 'with all the people of low estate who have time to be bothered with you,' and that he shall relieve one fellow-creature a day. Ipsden then goes to Newhaven, relieves a fellow-creature every day, goes out in a lifeboat in stormy weather, saves lives, meets his cousin again, and eventually marries her. Here are also portrayed folk of low degree: the fishermen and their wives, notably the eponymous heroine. One hears often enough of nature's gentlemen: now is

presented one of nature's gentlewomen. Strikingly handsome, with a magnificent figure, the courage of a lion and the tender heart of a mother, she is Peg Woffington over again, but Peg without her temptations and without her faults. Christie falls in love with a painter, Charles Gatty, a poor womanish-hearted young man. Mrs Gatty, who does not approve of the union between her son and the fisher-maiden, contrives to part them. But Christie saves her lover's life, and the mother yields. The book is agreeable reading; but only Christie, Mrs Gatty, and one or two of the minor characters 'live.' The others are conventional types of fiction. One scene, that only a great writer could have written, stands out pre-eminent, a scene which touches the heart. It is so simply told. It is when Ipsden, intent on good deeds, visits a poor, old, and ugly woman, on whom he bestows ten shillings, and begs her to tell him of her troubles. '"My troubles, laddie," cried she, trembling all over. "The sun wad set, and rise, and set again ere I could tell ye a' the troubles I ha'e come through."' But she tells them nevertheless. He listens patiently, sympathetically. When she has finished the sad recital, and he rises to depart, she bade him stay until she had thanked him. She began to thank him rather coldly and stiffly, then she warmed, then she glowed, and finally blessed him as one who, standing on the high ground of low estate and afflictions, had the power and the right to bless or curse. A thousand good wishes came, like a torrent of fire, from her lips, with a power that eclipsed his dreams of human eloquence; and then, changing in a moment from the thunder of the Pythianess to the tender music of some poetess-mother, she ended: '"An' oh, my boenny, boenny lad, may ye be wi' the rich upon the airth a' your days—*an' wi' the puir in the warld to come!*"' How much more impressive is this than the scene when Christie Johnstone performs a splendid act of courage in seizing Sandy Liston and keeping him from entering the public-house: '"I'll no' let ye go, *sae look me i' the face:* Flucker's dochter, your auld comrade that saved your life at Holy Isle. Think o' his face—an' look in mine's—an' strike me!"' for this is immediately followed by a scene in which the girl is routed by a mouse. It seems almost incredible that the man who wrote the magnificent passage to which reference has been made—a passage which for beauty of thought and conception, and for dignity, can hold its own against any other in the language—should have introduced in the same book an absurd burlesque duel, in which the peer is made to act as no gentleman ever could!

After writing these stories Reade again devoted himself to work for the stage. In 1854 no less than five dramas came from his pen, two in collaboration with Tom Taylor. These include *The Courier of Lyons*, adapted from the French of Messieurs Moreau, Giraudin, and Delacour, which was staged at the Princess' Theatre. Years later, under the title of *The Lyons Mail*, it was revived at the Lyceum Theatre by Sir Henry (then Mr) Irving, in whose répertoire it is still included.

In the following year appeared the first of his long novels, *It is Never too Late to Mend*. The plot is essentially melodramatic, and the characters are not carefully delineated. One figure, however, remains in the memory: Isaac Levi the Jew. In English fiction the Jew had hitherto been represented as a scoundrel or a bailiff or a money-lender. From the Jew that Shakespeare drew to those portrayed by Thackeray and Dickens there is not a pleasant character. Disraeli inaugurated a change; but his treatment of his fellows was visionary, ideal even. Levi, though he is theatrical, is made the instrument by which the wrongdoers are punished and the good exalted. His love for his dead wife and for his home enlists the sympathies of the reader, and there is something noble about him when he turns to his persecutor, and, disclaiming all intention to threaten, gravely addresses him: '"Be advised, then. Do not trample upon one of my people. Nations and men that oppress us do not thrive;"' and then pleads: '"I have been driven to and fro like a leaf these many years, and now I long for rest. Let me rest in my little tent, till I rest for ever. Oh, let me die where those I loved have died, and there let me be buried."' The book contains graphic descriptions of the life of an English farmer and the owner of an Australian sheep-run; also of the discovery of gold in Australia, and of the life of the gold-diggers in the first days of the rush.

In rapid succession came five more novels: *The Course of True Love Never did Run Smooth* (1857); *Jack of All Trades* (1858); *The Autobiography of a Thief* (1858), which dealt with the career of Thomas Robinson, a character familiar to the readers of *It is Never too Late to Mend; Love me Little, Love me Long* (1859); and *White Lies* (1860), which had been serialised some three years earlier in *The London Journal*, and was subsequently dramatised and staged at the Princess' Theatre under the title of *The Double Marriage*. No one of these is conspicuously successful. In each book one is impressed by the unreality of the whole in spite of the amazing realism of its parts. There are fine passages, sensational descriptions, and signs of great imaginative powers; but humour is lacking, and the characters are not distinct creations. While writing these stories, however, Reade was serving his apprenticeship to the art of novel-reading, an apprenticeship which, it seems, none can neglect, not even the most gifted. With the exception of Smollett, who published *The Adventures of Roderick Random* when he was twenty-seven and *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* three years later, and of Lever, who published *Harry Lorrequer* when he was thirty, there is scarcely an author who has written his greatest work before he was in the prime of life.

Reade was forty-five when he published in the columns of *Once a Week* a medieval romance entitled *A Good Fight*. The editor, however, tampered with his 'copy,' and he brought the story to an abrupt conclusion. In 1861 he published it, after much revision, under the title of *The Cloister and the Hearth*. This work will be presently considered.

Following the historical novel, Reade returned to his realistic method in a sequel to *Love me Little, Love me Long*, which, when published in *All the Year Round*, was entitled *Very Hard Cash*, but was subsequently issued in book-form as *Hard Cash* (1863). This story is a dashing narrative of adventure, and contains fine passages descriptive of a university boat-race, of a trial, and of a fire at a madhouse. It was Reade's purpose to expose the system of private lunatic asylums, and to point out the evils which came to pass when the proprietor was an unscrupulous man, content to accept patients without instituting vigorous inquiries.

In 1865 a new magazine, *The Argosy*, was founded and edited by Mrs Henry Wood. To give this a good send-off, Reade was invited to furnish the serial. He contributed *Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy*, which immediately it had run its course was published in book-form, and some ten years later was dramatised by the author and called *Kate Peyton's Lovers*, though when revived in 1878 at the Olympic Theatre it was rechristened *Jealousy*. The theme of the book is unpleasant, though it did not deserve the violent attacks of the reviewers, whom Reade, in retaliation, denounced as 'prurient prudes.' It is a powerful, human story of a man's baseness, and for strength and appeal to pity ranks high above all the other works of the author, save only *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

The next book, *Foul Play*, was written in collaboration with Dion Boucicault, though on the title-page of at least one modern edition only the name of Charles Reade appears. The story opens in London merchant circles, passes on to the convict settlements in Australia, then to an uninhabited and unknown island in the tropical zone of the Pacific Ocean, and concludes in London. It is a tale of a forgery and of a man wrongly convicted. The 'impossible isle,' as it has been called, is most marvellously described, and the life of the shipwrecked couple is told with Defoe-like minuteness. Though it is not one of the most popular of Reade's novels, it is a most enthralling romance. The mystery is well maintained, the characters more carefully drawn than is usual in this author's works, and the descriptive passages admirable.

The remaining works are *Put Yourself in His Place* (1870), which contained an attack upon the trades-union system of 'rattening,' which was especially prominent in Sheffield (called in the novel Hellborough), and which caused his life to be threatened by the ratteners of that town; *A Terrible Temptation* (1871), which was more fiercely attacked by the reviewers than even *Griffith Gaunt; The Wandering Heir* (1872), a story suggested by the famous Tichborne case; *A Simpleton* (1873); *A Woman Hater* (1877), which dealt with the insanitary conditions of villages—the village portrayed under the name of Stoke Row was really Hill Stoke, which was situated upon his brother's estate of Ipsden; *Single Heart and Double Face* (1884), based upon his play of the same name, produced at Edinburgh in the previous year; and *The Perilous Secret* (1884), founded upon a drama entitled *Love and Money*, written by himself and Henry Pettitt, and produced at the Adelphi Theatre in 1882. Mention must be made of Reade's adaptation of Zola's novel *L'Assommoir*, which under the title of *Drink* achieved an immense success.

The ground has now been cleared for a brief consideration of *The Cloister and the Hearth*. All the other books which Reade wrote, in spite of their merits, would have secured him but a passing fame; as compared with his other stories, this is as gold to dross. He is one of the few great authors whose reputation is founded upon a single book. From the day of the publication of *The Cloister and the Hearth* it has been acclaimed a masterpiece, and it has long since passed into the region of classical fiction. In an introduction to the cheap edition, published some years ago, Sir Walter Besant pronounced it 'the greatest historical novel in the language.' It has frequently been compared with *Esmond* and *Romola*. Space forbids here a detailed comparison. It may be said, however, that it seems to be less laboured than George Eliot's story—*Romola* reads as if the period had been studied for the purpose of the novel; the other as if it had sprung naturally from the author's intimate acquaintance with the times—also that it is inferior in style and artistic conception to *Esmond*. The Reade of *The Cloister and the Hearth* is not the Reade of the other novels. Elsewhere he showed himself tender-hearted, loathing cruelty, hating abuses; now for the first time he revealed himself an idealist. The great fault of striving after 'situations' and other theatrical effects, which spoilt many of his works, is in this book barely perceptible. It is almost the only one of his novels which he did not afterwards dramatise. For this once he also abandoned the realistic method, and he showed an artistic sense that elsewhere was not always in evidence. Every page displays ripe scholarship and immense knowledge; the better informed the reader the more amazed and impressed is he at the truthfulness of the descriptions.

The book is a magnificent survey of the manners and customs of Holland and Germany, of France and Italy, at the end of the fifteenth century, just before the great dawn of learning. The modern novelist who takes for his subject only a particular corner, and who is rapidly becoming a specialist of the sea, or the tropical zone, or the London slum, or Monte Carlo, may well stand amazed before this vast canvas. Real and imaginary folk are

intermingled with true artistic skill: Froissart, Gringoire, Deschamps, Villon, the Pope of the day, Luther, Coquillart, Erasmus as a child, Margaret Van Eyck (sister of the famous painter), and the disciples of Fust the printer, Sweynheim, and Pannartz. But the imaginary characters are the more interesting. There is the family of Elias and Catherine of Tergou, Giles the dwarf with the tremendous voice, and little Kate the cripple; Sybrandt and Cornelis the ne'er-do-weels, and handsome Gerald the writer, monk, and hero; Peter Brandt and his red-haired daughter Margaret, one of the most beautiful figures in the world's literature; Ghystrecht Van Swisten the swindling, miserly burgomaster; Martin Wittenhagen the old soldier, who serves the Brandts; Dennys the Burgundian, the lover of women, with his greeting, '*Courage, l'ami, le diable est mort;*' and Pietro the painter, who turns his masterpiece to the wall so that dullards may not vex his ears with ignorant abuse, and who will take advice from any one who will but see what he *has* done. All these, and many more, are real creatures of flesh and blood. Besides, across the pages march princesses and peasants, priests and soldiers, doctors and shoemakers, chamber-maids and sellers of pardons.

This medieval romance is a dashing tale of adventure: of fights with leopards, bloodhounds, bears, robbers on the highways, and cut-throats at the inns. But its chief merit is the love-story, so sad and so tender. 'Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows' —so run the opening lines. And it is the love and the sorrow of Gerard and Margaret that seize the reader's interest at the beginning and hold it until the end. Perhaps the finest portion of the book is after Gerard, by a forged letter, is led to believe that Margaret is dead, and takes the monk's vows. It is impossible to forget the sermon at the great Church of St Laurens, when Gerard sees Margaret, when he goes to his father's house to curse the false brothers; and the discovery of the baby in the hermit's cell by its unconscious father.

'Clement laid down his psaltery softly and began to rock his new treasure in his arms, and to croon over him a little lullaby well known in Tergou, with which his own mother had often set him off.

'And the child sank into a profound sleep upon his arm. And he stopped crooning and gazed on him with infinite tenderness, yet sadness; for at that moment he could not help thinking what might have been but for a piece of paper with a lie in it.

'He sighed deeply.

'The next moment the moonlight burst into his cell, and with it, and in it, and almost as swift as it, Margaret Brandt was down at his knee with a timorous hand upon his shoulder.

'"Gerard, you do not reject us? You cannot."'

So long as English novels are read, so long—by virtue of its sadness, its tenderness, its sympathy, and its humanity—*The Cloister and the Hearth* will rank among the masterpieces. 'They don't write such books now,' says the old man, re-reading this favourite of his youth; and none may gainsay him.

AN OLD MAID'S WINDOW.

'I wonder why,' my neighbours say,
'You stay so high above the street;
You cannot see the people pass,
And meet, and greet.

'No view you have save tree and sky;
You must feel lonely, sad, and dull.'
But no. Of fair and simple joys
My life is full.

For every year some swallows come
And 'neath my windows make their nest.
I catch a glimpse of fluttering wing
And snowy breast.

And by-and-by the nest is full
Of little soft and downy things
That chirp, and peep, and twittering try
Uncertain wings.

In the old orchard o'er the way,
Ere come the languorous summer hours,
Soft clouds of apple-blossom fall
In fragrant showers.

Then, later, when fair summer comes,
Each moment brings a new delight
To cheer the winter-wearied heart
From morn till night.

Around my casement opened wide
Grow twining blossoms, fragrant, fair;
Each passing breeze sends in a waft
Of perfumed air.

Nature's own music charms the ear,
Soft twitterings from near and far,
And over all a sky as blue
As sapphires are.

Then by-and-by calm twilight comes
And drapes the earth in misty gray,
One bright star through my window sends
A friendly ray.

A loving thought I send across
The little churchyard on the hill,
Where one I loved a little while
Is lying still.

Not lonely—no, nor sad—while I
That little spot of earth can see,
While still I keep the priceless gift
Of memory.

A soft good-night to all I love:
The silent birds, the flowers, the star;
God's peace rest o'er His sleeping world
Anear, afar!

G. R. Hamilton.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

ROME IN PICTURE AND STORY.

'ROMA!' 'Roma!' heard on the midnight air from the platform of the railway terminus, warns the traveller that the goal of his hopes is reached and a weary imprisonment is over for the time. No city in the world presents more contrasts, or is more difficult to describe adequately and overtake in the way of sight-seeing. Mr F. Marion Crawford, who has attempted description in *Ave, Roma Immortalis*, has confessed that it would take the memory of a Brahmin sage, the tongue of a Homer, the wisdom of a Solomon, kneaded into one human genius, adequately to recall, describe, and to judge that which was done in and around Rome when the city counted millions of inhabitants. A diligent round of sight-seeing, unless mixed with judicious loafing, only leads to satiety and mental dyspepsia. Edward Gibbon had a Scotsman as guide on his arrival, and confesses that he lost several days in 'mental intoxication' before he could descend to cool and minute investigation. Messrs Thomas Cook & Sons have agents here ready and willing to do their best for the stranger. There are also Professor Reynaud and Dr Russell Forbes, and no end of well-informed guides. Cabmen swarm like flies; but it is a safe method to see what interests one most, and will be enjoyed and remain memorable. Much will have to be dropped unless the visitor becomes a resident.

It is hard to realise at first that behind the blatant materialism of the hour, which shows itself in a hundred shapes, with only too manifest a desire to exploit the visitor, there may be a Rome worthy of study and affection. Dickens had to see the Colosseum and Forum ere he felt the touch of ancient Rome; Hawthorne shivered over a fire for a fortnight in mid-winter ere he crept out of his shell and gradually gathered those views and impressions recorded in *Transformation*, than which there is nothing truer or finer in literature. W. W. Story in *Roba di Roma* wrote out of fullness of knowledge; Dr Arnold was steeped in classic lore, and would have wished the journey home obliterated after the first day only, that he might retain the freshness of his impressions. Oliver Wendell Holmes said many years ago that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris; heaps of them go to Rome while alive, with crowds of Germans, Frenchmen, Britons, and all nationalities. The Italian climate in April is perfect for natives of Northern climes, to whom the soft, warm air and blue sky is a perpetual benediction, although the noise—for the Italian seems quiet neither by day nor night—makes Rome no place for a nervous person. To exchange the crowded Corso or Via del Tritone in mid-afternoon, with its seething mass of cabs, mule-carts, carriages, foot-passengers, for the open view of the Campagna, when the hedgerows are in blossom, the yellow lilies in the grass, and the lark in the blue, is to go where out 'beyond these voices there is peace.'

Gautier says that every town has an eye which gives expression to its soul: that of London is the Strand; Paris, the Boulevard des Italiens; Madrid, the Prado; Florence, the Place Grand Duke; Naples, Via di Toledo; and of Rome, Campo Vaccino, now the Forum. Is not this now the sightless eye of old Rome? And the Piazza di Spagna, Corso, and Tritone thrill more with the life of modern Rome, now so swept and garnished. The Rome of United Italy, with the electric light and electric tramways, is healthier, and better sanitary conditions prevail than in the Rome of the kings, of the consuls, Cæsars, or Popes. Since the sixties, when Hawthorne wrote his *Transformation*, there has been transformation indeed!

To their beautiful colour-series of volumes, Messrs A. & C. Black have added one on Rome, with seventy pictures by Alberto Pisa, the text being by M. A. R. Tuker and Hope Malleson. Pictures and text alike supply the true Roman atmosphere, with a difference, for the colour process is necessarily warm for the sordid aspect of ruins and antiquities of twenty-seven centuries. The text discusses old families such as the Colonna and Orsini, buildings, catacombs, guilds, people, and Rome before and after the Italians entered Porta Pia in 1870, all done with

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intelligence and sympathy. Either before or after a visit, or better still for all who wish to catch the fading lineaments of old Rome and who never hope to be there, this is just the book. The really wonderful panorama of Rome from the Janiculum, as painted by David Roberts, might, however, have formed the subject of a picture. A list of books would also be useful; while a chapter on the modern literary associations (for those of classic times would be too voluminous) would add zest to a visit and prove interesting to the reader.

We add a few of the modern literary associations which came to us before and after a recent visit, for every traveller may make his own list. Martin Luther's visit in 1511, and ascent of the twenty-eight marble steps of the Scala Santa, meant the beginning of the Reformation in Europe, for the monk went away with his heart hot within him against the corruptions of the Church. John Milton was in Rome for four months, 1638–39, and is said to have resided in the corner house of Via Quattro Fontane. James Howell, a clerk to the Privy Council, was in Rome in 1621, and concluded that had the city not been the residence of the Pope it would have been a rubbish-heap long ago :

> They who the ruins of first Rome behold,
> May say Rome is not now, but was of old.

John Evelyn the diarist was in Rome in November 1644, and resided with a Frenchman in the Di Spagna. That which strikes one in reading of what he saw is the number of art treasures at that time in villas, now gathered in museums; such as 'Niobe and her Family,' then in the Palazzo de' Medici, now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. Joseph Addison, who wrote a narrative of his travels in Italy (1701–1703), thought that there was no place in the world where a man might travel with greater pleasure and advantage than Italy; and one of his greatest pleasures was in seeing the fields, towns, and views described by the classic authors. At the same time he noted that 'there is not a more miserable people in Europe than the Pope's subjects.' Gibbon's visit gave us the *Decline and Fall*. Goethe when in Rome lived off the Corso. Shelley was in the Spagna in 1819. Keats was brought thither in 1821 to No. 26, at the foot of the steps gay with flower-sellers, and tenderly nursed by his artist friend Joseph Severn. The house has been purchased by English and American admirers of the poet. A tablet at No. 11 Via di Mercede, which leads to the east from the Piazza di San Silvestro, records that Scott lived there in 1832. Goethe has a fine marble statue, a gift from Germany, in the Borghese Gardens; while a statue of Victor Hugo was unveiled this year in the same place.

Horace Walpole and Thomas Gray the poet of the *Elegy* were in Rome in April 1740. Walpole said: 'Our memory sees more than our eyes in this country;' which Gray thought extremely true, and added that Windsor or Richmond Hill was preferable to Albano or Frascati. They took six days to cross Mont Cenis, three days to cross the Apennines from Bologna to Florence, and thence to Rome took four days. They entered Rome by the Piazza del Popolo gate; and Gray says that, 'high as my expectation was raised, I confess the magnificence of this city infinitely surpassed it. You cannot pass along a street but you have views of some palace or church or square or fountain the most picturesque and noble we can imagine.' With St Peter's he was 'struck dumb with wonder.'

Was there ever a more pathetic story of unfulfilled hope and renown or of more unselfish friendship than that of the poet Keats dying in Rome, with Joseph Severn nursing the poet at the expense of health and prospects in life? Keats's bedroom looks upon the steps where he must have seen a wealth of the flowers he loved so well. Keats did much for Severn in awakening his mind to the true glories of Rome. There were bright periods when the poet could wander to the Pincio or Porta del Popolo. One day they saw the celebrated beauty, the Princess Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon, whose statue by Canova is now in the Borghese Gallery, and which Severn thought was in 'beautiful bad taste.' Keats was only prevented from taking laudanum by Severn and the doctor, and asked, with his large hazel eyes beaming with an unearthly brightness, 'How long is this posthumous life of mine to last?' He chose for his epitaph, 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water,' and said that he already seemed to feel the flowers growing over him. Two years later the ashes of the poet Shelley were laid not far distant from Keats's last resting-place in the Protestant Cemetery, near Porta San Paolo, overlooked by the monument of Caius Cestius, which was there when St Paul was led out from thence to execution. Longfellow was in Italy for a year (1827–28), and while in Rome resided in the Piazza Navona, in the heart of the city. His impressions will be found in his *Outre-Mer*.

Sir Walter Scott came on to Rome from Naples in 1832, and entered by Porta San Giovanni, as Keats and Severn had done eleven years before. He came thither in the sunset of life and in the decadence of his powers. Had he come earlier the material offered regarding noble Roman families might have proved a gold-mine to him. As it was, his *Siege of Malta*, written on the journey, remains unpublished. He went to the lodgings secured for him by Sir William Gell; and after this unfinished entry in his journal, 'We slept reasonably, but on the next day'—— the pen dropped from his hand for ever. He dined with the Bunsens, and his pretty compliment to the Baroness, 'I hope and believe your own feelings prove your reward for the kindness and hospitality you have shown me,' reminds one of a similar compliment paid to Mrs Hemans at Abbotsford. Whilst shocked by his appearance, the Bunsens found his conversation and expression of benevolence and goodness were what they always had been. Bunsen regretted, however, that Scott had been advised all too late to go abroad, causing him to show

his infirmities in the unfeeling world of travel. It was to a friend in Rome that Scott said, 'I am drawing near to the close of my career; I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day, and it *is* a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my deathbed I should wish blotted.' Of Dante, Scott said that he seemed to think nobody worth sending to hell but his own Italians! Mr Gladstone, who was in Rome in the same year as Scott, in entering St Peter's (March 31, 1832) experienced his 'first conception of unity in the Church'!

Bunsen the German diplomatist and scholar came to Rome in 1816 an unknown young man, and from secretary to the Prussian Embassy he rose to be resident Minister. He married Frances Waddington in 1817, to whom he had proposed at eleven o'clock on a moonlight night in the heart of the Colosseum. He founded a Protestant hospital on the Tarpeian Rock, and was an active supporter of the Archæological Institute founded in 1828. They entertained hospitably in Rome and at Frascati, and the period until they left in 1838, owing to collision with the Papal Court, was one of great happiness and public and private usefulness.

When Charles Dickens arrived in Rome, 30th January 1845, he was profoundly disappointed. 'It was no more my Rome, degraded and fallen asleep in the sun among a heap of ruins, than Lincoln's Inn Fields is.' A short time before, while he was straining his eyes across the Campagna, a distant view of the town had recalled London. This feeling soon passed away. He thought spring the most delightful season for Italy. He was again in Rome in 1853; saw J. G. Lockhart, 'fearfully weak and broken;' smoked and drank punch with David Roberts, who was painting that famous picture of Rome now in the Scottish National Gallery. The Pantheon he thought nobler than of yore; the other antiquities smaller. It was in San Lorenzo Square, Florence, that Robert Browning picked up the part manuscript and part printed Roman murder trial of 1698 from which he spun his wonderful *Ring and the Book*. The church of San Lorenzo in Lucina, off the Corso in Rome, was the scene of Pompilia's marriage; it was there also that the murdered bodies were laid for the inspection of 'half-Rome.' There was a weird funeral attended by Capuchins when we were in this church. While in Rome the Brownings stayed at 28 Via del Tritone.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose *Transformation* we have mentioned, also kept French and Italian notebooks, which were published. These give the impressions of the moment, and are full of the same genius and insight as well as the twilight atmosphere that pervade his stories. No place, he confesses, ever took such a strong hold of his being, or seemed so close to him, so strangely familiar. He seemed to know it better than his birthplace. Hawthorne was profoundly impressed by Guido Reni's 'Beatrice Cenci' in the Barberini Gallery. He thought no other such magical effect had ever been wrought by human pencil, and that it was one that Guido could not have repeated; and it perplexed and troubled him that he could never get hold of the secret of the picture. 'She has turned suddenly towards you, and there is an expression in the eyes, although they are very tender and gentle, as if the wildness of a momentary terror or distraction had been struggled with and overcome, and a beautiful sorrow and a desolate earthly helplessness remains.' Hawthorne noted another peculiarity about the picture: that its profoundest expression eluded a straightforward glance, and could only be caught by side-glimpses when the eye fell casually upon it. To him it was the most profoundly wrought picture in the world. Dickens thought Beatrice looked so as she turned towards him from the first sight of the axe. In the beauty and sweetness of the face there was something that haunted him. Guido's 'Aurora,' painted on the roof of the Rospigliosi Palace, Hawthorne found as fresh and brilliant as if the artist had painted it with the morning sunshine which it represents. It could not be more lustrous if he had given it the last touch an hour before. So each one in Italy finds something striking, beautiful, and memorable; for instance, one never forgets pictures like that in the Uffizi, Florence—the homely portrait of Michelangelo, the face of a strong thinker, and the hand, knotty and gnarled as an oak-branch, of a strenuous worker. Hawthorne's first address in Rome was 37 Palazzo Lazarani, Via Porta Pinciani; and his second, 68 Piazza Poli, near the heart of Rome. His friend W. W. Story, poet and sculptor, entertained his friends at his home in the Palazzo Barberini in the Via Quattro Fontane; his studio was in the Via San Sisto, close by.

One misses in Messrs Black's volume any reference to the so-called English Protestant Cemetery, outside the gate of San Paolo, which is really cosmopolitan and officially under the German Embassy. The visitor who wanders here below the twinkling cypresses, with Monte Testaccio close by, will have many memories awakened by the sight of the graves of John Keats and Joseph Severn side by side. Shelley and Trelawny are also together. Here also are buried F. W. Myers, J. A. Symonds, William and Mary Howitt, and the son of Goethe. The inscription on the grave of R. M. Ballantyne, the boys' story-writer, tells us that he was born at Edinburgh, April 24, 1825, and died at Rome, February 8, 1894, and that the marble tomb and cross were erected by four generations of grateful friends in Scotland and England. There is a graceful marble figure over the tomb of Evelyn Story, wife of W. W. Story, the last work done by that sculptor.

The tawny, yellow colour of the Tiber and Arno is a disappointment at first to one accustomed to our clear Northern streams; while the clear, smokeless atmosphere over Rome, due to fewer fires and the use of wood-charcoal, is a great surprise and delight.

The visitor is well advised who either first or last views the town from the Janiculum, from the equestrian statue of Garibaldi, or in front of San Pietro in Montorio. The hills in the background can be seen: Monte Mario, then Soracte; the Sabine Hills in front, the Alban Hills on the right, with the town of Frascati, and, behind, Monte Cavo. The dome of St Peter's is to the left, with a crowd of new buildings in the Prati, the Castle of St Angelo (Hadrian's Tomb), while the eye wanders to the Palace of Justice, the tree-clad Pincian Hill, the Villa Medici, and the Quirinal Palace. The whole of the Campagna was covered with houses and villas when Rome was in its glory; and, as Mr Norwood Young remarks, for number, splendour, and variety of buildings great and small, no city that ever has existed deserves to be named in comparison with Rome. Lanciani calculates that in the fourth century it boasted of four hundred temples, three hundred shrines, one hundred and forty statues of the gods, and four thousand other bronze statues. It is sickening to read of the slave-labour which built the Colosseum, the enormous baths which are the monuments of Diocletian and Caracalla, and how these people were crowded into narrow quarters. The discovery of the cenotaph and national monument of Romulus in the Forum is, as Hawthorne would say, 'a great solid fact of the past, making old Rome actually sensible to the touch and eye.'

Should the visitor enter few or many of the three hundred Roman churches, he hastens first to St Peter's, which Richard Monckton Milnes says nearly knocked him down, while the Vatican blinded him. Neither will have this effect on the average person, as the vastness of St Peter's is not at once apparent, and dawns gradually on the sight-seer. The Forum, with its interesting series of fresh excavations, Colosseum, Palatine Hill, Catacombs, museums, galleries, give him a busy and interesting time. Frascati, Tivoli, Hadrian's Villa, the English Protestant Cemetery, with the Borghese Gardens and Gallery and Pincian Hill, may come in to give variety. The tract of city seen from the Pincian has been called the most historic plot of land in the world. Time is needed to know Rome, for, as W. W. Story warns us, a first impression is apt to be a false impression.

As Rome was not built in a day nor destroyed in a day, her political and moral regeneration will also take time. The daily use of the knife, the beggars, the lottery, the shameless use of the public conveniences, and the unblushing dishonesty amongst street-venders are plague-spots still. A beggar licensed by Pius IX. to sit by the station of St Peter's lived to the closing years of last century, and was able to give a dowry of two hundred thousand francs, or about eight thousand pounds, to his daughter on her marriage.

Cases of pocket-picking are of daily occurrence in the tram-cars; but surely robbery on the railway might be stopped. Dr E. P. Philpots, of Bournemouth, complained in the *Times* that while travelling between Rome and Genoa on the 3rd of April, one of his registered trunks was cut open and clothes abstracted which cost twenty pounds. His luggage was insured against burglary, and he advised all Italian tourists to do the same. The English Consul at Genoa, to whom he complained, told him that such robberies were of daily occurrence, and that compensation for or recovery of the goods would never be made. An English lady had just called who had lost all her valuable jewellery.

An American writer is of opinion that Paris has usurped the old art supremacy of Rome, and it is to her that the world now turns for new ideas of art. Zacher in his little book does not homologate this. Winners of the Prize of Rome in Paris come to the French School of Art at the Pincio, once the Villa Medici, for a five years' course. The Americans in 1905 started a somewhat similar art school in Villa Mirafiori, near Porta Pia.

A lifetime even would be too short to read all the volumes which have been suggested by Rome or its history. The visitor sticks to his Guide: it may be Murray, Baedeker, Treves, Meyer, Russell Forbes's *Rambles in Rome*, or Hare's encyclopædic *Walks in Rome*. He is graduating for reading widely and deeply in many departments when the hard work of sight-seeing is over. Norwood Young has retold the *Story of Rome* for Dent's Series, and Albert Zacher has written of *Rome as an Art City*, and does not quite give Paris the pre-eminence as yet. The histories of Gibbon, Mommsen, Merivale, and Milman, with Professor Dill's two volumes on *Roman Society*, are not likely to be overlooked by those who wish to go deeply into the subject. Some of the following may be suggestive: Lanciani's *Ancient Rome*, *Pagan and Christian Rome*, *Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome*, *New Tales of Old Rome*; *Pictures of Old Rome*, by Frances Elliot; Dickens's *Pictures of Italy*; Russell Forbes's *Rambles in Rome*; *Rome and the Campagna*; Tuker and Malleson's *Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome*; *Le Forum Romain*, by Thedenet; *Topography and Monuments of Ancient Rome*, by Platner; Cellini's *Memoirs*; Mandell Creighton's primer *Rome*, and *History of the Papacy*. Here are a few Roman stories: *Marius the Epicurean*, by Walter Pater; *Philochristus*, by Dr Abbott; *Eleanor*, by Mrs Humphry Ward; *Arden Massiter*, by Dr Barry; *Frederick Uvedale*, by F. Hutton; *Fabiola* (the Church in the Catacombs), by Cardinal Wiseman; *Darkness and Dawn*, by F. W. Farrar; *Quo Vadis?* by Sienkiewicz; *The Burning of Rome* and *To the Lions*, by A. J. Church; *Valerius*, by J. G. Lockhart; *Antonina*, by Wilkie Collins; *Cleopatra* and *The Emperor*, by G. Ebers; *Rome*, by Zola; *The Improvisatore*, by Hans C. Andersen; *Transformation*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; *Ruffino*, by Ouida; and *The Eternal City*, by Hall Caine.

THE AUTOCRAT.

CHAPTER IV.

A TROPICAL sea, oily calm, slid from ultramarine to opalescence. It had been suffocatingly hot all day; but a faint breeze, dragging a low bank of cloud, came up as the afternoon drew to a close, and two occupants of the deck-house of a small vessel that was waddling over the face of the waters opened their eyes and began to look about them. There was a third, but he had not been dozing; he had sat with his chin on his hands for the past hour, pondering the long, long thoughts of youth.

The voyage from Marseilles to Singapore had been novel to Rex, but the final stage had altogether surpassed it. Life in the big French liner had been charged throughout by the spectacle of Mr Jenkins's individuality in juxtaposition with other travellers, many of whom had obviously summed him up as a person of dubious antecedents, and had run up against his undisguised indifference to their estimate with some surprise. He had picked his pleasures and his comfort on board ship without reference to the susceptibilities of other passengers; and it was curious that he had never lacked card-players when he wanted them, or let feminine rebuffs interfere with his selection of the society he chose to amuse him. He went his own way. Perhaps they were all a little afraid of his cynicism, which was unfettered; his brutal carelessness of convention, which was as plain in his manner as in his speech. They backbit, but they did not combine to ostracise him. He stood conspicuous, in a shipload of the politest people in the world, as an example of many things that a gentleman should not be, and he seemed to find a saturnine amusement in the fact. Then had come Singapore, Spencer in a preposterous uniform, a salute from the British guns, an official call by the great; and lo! before their bewildered fellow-voyagers had recovered their breaths, Jani Mata, recognised King of Kerisal, with his chief minister of state and a motley retinue, had embarked upon his own gunboat for his obscure possessions. The whole business had smacked of comic opera; and Rex had trailed after his father with a distinct sensation of playing a fool's part before an unsympathetic audience.

They were wide away from the Straits now, running north into unfrequented seas. 'Running' was a misnomer; their anomalous craft was too foul-bottomed and rusty to manage more than six knots, and that with many symptoms of internal ague. What she was, Rex did not seek to discover. She mounted a couple of three-pounders in the stern, and a machine-gun stood hooded on the forecastle-head, so that the official designation had its excuses. But she had been built on the lines of a tug, and the deck-house was an obvious afterthought. She was sticky with cheap paint and gaudy with unshipshape embellishments, and she carried a crew of lean, yellow men. Her master, presented to Rex as Captain Fernandez, looked exactly what he was, a Portuguese renegade in a uniform of his own designing.

So much, then, for the *Star of the East*. Spencer, now waking from his siesta, furnished more active interest, and behind him lay forecasts, many and varied, of the early future.

The king's deputy was not a person of whom it was possible to cherish illusions. He had been, at the outset, no more than a common fat man in tawdry gold lace that did not dignify him, and which, to do him justice, he had exchanged for white duck at the first opportunity. He was something bigger than that at more prolonged inspection; he had the Yankee's nasal dryness in his phrases; it was more than probable that it went with the Yankee astuteness. His greasy, clean-shaven, middle-aged face, the roll of his little green eye, his broad, thick hands, suggested coarseness and vulgarity, but they did not indicate stupidity; and for all his shoddiness, he carried with him the way of a man who is used to command. He was probably a lazy man, and so at a material disadvantage, but he did not look as if he were an incapable one.

'Eh-y-aa-ah!' the fat man yawned. 'I guess we ought to be in by evening.' He clapped his hands and shouted in the unknown tongue, and he looked across at Rex. 'You haven't tumbled to the Kerisali for "something long with ice in it" yet, have you, young man? What's your particular poison?'

The contrast between the present free-and-easiness and the ceremony of their departure touched Rex's sense of humour, in spite of his meditations. He laughed boyishly as he swung round to the speaker. Spencer's legs were stretched along the arms of a cane-bottomed chair, and a steward, in short white jacket and another garment that was both loin-cloth and petticoat, was waiting his instructions.

'I'll have some tea, please,' he said; and Spencer translated the order.

The steward vanished; but Mr Jenkins gave one of his limber stretches. He dipped into the cigar-box on the deck, and another attendant flew to his side with a cutter and matches.

'Here—— No; I'll light it myself, you fool!' A sentence of Kerisali tripped from his lips, and the man shrank back cringing. 'There's no being let alone east of the Straits, for me.' His eye ran over the vessel with an irritable gleam.—'The *Star* appears to be falling to pieces, uncle; and I seem to remember a long bill for repairs only two years ago. A lick of white paint won't cover everything, you know.'

'Of course I know,' Spencer said, putting out his hand to a tinkling beverage, and sipping it noisily. 'She *was* patched up thoroughly at the general overhaul; but you know what lying by at Akasa means. Somebody lifted eight hundred dollars' worth of bolts and copper out of her last rains for one thing, and we had no end of a business to get her ready for sea at all. Besides, she ain't going to be everlasting, I reckon. I sacked the late captain over that; would have leathered his jacket for him, only he happened to be a—a foreigner, and we hadn't proofs good enough to warrant our giving a first-class Power the cheap opportunity'—— He pulled himself up with a gulp. 'You take my meaning, Jani Mata, boss?'

'I can't quite say I do,' Mr Jenkins said, frowning slightly. 'Who wants to play Ahab to our Naboth? We haven't a vineyard worth robbing.'

'We've got the beginnings of a fairish harbour, haven't we?' Spencer said. It struck Rex that Spencer's little eyes were very keenly fixed on his father's profile as he spoke.

'Oh, if you sank a fortune dredging it, and built a breakwater,' Mr Jenkins said. 'That's an old story, and you know its weak point as well as I do. There isn't any trade, and it's out of the line of traffic altogether. They couldn't have squeezed an indemnity out of us, because we haven't got it. You would have been safe to proceed with your leathering, uncle.'

'Maybe,' the fat man said, and passed the subject. The corners of his mouth twitched, and he squinted at the sea as if it held his confidence.

'What became of Dougal?'

'Went three years back. He was a right smart man; but he didn't take to wage-cutting when his own name headed the list.'

'If they lifted eight hundred dollars under the next man, it looks as if letting him go was poor economy. I've often told you, uncle, that cheeseparing is a bad policy.'

'Your Majesty may remember you bought the Princess Maxime's yacht at Nice that year, and the Princess was too wily to part for less than hard cash,' Spencer said dryly.

'H'm, so I did. How that woman took me in! They don't often. I lent her the yacht after I had bought it, and her skipper ran it ashore on the Spanish coast, just opposite the Race at Tangier, and it broke up in a week. I believe it was done to get the insurance money on her jewels, which were probably paste by the time they went under water. She carried it off superbly; I will give her the credit for that. Oh, and so that's why Dougal left! You must be harder pressed than I thought.'

'We have touched bottom. Come, boss, I have written you that scores of times.'

'Your despatches are too prosy; you don't put enough of yourself into 'em. I gave up reading them some time ago,' Mr Jenkins said, looking down unconcernedly at his canvas shoes. 'Why don't you float a foreign loan?'

'Because the world doesn't hold fools thick enough to subscribe,' Spencer said with a chuckle. His brow was quite unruffled, and he was fanning himself with his panama. Rex listened to his exposition of finances with a puzzled incredulity. Both he and Mr Jenkins took the situation too much as a matter of fact to make its seriousness impressive.

Spencer rattled on.

'Now, that Dago'—he indicated the commander, whose back was visible on the bridge—'is dirt cheap, and he can navigate fair to middling in daylight, with the land-fall handy. *His* Government wants him, I understand, for a little trouble with a Customs officer and a knife, that happened when he was mate of a tramp 'way down at Beira. That's up my sleeve. Hel-lo!'

He bounded from his chair with unexpected alacrity, and took a telescope from a rack. He steadied it against a stanchion, and began to focus a smudge of smoke on the horizon.

Mr Jenkins, after an interrogative stare, followed his example. Their observation was prolonged for several minutes, during which time the King of Kerisal became perceptibly more interested and more thoughtful. In the end he returned the glass to the ubiquitous attendant, who seemed to have risen through the deck to his elbow, and he said:

'That *is* their flag! What is it doing in this secluded neighbourhood? It is the naval ensign, I observe. And they aren't courting observation exactly—rather the reverse. She's been lying to, and now she's under way, going south. In a manner of speaking, these are *my* waters. Well?'

Spencer was smacking his lips. His face expressed the liveliest satisfaction for a minute; then uncommunicative solemnity shut down upon it, and he too laid the telescope aside.

'Quite right about the naval ensign,' he said. 'She is a surveying ship, and she has been taking soundings of the Logo passage. Maybe she means to call on us presently. Your high-and-mighty British Admirals don't think us worth attention; but other folks mayn't be so select. Fernandez is awful respectful to that reef, and gives it a mighty wide berth; it's real thoughtful of these big bugs to come and mark it for us.'

'It is a high-toned, philanthropic, pure-souled nation, I know,' Mr Jenkins retorted. 'The question is, who turned its philanthropy on to us, and why?'

'It's more than a nibble; it's a bite,' Spencer crooned softly to himself. 'Say, Jani Mata, the effete British Empire has been running the show in this quarter of the globe too long. Don't you think other fellows want their turn?'

Mr Jenkins shot out a long arm and caught him by the bosom of his shirt.

'What's that to do with us?' he ejaculated. 'We haven't an acre worth—— Well, *have* we? E—ch? How the deuce'—— He stopped, smiled his wry smile, and still holding the fat man in his

grip, shook him gently. 'This is it, is it? No wonder Akasa sent a deputation! You must have touched them on the raw, uncle; that's their fetich—just that. You Jew! You Yankee sweep! And still I'm hanged if I know how you have contrived to diddle the other party. Tchah! The bottom must drop out of it sooner or later.'

Spencer grinned at him.

'That's all right,' he said, twinkling. 'It's sound, as you'll see when I talk by-and-by; and there's dollars in it—plenty dollars. *They* don't look twice at bad bargains, do they? They know what they want, and why they want it. That's so! Trust uncle. This is a big deal; and likely it's the biggest scoop you'll ever see, Jani.'

Rex, forgotten for the nonce in these elliptic parleyings, took up Spencer's glass and ran to the rail. His father had overestimated the strange ship's modesty, or else she had recognised them and saw no reason for retirement, for she was still clearly in view, in spite of the dazzle of sunset. Rex adjusted the focus, and saw, unfolded languidly by the little breeze, the flag of a great Power indeed, a power with a growing navy, with wide ambitions, and no small qualms about the manner of their fulfilment. It fluttered down as he looked and as the sun bobbed into the cloud-bank.

His English blood stirred in his veins. Jealousy was unreasonable; only, this restless, assertive people sought, by common report, to undermine the security of England. They had dealt blow after blow at her commerce and her maritime supremacy in the past decade, while they made lavish protestations of official goodwill to the ear of the world. Rex was, to all intents and purposes, the man in the street, and the perfidy of their rival was a popular article of faith. What was hatching here? Nothing, surely, that boded good for his own beloved island; Spencer's airy hints said as much. He stopped, with a spasm of dismay. *His* island? Perhaps, after all, he was nearing a time when he must repudiate it; perhaps his interests lay with the two men to whose twisted conversation, with its suggestion of intrigue, he had just listened. He did not ask any questions, for he was conscious of their futility. He was a negligible quantity here, an onlooker, seeing no more of the game than the players chose to open to him. His spirit sank; this was meaner than comic opera, and ugly possibilities bore heavily upon the future.

He went up on to the bridge. The night had darted upon them; ten minutes more and the blazing tropical stars were playing hide-and-seek with a fleece of clouds, and the phosphorescence was creaming and flashing from the bows to the wide wake of the little steamer.

He had to come out of this clean, and it seemed there might be dirt in even a hand's-touch. It looked less and less likely that he could go back to the Millinghams with the assurances that they required. Even if they forgave his mixed blood—and, somehow, the meaning of that was too remote from the Vicarage for it to look as formidable as it must have done to more cosmopolitan, travelled folk—how would they forgive this alienation from all their codes and standards which was, he began to see, deep-rooted in his father?

Captain Fernandez, with the flourish of a salute, interrupted his reverie.

'If you look ver' hard where my finger point, sar, you see Akasa light. We get in at ten o'clock, now we pass Logo in daylight.'

There was a yellowish glint before them; Rex followed a dirty finger-nail, and found it without difficulty.

'I saw that before, but I thought it was a star,' he said.

'No, sar; that is Akasa light. It is not always lit, sar, because the harbour is too silted up mostly for steamers, and trade is also bad; but to-night the King returns, and the light-keeper will get whippings if we go aground. He was whipped five—seex months ago, when we touched the shoal because his light was dirty; now it is clean, and it burns ver' nicely.'

Which was another ray upon the customs of Kerisal. It did not sound hopeful. Nevertheless, Rex began to feel the tension of expectation as the *Star* laboured on and the yellow twinkle grew. He grudged the time spent below at dinner, though it was a good dinner, and the native servants served them as if they were not merely pinchbeck royalty, but the genuine article. Spencer rose at the end of the meal, and with the democratic absence of etiquette in which he appeared to delight in private, leaned over the King to light a long cheroot at the lamp.

'Time for war-paint and feathers, boss, if you want to make a triumphal entry,' he said. 'I've ordered the guard to the quay; tide's too low for landing at our own jetty, so your Majesty must come up through the bazaar, unless you would rather wait aboard till morning. The wet season is going to give us its final soak, I believe; it might be best for you to turn in here, all things considered.' Mr Jenkins shook his head. 'Oh, I reckon you're all right; you're the King, and you're really three quarters of a god, ain't you? You will have to trample a lot harder on their pet superstitions before they will admit you're only common flesh, as good material for a *kris* as the rest of us.' He eyed Rex. 'What about young hopeful there? Is this his first appearance as heir-apparent, or is it not? I want to know.'

Mr Jenkins rose. He leaned his back against the table, his hands on it, his chin out-thrust. He looked dogged, and his familiar mood had gone.

'Rex will stay as he is, and that's as an English gentleman,' he said, with some deliberation. 'Does he look as if my shoes would ever fit him? You know they won't; and you know, too, I've always lived hitherto up to my expectation that they would be about worn out by the time I stepped out of them. The Kerisalis will make what they please of

him, and you will shut your mouth. He's come to see because he is an inquisitive young fool, and much good may it do him; but he doesn't belong. By Heaven, he doesn't!'

'Guess that's true,' Spencer said, chewing a thoughtful cud, and appraising Rex's appearance coolly. 'He's about as much in place as a kitten in a cage full of monkeys. I dare say we can find some side-shows to amuse him. No; I wish you had left him in the old country, Jani. He's too British for my liking.'

He dived into his cabin. Rex, both stung and amused by the summing up—it would have hit harder if his own convictions had not stood in the way—returned to the deck. Akasa, a spatter of meagre lights on a curve of sandy shore, was rising into view.

(To be continued.)

CATTLE-FARMING IN PARAGUAY.

IT is becoming more and more difficult for an English gentleman to find a suitable opening in life for his son, even if in a position to allow him a capital of several thousands of pounds wherewith to make a start. One of the favourite modes of giving young hopeful a send-off was to despatch him to the colonies, especially to Australia or New Zealand, with a certain amount of capital, to embark in cattle or sheep farming. In many cases the 'new chum's' capital only amounted to several hundreds, and this was exhausted in a few months while he was merely 'looking around.' So long as the money lasted he had a pleasant time and friends were numerous; but after his funds were squandered, and the letters of introduction on which he placed so much reliance as a means of getting a situation had proved utterly worthless, he found himself in a sorry plight. Not that the 'new chum' was unwilling to turn his hand to any suitable work that might present itself; but he did not know the proper way to seek for employment.

Here we have in view, principally, the young or even the middle-aged man whose idea is to embark in cattle-farming. For this purpose a large capital is generally required; probably ten thousand pounds would not be too much in Australia. The only foreign countries to which settlers of this class generally turn their attention are the United States and the territories of the River Plate; but we do not think the average Englishman would find the occupation of cattle-farming in the Western States so congenial as it might be in the colonies or the River Plate.

The Argentine Republic, the principal country of the River Plate, offers many advantages at the present time, and is much superior to Australia for pastoral enterprise. Over nearly the whole of its vast extent cattle-raising is a profitable occupation; while that part which lies south of Buenos Ayres, especially Patagonia, is especially adapted for sheep-farming. The country has attracted English, Scotch, and Irish settlers in such large numbers that in some parts, where all the neighbours are Anglo-Saxons, the Englishman might almost fancy himself in one of the British colonies.

In Argentina a capital of from three to five thousand pounds at least would be required, a sum beyond the reach of many young men. Even that amount would only suffice if land in the remoter districts were taken; and unless the settler's capital approached the higher figure, it might be necessary to rent land instead of buying it. When it is stated that there are many *estancieros* (cattle-farmers) in Argentina whose farms and stock represent a value of one hundred thousand pounds or more, even in a country where cattle are exceptionally cheap, it will be seen that the sum mentioned would only enable the beginner to set up in a comparatively small way.

To the intending cattle-farmer with less than three thousand pounds the writer would have no hesitation in recommending Paraguay, with which he is well acquainted. Here a much smaller capital is required than in Argentina, for it is commonly said that 'camps' (areas of land suitable for grazing) can be bought in Paraguay for about the same amount as it would cost to rent them in Argentina. Cattle, labour, and living are also cheaper in Paraguay than in other parts of the River Plate.

As to the capital required in Paraguay, it is difficult to quote any exact figures; we might give a detailed estimate, but such calculations are generally misleading. However, a square league of land within ten miles of the railway can still be obtained in Paraguay for from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds; though, if within easy reach of a large town, it may cost double that price, and there is a tendency at present for such land to increase in value. The Paraguayan square league is equal to about seven and a half English square miles; the Argentine square league, based on the metric system, contains twenty-five square kilometres, or roughly about ten English square miles.

A Paraguayan square league will carry from six hundred to one thousand head of cattle, according to its nature and quality. Only the very best camps will carry one thousand head, although in calculations as to the cost of stocking an *estancia* this is often taken as the average. Herds of cattle can be bought *al corte*—that is, taking them as they come—for about twenty to twenty-five shillings a head. This includes all cattle over a year old; young calves are not counted, but go with their mothers. It would, therefore, cost from nine hun-

dred to one thousand pounds to buy a square league of land and stock it if the land is not in the vicinity of a large town. Then the fencing has to be taken into account; and this is an important item, sometimes costing almost as much as the land. But very often the land is partially fenced, and natural boundaries can be utilised to a large extent —such as a river, swamp, forest, or lake—as cattle generally keep on the hard, open camp, and avoid such obstacles. If economy is a consideration, very comfortable houses can be made of wattle-and-daub, thatched with straw, for a mere trifle; so the necessary buildings can be put up for less than fifty pounds. Thus the total expense of buying and stocking a square league of camp need not exceed—even allowing for all contingencies—above twelve hundred pounds. If the land is rented the preliminary outlay will be less.

Of course, cases might be mentioned of men who have commenced without capital, and who now own large and well-stocked cattle-farms; but these are exceptional, and it is not possible for every one to do likewise. It is also possible in Paraguay for the poor settler to commence in a small way with a capital of three hundred to four hundred pounds by taking an allotment in a Government colony such as New Australia, which is composed mainly of Anglo-Saxon settlers. In such a locality from sixty to one hundred acres of good arable land can generally be obtained either practically free or at a very low price, and this gives a right of free pasturage over a large area, so that a herd of two hundred or three hundred head of cattle can be maintained at a trifling expense. This would not be advisable, however, unless the settler had previously lived a year or two in the country and had a thorough knowledge of cattle. Even the man of capital should not embark in cattle-farming until he has gained the necessary experience by living at least two years on a cattle-farm.

The cheapness of land in Paraguay may be realised when it is stated that in Corrientes (the Argentine province bordering on Paraguay) good camps cost from two to three thousand pounds, and even more, the square league; while in Uruguay, where all the available land is already occupied and the country is stocked right up to the frontier, as much as six thousand pounds is asked. Indeed, many Uruguayans have turned their attention to Paraguay, and have bought considerable tracts of land there for themselves or their sons.

As a herd of cattle is calculated to double in value by natural increase every four years, it will be seen that the industry is a profitable one. It is, indeed, the best investment for money to be found in Paraguay.

The climate of Paraguay is warm but not tropical, and is very suitable for consumptives. Slight frosts occur in winter, and the heat is seldom oppressive in summer. As compared with our colonies, the climate is somewhat similar to that of South Queensland or Natal, but resembles the coast districts of these colonies rather than the plateaus of the interior.

Let us take a tour on horseback to inspect the country. We start from Villa Rica, the centre of the principal agricultural and pastoral district, and turn in the direction of the Cordillera or mountain range which rises majestically towards the north-east, and contains the most elevated peaks in Paraguay, though little more than two thousand feet high. These mountains, covered with dense forests to their summits, look quite near, and we almost fancy we can reach them in an hour's ride; but distances are deceptive in these latitudes—the air is so pure and transparent that distant objects seem much nearer than in the English atmosphere, laden with the products of combustion—and after riding for more than an hour they seem as far off as ever. It is a fine January morning. That month corresponds to July on the northern side of the equator; therefore we are in the middle of summer, but the air is cool and pleasant, like a fine September afternoon in England. Such pleasant weather, sometimes cool even to chilliness, is occasionally experienced here in the hottest months; but these days are rare, and at this time of the year we are prepared for almost tropical heat. We ride between fields of bananas, cotton, cassava, tobacco, and maize, along avenues of orange-trees laden with their golden fruit. We pass the wattle-and-daub cottages of the natives, with roofs of thatch, and the naked, brown children eye us curiously. A happy people these simple Paraguayans; they have few wants, and these are easily supplied. They never know what it is to suffer from cold or hunger, for their small farms yield an abundance of produce all the year round, while the few cows they possess pick up their living in the open country and afford an ample supply of milk for the family and a surplus for sale in the neighbouring town. The traveller may look with a favourable eye on these peasants; for, poor as they are, they live a freer, healthier, and happier life than the denizens of the slums of our large cities. Yet it is a life which will not appeal to the European. At a later period, when he is the owner of a cattle-farm, he will look on them as an unmitigated nuisance, owing to their habit of squatting down on any piece of land that takes their fancy without troubling about titles. These *pobladores*, as they are called, are the veriest communists in the matter of land tenure; and, although wholly ignorant of the principles of political economy, they thoroughly believe in the principle 'the land for the people,' and look on it as a serious grievance that they should be ejected for squatting on land which, as they afterwards find out, belongs to some owner unknown to them. In some parts of the country it is scarcely possible to buy any large area of land without finding some of these *pobladores* squatted on it, and it is often a difficult matter to eject them. Even when the landowner has the law

on his side it is not always good policy to do so, as they will frequently retaliate by killing his cattle or secretly doing him some other injury; in fact, we have known at least one case of an *estanciero*, ignorant of the ways of the country, who was so harassed by some *pobladores* who considered that they had been unjustly evicted, that he had ultimately to leave the country. Yet, if handled with tact, the *pobladores* may prove good neighbours and be useful to the *estanciero* in many ways, as they supply him with the labour which he requires; and, unless they have large herds of cattle, which is seldom the case, they do not encroach appreciably on the grazing capacity of the state.

Cattle-farming is not such a simple matter as it may seem. There are many things to be taken into account. A man must be a good judge of cattle and their value, otherwise he is pretty certain to make a bad bargain both in buying and selling. The knowledge gained in England or elsewhere will be of little use to him in this country, where everything must be learned anew. To give an example. Let us suppose that he wants to buy a herd of cattle. He may imagine that he has a pretty fair knowledge of live-stock, and will not be easily taken in. He approaches an *estanciero* and informs him that he wishes to buy a certain number of cattle *al corte*—that is, taking them as they come. Nothing is simpler. The price per head being agreed on, the buyer is told he may take a 'cut' from the assembled herd. His overseer rides right among the cattle, sending them right and left; those on the right are for his master, and the remainder are driven back to their pasture. Those 'cut out' are then counted, and the stipulated price paid. The 'cut' has apparently been made at random, for no attempt to pick and choose would be allowed; yet the employment of an overseer who knows his business makes a vast difference in the value of the selection. The practised buyer knows this, and is careful that his *capataz* (overseer) is not allowed to have the opportunity of a private interview with the seller previous to selection, when he might be 'squared' by that gentleman. Therefore, if the buyer is not wide awake, or allows his overseer to be bribed, he may rely on having a very poor 'cut.' As a practised cattle-farmer remarked to the writer, 'A man who allows himself to be imposed on when making a "cut" is not fit to go into the business.' In short, there is as much roguery in cattle-dealing as in any other business.

In Paraguay artificial grasses are not laid down for live-stock. The cattle pick up their living in the open camp on natural pasture all the year round. The only thing done to improve the pasture is to burn it off occasionally, as the young grass which grows up immediately after the fire is much more tender and nutritious.

No attention is given to dairying, although butter commands a good price, and cheese, though made in the most primitive way, has an almost unlimited market on the spot. The Paraguayans do not consider it good policy to take the milk from the cow, at least to the same extent as in Europe. The cows being fed only on natural pasture, the yield of milk is small, and some of it must be left for the calf. One English settler informed the writer that out of a herd of more than two hundred cattle he reserved seven as milch-cows for the use of his family, and though only a small quantity of milk was taken from each of these seven animals, their calves were stunted and ill-conditioned as compared with those allowed the whole of their mothers' milk.

The advantages and disadvantages of Paraguay for cattle-farmers of limited capital may be summed up as follows: Advantages—low price of cattle, land, living, and labour; the absence of droughts, rabbits, labour strikes (all prevalent in Australia), and of political revolutions, so common in other South American republics; besides a temperate climate and peaceable rural population. Disadvantages—the lax administration of justice (resulting in insecurity of life and property), cattle-thieving in some districts, and the lonesomeness of the life. These disadvantages, which are all that the writer can think of, apply to all South American countries.

ON THE WAY TO THE WEDDING.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

'STEP in, sir. Be quick, please!'

The porter, as porters will sometimes, positively bustled Ellon Brayne into that second-class compartment. It was in part Ellon's own fault. He had been engrossed with West's *Scrutiny of Spinoza*, even after the London train was in, and made his bolt, book in one hand, bag in the other, only just in time. The porter had asked, 'What class, sir?' and the bundling process followed. It was a breathless, humiliating business.

But on the very step of the carriage Ellon hesitated. A lone lady was by the farther window, with crossed legs and a newspaper.

'I think'—— he murmured, and glanced back at the official.

'No time, sir,' said the man imperatively.

Then Ellon submitted. He was skilled in logic as well as ethics, of which last he was a professor—

an unworthy professor, he would have been the first in any company to admit, yet still a certificated professor. The lady's boots had thick soles. He could not see her face for the newspaper; but he believed the thick soles indicated a person of some age. Therefore——

His process of thought was instinctive, and of course rapid. And so the door banged, the train moved, and Ellon prepared to calm himself.

Good heavens! what would Haslett have said if he had had to wire that he had missed the train and could not be at the wedding in time? Ellon did not know much about weddings in the concrete. He had a vague and preposterous notion that the best-man was as essential to the ceremony as the bride. And Haslett had made such a point (such a gracious and friendly point!) of his support at the altar. The marriage would no doubt have been postponed; that little rift might even have led to its definite interruption; and hence he, Ellon Brayne, might have wrecked the happiness of two estimable human beings. There were other contingencies.

But the lady was now looking at him, and smiling, with such an alluring light in her dark eyes.

Ellon's eyebrows twitched as he hastily removed his spectacles to rub them. Was she so young as he now dimly fancied? His agitation and the heat had dulled his glasses.

'Professor Brayne, I think? May I say "Good-morning" to you, Professor?'

What a sweet voice! Familiar, too, like other melodious memories.

'How do you do?' he said at a venture, and having said the words, it all came back to him. Those numerous, almost baffling, cross-examinations on ethical subjects with which that pert young student, Miss Cust, had worried him after the lectures! A charming girl, viewed pictorially, but impudent to a degree—and—er—not illogical for a woman, all things considered. It was three years since he had had to lecture, in a sort of fear and trembling, beneath the gaze of her laughing, black eyes.

'*Is it* Miss Cust?' he asked.

'Yes. How nice of you to remember me! I'm going to Marjorie's wedding—like yourself. She said we might meet.'

'Really! That is, of course. How stupid of me not to remember that you were at Girton together! This is a—a great pleasure, Miss Cust.'

The girl coughed. He knew that cough; it had the old mischievous note of scepticism or inquiry, for inquiry's, not truth's, sake. She had generally prefaced her 'I beg your pardon, Professor, but'—— with just that dry, not unmusical little noise. And the other students generally rustled and began to smile when the cough sounded.

'Are you sure, Professor?' Miss Cust asked.

He recognised, too, that almost testy feeling which the girl's voice excited in him.

'Of course I am sure,' he replied. 'Why should it not be a pleasure? Your—education is, I presume, what is called finished?'

'Yes, thank goodness.'

'I referred to your scholastic education, Miss Cust,' he hastened to add, smiling in answer to her smile, which was singularly engaging and assured. But then she was not a girl to lack self-assurance in any situation. So he believed.

'Not my *ethical* education, Professor?' she suggested.

'Whose ethical education, my dear Miss Cust, *can* be said to be finished until his life's course itself is at an end?'

The girl rubbed her hands.

'Mayn't you say the same of the education scholastic?' she inquired. 'I imagine the field of human knowledge is infinite, whereas you must admit that you yourself are by no means infinite, either in extension, endurance, or—please excuse me—intellect.'

The Professor pulled out his watch and looked at it closely. It was extraordinary. This young lady had not changed a jot since those exasperating lecture-days. She was handsomer, to be sure; but he referred to her mind. There had been times, in those earlier days, when he had almost longed to box her ears. Even then he had noticed that her ears were singularly pretty ears, but none the less they deserved to be boxed. Further, had he dared, he would have invited her, on several occasions, to stay behind and give him the advantage of a few private words with her. Alone, of course, he would have been more than a match for her in dialectics; he might have humiliated her to the dust, or thereabouts. But a sense of chivalry (was it?) had held him in check in this matter. He had, in fact, never gone beyond a somewhat severe glance at her at the conclusion of the lecture—a glance meant to proclaim to her that if he would he could, but that, in consideration of her extreme youth, ignorance, and feminine frailty, he would spare her.

'We shall not have a very large margin of time on our hands for this—er—ceremony, I'm afraid,' he murmured.

'No, Professor; but you are shirking the difficulty. It shows that you too are deficient. I'm awfully glad, for I was beginning to realise once more my worm-like inadequacies.'

'Your what?'

Ellon bubbled into one of those gay, effervescent laughs of his which now and then broke through the rather solid crust of his mind.

'My worm-like inadequacies. I repeat it. You'—— She stooped and shrugged. 'I was going to be *so* rude,' she added in a voice chastened apparently by respectful awe. 'But I am dreadfully impulsive still, in spite of my altered circumstances; and, moreover, I don't believe I ought to mind if I am. Impulse is of nature, isn't it? We are natural entities. *Ergo* (and please to mark the *ergo*, whereby), to be impulsive is to act in strict

accordance with our nature, which must be the only right.'

The Professor gasped and fidgeted, then protested.

'But, my dear young lady, there is such a thing as civilisation and its ordinances—its silken restraints on the individual for the sake of the majority.'

'Then civilisation is slavery.'

'Miss Cust, you amuse me extremely. Of course civilisation in *that* sense *is* slavery—for the individual on behalf of the majority.'

'And you, Professor, continue to divert me, as in the old days. Doesn't your majority itself consist of individuals? If all these poor individuals are also, as they necessarily are, in bondage to your nice silken restraints, then is the slavery universal.'

'Well, and what then?'

'Oh, nothing; only it would be insufferable, and we shouldn't bear it; and seeing that we do bear it, it can't be, and therefore it isn't. Q.E.D., you know.'

The Professor was much moved. He turned to the window and then back towards his companion. He drew out his handkerchief.

'I am glad we are alone,' he said. His voice was tremulous. And yet he seemed to smile.

'Why?'

'Because I should not have liked any one else to hear your arguments, Miss Cust. I have known you long enough to make allowances. I forgave you much in the past. The quality of mercy in me, towards you, has not, I find, diminished with the years.'

'I knew it wouldn't be, Professor, directly I saw you at the carriage window. I wonder if Marjorie is going to be happy.'

'Oh, the feminine mind!' sighed Ellon softly to himself. But he endeavoured to accommodate himself to it cheerfully nevertheless.

'I scarcely remember Miss Wincombe well enough to venture an opinion,' he said. 'Tom Haslett is a capital fellow, however.'

'You mean he will make every reasonable excuse for her shortcomings!'

'Quite so. That is, no. I did not mean that at all, in *your* sense, Miss Cust. Why *will* you distort my inferences? It must be ingrained in you, I think. I'm sure no man ever felt better disposed to one of his pupils than I to you, and yet—how aggravating you often were!'

The Professor had slipped his self-control for once. He reddened in the heat of his words. But he ended with a smile.

Miss Cust, however, did not smile. Her dark eyes had a beautiful light in them, part pensive, part triumphant.

'You were,' she said gently, 'always very kind. I used to ask myself sometimes whether kindness or learning was your stronger characteristic—in those jaded hours, you know, Professor, just at bedtime, when the brain refuses to occupy itself with the more confounding problems of life.'

The Professor smiled on—a fixed smile—as he gazed at the girl. She was beautiful. Yes, he had realised in the past that she had a kittenish charm. Her very exasperations were little worse than the pricks and scratches of a kitten's claws, tiresome at the time, but not to be met with fire and the sword. It was always a pleasure to contemplate her during the soothing calm of an examination, when it were a sin against the statutes for any girl to open her mouth frivolously. Silent, she never failed to please him. And now she was beautiful, undeniably beautiful, with a beauty that challenged criticism successfully. Even the audacity of her black eyes was good to see. It was so thoroughly in keeping with the irresponsible audacity of her tongue.

And then it flashed to him to hope, with more than a touch of pathetic doubt, that the hard discipline of life might not be permitted to put out the lamp of her bright eyes and curious intellect. He, Ellon, had not known many trials, speaking comparatively; but even he had passed under the harrow. And he had acquaintances whom this ordeal had seared and torn, even mutilated, so that afterwards they were scarcely recognisable.

'I—didn't mean to be rude then either,' the girl murmured, as if forced to speak by Ellon's steady perusal of her. 'I meant that it was a relief after work to think of the pleasant incidents of the day.'

She blushed faintly, and frowned as if she realised the blush and abominated it.

'Thank you,' said Ellon. 'That is very graciously put. But will you think *me* rude if I ask you a personal question?'

'I don't know, Professor. It depends.'

'Oh, it is not very personal. At least, I believe there might be others much more intimately so as concerning yourself. By the way, you—are not married?'

'Well, Professor! How immeasurably stupid! Don't you know that I am one of Marjorie's bride's-maids?'

'I did not know it. I beg your pardon. She is enviably fortunate, I imagine, if a bride *may* be congratulated on such secondary adjuncts in so important a function. Thank you. My original question was far less personal. You mentioned your altered circumstances just now. Would it be impertinent to ask what you meant by the words?'

She looked at him keenly. There were little furrows on his brow which had not been there a minute ago.

'One does not like,' she said slowly, 'to talk of one's—lapses from the conventional.'

'I'm afraid I do not understand.'

Yes, she was sure of it. Those furrows indicated a certain unselfish concern in him.

'Professor,' she said, with a saddened smile, 'I suppose you are pretty much like the rest of the world, and will reconsider your estimate of me when you know the truth. Since my poor father died I have had pecuniary troubles. Ah well! it's an

old story, and *I'm* not going to sit down and cry about the hardships of poverty. On the contrary, I believe they are bracing. I—am beginning to be an actress.'

She did not make this confession with any great alacrity. Indeed, she seemed just a little ashamed; dubious, also, of its effect on him.

Ellon nodded two or three times, and the furrows deepened plainly in his forehead.

'You've heard of such persons as scoundrelly lawyers and unfortunate investors, Professor?'

'Alas! yes.'

The Professor sighed like an old, careworn man, and yet he was only forty-three. Much learning had aged his mind, but left his heart as impressionable as ever.

'Would you mind telling me the details?' he asked very tenderly. 'I have known parallel cases, and it hurts me to think that you, of all people, should suffer like this. And an actress!'

'Oh, but I'm quite new on the boards. Please remember that. I'm nothing in the least like a *star*, for instance. I haven't been required even to make up yet—powders, paints, and so on, you know. My complexion is genuine, Professor. Please do me the justice to believe that; though how it may be ten, fifteen, or twenty years hence is more than I can say.'

'Miss Cust,' said Ellon, 'you are a very brave girl, and always will be. And a good girl, too, if I may venture to say so. Do tell me about it.'

'Well, I will.'

Her eyes sparkled their appreciation of his fatherly praise. She folded her hands with a certain demureness and soon engrossed him.

'If you don't mind,' she said, 'I'd prefer to tell you the story impersonally—that is, as if it were some one else. "Once upon a time there was a spoiled young woman who"—and that sort of way. Shall you mind?'

'Why should I mind, Miss Cust?' he asked in surprise. 'I really am more concerned than you may feel inclined to believe.'

'All right, then.'

The girl was not unpractised as a story-teller. She had great resource, too, in gesture and other embellishments. Her little shrugs of resignation as she dwelt upon the villainy of the plausible solicitor were to Ellon especially touching. Sundry commonplace phrases, borrowed from the Stoics and insinuated about her climaxes, shone in the narrative like diamonds in a dark room. These, too, were so very instructive of her courageous young soul; and her conclusion swept away all Ellon's lingering doubts as to the excellence of her character.

'I'm rather sick of this demonstration, Professor,' she said, 'and so we'll make an end of our tormented damsel. She has no intention of bowing down to the world and inviting rich brutes to tread on her. She means to hold her head high, right on until Mr Charon stops his little boat at her bedside and whispers, "Now, my dear, it's *your* trip this time."'

Throughout the story the Professor's attention was of the keenest. He didn't trouble about the two stations they stopped at. Was it likely when he had such a noble pair of lucent black eyes to absorb him, their nobility intensified with each stage of the sordid little story itself?

They were sitting opposite each other. Now, involuntarily almost, he offered the girl his hand.

'My dear child,' he said, 'you are the best tonic I have seen or heard of for many and many a day. Heaven keep you in that strenuous and exhilarating frame of mind! But—are you sure that I cannot help you with something more material than advice? I have a few thousand pounds, and with your intellectual attainments, you might, as a writer—— Candidly, if you would let me, I should be proud to do it. More than proud; grateful to you, my dear Miss Cust.'

Her dark eyes widened as she looked at him, and her lips trembled slightly. She gave him her hand.

'Thank you,' she said. 'It's just the unpractical, impossible proposition one would expect from you. But please forgive me if I suggest, dear Professor, that it's shocking bad ethics.'

'Bad ethics?' said he, smiling and patting her hand. 'I really don't care if it is.'

'But I do. At least I ought, which is, of course, quite the same thing. But surely'—— She appealed to her watch. 'Professor,' she cried suddenly, '*do* you know what has happened? We have gone through the junction. *Now*, what's to be done? Marjorie will never forgive me.'

Ellon's own watch confirmed the fact. The stoppage of the train at Blackvalley, seven miles beyond their terminus, completed their discomfiture.

'It is my fault,' said Ellon. 'I take the entire blame for the misfortune. We will wire to the Vicarage at once.'

They were on the platform of the little station, Miss Cust half inclined to laugh in the midst of her annoyance.

'Perhaps,' she said, 'a conveyance is to be had. We still have forty minutes, and, I suppose, about eight miles to go.'

With the aid of the stationmaster, a trap was procured at the Railway Inn—a trap and a long-legged horse, but no man. The inn landlord was quite content to trust the vehicle to the Professor and Miss Cust when he knew the circumstances of their need. He was acquainted with the vicar of Batcham, Marjorie's father.

'It would never do for you to be late,' he said; 'but the hack's a good one, can do his twelve miles in sixty-five minutes, and so you mayn't be much out of it.'

'But we don't know the road,' Ellon demurred.

'You can't miss that. Keep straight on with the telegraph posts until you come to the church. They've "welcome" arches and flags up, I'm told.

Let me help you, miss; and I'll be round there myself in the evening to fetch the cart back.'

In five minutes they were stepping along the white road in style, Ellon's glasses fixed towards the hack's head anxiously, his face very pale.

But ere they had gone a mile Miss Cust whispered, 'Let *me* take them;' and, with a masterfulness about which the Professor mused for the next five minutes, she relieved him of the reins, and immediately put thirty per cent. more pace on the horse's movement.

'I'm used to it. You—excuse me—evidently are not,' she said.

She was not at all frivolous at the time; but by-and-by, when field-gates and copses were being passed with encouraging rapidity, and the hack showed no tricks, she gave him a dimpled smile which recalled to Ellon the conversation and its emotions of a little while ago. He clasped his hands nervously.

'Equine ethics *are* in my line, you see,' she said. 'We sha'n't be disgraced, I think. My dress is all ready at the Vicarage, and I'm a quick-change person.'

'Ah!'

Ellon was chilled instantly. The thought of this mettlesome, lovely girl under the harrow of the temptations and hardships of the life theatrical was bitter to him, and worse.

'We cannot do more than our best,' he said, 'to remedy a wrong. You drive splendidly; you do indeed. But to recur to that other matter. Why should I not be allowed to help you, Miss Cust? No one need know; and I feel such confidence in your abilities and independence of character that I could regard the advance as an investment, if you would prefer that.'

'Professor,' said the girl—she had just touched the horse rather smartly—'have *you* ever had coals of fire heaped on your head?'

'Coals of fire? No. The adventure wouldn't attract me a bit, either. What a curiously irrelevant question!'

'Not so very. I'll tell you. Marjorie wrote to me last night. "My dear Dorothy," she said'——

'Dorothy!' exclaimed Ellon. 'I beg your pardon, Miss Cust,' he added quickly, blushing; 'I used the word as Echo himself might have used it. I did not know your name.'

'Didn't you? It's rather too round a name for me. I'm all angles and points. You expect a Dolly to be a smug, smirking, good-tempered, easy-going little darling. At least I should if I were a man. Araminta, Evangeline, or Antoinette would fit me better. But, as I was saying, Marjorie wrote to say I was to keep a look out for you, and see that you didn't do something exquisitely absent-minded, and thereby imperil the wedding; and only think how badly I fulfilled my duty. And now you want to be good Samaritan to me. I am very, very grateful. Please believe that.'

'You make me ashamed of my easy circumstances,' said Ellon impetuously.

'That,' said Miss Cust on the instant, 'is a confession of character which few men could own up to, in my opinion.—Come! step out, my lad.'

She hummed a tune. To Ellon she was more beautiful and impressive every time he glanced at her. He did not care to analyse her last words to get at their full value. She was more absorbing than anything she might say.

(*To be continued.*)

A TRAGEDY OF THE HIMALAYAS, AND THE NEMESIS.

By Lieutenant-Colonel P. R. BAIRNSFATHER.

Of all lands where the inhabitants are reckoned as not fully civilised, Kashmir and the outer Himalayas generally are the least dangerous for a white man to travel in. The people are for the most part of a most peaceable nature, and no one thinks of carrying arms of defence or of offence, except for sporting purposes. The murder of a European is almost unknown, and, as far as my memory serves, there have only been two in what may be called recent years. Nor did either of these occur in the more frequented parts, or outer Himalayas. One was that of a Mr Hayward, who, in the interests of geographical research, attempted to penetrate to the Pamir country by way of Gilgit in 1873 or thereabouts. He was done to death in very cold blood in Yassin, a district where the people were well known to be by no means peace-loving, a fact of which the intrepid Hayward was no doubt well aware. The other is the tragedy of which I shall here give some account—a peculiarly treacherous and seemingly motiveless crime.

About the time of Hayward's death, a Scottish merchant-sailor named Dalgleish, having come by a little money, left his ship at some Indian port and made his way to Kashmir, a spirit of adventure and the national instinct to lay out his talents to best profit prompting. He started first in the employ of an English trader already established there, for whom he acted as traveller to Yarkand and other countries to the north of Kashmir. Quickly gaining experience, he soon commenced business on his own account, and thereafter acquired a well-deserved reputation for adventurous and successful pioneering through the whole of Central Asia.

Indeed, his position was unique, no other European having ventured on such a line of business. Year after year he would start with his caravan of ponies or mules, he the only white man; in his journeys, besides visiting the marts of Yarkand and Kashgar, penetrating to many places hitherto unknown to Europeans, and where there was by no means any certainty of finding a peaceful welcome from the inhabitants. All accounts show him to have been not only a bold adventurer and honourable trader, but the most kindly and sympathetic of men, and especially so towards the natives. Personally I had only small acquaintance with him, but what I saw strongly impressed me also in this light. He struck me as being a man without guile, one of nature's gentlemen, simple and unsuspicious; one of those men who, without show or pretence, carry and spread many Christian principles among men of other religions, compelling their respect and their love. And I have it from the surest source —the man who compassed the retribution for his foul murder, and a friend of the murdered man —that 'it was simply marvellous how beloved and respected' poor Dalgleish was by all natives. Such was Dalgleish, a man of many friends, and one of whom it might well be supposed that he had not an enemy in the world.

The trading journeys went on for many years, no untoward event happening. The blow fell with the usual suddenness in the end. It was in 1888, and having started from Leh (in Ladak, or Kashmir-Tibet) with a caravan, Dalgleish had reached the far side of the high Karakoram Pass, and camped there. Here he was overtaken by one Dad Mohammed, a Pathan of the Kakur tribe, also a trader, and probably doing similar business. Dalgleish was only slightly acquainted with this man, but had met him some days previously in Leh. There is no hint in the story of any quarrel, none even of any money or business transactions, which might afford a clue to the motive of the crime that was to be committed. But in truth a Pathan or an Afghan requires small motive for any crime, and has the smallest regard for human life. Jealousy or a fancied slight is quite sufficient, and he will even commit murder with a light heart, if by so doing he may get some enemy into trouble by casting suspicion on him. But, on the other hand, a guest is universally held to be inviolable. The narrative runs that on Dad Mohammed's arrival Dalgleish went out to meet him, and in his kindly way helped him to select a convenient spot for his camp. Dad Mohammed afterwards asked Dalgleish to his tent and offered him tea. This was declined, Dalgleish having just had his; but to avoid any sign of discourtesy he said he would break bread. The conversation then turned on Dad Mohammed's affairs, which were not prosperous, and Dalgleish, from his experience, advised him to the best of his ability. Dad Mohammed shortly went out of the tent, excusing himself and saying he would be back immediately. Having quickly procured a rifle from another tent, the treacherous wretch then deliberately shot his unsuspecting guest at closest range, placing the muzzle to the canvas of the tent on the outside. The bullet penetrated the right shoulder, but was not at once fatal. The stricken man staggered out and tried to reach his own tent, where he had arms of some sort, though he seldom looked at them. But he was at once cut down, the terrible Afghan knife no doubt being the weapon used. None of his followers, all probably unarmed, had the courage to face the furious murderer—none but his dog, who with blind faithfulness flew at the slashing monster and fastened on his leg. No doubt this one true friend also paid the death-penalty by rifle or knife, but of this I was never told—a pathetic incident, and the only bright spot in the ruthless tragedy.

These are the bald facts. But from other experiences it would not be difficult for me to imagine the more dramatic elements of the various scenes. The villain in the caravansera at Leh, brooding over his misfortunes, and in his heart, or perhaps in whispers to some confidant, cursing the successful *faranghi*, and darkly hinting that he would be well out of the way. Then a thought, not yet a resolve, which he would keep to himself. The subsequent arrival at the Pass, and the suave '*Salam alaikum*' in response to Dalgleish's '*Khush amadi*' ('Welcome'). To the proposals of the latter in regard to a suitable spot to camp, the reply, we may imagine, would be, 'The *faranghi* is too good to trouble; the place is most excellent, quite good enough for me and my purposes.' Then in the tent: 'The advice is no doubt good; who such good traders as the white men, and who so good as the *faranghi* at giving advice? Have I now permission to go and fetch something? I return at once.' All quiet and coldly deliberate up to now. Then the shot, and the scene at once changes to a pandemonium of sound: native followers yelling and gesticulating in excitement and terror, one side hounding on and extolling the murderer, the other cursing him or praying with loud and fear-stricken voices. Above all, the savage outbursts of Dad Mohammed himself, now uncontrollable with passion and brandishing his gleaming knife. 'Ya, *Allah il Allah!* die dog, and may you go—— Aho, you accursed hound! die you too, then; go keep your master company in the *jehanum* of all dogs.' Then waving the dripping blade, 'Come on, you slaves, all dogs and sons of dogs, you that served a pig like him. Come on if you too wish to follow him.' But not one dare accept the challenge. Dogs indeed, but not of the stamp of the faithful animal who had gone to his death in defence of his master. Craven curs rather, ungrateful and with thoughts for self only.

So Dad Mohammed was free to proceed on his way, congratulating himself on the easy accomplishment of his purpose, and with no shadow of remorse in his heart. For, as it afterwards transpired, he

was no novice in such crimes, and had been suspected of more than one previous murder.

Now, the Indian Government repudiates all responsibility for or protection of unofficial adventurers beyond Indian jurisdiction, such as Dalgleish. It is, therefore, a striking proof of his widespread fair fame and the esteem in which he was held that an exception should be made in his case. It was determined to take the matter up, and fortunately the man for the purpose was on the spot and ready; one who had already some experience of travel in the regions in question, and who was yet to carry through a journey of exploration from Kashmir to China, justly considered one of the most adventurous and successful on record for this part of the world. His task on the present occasion was not an easy one, for the murderer had practically the whole of Asia in which to conceal himself, and as soon as he realised that he was followed, would use every artifice, and shrink from no violence, to ensure escape. The countries to be searched had, for the most part, no Government which might be called responsible; though actually appanages of China, their rule and law administration is of the perfunctory sort, and little help was to be looked for from those in so-called authority. Indeed, the murder was reported at Kashgar by some of Dalgleish's followers, but the Chinese declined to take any steps or any trouble. So it was clearly no case for ordinary police methods. Some quite other arrangements had to be thought out, and the plan resolved on was not only judicious but highly artful, and wholly Eastern in conception. This was to enlist the services of certain men, all of whom were either personal enemies of Dad Mohammed or enemies of his tribe. These were to be sent in pairs by separate routes, the organiser and head of the enterprise himself taking some central direction, arrangements being made for meeting or communication at intervals. No better combination for the purpose could have been devised—the leader another Scotsman, and a former friend of poor Dalgleish; his assistants all Mohammedans, men with a thorough knowledge of life in the lands to be traversed, friends also, most of them, of the murdered man, and inspired by hatred of the murderer. Stimulated by this hatred, and also by hopes of reward, eagerly would they swear, on the Koran no doubt, to do all in their power to carry out Bower Sahib's plans and orders, to bring the foul murderer of a guest to the gallows, if that might be, or hunt him over the edge of the world—the cursed miscreant without faith!

It was a long chase, and lasted many months. Yarkand and Kashgar were searched in vain, but available information here pointed east. So now the route lay along the north of the great Mongolian or Gobi desert. The scent took them some hundreds of miles on this line, but then certain information came that the quarry had doubled back and eluded them. Another change of plan, and yet another, many reports proving false, and causing long delays and longer journeys. But at last two of the scouts were on the right track, and it was in far Samarkand, in Russian territory, that the evil-doer was at last brought to bay. He was recognised in the bazaar—I had the story from one of these men; and while one watched and dogged him, the other went straight to the Russian Governor. On the strength of Bower's credential letters, the latter acted promptly; some soldiers were at once sent, and the man was arrested. But adequate proofs of identity were required. The prisoner was, of course, disguised, denied the crime, and denied that he was Dad Mohammed at all; brought witnesses who swore that this was So-and-so, that they too knew Dad Mohammed, who was quite a different-looking man, as all men knew. But our pair were not to be browbeat or defeated. They pointed out this and that unmistakable mark, showed how they had followed the trail from clear evidence of others who knew and believed, confused prisoner and witnesses by pertinent cross-questions, and, in short, soon so convinced the examining authority that the culprit was remanded to jail, and, informed that he would be handed over to the Indian Government. He brazened it out to the end, declaring his innocence and demanding justice. But next morning he was found hanging by the neck from a beam in his cell, the rope used being the string of his own pyjamas—a sufficiently dramatic ending. Although he thus defeated the full plans of his captors, and escaped public execution, they at least had not left their oath unfulfilled. They had driven Dad Mohammed over the edge of the world.

One would like to think that it was the mark of the teeth of poor Dalgleish's faithful dog which, in the end, served to identify the murderer. And perhaps it was. A native is not a sentimentalist, and this might easily have been omitted in the story told me by the intrepid Shumsud-din.

THE BIRTH OF THE SURF WAVE, HONOLULU.

The Whither, the Whence, the Wherefore,
Peradventure the winds will name;
By the hand of Him who sent me
To the coral-reef I came.
In, from out of the dawning,
Where the Past and the Future lie,
And the doughty deep is soothed to sleep
By a softly blushing sky.

When I broke on the sounding coral,
I awoke to the light of day;
And the tears that I could not master
Were shed in the golden spray.
Born to sunlit sorrow,
Begotten yet once again!
And the soul laid bare give utterance there
To its mingled joy and pain.

C. J. L. G.

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THE DOMESTIC TYRANT.

AMONG the many topics which in these days are stirring the nation's heart, none is more vital than that of our domestic service, because none touches us so closely. Before adding to the long list of writers on this all-important subject, I desire at the very outset to pay the highest possible tribute to the noble army of loyal, true servants, past and present—the old nurse into whose bosom we poured our childish griefs, the faithful cook, the maid who nursed us so tenderly when we were sick—whose names became household words in the families they served. Neither the title of this article nor my remarks in any way apply to them. Nor do they apply to the households where the comfort of the maids is neglected, their health uncared for, and they themselves treated as mere machines, cast aside when of no further use. I am writing of the ordinary good place and the ordinary twentieth-century servant.

Some people write so bitterly that they seem to wish the old reign of fear to return, when a mistress had only to command to be obeyed, or her ready hand enforced her order; a time when the master addressed his men as 'varlet' or 'knave'—those 'good old days,' in fact, when public opinion and public law were all in favour of the rich and powerful, and the weak groaned under hopeless tyranny.

Other articles go to the opposite extreme. They suggest that humiliating concessions be made by the mistress in order to secure the services of the domestic tyrant who now rules our homes. In writing to her she is to be addressed as 'My dear So-and-So;' her hours of labour are to be so limited and her hours of recreation so increased that two servants would be needed where one now does the work. In wealthy households this might be possible; but in the average home, with an ordinary income, it would be unworkable.

Others again tell us that we must import foreigners to do our work, and now many of our houses are run by German, Swiss, French, or Norwegian servants. Sometimes they prove satisfactory; but unless the whole staff is of the same nationality it rarely succeeds. I heard of a household recently which was on the point of mutiny because there were French maids and a French cook, German waiters, and Swiss, all residing under the same roof. Many of my friends have tried the German boy, and he has not been a great success. He comes, as a rule, with one idea firmly fixed in his head—namely, to learn English, and thereafter to return as soon as possible to the Fatherland. When he arrives he is quite ignorant of the nice ways of an English household, he is very careless with glass and china, and his whole vocabulary is 'Yes' and 'No.' It is not easy to teach a lad who cannot understand a word you say, unless you are yourself a German scholar. His personal habits are not very desirable; and, as we know nothing of his antecedents, it is quite possible to get a dishonest youth into the household. Besides this, nine out of every ten of these German lads do not want to be servants at all, but only come to learn English, and the moment they know enough they go back to Germany and get posts as clerks in offices and shops.

This is not the trouble, however, with Swiss and Norwegian maid-servants; home-sickness is their special affliction. They are often excellent servants, but they are lonely in a strange land, and they weep in secret, and get sad-eyed and melancholy, and tell us, just when we think everything is going well, that they can stand it no longer; their fellow-servants do not understand them, our ways are all so different, and they must go home. Orientals make splendid servants in their own countries; and now and then one who has become deeply attached to a family will wander to England, brave the cold of our climate, and sleep on the mat at the master's door; but their lives here are short, and our winters often prove too much for the faithful ayah or khitmutgar.

If, then, the foreigner is not to be our stand-by for domestic service, where shall we turn? Ask any teacher in our large Board schools, and she will tell you that hardly one out of fifty of the girls is going

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into service when she leaves school. She will become a clerk in a telephone or telegraph office, a teacher, a typewriter, or a shop-girl, but not a servant. 'Oh no; she wants her freedom, and her evenings to herself.' The result is that fewer and fewer of the better class of superior girls go into service, and gradually we have to draw upon the lower stratum of society for our servant-girls. It is well, perhaps, for our peace of mind that we do not know the kind of homes from which many of our maids come. We often wonder at their hopeless ignorance and dirty, careless ways; but we should wonder less if we knew of the slums in which many of them are reared, and the absence of moral training. And we pay these girls large wages to break our valuable glass and china, to twist and dint our silver, to blacken all our pretty white paint and dainty covers and cushions with large, smutty finger-marks, and gradually wreck our tempers and our homes. When the cook is at fault, then our digestions are ruined by badly prepared food and dirty pans, and the hopeless discomfort of a whole household which comes from a badly ordered kitchen.

And the poor mistress seems to have no redress. Twenty ladies will battle for your cook if she is a good one and is leaving you, while the domestic tyrant sits in the dining-room receiving one lady after another till she has made her selection. I know of a case of this kind in Edinburgh; and the lady wondered why so many carriages were stopping at her door, till she remembered that her cook had put an advertisement in the *Scotsman* of that day. I could give many instances where servants, after staying a day or two (or even a few hours) in a place, have walked out and never returned, and only by a long and expensive legal process could they be traced and punished.

Besides the desire for freedom on the part of our young girls, they consider they 'go down' in the social scale if they enter service, and that they cannot make as good a marriage as the shop or telephone girl. The outlook, therefore, is most gloomy for the future if we are to depend on the usual class for our domestic servants. The daughters of our small farmers, small tradesmen, gamekeepers, gardeners, and coachmen supply our best class now; but they are few in number, and can never fully meet the increase in our population and the consequent increase of our households.

The problem has become too great for many people, and homes are being broken up all over the country, and people going into rooms and hotels, to escape the misery inflicted by the tyranny of their servants.

It has been said by many that we must change our way of living, so as to let servants have more freedom, and so make domestic service more popular; or we must have public kitchens, and do our own housework with the help of a girl coming in for an hour or two each day. No doubt this latter plan has been tried in small houses; but public kitchens could only succeed in large towns, and do not touch the problem of the country at large.

The answer to the suggestion of a more simple way of living is the fact that people never lived in such a luxurious way as at the present time, and they will, I fear, demand all these comforts and luxuries more, and not less, as the years go on. Thus, while the demand for the dainty and the beautiful increases in our homes in every department, does the quality of the service to administer it decrease year by year; and the mistress, if she would have things as she wishes them, is often the hardest worker in the house, while she struggles with her incompetent, hopeless servants, doing all the higher and daintier work herself, and thus leaving no time for the music, painting, and reading which formerly were such a pleasure and satisfied her intellectual needs.

Now, bear with me while I suggest what seems to me the only remedy for this unhappy state of things. If comfort is to reign in our homes again, it must come by raising the standard of domestic service.

Many of my readers will remember the days of Mrs Gamp, so cleverly depicted by Dickens: the nurse who sat, dirty, ignorant, and usually half-intoxicated, at the fireside; the guttering candle; the poor invalid moaning untended on her bed. In an earlier time still, when smallpox or cholera invaded a house, the patient was simply left to die untended, uncared for. Well, we have changed all this, and how? Simply because our educated women have come forward, gone through all the hardships of the hospital curriculum, taken the most menial tasks, and finally earned their certificates and gone forth trained and equipped to nurse those upon whom God has laid His hand in sickness. Possibly, in the first instance, it was done from pure love of humanity, but now it has become a profession; and any woman, in any station, desiring to be a nurse must go through the appointed training before she is qualified and can take her proper place.

The same spirit has banished the dame schools of fifty years ago, and with them the ignorant 'poor things' who became governesses because there was no other 'genteel' opening for them. They have all vanished before the properly trained, certificated teacher of the present day. It is a hopeful feature of our times that so many parents are sending their girls to the Domestic Economy Schools to learn cooking, washing, and ironing, and every form of housework, so that they may take their certificates in these branches. Girls who have once gone through this course will, at any rate, no longer despise 'the common round, the daily task.' But it is on a large and co-operative scale all over the land that this principle must be applied to domestic service if it is to be raised to a profession.

Let me say at once that, so far, the attempts of ladies as domestic servants, either as lady-help, mother's help, or as cook or housemaid, have, with few exceptions, been a failure. It could scarcely be otherwise. A harassed and distracted mistress called

in the services of a lady-help. She was probably only half-trained, and was expected to produce order out of chaos, to instruct the servants on matters of which she herself was probably ignorant, and was therefore treated by them with unmitigated contempt; her position was undefined, and she was miserable and unhappy. If she came as cook or housemaid she was condemned to mingle in daily intercourse with the servants, and just because she was a lady they hated her and rendered her life unbearable.

The association of ladies and servants working side by side in the same household can never succeed; but where the whole house is worked by ladies as servants, the experiment has proved an unqualified success.

At the present time the Arachne Club in London is doing splendid work. It is a ladies' club, and every servant in it is a lady. 'It has as its aim the raising of domestic work to the rank of a profession for ladies; to this end the working staff of the club is composed entirely of ladies, and a limited number of working students are taken under the staff.' In the training department the length of time needed varies according to the subject: house or parlour maids, six to eight weeks; cooks, three to six months; housekeepers, nine months. The training is carried on by a competent staff, and each student, in addition to her certificate, receives a report.

The premiums paid for resident students are: house or parlour maids, ten pounds ten shillings for eight weeks; cooks, plain, fifteen pounds fifteen shillings for three months; high-class cooks, twenty-five pounds for six months; housekeepers, thirty pounds for nine months.

To all holders of the club certificate work is guaranteed, the rate of wages being as follows:

House-maids and parlour-maids, twenty to thirty pounds; under-housemaids, sixteen to twenty pounds; house-parlour maids, twenty to thirty-five pounds; cooks, twenty to forty-five pounds; kitchen-maids, sixteen to twenty-five pounds; maids, twenty pounds and upwards; cook-housekeepers and housekeepers, forty to sixty-five pounds.

Then there is the Guild of the Dames of the Household in Cheltenham. It is a training college for ladies preparing for domestic service, and is managed by a large committee and an excellent honorary president in Miss Nixon. They do not require to pay a premium in this guild, and the students do the entire work of the household as well as the special branches for which they are training. The charge per week for board, lodging, and training is twelve shillings to fifteen shillings. They receive the title of Dames of the Kitchen, Parlour Dames, Nursery Dames, &c. They wear a uniform and a badge. Certificates are given when the examination is successfully passed.

The Renovation Club in London gives work to many ladies in the West End. They arrange flowers, clean lamps, act as packers, hairdressers, &c., their home being in the club itself.

It will be seen, therefore, that the Arachne Club and Guild of Household Dames alone are sending forth annually a large number of trained and fully qualified lady-servants. Now every large town has its club for ladies, and these and kindred institutions, such as schools for domestic economy, might form centres for the training of ladies in household work. The scheme is, of course, a large one. Most of the ladies would have very small means at their disposal to pay fees, purchase uniforms, and maintain themselves during their training, and loan societies would require to be formed, from which they could borrow till they got into regular work and were enabled to repay the debt. Homes, also, would need to be established in every large town, where the ladies could live during their training. These should have a large dining-room, drawing-room, classroom, and small separate bedrooms. The ladies, under an efficient matron, should do the entire work of the home themselves, and the charges for board and lodging be made as moderate as possible. All classes should be thrown open to servants of every grade desiring to improve their knowledge in house-work, nursery-work, and cooking, and so enable them also to earn their certificates and give proof of their efficiency.

Why should any one despise domestic service? I can, for example, imagine few pleasanter lives for two sisters who are obliged by misfortune to earn their living than for one to act as cook, the other as house-parlour maid, in a quiet, refined household in some country place. They would have their own bedrooms, and every comfort provided; possibly their sitting-room or servants' hall, but always their bright kitchen, and a girl to come in daily to clean the steps and boots, run messages, and scrub the stone floors for them. When disaster overtakes a home and three or four sisters are left stranded, their first thought is, 'How can we maintain ourselves? What can we do?' If not outstandingly clever, it usually happens that they have never had any training for any special work. Now, for a very small sum, and in a short period, they might go into domestic service, and be associated in simple household duties with other ladies, and have a very happy time together. To a well-trained servant who works systematically there are many leisure hours, especially in the long winter evenings, when she could take up any congenial pursuit.

The mistress should allow each maid one hour every other day to take outdoor exercise at a time which suits the arrangements of the house, freedom to attend divine service on Sundays, half or whole days off, or week-ends, at the mistress's convenience, and a fortnight's holiday once a year.

The wearing of some kind of distinguishing dress is desirable as a protection to the lady-servant, but it should be provided by the girl herself, and always include a white cap and apron; for if a girl takes up this work she must do it thoroughly. There must be no 'poor thing' element in it, no rushing

to the piano when her mistress is out, no craving for theatres and balls. She must make up her mind from the first that if she is to be a servant, she will be a good and conscientious one and a credit to her profession. And she will have her reward. Some day she will become more than a servant in the household she serves so faithfully: she will be a friend, and the mistress will be free from the many cares which now weigh her down. And gradually the increased comfort will make itself felt, the whole standard of domestic service will be raised, and thousands of poor, worried mistresses will claim a share in the better order of things.

Is it too much to hope that ere long we shall cease to read those pitiful advertisements from ladies 'for any form of work, only for a home, without salary,' and that no longer will our bright girls fall to the level of the underpaid and underfed in our great cities, for our poorer sisters will have found their life-work at last.

THE AUTOCRAT.

CHAPTER V.

THE morning after their arrival found Rex astir early. He opened his eyes on a big, bare room with many doors, two of which looked, in opposite directions, to deep verandas; the croaking of crows in an overshadowing mango-tree had wakened him. He had been at Chescote in his dreams; here he drew the muggy breath of a tropical September day. It had rained in the night, but the morning sky was clear.

He swung his legs thoughtfully, sitting on the side of his bed, before he emerged from the mosquito bar. It was Kerisal at last, then! He recalled the flash of lanterns at landing, the heavy smell of wood smoke and sand and dank vegetation that greeted them, the soft sea-rain, the grunt of the coolies who bore them in queer, musty litters through the sandy alleys of Akasa. There had been little to see: a stagnant wharf, a twisting street of thatched and squalid houses, and the sallow face of his father looking from side to side at the furtive spectators in a peevish disgust. There was no ceremony of welcome *here*, unless the salaams and smiles of a handful of native officials could be counted a reception. The King of Kerisal came home in the dark, and his people peered at him out of doorways and round corners. Yes; and he had been guarded all the way from the quay to the high stockade of his own quarter by armed men—white men surely, and insolently aware of it. He and Spencer and Rex had supped, to the accompaniment of a vile sweet champagne, in another room as big and as bare as this, and there was a dim recollection of being escorted to bed under an umbrella and across soft, squelching turf. That, however, was already over and gone, and here was a cloudless morning.

Rex stood barefoot on the matted floor, his spirits rising at a view of sunshine. As he moved, a Kerisali valet rose from a squatting position beside the door and salaamed, uttering unintelligibilities. The two eyed each other, the one expectant, the other tongue-tied, until Rex began to laugh at the deadlock, and it occurred to him to look for an interpreter. The escort had not dissolved into thin air at daybreak; one of its units was lounging just outside the reed curtain, his chin atilt, his hands folded on his rifle, stolidly staring at the tree-top.

'Here, sentry, I say!' Rex exclaimed, swinging out to the veranda in some confusion; 'tell me what this fellow is trying to convey to me, will you, please? I don't know a word of the language.'

The man clicked to attention. He was slovenly turned out, his white gaiters sand-stained, his belt sagging, his collar unhooked; but he revealed an unmistakably Anglo-Saxon countenance, and that with alacrity.

'Yes, sir!—What is it, boy?—Wants to say your little breakfast is ready, sir; and will you have it on the veranda? Bath's ready too, sir, in the dressing-room.'

'Little breakfast? Oh yes; fruit and tea—I see. Yes, please; he can bring it to me here,' Rex said; and the servant vanished at a nod. The young man, cool and easy in his pyjamas, strolled out to the cane chair that had been set for him. He drew a long breath as he seated himself; he had looked for less than this, had underrated the glamour that the East throws over Western eyes by the magic of her colour and her sunlight.

He was looking from under the thatch of a pile-built bungalow into an enclosure of similar buildings that straggled away from the stockade at the Akasa side to a foreshore and the sparkle of blue water. It was close-pressed by the little town, if town the huddle of huts and crazy white houses could be called; but it was drawn apart inside its own boundaries, molested only by the native smell and the faint hum of life outside the palisade. It was, indeed, as little like a king's palace as might be, but it was notably a green retreat on the borders of barbarism. A hedge of bamboos hid the wall with a fine feathery effect; gaudy climbing plants decked the piles that raised the wooden buildings out of sand. A little guard-room, sturdy on stone foundations, stood at the gate, and there was an arms-rack in its shade. It was more than a peaceful settlement, then; it was a place capable of defence, perhaps built there so that it might coerce the market-places at will. The *Star of the East*, lying at anchor inside the curved arm of the

harbour, looked at a distance a passable gunboat. She was palpably the seaward defence of the enclosure.

Mangoes again, and a great group of plantains, hid the servants' quarters; nearer, turf had been assiduously cultivated, and coolies were tending it. Rex learned later that this grass, preserved throughout the hot season with infinite pains, was the pride of Spencer's heart; at the moment, Rex's English eyes passed it over for the bougainvillæa, the stephanotis, the many flaring shrubs that were dotted about it. The general effect was a little crude, a little too heavy with trees and overburdened with colour; but it was still and spacious, and it belonged to the ripe sunshine that invested it.

'By Jove, it's pretty!' Rex said thankfully, scooping out a custard apple.

'Yes, sir,' said the sentry, taking the remark as addressed to him. He shifted his rifle and appeared to consider the landscape.

Rex withdrew his attention from remoter objects to the speaker. He was a young man of about his own age, toughly made, crop-haired and ruddy, and distinctively out of place in a mongrel Zouave uniform very much the worse for wear.

'How did you'—— Rex said involuntarily, and bit the sentence in half.

The youth grinned. Reticence did not seem to be his peculiarity; he was quick enough to see the intention, and he was very far from resenting it.

'I'm one of the Foreign Legion; that's how I come to be here, sir. There's thirty of us, and mostly we police the palaces, and sometimes we do a bit for Mr Spencer. I was a driver in the Comm'ssariat at Woolwich for three years, and I didn't find work as easy to get as they said when I chucked it. I've been a fireman on a tramp since then, and a stevedore at Sydney, and now I'm here, raking in good dollars, saving what doesn't go on quinine. The lieutenant was glad to get me—Lieutenant Dietrich, that was a German mining-engineer, they say; we've all been something else, in lots of unlikely places. Some of us are Frenchies, and there's a good few Spaniards from the Philippines, and I'm blest if there isn't a Boer—decent chap he is, too, only dirty—and mostly we're here because we can't help it. That's how, sir.'

'And what do you do for Mr Spencer?'

'Odd jobs that he can't trust to the native police, sir, and sometimes a bit of scrapping with the jungle-wallahs. Only a week or two ago we lost a man in a row over a rice-field fourteen miles out. A detachment was sent out to dig it over, and the village it belonged to cut up rough, and the lieutenant he burnt it out, and ran the headman and his gang into Akasa jail.'

'Why did they want to dig in somebody else's field?' Rex said, interested.

The soldier shrugged his shoulders.

'I don't know, sir; it ain't any good to ask *me*,' he said. 'Mr Spencer gave orders, and the natives didn't like it and behaved ugly, and Boulanger got an arrow in his gizzard, and that's all I know, except that the natives are going to be sorry they kicked up any sort of a row. P'r'aps they were looking for a gold-mine.' There was sarcasm in his ready grin. 'Sight more fever than gold-dust in them paddy-fields,' he observed meditatively. 'Your boy wants to say the bath-water is getting cold, sir.'

Rex, with fresh material for reflection, went to his bath. As he splashed, and scrubbed, and clad himself in his trim Oxford flannels, he could see the spit and the lighthouse, and the shallows of the harbour, and a little forest of masts lacing the air in front of the wharfside sheds. Some fishing-boats, flat-bottomed, floated within the arm of the sandhills; but the little *Star*, for all her light draught, lay out a couple of hundred yards beyond them. Rex looked farther inland, between the thatches, and saw the mouth of a sluggish river emerging from a heavy growth, and good anchorage behind the sandy delta that blocked access to it.

'Dredging would open it, I dare say,' the young man meditated. He went to the door to take in the spread of the straggling village, lying in a half-moon, thatch and level roof intermingled, between the fresh water and the palisade. The glare dazzled him; he turned away to investigation of nearer things. Neither Spencer nor his father had sent word to him this morning, and perhaps their silence meant that he was to keep out of the way of busy men. He turned that over soberly, and shook his head, and came back to the sentry for further information.

'Where is the'—— again he tripped over his own words. 'Where does the king live?' It was the first time he had used the title, and he was angrily conscious that he blushed, and that its matter-of-fact acceptance relieved him.

'What they call the Middle Palace is where he lives when he's here, sir, I believe. I'm a stranger to 'm, you might say. There—that big, bulgy place with the lop-sided veranda. The smaller one alongside it is Mr Spencer's, and the straggly line of buildings close down to the water is the Queen's House, only there isn't any queen, and it's our barrack and the storehouses now.'

Rex thanked him.

'I'll get you to tell me some more presently. What is your name, by the way? Buck—Peter Buck? You're as good as a guide-book.'

He ran lightly down the steps. From the ground he could see under his domicile, below the floor of which a scraggy fowl, running through the sandy interspace, was trying to evade some crows' designs upon a titbit. They had ringed her refuge, and in the end they closed and outmanœuvred her. He stood with his hands in his pockets for a minute watching the comedy, and then he set off towards the Middle Palace.

He had made half-a-dozen strides when he heard footsteps behind him. He looked round,

and discovered the sentry plodding in the rear. Peter Buck answered the unsaid question rather sheepishly.

'Beg pardon, sir; but it's my orders.'

'Orders?'

'Yes, sir. Instructed to be respons'ble for the safety'——

Rex went on, slightly disconcerted. He was beginning to feel that he had left complete liberty somewhere not far from Singapore. He had, too, an irritating suspicion that Mr Buck was grinning at the small of his back. He passed Spencer's house, rounded a corner, and found himself on the threshold of wider events.

A meeting, or a court—at the second scrutiny he saw that it was the latter—was being held under a tree that shaded the west side of his father's house. Spencer and Mr Jenkins were there at a camp-table littered with papers, and a bevy of native officials stood about them. In front, a European sergeant was marshalling a knot of prisoners with the help of his Kerisali warders.

Rex heard Buck whistle and halt. He stopped, too, at the jingle of fetters, sound realised as poignantly as if he were not hearing it for the first time, in the middle of inapposite sunshine. The prisoners were, at a guess, the recalcitrant villagers of whom the soldier had chattered, and the powers of the land had just finished sitting in judgment upon them.

They were wiry, scantily clothed beings, sullen as trapped wolves, and as gingerly handled. Somebody's voice had been ringing as Rex came into view; but at the moment of his arrival a stupor seemed to have dropped upon the group. The king, leaning back in his chair, was throwing down a pen with the air of a man who dismisses a subject; Spencer was rubbing his fat chin, one elbow on the table. They were cool enough, openly indifferent; the native attitude was less unconcerned. One of the prisoners had strained forward, and a policeman was pulling him aside by his pinioned elbows; the others, oddly silent when their faces said so much, were falling back together. The warders closed up; the sergeant, with a violent return to articulation, rasped out an order, and the party swayed out of the shade into the sun. Mr Jenkins followed its movement, and his gaze fell on Rex.

He did not start; but he took on a sallower tinge, and he rose from his seat. The prisoners clanked away. Spencer drew his bulky form up, too, lazily, and saw what he saw, and seemed to waver between annoyance and a malicious amusement.

'Oh, there's our visitor!' he said, and his little green eyes twinkled. 'He has got up in time to see the High Court of Justice sitting, and that don't happen to everybody.' He waved his hand airily.—'Little trouble that wouldn't wait for settling, and his Majesty the Boss preferred to deal with it himself.'

'I think I understand,' Rex said, and faced his father.

They looked at each other, eye to eye. He understood, and Mr Jenkins knew that he understood; the question of how he came to the knowledge remained unspoken, and sank into unimportance. He had nothing but a sheaf of suppositions, full-grown upon the instant, to inform him—nothing but these and Buck's vague talk; but he knew beyond any power of evasion that this first act of a king returned to his own country was one not of mercy but of retaliation. The men whom he had seen had no hopes left to them, built upon no visions of liberty, however distant. They were active, quick-blooded creatures, primitive enough to look death full in the face without blenching; they had been measuring their distance from him in the frozen silence in which Rex had found them. They were condemned; and the man who had sentenced them was no longer the professed idler; he was a usurer of bitter memories, taking payment for a debt beyond redemption.

The perception was as far out of reach of words as of explanation. It was not possible to put it into language; it was voiceless even in his mind, and other things crowded noisily over it—their rice-fields, that the white men were uprooting; their jungles, a long way, indeed, from Akasa jail! *He* would have burned them at the stake if he could have done it; he had said so even though the broad sunshine and the great green tree and his own voice, belying that instant of mutual enlightenment, denied it.

'Understand? Not the whys and wherefores, I think,' Mr Jenkins said. 'Do you want to know them?' Spencer made some comment as he arranged his papers. 'Oh, why not, uncle? He wanted to study us at first hand; here he has us. It may make him still more satisfied that his lot is going to be cast in milder places.—Come indoors, Rex, and Spencer and I will open our bosoms to you. We are naturally confiding persons; and we take the greatest pleasure in informing ingenuous youths of our reasons for doing most things, when we have them.'

(To be continued.)

AFRICAN NOTES.

By Captain J. BRANDER DUNBAR.

[The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in this article, many of which are open to controversy, and possibly to disapproval. The article merely gives expression to Captain Dunbar's own experience of men and things in South Africa.]

HAVING visited Africa in many parts and in various capacities, I venture to chronicle a few of the impressions which have been gleaned from travel in Somaliland, South Africa, Portuguese East Africa, Portuguese Zambesia, British Central Africa, and some of the territories at present controlled by the British South Africa Company. These latter include the Matabele-Mashona border and north-east Rhodesia.

I am well aware that youth, inexperience, and want of ethnological knowledge generally may be hurled at me for venturing to air my views on such weighty matters as the coloured man's mode of life, beliefs, morals, and his opinion of the ruling caste. If these views be warped, age will not fortify my position; and if correct, it will be admitted that our dealings with a primitive people must often appear contradictory and oppressive when seen through its spectacles. Let my critics forgive, as they will forget.

The following remarks bear evenly on all the countries I have hitherto visited, with the exception of Somaliland. The Somali being a nomad and a follower of Islam, his life is controlled by the customs of his forebear Ishmael and the creed of Mohammed.

All through the centre of Africa, north of the Zambesi and also to the south of that river—excluding the barren sands of the south-west coast and parts of the Cape, which, moreover, are mostly tenanted by a yellow race—we find a black inhabitant who has had about the worst possible conditions to induce development. I speak of development from the European standpoint. This same dusky mortal considers the average white man—and with justice, too—undeveloped where a question of woodcraft is concerned. His country is extraordinarily fertile, and thus each day his daily bread—and beer—is forthcoming with but little effort. The struggle for existence, other than avoiding the assagai or obnoxious carnivora, has been wholly wanting; and this powerful stimulant, which has so hurried forward the race in northern latitudes, has left the black man in contentment, contemplating his mealie-patch. Nearly all his wants could be supplied from his own immediate neighbourhood, and until the dawn of calico he was satisfied with his bark-cloth, his antelope-hide, or his nakedness. Thus I take it that the premier civilising agent is 'want,' and hand-in-hand with it goes work.

There exists no single tribe without superstition in some form or other; and, having some slight knowledge of the languages used on the Zambesi watershed, I have personally touched on the topics of a present and a hereafter. I well remember being told by an intelligent member of an Angoni community—the Zulus overran Matabeleland, and in turn the conquerors pushed north of the Zambesi, forming several settlements between Lake Nyassa and the Tanganyika plateau—that death finished everything, 'just as when you cut a fowl's head off.' I then asked why offerings were laid on the graves of their dead, and why certain defunct chiefs' names were never mentioned, &c., but could get no 'forrarder,' except that there was an off-chance that some part of the deceased was, or might be, wandering and in need. The whole subject is one intensely disliked by all whom I have questioned, and I have not infrequently been asked why I am talking about graves.

There is a bastard form of Mohammedanism making much progress in Nyassaland. I was officially connected with the country four or five years ago, and on revisiting it this year was much struck by the numbers who professed not to eat meat unless *hallaled*.

To return. Then the missionaries' ways are beyond the native. 'Why should I pray to a beneficent deity? He'll do me no harm. I'll pray to the bad one, lest he should.' He is perfectly logical, if somewhat cramped. Again, he is puzzled by the different creeds. He may be told to worship a god, three gods, or a goddess called Mary. I write in no flippant spirit. It is certainly not two hundred years since the last witch was burned in Scotland. Our civilisation dates back, say, one thousand years—the veneer easily comes off, revealing a natural, if not a savage, nature—and yet we expect the native to acquire our ideas in one generation. A native of our British Central African protectorate is liable to forfeit his life for administering *mauvi** (the poison test) or for witch-hunting. Personally, I have not the slightest doubt that he considers he is doing the right thing—just as sincerely as we believe we are doing right in stopping him; and I marvel to think that the practice is dying out so easily. It is part of his religion or superstition. We are backed up by maxims. It is far-fetched, but let us suppose that the inhabitants of Mars fell upon us and upset our laws, beliefs, and constitution, would we not resent it? Has the missionary done well by telling these people that in his eyes they are miserable sinners? If ignorance be guilt, he has possibly rendered them liable.

Much may be said for the black man's morals.

* The native penal code is, or used to be, frequently based on *mauvi* (to a great extent), and practised in cases where a real and true finding is sought for by all concerned.

Amongst the higher caste tribes, while polygamy was general, adultery was punished with death, and unnatural crimes unknown. Now that we have classified such killing as murder, adultery is unfortunately beginning to become too common. I know of no real argument against their system, and wonder greatly that the inhabitants of Salt Lake City have not made themselves a more powerful faction.

I am not a Little Englander; but from the black man's point of view, and having in mind some of the 'annoyances' which I have pointed out, they cannot fail to look upon any white man's form of government other than as a conspiracy of the powerful to oppress the powerless. It is true that in the good old days their own chiefs were far more arbitrary and tyrannical than we are ever likely to be; but they were their own chiefs, whereas we are only their rulers. Between our own protectorates and the Chartered Company's systems of government there is little to choose. The latter are 'expected' some day to pay a dividend; but to date they have treated the native races in their territories neither better nor worse than have the protectorates.

There are, of course, a few individuals of our administrations who ride a high horse or are otherwise unsatisfactory. These are in the minority, however, and are persons of plebeian antecedents promoted from other branches of the service, and their failings must be noticeable to those in high places. Pretty much the same state of affairs exists under the Chartered Company's régime; the old-timers appointed solely from extensive local knowledge, unless quite reliable, have been weeded out by strong administrators. I am thus pleased to think that, from *our* point of view at any rate, the native is tolerably well treated. His point of view is summed up by the utterance of an individual who knew me well, and was thus not afraid to speak: '*Bwana*, all white men are bad; some very bad.'

There is a darker side to the native question when we come to consider his status in the Portuguese possessions. The officials of the Portuguese Imperial Government are themselves charming gentlemen, and far be it from me to say one word against them. The system of *prazzia*, however, is bad, and accounts for many evils. Under this system the Government, or mother company, is lost sight of and apparently powerless, the land with all its inhabitants being farmed out to a subsidiary company or to an individual. This company or individual has to find his rent to the Government, or big company, and his profit as well. The result is a system of squeeze, and often very hard, too. The *prazzias* are, I think, precisely on the lines of the Congo concessions; but, having scarcely touched the confines of that state, I shall refrain from any comments. Hearsay is no evidence. I, however, happen to know that the outrages perpetrated by some deserters (native Askari) were put to the credit of the state's officials. At present, then, it would appear that north of the Zambesi we have a population submitting complacently—there are doubtless small disturbed areas—to the white man; and while tribal jealousies exist (*inshallah*—'if it please God'—these will be judiciously fomented), there is little apprehension of a general upheaval. Some day, however, *x* years hence, there will be a colour-war. I have never personally come in contact with the 'Ethiopianism' so frequently commented on as existing in South Africa, although my work and wanderings there have been extensive. So far as my observation goes, the same general principle applies—namely, until you get the Zulu content to call the Fingoe a brother, and the Fingoe claims kin with the Basuto, &c., we have nothing to fear. I see how this 'Ethiopianism' could be combated on its own lines, and would be pleased to communicate with those interested. If the spark were kindled down south there is no saying but that it would spread north, and any cohesion between the tribes would mean a wipe out of the scattered white population. The amount of communication between north and south is surprising. Thousands of natives from and about Lake Nyassa find their way down to the mines in South Africa, and come back with inflated ideas. Again, are we wise in making trained soldiers of the natives? During my connection with the K. A. R., the term of enlistment was three years. It thus comes about that, at a minimum, five hundred individuals—allowing strength as one thousand, and one-half as re-enlistments—acquainted with the white man's methods are annually turned loose in the country.

It may be said with truth that they have no arms; but the neighbouring, in fact surrounding, Portuguese possessions swarm with firearms of an antiquated type. Apart from this, white men are to be found who will fight against their own colour—ay, sometimes their own flag; and under such circumstances the arms question would be settled before the murderings took place. At least one white man in Nyassaland has been approached and the question broached whether or not he was prepared to lead a force against the *boma* (any fortified place, or place of protection; hence, the Government station). Personally, I anticipate no serious disturbances north of the Zambesi until a race arises—at least a generation hence—which has forgotten the old order of things and the horrors of slavery (other than domestic, which may be a good thing). We may not see it, and possibly our children may not, but there is trouble in the offing.

ON THE WAY TO THE WEDDING.

PART II.

'WHAT *are* you thinking about, Professor?' she asked suddenly, meeting his gaze.

'Well, I will tell you,' he replied. 'I was congratulating myself that I had the temerity to intrigue for your photograph when you left Cambridge. You know, or perhaps you don't know, that it had become a custom for the students to make me a present of their portraits and autographs when they said "good-bye" to me as lecturer. A pretty enough tradition! But you were an exception, and—I missed you, that is all. Strategically, however, upon payment of half-a-crown, I was enabled to make good your omission.'

The girl said nothing, but drove furiously.

'You don't mind, do you?' he inquired, almost with timidity.

'You honoured me, Professor. I couldn't do as the other girls did. I believe I wanted to; one can't be sure of one's state of mind three years ago; but anyway something held me back. It seemed a rather absurd and—well, forward proceeding.'

'Forward! But I have been told that even the college bed-makers appreciate such small tokens of remembrance.'

'Precisely. I couldn't rate you as lightly as a bed-maker. Do you think we shall do it, Professor? What's your time?'

'We have twenty minutes. No; I am slow. We have little more than ten minutes.'

Miss Cust whistled her dismay.

'This will never do,' she said. 'But I can't kill the poor brute, even for Marjorie's sake. And there's another thing, Professor. I'm a disgusting liar, and I'd sooner you learnt it from me than from the Vicarage people. I've been romancing to you. I'm not an actress; I'm not even in a state of destitution. I'm pretty much the same lump of cheek and insolence you knew in the Girton days. It's sheer truth that I tried to be a good little girl even then, and was often mad with myself for causing you pain; but I had a devil in me then; and I've not done with him even yet, it appears. You said just now you were ashamed of your easy circumstances. That's nothing to be ashamed of. *I'm* ashamed of myself, and it maddens me to realise it.'

She rattled this off on impulse, of course. Her cheeks glowed to the words.

Ellon was amazed; confounded, too, by this new charm in the girl. New, yet reminiscent. Had she not, when saying 'good-bye,' begged his pardon for the trouble she had caused him, and hung her head (very briefly, it is true) like a guilty child? This picture of her had for months and months haunted him, mysteriously.

But what could he say that should not irritate her against him afresh?

'My dear Miss Cust,' he said, and nothing more. There could be no particular explosive in such simple words. And, moreover, he was careful of his accents. These implored her to believe that, whatever had happened, he had no right, and certainly no desire, to be angry. Confused he was, but angry because she had amused herself with him? Absurd indeed.

Yet again his worldly wisdom was at fault.

'A professor of ethics,' said the girl, getting more rigid than before, 'ought to know better than address a liar as "my dear." A conventional equivocator seems to me about as bad as a bare-faced liar. And, please, not another syllable, Professor. I want to put my heart into this willing steed, for Marjorie's sake.'

Ellon obeyed the girl. Even when the music of the church bells drifted towards them he said nothing. The bells had a strange effect upon him. Marriage had ever seemed to him the most daring of human enterprises, almost akin to the deeds of those mythical heroes who sallied forth to slay dragons. To-day he wondered faintly if there might not be a more than ample reward for the man who thus freely sacrificed his independence of thought, action, and aims at the church's altar. He obeyed the girl, and glanced at her again and again. She had a classic profile, but how sweetly it could be softened by the dimpling movement of her lips! And her eyes! Ellon had never seen eyes like hers. It would be an immortal pleasure to study their changing expressions day after day and year after year—if one could feel sure that they would not harden and retain only the dominant *power* in them.

How mysterious were her parts! Had any other woman toyed with his emotions as she had just toyed with them, honestly he believed she would have become hopelessly repulsive to him. But not Miss Cust—Dorothy Cust!—Dorothy! She was true to her primeval promptings only; and without these tokens of her individuality he would not have known her for the girl he had in the past frowned at and pondered over when he ought, perhaps, to have been more profitably engaged.

But they were in the village now, with clean-faced cottagers moving towards the old chocolate-coloured church. They were in sight of the arches of evergreens. The first motto devised among the greenery was before them. Ellon strained his eyes and read the words, 'God bless you both!'

'I like that,' he said.

'That?' said she, looking at him sharply; and, meeting her gaze, he was pained to see how very dominant was the power in her eyes. It was as if

she had driven out of her for the moment all the softer graces of her nature, even the kittenish propensity to be inconsiderately mischievous.

'Yes,' said Ellon, tapping the book on his knee. 'Our divine Dutch Jew himself would approve that sentiment. But I have been thinking, Miss Cust. We have exchanged several passages of singular and unforeseen candour and—well, yes, romance. I am anxious to ask you one more question.'

He looked at her masterfully through his glasses. She had not seen quite that expression on any man's face since the old lecture-days, when that tricksome young devil, who so often then whispered within her, had bidden her mock him just a little in order to keep from revering him. She was not eager in those days to revere any one, even her own father. And while their eyes thus met she waited with a slight, very slight, smile for the profane young sprite to continue his ancient promptings. But none came.

'One more question! What about?' she asked, almost stammeringly.

But she knew what it was to be, of course. Knew, and revelled in the knowledge; could not keep from showing something of the high expectation that was in her. She had not served her apprenticeship in London drawing-rooms without learning much about ethics which Ellon Brayne would never learn from libraries.

Yet on the very threshold of his avowal the Professor was stricken dumb by this new charm in her. *Spinoza* trembled in his hands.

'What is it?' she asked again, smiling.—'What a child he is!' she thought. 'And what a good fellow too! I'm sure of that.'

'It is of no consequence,' whispered the Professor. 'That is to say, you are very beautiful—and I'——

He looked at his watch nervously, and then toward the church. They were close to the Vicarage gate, and it was easy surmising why the white-capped maid-servant was there, glancing eagerly in their direction. She ran in to set the bride's mind at rest, and the vicar's man took her place.

'And you?' suggested Miss Cust coaxingly. 'Come, Professor, *dear* Professor, don't let me have to change my frock with a problem worrying at me as well as pins and hooks and eyes. What is it that you'——

Ellon Brayne took off his glasses. She had called him 'dear Professor.' That staggered, even terrified him, yet emboldened him also, strangely.

'I—love you, that is all!' he said, with majestic simplicity. 'And—thank you so much for your—your resourceful feat of horsemanship.'

The girl threw down the reins. She was glowing, glowing. The man at the horse's head seemed surprised that they were in no hurry to alight.

'*What* did you say, Professor?' whispered the girl, with all the old familiar roguery in tone and eyes. 'Did you mean it?'

She jumped down, without tarrying for his answer this time. *Spinoza* tumbled to the ground before Ellon Brayne. She picked it up and offered it to him, smiling.

'The collapse of philosophy,' she murmured. 'But come; we *are* late.'

They had not gone five yards when she whispered on.

'*Do* say it again, please,' she begged. 'It—it's the nicest thing I've heard since those dear, giddy old days. But I'm afraid you didn't mean it. I'm afraid you're dreadfully impulsive. Please be quick. It is the third—and last—time of asking, remember.'

Ellon Brayne shook his head sadly, and *his* smile was in keeping with his demeanour.

'I must,' he said, with a plain effort to be calm, 'try and appear mirthful, Miss Cust, and I cannot shake Tom's hand suitably in a moment or two with a positive disappointment on my soul. I will not say it again. And yet, on reconsideration, I will be true to my instincts and suffer my punishment. I said that I love you. I repeat it. But I implore you to make no reply. My illusion will then die with the day, and'——

The porch was before them, with welcoming faces there and at the windows.

'Professor,' exclaimed Dorothy Cust, giving the others smiles for smiles like the practised maiden she was, 'I'm sorry to interrupt, but if you dare encourage your idiotic illusion, as you call it, to die like that, I shall be sorry—and angry. For I love *you*.'

This said, she tripped ahead of him. And Ellon Brayne followed her; and, though bewildered almost to the point of stupefaction, he went through his duties afterwards scarcely worse than was expected of him.

The rush and excitement of the business were most abhorrent to his nature, and only Tom Haslett, the bridegroom, knew the half of the effort it cost him, though some one else guessed more than a little of it. But Tom Haslett had also preoccupations of a large kind. He had said, 'Well, my dear old chap, I really thought you were going to fail me!' before the march to church, and after the service Ellon pleaded an indisposition and made his congratulations and adieux in a breath. It was no false plea, either, as they judged by his looks. Dorothy Cust, in her bride's-maid's dress, had distracted and dazzled him so that he seemed in a cloud throughout the ceremony. The result was a mysterious faintness which sufficiently justified him with both the bride and Tom Haslett.

That was how it came to pass that when the wedding-party were at the old-fashioned breakfast, Ellon Brayne was again in the train, with his friend West's *Scrutiny of Spinoza* upon his knees.

But he had done something ere departing. He had left a note for Miss Cust, in which he implored her to consider the matter from every standpoint, and ask herself seriously if she thought him worthy to be her husband; and if, after mature (perhaps even after *long*) reflection, she still thought so, would

she wire to him at Cambridge as soon as might be convenient? Only then would he dare to think that such high happiness might really be his lot.

Of his agitations during that journey, with *Spinoza* all the time unopened on his knees, nothing need be said. But they all ended when he re-entered his rooms in the old college and seized the telegram which awaited him.

The telegram was as follows:

'How ridiculous of you! Come and see for yourself.—D.'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

LIGHTNING-FLASHES.

SIR OLIVER LODGE has demonstrated by a series of beautiful experiments that lightning-flashes are of two distinct kinds: there is the simple flash which takes place when a cloud charged with electricity approaches sufficiently near to the earth to spark across the intervening air-space, and there is quite a different type of flash when another cloud intervenes between the primary storm-cloud and the earth. A flash darting between the upper cloud and the lower neutralises the electric tension on the upper side of that cloud, and consequently suddenly releases the charge which had been held in equilibrium on the lower or earth side. The flash which thereupon darts earthwards is of the most erratic character, and generally takes some wonderful and eccentric course which it is difficult to reconcile with the idea of the path of least resistance. It seldom or never takes the shortest route, and as often as not the flash is horizontal for a considerable portion of its journey. Even after it has struck a good conductor which leads straight to the ground and into conducting earth, it will very often leave it and jump across to a much inferior medium.

LIGHTNING-CONDUCTORS.

The adequate protection of buildings from the furious onslaught of atmospheric electricity is beginning to attract more of the attention which the subject deserves. It has been found from a large number of recorded cases that the simple copper rope or ribbon leading from the highest point of a building to the ground, which is the device which is usually adopted in Britain, is far from being altogether satisfactory. Lightning-conductors, as now fitted, appear to be of less efficient character than even the early examples first suggested by Benjamin Franklin a hundred and fifty years ago. Architects are naturally loath to disfigure the beauty of their structures by a number of stout rods taking a straight or nearly straight course from summit to base, so they tuck the copper strip away out of sight as much as possible, and cause it to follow the sharp angles of the masonry so as not to be conspicuous. Yet it is hardly to be expected that so violent and erratic a thing as a flash of lightning, after travelling at such a marvellous speed through a mile or so of space, would consent to be tamely led out of its course for the last few feet of its journey. When the flash is vertical, and the lightning-rod lies directly in its path, it avails itself of the help afforded. But if the conductor takes a sharp turn, the flash will most likely part company with it there and dart through the intervening woodwork or masonry to a telephone wire or gas-pipe, or anything else which may take its capricious fancy. The only really adequate protection for a building is a cage of wire entirely surrounding it; and as that is impracticable, the conductor should approximate as nearly as possible to the idea. A number of vertical rods all connected together, and also to all metal-work in the building, by horizontal conductors running along the ridges of the roofing and around the base of the edifice seem to afford the best protection, provided of course that the system is thoroughly well connected electrically with earth. It has been shown that the conductivity of copper is actually too good for the purpose, for the lightning darts at it with such violence that it often overshoots the mark, as it were, and part of the charge, flying beyond, may do almost as much damage as the uninterrupted flash would have done. Iron, being a poorer conductor, damps it down somewhat, and allows the current to filter away more quietly to earth.

TANTALUM.

The very rare metal known as tantalum, which usually occurs in association with niobium in various minerals, has quite recently been obtained in a very pure state by Dr W. Von Bolton, and it appears to have some valuable characteristics which may bring it into the service of man for various purposes. Dr Bolton prepares it by passing an electric current through a filament of oxide of tantalum in vacuo. The oxygen is gradually driven off under the influence of the incandescence, and the pure metal remains. In this condition it is very soft, but after repeated hammering it hardens as brass and copper do, but to such an extreme degree that it is possible it may take the place of diamonds for drilling purposes. As a filament for incandescent lamps there appears to be a future for it, and the fact that it resists the action of acids seems to suggest many other uses if it can be produced sufficiently cheaply. The samples formed by means of the ordinary electric furnace are said to be contaminated with carbon; but perhaps Dr Bolton's method may be modified in the interests

of commerce to bring the rare metal more within the reach of various industries.

A SUGGESTION FROM SPACE.

It is a pretty conceit to imagine that the necks of the beautiful ladies of the earth may some day be adorned by gems manufactured according to a suggestion borne to this planet by a messenger coming direct from the star-spangled sky. A meteorite from Cañon Diablo has been examined by Professor Moissan, and found to contain many diamonds both black and transparent, besides graphite and phosphorus and sulphur in combination with iron. Experiments have been made to see what influence these substances had upon the formation of diamonds artificially produced. Iron was placed with a quantity of sugar (to supply the carbon) in an electric furnace, and when thoroughly incorporated a small quantity of iron sulphide was added, and the crucible thrown into water to cool it rapidly. The carbon crystallised out in diamonds, the quantity of which was found to have been considerably increased by the iron sulphide.

MOTORS FOR SAILING-BOATS.

A schooner from Dordrecht recently arrived in the Thames; and, having passed the region where her sails were of any use, she lowered her masts and proceeded up the river at a speed of six knots without calling in the aid of a tug. The vessel proved to be fitted with a petrol motor set well in the stern out of the way of the cargo; and under the power of this little engine she could travel anywhere that a steamboat of her size could go. In the open sea she sails under her own canvas, of which she carries the full complement of a swift trading-schooner; but in the canals of Holland or on a calm-bound sea the motor is brought into requisition, and the boat is independent of tugs or of electric or animal traction. The advantages are obvious, and the example is likely to be widely followed. Messrs S. F. Edge are making a motor at their Marine Motor Works, Thames Ditton, and next season it is intended to send a motor fishing-boat to Peterhead and round the east coast of Scotland to engage in fishing.

IZAL.

In an article entitled 'The Rural Exodus' in a recent issue of *Chambers's Journal* the Rev. Reginald A. Gatty gives a picturesque account of the discovery of izal. According to the story, the important disinfectant and drug was first found as the result of an experience of a workman who, suffering severely from eczema, was employed upon the work of cleaning out coke-ovens. After some weeks of the work his malady was cured, and therefore the waste coke was subjected to chemical experiments which resulted in the finding of izal. We learn from a correspondent, however, that the story is not quite in accordance with facts, for izal was discovered in the course of a long series of experiments. In an attempt to prevent the occurrence of great waste during the conversion of coal into coke in the ordinary beehive oven, it was found that by a reversal of the usual process, gas, watery liquid, and oil resulted instead of waste smoke. It is to the careful work of Mr J. H. Worrall, who undertook the investigation of these products, that the world is indebted for izal. The oil is found to differ from petroleum principally in the fact that about one-third of it was oxidised, and this oxidised part, separated from the remainder by repeated distillations, gives us izal-oil. This is a brown liquid, denser than water, with which it refuses to mix. As a disinfectant it is more powerful than carbolic acid, and it is free from the cauterising action of the latter, while its insolubility in water lends it greater permanence as an antiseptic, for it is not so easily washed away.

THE USES OF IZAL.

For disinfectant and medical purposes izal-oil is made into a simple emulsion which, without altering any of its valuable properties, makes it easy of distribution by admixture with water. A specially refined variety of the emulsion is known as medical izal, and this is said to be a valuable drug in the treatment of tropical dysentery. In a paper published recently in the *Indian Medical Gazette*, over the signature of J. C. S. Vaughan, M.B., the great utility of the drug in this disease is very clearly demonstrated. After testing it in hundreds of cases, both mild and severe, the author comes to the conclusion that izal is the most reliable remedy.

MISSIONARY DOCTORS.

The *Year Book* of the Livingstone College, London, provides an interesting record of the last year's work of the institution, and calls attention to the good service which it is performing. The object of the college is to provide medical training to missionaries who are about to commence work in various parts of the world, so that they may carry to the natives of uncivilised lands some of the advantages of good medical attention along with the messages of religion. It is conceivable that the primary object of the mission-workers will be the better accomplished if they are able to minister skilfully to the physical needs of their converts. The college very properly devotes special attention to tropical medicine, is well equipped in laboratories, and provides full facilities for hospital study. It deserves to be better known both to intending missionaries and to the charitably inclined, for its object is a good one.

THE PANAMÁ CANAL.

The problem of cutting through the Isthmus of Panamá to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a canal is one which is still presenting much food for thought to engineers. The present chief-engineer of the work favours the idea of a canal cut through at sea-level, and considers that the work would take ten years to accomplish. Mr L. W.

Bates, who is one of the best-known American engineers in this kind of work, has presented two alternative schemes, for which he claims several advantages. One involves the flooding of a large extent of swamp-land to form a big lake at each end of the canal, and the whole waterway would be at a level of twenty feet above the sea, being entered, of course, by means of locks. The other carries the same idea still further, and, besides the terminal lakes, provides for a central lake and length of canal at a level of fifty-two feet above mean sea-level. This second scheme, if carried into effect, would give about twenty-six miles of lake navigation, and by thus permitting vessels to proceed more rapidly, would reduce the time of passage from about twelve to nine hours. It is, moreover, believed that the cost of construction would be very considerably less than in the case of the all sea-level canal, and the time of construction would be shortened by two years.

A NEW GUN-SIGHT.

A new sight, differing essentially from those at present in use, has been invented by Sir Howard Grubb. The instrument acts upon the principle of the old camera-lucida, at one time recommended as an aid to artists, by the use of which an apparent image of the object to be sketched was projected upon the sheet of paper, and the outline could be followed with a pencil. In the Grubb sight the apparent image of a white cross is projected on to the target aimed at. The cross is in reality scratched upon a translucent screen on the top of the instrument, but the rays of light coming from it are so bent from their course by double reflection that it appears to be suspended in the air just in front of the object at which the gun points. By an ingenious optical contrivance the image of the cross appears sharply defined although the eye is focussed upon the distant object, and this suggests the great superiority of the new sight over the old one, for the novice is always troubled by the difficulty of seeing the near sight point and the distant object at the same time. In the new sight the mark appears to be as distant as the target, and when they superpose the piece is correctly placed—provided, of course, that due allowance has been made for elevation.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TURBINE.

It is very often said of any new invention of great commercial importance that it is destined absolutely to supersede the method which has hitherto held the field against all comers. But it frequently happens that the old device acquires a new character before undreamed of, which gives it strength and vitality to enable it still to resist the onslaughts of its younger rival. Thus gaslight was threatened with extinction by electricity even as the candle has been extinguished by gas; but the Welsbach mantle came to the rescue and the situation was saved. Now when the omnipotent steam—the great power of the nineteenth century—must needs look to its laurels lest they be wrested from it by the gasoline motor, the turbine brings timely help, and the doom of the steam-engine remains a very long way off. The turbine steamer *Virginian* has crossed the Atlantic in one hundred hours, beating the record from Britain to Canada by nearly twenty hours. When it is remembered what a very great increase of power is represented by quite a small gain in speed of a vessel through water, it will be understood that this saving of twenty hours is a veritable triumph for the turbine.

RAILWAY ENTERPRISE IN CANADA.

It has been truly said that to cross the boundary line from the United States into Canada is to go 'from a state of bustle and activity to a leisurely and provincial existence.' Canadians are very largely of British origin, and the Briton flourishes best when he is close to his natural environment —the sea. But hundreds of miles of dangerous rivers lie between them and the sea, and they are shut off from the rest of the world during six months of the year by impenetrable snow and ice. Consequently a devotion to winter sports takes much of the place of the shopkeeping instincts, and Canadians scorn to be 'hustlers.' But now the railways are coming, and the barriers imposed by ice and snow and geological formation are to be broken down. The railways have been at the root of Canada's recent rapid progress, and these are now being extended in every direction. The Grand Trunk Pacific will run from Quebec right across the country to the coast on the other side, following a southerly course; while the Trans-Canadian Railway will form an alternative route along the shores of Hudson Bay and join the Grand Trunk Pacific at the northern end of Lake Winnipeg. M'Kenzie & Mann's Railroad, which already feeds the country still farther south between Winnipeg and Fort William, is to be still further developed, and the Canadian northern system generally is adding to its mileage at the rate of three miles a day. The vast oil-fields in the neighbourhood of the Great Slave River, and also the almost undreamed-of mineral wealth of this country, should before very long be placed in direct communication with the markets of the world.

CAN RADIUM PRODUCE LIFE?

Mr John Butler Burke, from experiments made at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, by means of radium and sterilised bouillon placed together in a test-tube, has succeeded, says the *Daily Chronicle*, in getting cultures which present many of the appearances of vitality, such as growth and subdivision. Mr Burke thinks that 'possibly they are a primitive form of life.' Dr Saleeby, commenting on this piece of work, says that if it stands 'it will rank as one of the few supremely important discoveries of all time.' Mr Burke made a solution of beef-gelatine or bouillon, and exposed it to the action of radium, when the surface of the bouillon

began to show a peculiar 'growth,' which, under the microscope, was found to contain minute rounded objects which looked like bacteria. When they reach the maximum size they subdivide; 'they are capable not merely of growth, but also of subdivision, possibly of reproduction, and certainly of decay.' When portions of the growth are removed from the influence of the radium and placed upon fresh portions of sterilised bouillon they continue to grow. They are neither bacteria nor crystals; Mr Burke calls them radiobes, or living things that are produced by the action of radium, which Dr Saleeby says 'we may interpret to mean, not living things made of radium, but living things that are produced by the action of radium.' Modern men of science have almost unanimously dismissed 'spontaneous generation' as a myth, and those who have been consulted regarding Mr Burke's experiments have been very cautious in expressing an opinion. Professor M'Kendrick says the difficulty will be to prove that the fluids were, in the first instance, completely sterilised. The investigations of Professor Loeb, of the University of California, as to the creation of life by chemical means were mentioned in 'The Month,' 1902, page 416. The Professor's conclusions were the subject of an article in *M'Clure's Magazine*, 1902, and are contained in *Studies in General Physiology*, 1905, a decennial publication of the University of Chicago.

PROPOSED EXCAVATION OF HERCULANEUM, AND NEAPOLITAN INDUSTRIES.

It is to be hoped that Professor Charles Waldstein of Cambridge may succeed in the proposal he has been advocating for the further and more complete excavation of Herculaneum, which was overwhelmed by Vesuvius, along with Pompeii, 79 A.D. Since its accidental discovery in 1706 while deepening a well, excavations have been intermittent and partial, and rendered more difficult because of the villages of Portici and Resina, now suburbs of Naples, having been built over it. Professor Waldstein is trying to secure national committees; the United States and the chief European countries, it is hoped, may co-operate; the King of Italy is to be at the head of an international committee. Pompeii was destroyed by ashes, which ruined everything that was perishable; Herculaneum was covered to a depth of about eighty feet with a kind of soft volcanic mud, which has acted as a preservative of wood, papyri, and other objects. In one house, for instance, sixty-five copies of a work on Epicurean philosophy have been discovered. Pompeii was a town inhabited by a lower class than Herculaneum, which was a city of Roman villas, and if fully disclosed, would show the world a Roman city at its highest stage of development. To turn to modern industrial matters, there is a branch of Armstrong's Elswick Works at Pozzuoli (the Puteoli of St Paul's journeys), and the national arsenal is at Spezzia. The Royal Neapolitan Institute of Encouragement has issued a pamphlet making known the law passed last year for the settlement of industrial establishments at Naples on favourable terms. Such establishments planted there within the next ten years will be exempt from taxation for ten years after their foundation; and plant and machinery will be exempt from Customs duty. The Government reserves for ten years the construction at Naples of not less than one-eighth of the rolling-stock required for Italian railways, and the hydraulic force of the Falls of Cape Volturno (about sixteen thousand horse-power) is to be transformed into electric power and brought to Naples for the benefit of these industries.

A SIMPLE PROTECTION AGAINST MOSQUITOES.

Mr Walter J. Hammond writes to the *Times* on this important subject. He says: 'In 1890 fever broke out in the town of Rio Claro, San Paulo, Brazil, where I was staying, obliging me to remove to San Carlos. In my new residence there were no mosquito-nets for the beds, so for two nights I had no refreshing sleep on account of the mosquitoes. Knowing kerosene-oil or petroleum to be destructive of all insect life, I anointed my face, neck, and hands with the oil, and so got some sleep; but as soon as it had evaporated the creatures were at me again. My eye fell on the washstand; and, in a happy moment, I thought of mixing the petroleum-oil in a strong lather of soap. The effect was perfect, and I slept until the morning in peace. Until I had mosquito-nets arranged I used the mixture every night with the same happy result. Numbers of my friends have used this preventive not only for the terrible mosquito that conveys the germs of yellow-fever or other awful diseases, but to keep off gnats of all kinds, midges, &c., which are to be found in England. The proportion I found best was about a small coffee-spoonful of petroleum to a lather of soap-and-water which, when free from bubbles, would fill one-third of the soap-dish. The mixture, of course, smells slightly of the oil, but it is not any stronger than old brown Windsor or coal-tar soap. No injury whatever is done to the skin.'

PUNCTURE-PROOF TIRES.

A fortune awaits the inventor of a serviceable puncture-proof tire. Meanwhile another attempt at a solution has been made by Mr Thomas W. Ranson, junior, of 135 North Perry Street, Cleveland, Ohio, which is announced in the *Scientific American*. In Mr Ranson's vehicle wheel the tire is not placed on the outer periphery, but within a protecting rim of steel, so that the desired pneumatic cushion effect will be secured without exposing the rubber tube to the slightest danger of puncture or to any great amount of wear. To furnish a certain degree of elasticity, and provide the requisite grip of the tire on the ground, a band of solid rubber is set into the steel rim. The rim is attached to a steel ring, which is of inverted channel form, the side flanges projecting inward within a pair of face-plates bolted to the sides of

the felly. Between these plates on the felly is a retaining ring of solid rubber, provided with a V-shaped outer periphery, in which the pneumatic tube is seated. The latter presses outward against the channel ring, but will give at the tread, permitting the ring to slide within the plates, and producing the pneumatic cushion effect. Anything that will prevent the annoyance and trouble and delay caused by punctures will be welcome; but will a steel rim not have a tendency to fire and cut the tire? Mr D. Blaikie Hislop, of Aberdeen, proposes to solve the problem by means of a pneumatic wheel instead of a pneumatic tire. The wheel consists of two outer plates of steel, between which is placed an india-rubber cushion, which, on being inflated, expands outwards. On the periphery of the wheel is fixed a rubber tire, solid, with the exception of a small hollow, and this tire impinges upon a movable cushion resting upon the inflated cushion. Experiments have been tried with this tire on motor-cars so far with success.

SLEEPLESSNESS.

ONE of the most distressing among the minor afflictions of humanity is the want of a good night's sleep; and as society gets busier in its habits and more active in its enterprises, the complaint is more likely to increase than otherwise.

When the trouble becomes frequent and extends over a few weeks or months, things begin to look serious for the non-sleeper. He or she is worn out as if by excessive toil. The face begins to look haggard and anxious, and the general health suffers greatly. The causes of undue wakefulness are numerous; but a very common one is the mind's excessive occupation over a past or present misfortune or the apprehension of a calamity to come. The effect of this continual brooding cannot easily be laid aside at bedtime; in fact, the quiet and darkness of night, with freedom from all the usual bustle and activities of day engagements, commonly give but fuller opportunity to the already distracted mind to dwell upon that which haunts it. Any excess of emotion of this sort catches and holds on to afflicted persons with a persistent grip, and a tossing and turning time is spent in bed in the vain attempt to get to sleep. The clock will be heard to strike hour after hour till the gray of the morning begins to appear; and if any rest is to be had at all, it is generally got in the early morning, after the sufferer has been fairly exhausted. Of course medical advice readily suggests itself when the case assumes a serious aspect; but most people endure the evil a considerable time before they approach the doctor on the matter. His advice, however, should not be too long delayed. It is only sensible to cast about for a cause when insomnia occurs, and in the generality of cases it will not be very far to seek.

A very common cause of a sleepless night, for instance, is the attendance at some meeting or gathering where a lively and exciting time has been spent. An animated dispute or discussion in the evening may be followed by much want of sleep. These are very evident causes, and the person concerned does not always do just the best thing to help his night's rest. Instead of endeavouring to put aside all reflection for the time being on what may have keenly engaged his mind in the earlier part of the evening, he continues to go over the points discussed, and in imagination makes good hits and capital replies to his opponent, or else continues to smart under defeat till he discovers it is long past time he should be asleep, and then turns himself about with an impatient jerk as if to say, 'I am done with that for to-night, and must drop off to rest;' but the probability is that he cannot do anything of the sort. The brain has had a busy time of it, and has such way upon it that a sudden stoppage of thought is out of the question. In a case where the excitement has been pretty high, it is curious how persistently, in spite of all attempts not to have any more of it, this or that point will obtrude itself upon the attention. This is an instance where the cause is perfectly apparent—the incident of an evening—and is different from the previous examples which were supposed to have had a long-continued and more aggressive foundation. No doubt in severe and critical cases the use of sleeping-draughts—opium and similar means for procuring repose—is necessary, when administered under proper and responsible hands; but all artificial expedients of this kind are in themselves in some degree harmful. They by no means perform the same office for tired nature as nature's own 'sweet restorer,' a dreamless sound sleep, in which there is no restlessness, audible mutterings, or startings.

Notwithstanding all that has been written upon sleep and the phenomena attached to it, there is wonderfully little known of its mysteries. We see their outside manifestations; but admission to view the work of the inner chambers of the brain is all but denied us. Favoured by rest and quiet in midnight darkness, we can feel that the 'palace of the soul' is distinctly found in the head; not only so, but we can locate the place of thought with an approach to accuracy. No one feels that he is thinking with any other part of the body than his head; there unmistakably is the seat of mind. We can feel the throb of pleasure or pain at our hearts; but they do not think. Not only is the 'power-station' of thought in the head, but we can also feel that we do not think with the whole head. The back part, for instance, is seemingly almost

passive, but there is a most distinct sensation of energy felt in the region just behind the forehead; there, without a doubt, the most delicate machinery of the human frame is placed.

Now, the question is how best, in the wakerife circumstances indicated, gently to put untimely activity of the mind to rest. There is an unusual quantity of blood operating in the brain, and this somehow should be got to subside. There have been many suggestions to effect this end; but in this, as in some other things, what is efficacious with one has no efficacy with another. A physician recommends rising from bed and walking about in the cool air of the room for a little. Another, Mr Alfred Smee, found that the application of a cold, wet handkerchief upon the brow succeeded when all else failed. The writer may say he has tried this and found great relief from it. To project the feet for a time from under the bedclothes is thought to be helpful; but certainly is not very comfortable. A great many expedients recommended rather tend to keep the subject awake than otherwise, such as counting from one up to any number, &c. A friend once told me he induced drowsiness by shutting his eyes and gazing as it were into an imaginary thick fog in which no distinct forms were presented to the mind.

Among external remedies, one which has had a good deal said for it on partly scientific grounds is to seek sleep with the head laid as nearly due north as possible. Several eminent physicians have spoken favourably of this, such as Dr Gregory of Edinburgh, and Dr Von der Fischweiler of Magdeburg, who lived to the great age of one hundred and nine years. He ascribed his longevity to his constant habit of sleeping with his head towards the north and his feet due south.

It has been declared by a Scotch doctor of repute that children are particularly benefited by making them sleep with their heads turned to the north. He goes the length of saying that in the case of invalid children it never failed to procure them sleep.

People of a nervous temperament should be careful of what they eat and drink for supper with a view to a good night's rest. Some persons, for instance, could not sleep at all if they drank a late cup of tea; and, indeed, neither tea nor coffee, in troublesome cases, should be used at all.

The effect was most marked in one case of a lady unable to sleep, who suddenly dropped the use of every kind of stimulating beverage, and found, to her great happiness, that she soon could sleep like most other people.

Those who are not in the habit of going much from home often complain that they do not sleep well in a strange bed. Whether this is due to the impression which novelty of surroundings makes upon their waking senses, and so is communicated to their sleeping minds, or to a different position of the bed to that they are accustomed with, or to some other occult cause, it would be difficult to say. Perhaps the cold, wet handkerchief might be useful in such cases. It is strange how habit and environment affect sleep. A gentleman whose house closely adjoins a railway embankment, and past which a large number of trains travel during the night, has become so insensible to the thunder of their passage that he actually does not sleep so well when away from home. On the other hand, the writer when on a visit to him, spent a most disturbed night under his roof, being awakened every little while both by the noise and vibration, which seemed to make the whole house tremble.

It is common enough on seeing a friend to his bedroom to wish him a good-night and pleasant dreams; but to desire him a sound sleep is a much better wish. Pleasant dreams are certainly much preferable to their opposite, but none at all is best. Then body and brain favourably recuperate the wear and tear of the past day. Besides, some dreamers take to abnormal action which is a serious cause of anxiety both to themselves and friends. A few years ago a young lady known to the writer, of a most retiring disposition, left her bed in a somnambulistic state one night, undid the front door, and, reaching the street, proceeded quite a long way till a policeman fortunately observed the unwonted spectacle, and, apprehending the situation, gently awoke her and accompanied her home. Such dreams may be pleasant, but their dangerous character is obvious.

Any one troubled with sleeplessness should carefully seek for the cause of it, and, having either found or suspected it, take immediate steps towards a cure. It is much better to deny ourselves whatever is likely to rob us of the blessing of refreshing sleep than to burn life's candle all too quickly away.

A QUEST.

Where is that little love of mine?
But yesterday I watched her 'mong her flowers,
Her white gown glancing like the sun-kissed wings
Of doves, 'tween summer showers.

Where is that little love of mine?
But yesterday her silvern laughter rang
Round roof and rafter like a peal of bells,
Until mine own heart sang.

Where is that little love of mine?
A crushing silence lies on bower and hall.
God! I remember me, she went away
In answer to a call.

M. Hedderwick Browne.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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THE VOYAGE OF THE 'COFFIN.'

By W. Victor Cook.

CHAPTER I.

A STIFF breeze, with nasty gusts from the north-west, was blowing the dark smoke of Toronto out before it into Lake Ontario. Up the narrow Eastern Gap, between the island and the marsh, that makes the fairway for vessels into Toronto Bay, a little two-masted craft was thrashing stubbornly to and fro in the teeth of the wind. She was some twenty-five feet long, of the build known on the Great Lakes as a mackinaw—that is to say, she would have been almost a small fore-and-aft schooner if her foremast had not been set so far in the eyes of her. Only her big foresail was set; but, even so, and with her crew of three, in their oilskins, leaning hard to windward, she heeled over so that a moment's mishandling would have meant disaster.

The current ran out strongly through the Gap, and with each tack the mackinaw scarcely gained half-a-dozen times her own length; but she held obstinately on her way.

'Look at that girl. Isn't she a beauty?' exclaimed the helmsman to his two companions, as for the third time they approached the eastern pier. 'What on earth is she doing all by herself in a God-forsaken place like that?'

'She's a peach,' agreed he with the foresheet in his hands. 'Keep your eyes off her, Lou, or you'll be putting us all in the water.'

'No fear!' said Lou.

The girl, who seemed to have wandered through mere curiosity so far from the mainland, stood watching the craft as it splashed through the troubled water. She had a ripe, dark beauty, and was of luxurious mould; while the style and taste of her dress were such as are not seen every day even in Toronto.

The mackinaw, throwing up the spray from her bows, headed straight on for the pier. Now she was within a length, now half-a-length. The young lady stepped back. It seemed as though another second must see the broad bowsprit splinter against the wooden piles.

'Hard a-lee!' cried Lou, pulling the tiller round, and in a moment the craft fluttered into the wind, and stood away again on the starboard tack as the crew sprang over to windward.

Twice more she tacked, the girl on the deserted pier watching her manœuvres with evident interest.

'We'll win through this time, Jack, I guess,' said Lou, as once more they ran on the port tack and neared the inner corner of the eastern pier, beyond which the wide extent of the bay lay open before them.

'Will we, though?' growled his foresheet man, pointing over the bay. 'Look at this son-of-a-gun coming up.'

A great, white, triple-decked steamer was heading at full speed out of the bay on her way to Montreal, throwing up a heavy swell on either side of her in the narrow passage-way. Young Lou uttered an exclamation which would not look well in print.

'Hang on, boys. I'm going to run across her bows. We'll just do it,' he said, as the steamer's siren hooted warning. They held steadily on their way, Lou's gray eyes watching the steamer yard by yard, and his brown hand gripping the tiller. Shouts came from the steamer, and a man in the bows of her, gesticulating wildly, yelled everything he could lay his tongue to as the foolhardy little craft heeled over to a sudden puff, and raced across under the very nose of the big vessel. Lou gave a quick, nervous laugh, and as the big bulk of the steamer took the wind out of the mackinaw's sail, put his helm round, and again shouted, 'Hard a-lee!'

The little craft swung round, heading the steamer's swell, and the next minute the big vessel had passed, and the wind filling the mackinaw's sail again, she gathered way to return on her former tack for the corner.

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'Hurrah!' cried Lou triumphantly. 'What did that big brute want to come along and spoil our stretch for?'

But the wind-driven current had caused them to lose ground.

'I bet ten dollars we don't clear the pier,' said the foresheet man.

'I bet you fifty we do,' returned his chief. 'Trim in that sheet, and hold on, Jack.'

The same conviction that had inspired Jack's bet evidently possessed the young lady on the pier. She had watched the daring crew slip under the steamer's bows, and now stood at the corner of the pier waiting with eagerness—almost with anxiety—to see the end of the adventure. It was the work of a few moments only. Careening over till her deck-boards were awash, the mackinaw churned her way towards the corner piles. The end of her fore-sail-boom cleared the pier by a bare six inches. Her dare-devil young crew raised a cheer; and Lou, looking back for a moment, caught a smile on the girl's face as she clapped her gloved hands in admiration of the exploit. He waved his cap, and the boat passed on.

'Did you see that, boys?' he cried exultingly. 'My heavens! I'd capsize the three of us for another smile like that.—Jack, I give you back your dollars. The smile will do instead.'

They ran home westward across the bay in a couple of long stretches, and brought the mackinaw to her moorings at the wharf below Bathurst Street, just inside the western channel to the open lake. They were later than usual this afternoon; but Lou, who had a proper seaman-like regard for the neatness of his craft, stayed behind after his comrades had gone ashore to tidy up his gear.

The sky was reddening for the sunset when he at length left the wharf and made his way back to the dust of the city.

Lou Morgan looked at this time as much like a buccaneer as is to be expected of the twentieth century. A knitted red cap, the tail of which hung down nearly on to his shoulder, a coarse blue guernsey girt at the middle with a belt bearing a sheath-knife, and a pair of trousers ineffably patched and stained, constituted the chief items in his make-up. Just across the bridge from the wharf he boarded an open street-car coming west. Taking the first of the three back-seats allotted to smokers, he drew from his pocket an elderly briar, almost black from length of service, loaded it, and was in the act of lighting it when he became conscious of a pair of brown eyes watching him from a seat in the middle of the car. The 'eight-day' sulphur-match dropped from Lou's hand in his disconcertment, and lay sputtering on his knee unnoticed. The brown eyes sparkled, and a faint smile of recognition lit the face of their owner. It was the vision who had applauded the rounding of the Eastern Gap. She blushed slightly.

Lou put back the pipe unlit into his pocket, and returned the smile. He noticed that there was a vacant seat next the brown eyes, and for a moment, democratic Canadian as he was, he experienced a certain feeling of embarrassment at the piratical condition of his attire.

The car jolted on its way. Lou could not for many seconds together keep his gaze from the fascination of the face in the middle seat, and after a minute or two he did not greatly exert himself to do so. More than once their eyes met, and more than once the meeting of looks was accompanied by the twitch of a half-restrained smile.

At length the car slowed up at the turning where Lou's road home left the track, and he regretfully prepared to descend. To his delighted surprise, before he had risen to his feet the young lady made her way to the side, and ere yet the car had come to a full stop, sprang lightly to the ground. But in doing so she tripped ever so slightly, and in recovering her balance dropped on the street a pretty châtelaine she had been carrying in her hand.

In a moment Lou was beside her, handing her the châtelaine with a bow that contrasted quaintly with his appearance, and inquiring eagerly if she had hurt herself.

'My bag! Oh, you have it! Oh, thank you so much!' she cried. Lou noticed with amazement the sudden pallor of her face as she took the châtelaine from his hand and examined the fastening. Then the rich colour flooded her face, and for a moment she was silent.

'It is tricky getting off the cars,' said Lou for lack of a loftier theme. 'Are you quite sure you are not hurt?'

'Quite sure,' she answered, and rewarded him with a delicious smile of confusion. 'But I am afraid you have lost the car.'

'I wish I had—for such a reason,' said Lou. 'But I live quite near here.' Then, growing bolder, he added tentatively, 'You are from England?'

'You think so from my speech?' she said. 'My mother was English. But my home is in New York. Say,' she added, dropping mischievously into the Western speech, 'you are a dandy sailor.'

It was Lou's turn to colour—as far as that was possible under his tan—at the compliment.

'Guess you can jolly,' he said, smiling, in the same dialect.

'But you are!' she insisted more seriously. Then an idea appeared to strike her. 'I wonder,' she said with a little note of hesitancy in her voice, 'if you would venture to cross the lake in that boat of yours.'

'I shouldn't like you to dare me to it in such weather as to-day,' answered Lou.

'Why?'

'Because I should have to do it in that case.'

By this time they were walking side by side beneath the leafy avenue of maple and chestnut trees.

'I should be ashamed to dare any one to do a thing I should be afraid of myself,' she said.

'I should be sorry to see *you* crossing Lake Ontario in that boat,' Lou fervently assured her.

The brown eyes looked at him half-slyly, half-seriously.

'Is it so dangerous?' she asked.

'It's a pretty tough proposition,' he said, 'especially at this time of the year.'

The young lady glanced behind her. Far down the avenue a man was walking slowly in the same direction as themselves.

'Yet if any one dared you to it, you would go? How foolish!'

'I said if *you* dared me,' answered Lou, looking in her face as she watched him. 'There's nothing I wouldn't do if you dared me.'

'Oh!' she said shortly; and then, after a pause, 'You are very forward, I think.'

'I know I am,' admitted Lou, with contrition. 'I did not mean to be rude. But it's true, all the same.'

He looked her up and down, and intoxication possessed him.

She stood still, and for some seconds seemed to struggle with a great embarrassment. Her cheeks flushed, and the brown eyes looked down on the uneven plank-pavement. Finally, the dark lashes lifted, and she looked him squarely in the face.

'I want to cross the lake to-morrow night,' she said quietly; 'and I don't want to go by the regular steamboats.' She glanced behind again. 'Will you take me?' she asked bluntly. 'If I could not see that you are a gentleman I would say I could make it worth your while. Let us walk on.'

They walked on. Lou felt that a crisis had arrived. He was enthralled by the beauty of his companion, but his reason remained awake.

'When I spoke just now,' he said slowly, 'I meant it, though I didn't think you were serious. I doubt if you realise quite the danger you are thinking of running—why I don't know, and I don't want to know. In the first place'—Lou said this with a smile—'you ought to know that my boat is called the *Coffin*.'

'The *Coffin*?' she repeated.

'That was a name the fellows round the bay gave her, and out of devilment I painted it on her. You see, I got her for a song, because she had drowned seven people, and every one was shy of her. I've steadied her by loading her up with bars of pig-iron for ballast; but she's narrow, and all open except for the side deck-boards, and if she went over she would go to the bottom like a plummet. There are a couple of empty fifty-gallon oil-cans in her, in case of anything happening, but they might almost as well be out of her. The water out in Lake Ontario, you know, is as cold as ice, and a person would be numbed to death before he could be picked up. It is all I can do to get fellows to sail her with me in the races. From the look of to-day, it may blow hard by to-morrow night, and I couldn't ask the boys to come on such a risk. And you—how could I let you sail in her with such chances to run, even if I could handle her properly by myself?'

'Forgive me—I had no right to ask you. But *I* can handle a sheet. Two could sail her?'

'*You?*'

'Yes. I'm only a girl, I know. But I understand how to sail a boat.'

'You?' repeated Lou.

'I suppose you don't believe me.' She pouted. 'I suppose you think I don't know a gaff from a gasket. You wouldn't feel safe with a woman?'

'Safe?' Lou repeated, looking queerly at her for some moments. 'I don't set so much value as all that on feeling safe—with a woman,' he added mischievously. 'Are your wrists strong?'

She unbuttoned her glove and bent a dainty white wrist. 'I know they don't look much, but they'll hold out,' she said.

The sight of the white little wrist finished Lou, and he cast aside the last shreds of caution. 'If you can lend a hand now and then with the fore-sheet, and must really go, I'm yours. Tell me what you wish, and I will do it. You may rely on me.'

'Really?'

'Absolutely.'

'What is your name?'

'Louis Morgan—Lou for short.'

'That's a quaint name—Lou.'

'Yes. Some say 'tis a quaint fellow that has it. May I ask yours?'

'Ray Sinclair.'

'Ray—that's a pretty name!' he said.

'Yes. Some say 'tis a pretty girl that has it,' she mimicked him demurely.

'Lovely, I should say!' Lou declared with enthusiasm.

'I have not told you what you are to do.'

'No.'

'Well, you must not ask any questions.'

'Certainly not. I'm under sealed orders.'

Ray Sinclair looked behind.

'I want you to come and dine with me at the "Iroquois" to-morrow evening, and then to take me to the theatre. I shall pay expenses, of course. I will tell you further later on. Oh, and you must put two warm overcoats in your boat before then, and have her all ready to sail at a moment's notice. Of course you think I am mad.'

'I think 'tis I who am mad,' said Lou. 'But say—will you give me a promise?'

'It depends.'

'You have on a little brooch with your name. If we get through safe, will you give me that, to remember you by always afterwards?'

'Would you really like it?'

'I'd hold it dearer than anything I have,' said Lou fervently.

'Why, take it now,' she smiled, and, colouring, she unfastened the trinket from her throat and put it in his hand. Lou kissed it, and pinned it on his guernsey under his coat. 'When it sticks into you, you will remember to be at the "Iroquois" at six-thirty to-morrow?' she said.

'I shall think of nothing else till then,' he answered.

'Good-bye till to-morrow,' she said, holding out her hand. 'You're a good sort, Lou.'

'Good-bye,' answered Lou, looking in her eyes.

(To be continued.)

HOW OUR SENSES DECEIVE US.

By Dr Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., &c.

IF we place a pea between the middle and fore fingers, the outer side of the forefinger and the inner side of the middle finger being respectively in contact with the pea, everybody knows that the sense of touch will convey the information that only one pea is being dealt with. If now we cross the fingers, and place the pea between them, and thus reverse the finger-surfaces which are in contact with it, by the same 'avenue of sense' we get the impression that we touch two peas. I am not taking into account any connection which may be brought to bear on the experiment by the sense of sight, but simply regarding the information which that of touch alone conveys to us. If we make the experiment blindfolded, or with our eyes shut, the conditions for our deception will be rendered all the more successful. If we cross the fingers and rub a marble between them so that the marble will come in contact with the tips of both fingers, we receive an impression of two marbles. If we cross the fingers and pass them over the tip of the nose, we may even succeed in conveying to the mind the somewhat ludicrous notion that we have a double organ of smell. This in itself is a somewhat curious, if simple, experiment. It opens up an extremely interesting field of speculation concerning the trustworthiness of our senses. It also deals with the question of the extent to which we can trust these 'gateways of knowledge' to convey to us accurate accounts of the impressions of the outer world. Needless to remark, our knowledge of that world is gained through the media of the sense-organs which, to the number of five, we certainly possess, although there are trustworthy considerations enough at hand to suggest that this number does not exhaust the whole array of our avenues of information.

In ordinary life we are accustomed to trust implicitly to the evidence which our senses place at the disposal of the brain regarding the world we live in and our own relations to it. It must not be forgotten, of course, that when we speak of hearing, seeing, tasting, and so forth, we are in reality describing the work not of the senses so much as that of the brain itself. We do not really see with our eyes or hear by means of our ears. Eyes and ears are, after all, only 'gateways of knowledge,' as George Wilson long ago aptly styled them. They receive impressions in the shape of light-waves and sound-waves respectively from the outer world, and prepare and adjust these impressions for transmission to the special centres in the brain destined to receive them. The sense-organ is simply an under-official which performs its duty in a somewhat mechanical fashion and transmits the result of its work to the sub-office in the brain which presides over its destinies. Even here we do not reach the end of our tether in respect of the senses and their ways and works, for the sub-office has no power to institute comparisons or to pronounce judgment on what is seen or heard. These important duties are exercised by the head-office represented by another, the highest, part of the brain, where our consciousness—that is, the appreciation of the knowledge of what we see and hear, and what we are and what we are doing—is exercised.

Yet in ordinary life we have become so accustomed to regard the senses as our courts of appeal in all intellectual difficulties that the phrase the 'evidence of our senses' has become almost classic in the common vernacular. However, so far from such evidence being always trustworthy or reliable, science teaches us that we are singularly liable to find our sense-impressions have played us false by reason of the infirmities which mark our physical and mental disposition at large. When a man says 'I saw this' or 'I heard that,' we have no doubt that he did see or hear something; but the interpretation of what he did see and hear may be totally at fault, and for the erroneous impressions to which he may give vent his senses may occasionally be responsible, just as his brain may be credited with occasional lapses in its work of interpretation.

I was talking to a distinguished lawyer some time ago, and remarked on the very variable and often contradictory character of the testimony one hears in a court of law. I added that it was a source of wonder to me that prosecutions for perjury were not more frequently represented in our legal procedure. I instanced a case in which, say, half-a-dozen persons all witnessed the same occurrence, with the result that each of the half-dozen might, and probably would, give an entirely different account of what they saw when examined in the witness-box. My friend quietly remarked that he supposed I was acquainted with the relative nature of most things in this world, and added that in the

matter of evidence every lawyer knew the variations which were certain to be forthcoming in testimony of the kind to which I had referred. Each of the witnesses, it is true, saw the same series of events; but each of the six gave his own interpretation of these events. His testimony, depending on the nature of his sense-impressions, my legal friend urged, is almost certain to vary from that of his neighbours to a greater or less degree. It is here really not a question of actual false testimony which the judge has to face, but merely an attempt to collate and bring into line the different accounts of seeing things and the different impressions originated and conveyed by what was seen by the witnesses. The judge endeavours to strike a happy mean, and to arrive in this way at a fair and reasonable conclusion regarding the sequence or nature of the events under discussion.

In the ordinary operations of life, doubtless the senses of the healthy individual serve him fairly well, and the organs of one sense can often be corrected by an appeal to other senses. Our experiments with the fingers showed, for instance, that the sense of sight is corrective of the deluded sense of touch. There is a field of inquiry which, however, one cannot touch upon here, wherein it might be shown that errors of judgment occasionally arise from the faulty operation of the brain itself. I have already hinted as much, and every conjurer offers a practical illustration of such errors on our part when we see him apparently accomplish what we know to be physical impossibilities. The man who mistakes a shadow for the substance, and sees a white-robed spectre where there is only a peculiar moonlight effect, is the subject of the erroneous interpretation of what he sees. This is what is called an 'illusion,' and the brain, we may note, is much more at fault here than the eye. But even in our sober senses, apart from illusions of the kind to which I have referred, our senses may play us many fantastic tricks and lead us towards conclusions which may be highly difficult indeed of correction from the side of our high court of appeal in the shape of the brain judgments themselves. The case I quoted of the fingers and the pea illustrates this result in a marked way. It teaches us that our sensations depend very much, for one thing, on the mere matter of habit. We are not accustomed to touch objects with our fingers crossed. In the ordinary exercise of the sense of touch we gain our information in straight pathways, so to speak. The ends of our nerves come in contact indirectly, or through the outer skin, with the object touched, and a message is consequently sent along certain nerve-fibres upwards through the medium of the spinal cord and onwards to the touch-centres or sub-office in the brain itself. This is all plain sailing enough; but when we alter, as we do, the relative position which our fingers occupy in ordinary life, and cross them, the messages which reach the brain do so in a fashion which that organ is unable properly to interpret. We appear to possess what has been called a field of touch composed of a great many nerve-ends, and custom and habit induces in us particular modes of sensation as the result of the exercise of special nerves. If we disturb the natural position of these nerve-ends with reference to each other, we can only receive confused and erroneous pieces of intelligence from their messages. This view of matters may forcibly impress upon us the fact that it is really the brain that interprets, and that it is not the mere sense-organ receiving the impression which is at fault. But in justice to the brain, we must bear in mind that every other organ of the body has its own ways of working, and must conform very largely to these ways if its duties are to be satisfactorily performed at all.

The sense of touch is also responsible for sundry other curious bits of byplay. It is a familiar fact of surgery that when a man has had his leg amputated, say below the knee, he will complain of pain, not in the stump, but in the toes of the missing limb. In one case the patient felt very strongly the pain of a troublesome corn which had decorated one of the toes of his amputated foot. In another case, an American one, the patient remarked to his doctor, 'If I should say I am more sure of the leg which isn't than the one which is, I guess I should be about correct.' Here again we explain the deception of the senses on the principle that the impressions which were wont to be received from the missing limb passed in certain definite nerve-channels to an equally definite area in the brain. The impression is transmitted from the end of the shortened nerve which received them from the whole leg itself, and the brain-centre, we may presume, has not acquired the power of accurately localising them in the stump. Precisely the same case is illustrated when a patient who has had a defective nose restored by transferring a flap of skin from the forehead—in which case the flap takes root, as it were, in its new situation—and who experiences a feeling as if his forehead were being touched when the nose is tickled. It takes a certain time for the brain to become used to discriminate between mental messages coming from an unaccustomed source and the old impressions which the now misplaced nerves were wont to convey to it.

The sense of sight itself is rich in the matter of deceptions. We can record many instances of erroneous impressions liable to be conveyed to us by our eyes, and of the curious optical phases which may arise to puzzle and befog our most careful judgments. Take the case of a face represented in a portrait. The eyes appear to follow the spectator from whatever direction the picture is viewed. This is an illusion, no doubt; but it is one which arises not from the eye alone. The brain plays a certain part here in assisting the deception, as Sir David Brewster long ago demonstrated. The painting is, of course, done on a flat surface, and presents to the eye of the spectator a front view of the object only, and this in whatever position he may stand. The eye of a real person, on the other hand, is

thrown into relief. If we move to one side we see the side of the eyeball and miss seeing as much of the pupil as when the eye is kept steadily to the front. But as we gaze on the picture we are presented from any point of view with all the elements of the eye regarded from the brain, and the brain simply translates this continuous front-view into the illusion of the moving eye. We are so accustomed to regard the eye in a picture as looking directly at us that we fail to make allowance for the relief which would inevitably arise if the eye were a real one. There is a picture in which the muzzle of a gun is so trained that it appears to point directly at the spectator in whichever position he may stand. Here the only view of the painting is that which we should see if we directly faced it. The brain makes no allowance, in other words, for the flatness of the painting and for the persistent front-view it places before the spectator.

Physiologists are accustomed to give certain well-known diagrams by way of demonstrating the deceptions the sense of sight may practise upon us. For instance, it is a familiar fact that if we outline a straight line by a dot at each end, divide it into equal parts, and then further divide one of its halves equally by a series of dots, leaving the other half blank, we receive the impression that the divided half of the line is longer than the undivided half. Here the work of estimating the relative length of the dotted half is accomplished by a series of impressions, while the eye takes in the undivided half in one impression. Similarly, if a series of straight lines be drawn vertically, and a similar series horizontally, and a square be situated side by side, with its sides exactly equal to the lines in length, we at once acquire an erroneous notion of the relative proportion of these figures. The vertical lines will give us the idea of greatest breadth, and the horizontal lines that of greatest height, while the square will appear smallest of all. Yet on measurement all three exactly cover the same area. No doubt in this case the brain is the real seat of the erroneous judgment, for it is difficult to explain how the eye itself can be deceived. Impressions made on the organ of sight are doubtless really of the same size throughout; but the impression conveyed is imperfectly translated.

Another well-known fact is that in which a thin line has arrow-headed terminals, and another of precisely the same length has its terminals reversed. The reversed terminals give the impression of far greater length of their line, owing to the divergence of the ends and of the optical axes. The apparent shortness of the other line is due to the converging of its arrow-shaped ends conveying an impression of limitation. 'Zöllner's lines' form yet another interesting study in sense-deception. Oblique lines drawn with smaller lines crossing them are in reality strictly parallel, but appear to exhibit convergence. Our eyes, in fact, tend to separate out the short crossing lines, with the result that false or implied impression of their meeting makes us suppose the long lines are not parallel. Allied to the case of 'Zöllner's lines' is another familiar figure-illusion where a thin line is made to intercept a thick one in an oblique fashion. If now below the thick line another line parallel to the intercepting one is drawn, we get an illusion that the second line below the thick one is a continuation of the single top line. The reverse is, of course, true; for here, the interruption of the field of vision caused by the thick line puzzles the judgment and causes the illusion of continuity in the wrong direction.

The unconscious application of some of the principles thus illustrated in our ways of seeing things to such matters as even dress may be readily illustrated. For instance, on the principle seen in the vertical and horizontal parallel lines, we find that people who are short and stout will frequently dress in materials that exhibit cross or horizontal stripes. On the principle that vertical lines give the appearance of greatest breadth, the stout-bodied person will do well to avoid chosing a pattern in which the stripes run in this direction. That comparisons of height are strictly relative matters is demonstrated when we see a very big person alongside an undersized one. Here the law of contrast applies; the former appears taller than he really is by contrast. So all our comprehension of the size, say, of the moon will be materially affected according to its position. If we happen to see the Queen of Night in close contrast with trees or other near objects, its size is apparently increased. At the zenith, wanting comparison, size is diminished. The farness or nearness of objects is also much affected by the circumstances under which our vision is exercised. A fog will cause an ordinary-sized person to look like a giant. He is apparently farther away than he really is, with the result that in our mind we make an unconscious comparison of his apparent size with what we know or think to be his natural stature when he is near to us. On the like principle of being deluded by distance, we think a hill seen on a hazy morning to be a big mountain; whereas, conversely, in very clear air the eminence diminishes in size. We regard it as nearer to us than it really is; and our judgment regarding its size is affected by the erroneous work of the eye. When we speak of a telescope 'bringing things nearer to us,' we must regard this expression as amounting simply to a figure of speech. The object we gaze at remains where it was. If we look through the wrong end of a telescope or opera-glass we at once gain the impression of an opposite kind, that of the far-away location of an object which may really be relatively close to us.

Certain illusions of the senses may, of course, depend on physical laws and conditions, the effects of which we have to correct by an appeal to our ordinary powers of judgment. A stick or an oar placed half in clear water looks to us as if it were broken, this appearance being due to the bending of the light-waves. In the case of moving objects, our

senses find a very profitable sphere of work in the way of deceiving us. If we look at a moving body we may discern its motion according to one or other of two principles or actions. For instance, if the eye follows the movements, we require to move the eyeballs in their sockets by means of the muscles provided for that purpose. If we keep the eye perfectly still we may note the object move because its image crosses the retina, which is the eye's sensitive plate whereon things seen are duly impressed. If now we suppose that our eyes move and the object gazed at remains stationary, we may receive impressions of a similar kind ; and we have also to take into account movements of our own, either in the same direction as the object or in the opposite direction to that in which the thing seen is moving. Thus, if we are actually moving, as when we are seated in a train, and the fact that we are speeding along passes away from us into the dim and misty regions of half-consciousness, we gain an impression that the telegraph-poles and everything else are speeding past us in rapid movement. So also when a train running in the same direction passes us, say at an almost equal speed to our own, the impression conveyed is one of a slow pace in the overtaking train, although it may be travelling at an express speed. The train which passes us in the opposite direction, on the other hand, is seen to fly at lightning pace, because, as in the case of the telegraph-poles, we do not readily realise that we are moving, but regard ourselves unconsciously as practically at rest. There is another common illusion in railway travelling remarked by everybody. When a train is standing alongside ours, and it begins to move, the illusion is borne in upon us at first that it is our train which is in motion. Here the idea comes into play which assumes that our surroundings are stationary and that our train represents the only movable part of them. There is a tacit expectation of the mind here which constitutes the basis of the deception, and this of course is only corrected by our noting a really fixed object, such as the platform next which our train is at rest.

A more complicated illusion of sight, as regards its origin at least, is that experienced when we watch the sea from a steamer's deck. The feeling slowly dawns upon us that it is the waves which are moving in the opposite direction to that of the steamer's course, while the vessel itself appears to be stationary. Some way beyond the steamer, we are conscious that the water's movement is lessened greatly, till practically it appears to be itself still and immovable. If now the eyes be turned to the deck, we appear to witness a forward movement of the part next us, while beyond this part the deck seems stationary. Here it would appear that the retina is affected by light-rays coming from the water with varying rates of motion. When we turn our eyes to the deck, where all is fixed, the persistence of the impressions gained from the sea with their different rates of motion transfers to the solid steamer similar movements.

The apparatus once so popular and known by the name of the 'wheel of life' or 'zoëtrope,' in which a number of figures printed on a paper roll was viewed from the slits in the side of a revolving drum, must have been familiar to most readers. The figures appeared to be in active motion, and the movements, say, of a jumping horse or of boys playing leap-frog were in each case eventually reproduced. Here we have to deal, as in the preceding instance, with the persistence of retinal impressions, or, in other words, the period of duration of the images which are rapidly received by the eye's sensitive plate. A good example of a simple impression of this kind is afforded when we look at the sun. If the eye is then turned away from the brilliant light and focussed on a dark surface we fail to see anything at first, but soon become conscious of a brilliant spot called the 'after-image' of the orb of day. This image we may even see when the eyes are shut, because, of course, that proceeding does not interfere with the action of the retina at the back of the eye where the 'after-image' is for the time being in full glow. We note that the image persists for some time after the actual object which gave it birth has been withdrawn from our vision. The boy who lights the end of a stick, and by whirling it rapidly round conveys to us the idea of a circle of fire, has illustrated for us practically the same illusion. Each movement of the lighted end of the stick giving an impression is practically succeeded so quickly by another impression that we experience a sense of a continuous line of fire in place of noting the actual passage of the one burning point through space.

In the latest development of the 'wheel of life' idea, seen in the cinematograph and like exhibitions, we have presented another example of the persistent retinal impressions. Here we see a body of soldiers marching, a fire-engine turned out, waves rolling on the beach, and other scenes all depicted exactly as they occur in nature. The series of photographs taken of these events is rapidly passed before us, so rapidly indeed that neither the eye nor the judgment has the power of separating the individual photographs, and the illusion of a series of continuous movements is thus complete. It is the principle of the boy's burning stick and the zoëtrope wonderfully elaborated by aid of the art of instantaneous photography. These examples may suffice to show how very imperfect, after all, the judgments which rule our actions may be regarded, dependent as they are on the testimony of senses which themselves are liable to transmit to the brain-centres erroneous impressions of the things and objects of the outer world. It is often said that in respect of certain senses, man is less perfectly endowed than are many of the lower animals. He may not possess an accurate sense of smell such as is the possession of certain dogs, and he may not be endowed with the eyesight of many birds. His sense capacities must be regarded as limited when compared with those exhibited by some of his poorer

relations. But, taking man's senses all round, they discharge their duties with a fair amount of accuracy, and with sufficient exactitude to enable the normal human to guide his footsteps aright and to avoid the mental pitfalls that may threaten to engulf him. Happily for us, the healthy judgment is on the whole able and sufficient for the most part to correct even those erroneous impressions which occasionally make their appearance at the gateway of reason itself.

THE AUTOCRAT.

CHAPTER VI.

MR JENKINS, crossing his feet, turned to Spencer for corroboration.

'The Tanalao ground had to be inspected, and we were quite willing to give a reasonable compensation for any damage to the crops. Wasn't that the way it went, uncle?'

'Just that,' Spencer said.

They were sitting in a room in the Middle Palace, a room as sparely furnished as Rex's had been, except for a few Persian rugs lying scattered over the matting, and the massive table of Bombay blackwood, carved in elaborate design, that stood under the punkah. The reed curtains at the doors flung a cool shade to the interior, grateful after the wealth of sunlight. The place smelt of disuse; but it was swept and orderly, the rack of hog-spears dusted, and writing tools laid neatly ready.

'Then *why* did they resist your men?' Rex said, coming back to the question with which he had started.

'Because they're heathens,' Spencer said. 'Progress, young man, knocking up against the noble savage, and the savage, as usual, gets left.'

'And you are going to kill them for that?'

'They did their best to kill our men, you see,' Mr Jenkins said suavely, almost as if he were instructing a child. 'This is to encourage the others. Try murder in your happy England, and observe the consequences, my son.'

Rex took a minute for thought before he spoke again. Words! He had confronted something more telling, and floods of rhetoric could not dispel its impression; but the phrase, the argument, had their plausibility.

'Why do you want the ground?'

The King of Kerisal had been gazing at the ceiling cloth. He brought his eyes to earth, though not to his son's challenge.

'Oh, tell him, uncle—do,' he said, and he yawned, and sent a stabbing glance at the fat man under cover of his unconcern.

Spencer rose, and went, not too briskly, to the table. His white linen was rather creased this morning, and there was a faint blue tinge on his chin. He looked as if he had slept, or rather *not* slept, in his clothes; he too smothered a yawn as he unrolled a large hand-drawn map of the country and pegged it to the wood. He dabbed at a pencil-mark with a podgy finger.

'There's the spot that's caused all the how-de-do,' he said. 'On the belt of cultivation. The shaded part backing it is forest—all forest—knotted up with undergrowth and thick with fever. The paddy-fields were forest too, once.'

'When?'

'I guess about the time of Moses,' Spencer said dryly. 'Your poppa and I have had a pleasant little surprise concerning 'em. A fellow called Dietrich, who is in our employment, suspicioned that there was coal 'way under the rice, and he hasn't made any mistake. I got an expert over from Bengal the week before you came, and he said it was good steam-coal, and worth working. *Now* you'll understand why we can't cotton to local prejudices as much as we should like. This is going to make a big difference in a heap o' things.'

'We wanted some sort of a miracle,' Mr Jenkins observed in the pause that ensued.

'I reckon that's so. Jani Mata does so despise meanness,' Spencer corroborated. 'You don't run a genuine independent State, with a live king prancing around the capitals of Europe, for nothing. I guess there ought to be pickings. Pickings,' he repeated, caressing the word. 'It's something tangible at last, something with a solid market value; and between you and me and his Majesty there, not a minute before it's wanted. You can go right away soon as it's fixed up, and live happily ever after.'

Rex's imagination did not respond as swiftly as it might have done. He looked from one man to the other. His father had his normal hard hold upon himself, his ease, his contemptuous self-possession; Mr Spencer, observed narrowly, was pale and even flabby, less able to conceal the strain of explanation and suspense. There was no doubt that the importance of the find and its resulting castles in the air had shaken him a little, though he was still the political middleman, with a handy grip of his business. Rex saw, of course, a flying dream of affluence and Olive, riches rising mountain high to lift him into matrimony; but the trouble in his mind swept these airy visions aside.

'The land belongs to the natives, doesn't it?'

'Oh, shucks!' Spencer said. He was breathing heavily over the map, and he did not lift his eyes. ''M—'m—'m.' He ran through some mental calculation. 'Belongs? The State is the groundlandlord, I calculate. That village hasn't treated us pretty, has it? We've no objection to pensioning it off—what is left of it—with what will be a healthy fortune in Kerisal, enough for an extra

wife apiece all round, and buttered rice every day in the year.'

Rex shifted his ground a little.

'This is going to benefit the country?' he queried stoutly, fixing them with all his youthful earnestness.

Spencer, who was sucking a pencil-stump, withdrew it from his mouth and emitted an odd sound that might have been a sneeze, or a chuckle, or a combination of the two.

'The welfare of his loving people is always Jani Mata's first consideration,' he said, and popped the pencil back again.

The subject of this eulogy brought his gaze to earth with some abruptness.

'Tchah!' he said, and he left his chair and paced the room. 'Don't play the funny fellow with me, uncle, if you please.—Rex, you speak like a fool. Did you ever hear of mineral products, properly worked, that *didn't* benefit the place they came from? The natives, as you have found out already, are ignorant enough to want to stand in their own light as well as ours; that we mean to nip in the bud, and we can't afford to be squeamish over the process. The fellows I condemned to-day have a knack of maltreating foreigners. It hasn't signified so far, for nobody has wanted to penetrate their wretched rice-swamps; but now it becomes serious. They would have tried to massacre a peaceful party of surveyors quite as soon as they tried to do for our men, and they have been taught their lesson. Now you know.'

Did he? He had, at any rate, material enough to keep his brain active even in the heavy Kerisali atmosphere. The speaker went to a curtain, and a white figure started up outside and lifted it. The opening looked distantly upon the bamboos and an angle of the guard-house, and a group of the legionaries lolling in a broad blue shadow. A squirrel, tail atilt, raced across the sand and whirled, a little grey spiral, up the trunk of a tamarisk. The hot air, laden with the odours of the East, drifted into the room.

'Listen!' Mr Jenkins said, and motioned for silence.

Spencer crossed to him. The nearer sounds were peaceful enough: the drone of servants' voices somewhere, the tramp of a sentry's feet about the bungalow, the cooing of pigeons in the thatch, the faint sigh of the sea. The voice of Akasa lay outside them, over the wall, and it was perceptible as an unceasing hum, punctuated now and then by the shrill cry of a vender or the yelp of a pariah.

'What is it?'

Rex strained his ears. He heard nothing out of the ordinary, unless it were a slight, a very slight, depression in the note on which the undersong was pitched, as if it had been flattened a semitone.

'There is an unruly element in the fish-market,' Mr Jenkins said. He listened again. 'It's angry. How is the temper of the town?'

'Peevish,' Spencer said. 'It barks, but it don't bite; if I weren't so rushed I'd give it something to chew right now. Well, you've got the ears of the Old Man! I thought I knew most things; but I can't hear what a man says half a mile away.'

Mr Jenkins stood very still for a moment, with his limbs at tension, almost as a panther watching its prey might crouch. Then he swayed slightly on his feet, and his eyes showed a curious light.

'You forget I was born here.' He drew his lips apart; but he was not smiling. 'I know the moods of Akasa. The last time I heard that note I was—young, and I have not forgotten it. Mind what you are doing, Spencer; it means mischief.'

He came back into the room, shouldering them aside. He had his dogged jaw outthrust, and abruptly, with a snap of fingers, he burst into a spasm of rage.

'Let them! The brutes! The cowards! My handling rubs them the wrong way, does it? Let them see if they will take their drilling better from other people. Eh, what do you suppose they will make of *that*?'

Spencer touched him on the arm, a gesture of caution. He began to roll up the map, and his fat fingers made a couple of false starts, but his words imported a quenching tone.

'You're getting out of my depths, Jani, and you forget our young British friend, don't you?' He indicated Rex, whose face was expressive enough. 'They've seen the men that were sentenced going into the jail, which is over against the fish-market, and they've gotten a healthy scare, that's all. They'll feel worse this afternoon. The police will keep 'em moving,' Spencer went on, almost as if he were soothing a nervous inquirer. 'That's all right. The superintendent was hanging around this morning asking for orders, and I sent him off to his station mighty quick. Don't you fret, boss. Don't you lather.'

'I!' Mr Jenkins said. He swallowed once or twice, and he returned to his level tone as unexpectedly as he had left it. He looked at his son, and he gave his short laugh, and dropped into a chair.

'Leave off cudgelling your brains, Rex,' he said. 'It is not worth it, and you—you are English, whatever I may be.' He turned to Spencer. 'Send him out to see the sights; and for preference, and less risk of typhoid, those that lie outside my charming capital. He would be interested in the dike. As a mere matter of formality, a couple of your precious personal guards might be sent with him.—They will be ready for you after breakfast, Rex,' he continued, looking at his watch. 'It is just eight o'clock; if you go across to your own quarters I have no doubt you will find a meal waiting. I can't ask you to take it with me, for, as you see, I'm busy. Uncle Elias is going to make me work now that he has caught me.'

He went to the writing-table, and plunged into the perusal of his papers. Rex went away, and picked up Buck at the foot of the veranda. He was

not light in his mind; but he saw nothing better to do than take the course laid out for him.

He jogged out of a postern-gate an hour later, with his back turned to the enclosure and the little town behind it, and found himself facing a monotonous, low-lying stretch of seaboard, while a diminutive pony under him dipped gingerly in among the rocks and snake-holes of a nullah upon which it opened.

Buck's serene red face bobbed after. The other man was an undersized Spaniard, who dropped behind when Rex turned to ask a question, and left his English-speaking brother-in-arms to answer it. They scrambled, jingling, out of the nullah-bed, and set hoof in the westward desert.

Akasa and the palisaded bungalows in their bower of green receded. The coast curved inwards, so that soon, by twisting in the saddle, they could see how the bazaar ended, straggling into the steaming jungle at the river-side and a devil's dance of heat-haze. It did not hold the eye; it was flat and meagre, with only a few one-storied white houses to raise it from a squalor that defied the sea and the stretch of harbour. Rex looked with a freer curiosity at the stones and scrub under his eyes, the cacti, the little green lizards, the sweep of red, sun-burned, barren land. They climbed a row of sand-dunes crested by a few skinny trees. It was conspicuous in the miles of flatness, and the land-level sank still lower on its farther side.

It had taken them an hour to get there, and they were not sorry to halt in the scrap of shade. The sea-breeze hummed in their ears, warm and saltish, but the sun was high, beating on their backs. The glare struck into their faces, reflected from the water.

It was at this point that the old Dutchman's defence began, where the coast-line shrank from the promontory and turned north-west. The dike started at a little loopholed pepper-box, built, as Buck explained, to guard it from the Malays, and long since crumbled into ruin, and it advanced from the spit and marched step for step with the sea, holding it back from the grain-fields. Its maker had looked to thwart an occasional flood; but he had planned better than he knew, and his wall gave a solid shoulder to the daily licking of the waves and their insistent encroachment. He had rescued another product, too, from submergence without dreaming of it. It was under these low-lying brakes and rice-swamps that Dietrich had found the coal.

Rex had gone heavily through the expedition, hampered by the burden of thoughts that it had been intended to dispel. Here, however, the hot, wide silence magnetised him—that, and something of pride in the obscure tie between him and the architect of the dike, the man who had built so sturdily, and whose best monument lay in the miles of cultivation behind his work. He left Buck and the Spaniard in the shade, and pressed forward, eager to catch hands with the spirit of the place. He dropped down the dune, plodded on foot across the strip of burning silver sand, and so came to the pepper-box and the pink and purple sea-flowers blooming in its crevices, and thence to the flanking mound in which the masonry of the dike began. He was out of his escort's sight here; a bird wheeled shrieking over his head and rose; and there was the empty peace of sea and sky.

He was so sure that there was no human being close to him that he repressed a cry with difficulty as he turned the corner of the mound. He was face to face with a native of the country, who rose from his knees, one hand upon the slippery stones of the wall, to confront him.

The man ran his eyes over him in an acute, devouring observation. Rex returned his stare with interest, and found it thrust upon his notice that Kerisal could breed strength and good looks, and yoke a supple grace upon them. This was a tall, wiry individual, with a free carriage, an oval face, and an astonishing celerity of movement; for though he had been crouching, tapping the stone wall with a little hammer, when the new-comer stumbled upon him, he was on his feet with one hand to his belt before Rex had time to plant a second step.

Rex halted, arrested by that significant gesture and an imperiousness in the man's pose. He suspected a knife under the broad sash, and, looking for it, saw that the texture was fine and delicately woven, and that the loose green jacket over it was embroidered in gold thread. But it would have taken more than these evidences of quality to lessen the amazement with which he heard himself addressed in fluent English.

'What are you doing here?'

The young man fell back a little, his eyes wide. He was slow in finding a reply to the challenge, and before he had framed it the stranger was speaking again.

'Ah, of course!' He shaded his eyes from the glare, and peered at him with a quick smile. 'Ah yes! The guest who arrived last night at the place of palaces. I remember perfectly.'

'I'm afraid I don't,' Rex stammered. 'Did I—were you at the wharf? There were so many faces, and I'——

'*There!* No, I offered no welcome,' the man said, laughing outright, with a display of white and even teeth. 'Jani Mata would not have trusted its sincerity perhaps.' He was still examining his *vis à vis*, and his attention became more concentrated and more acute. 'Tsa! They said you were a travelling Englishman, but—— Well, yes, an Englishman in every way but one, and that a slight one; European enough to deceive most men, surely.'

The summary was familiar. Rex had heard its counterpart before. It brought back the garish restaurant and the monotonous cadence of his father's voice as he stripped the husk from a mystery.

'What do you mean?' he cried sharply.

'So it was true!'

'True?'

'That the king's son lived in his mother's country, knowing nothing of our people. Eh, it was true?'

There did not seem to be a way of escaping the penetration of this amazing Asiatic, or, if there were, Rex, with his innocence of subtlety and his honest tongue, did not discover it. He stood rooted to the spot in not a little confusion. This, certainly, was not what Jani Mata had sent him into the wilderness to see.

'Yes, yes; it is plain that you are his son. He has done the thing he set out to do. You have no part in Kerisal. Done? It has been achieved with an extraordinary completeness, and I see his meaning. Go back to Europe, young man, and let us be.'

'And who are *you*, in Heaven's name?' Rex interposed.

The Kerisali looked at him with a sparkle of defiance.

'It is not a close relationship; but you and I are kinsmen,' he said more amicably. 'Blood smells out blood, which is the reason that I have perceived you, English cousin. If it had not been for the maker of this'—he pointed to the dike—'I should be the chief of Kerisal to-day, and a true chief, no renegade half-caste, bargaining over the honour of his people.' He leaned back against the wall, his head slightly atilt, his bright eyes dancing. 'You may tell the king that Ahmed Madrali has greeted his son, if you wish it. Oh yes; and you may tell him that I know, too, what his fat American has found at Tanalao, and that I—I, the prince—will never have it used as they desire to use it.'

He was in earnest now, and he had dropped irony. He pointed to a streak on the horizon with his outstretched finger, and forced Rex's gaze to it.

'They are too bankrupt and discredited to work it for themselves, and there is too much armed resistance in the land for them to farm it out with security. Do you know, then, what they hope to do? To sell'—his emotion rose, choking at the word—'to sell our country, valueless before, but worth a price now. And there goes the purchaser, waiting for his bargain!'

It was the smoke of a steamer. It hung in the air, trailing slowly across the blue.

'They have the money. They are very eager. They will have their coaling-base, and their army is the strongest in the world; they are not afraid that they cannot subdue us. And yet the Kerisalis are not to be bought and sold so easily, and their country is sacred to them. If the king forces it, his people will show him what they can do to keep their independence. Has he forgotten? I think our messengers found him in London, and gave their message; it cannot be that he does not remember.'

(To be continued.)

THE PHILOSOPHER IN THE RESTAURANT.

By JULIAN KINGSTEAD.

I WILL dine with you to-night, *mon ami*. I will take you to a small restaurant hidden from the vulgar eyes of 'ros-bif' Englishmen. Right away to the centre of the great city my little restaurant snuggles in an unknown byway, where even you, dear Cockney, who love your labyrinth of streets, have not yet thought to wander. You may have heard distantly of it. Perhaps Le Queux or Fergus Hume has mentioned it, has whispered tales of gruesome horror about it: how it was here—in this little café, so bizarre, so cosmopolitan—some young, struggling Bohemian met the old Professor, whose secret, locked up in the recesses of his daughter's heart, provided an enthralling *motif* running through a most sensational romance; how it was in this corner—the very corner where your philosopher has his *café au filtre* of an evening (for of course he is a recognised habitué)—some little Rigoletto of a fellow midst clouds of smoke whispered the story of his youth, its adventure and its grotesque dénouement.

Yes, my little café—restaurant if you will—is as real as the special *chef* who makes the omelets (*omelette au rhum*, sixpence extra, and quite worth it), and all the time it is quite near you. You, diner of fifteen courses, who would despise the half-dozen of mine, need only wander up past the old theatre with the tall pillars in the Grassmarket; you, old Colonel, need only turn up by St Zebedee's till you get to the emporium at the corner, then dive behind it by way of Dutch Street, and you are almost at the doors.

You and I, *cher ami*, are there already. We turn up by this side-door and enter. What a number of voices! what a hubbub! what a din! A babel of nations: Paris, Berlin, Vienna, in embryo! There are smirking waiters and pretty women, *grandes dames*, gourmets and gourmands; there are cigarettes, liqueurs, fans, footstools and fopperies, and many another bagatelle besides. We settle down to an empty table. Enter my waiter, who addresses us in English. Wonderful waiter this! The next second he is attending to Herr Donnerblitzer, who relishes the *hors d'œuvre*, disputing with madame on a question of etiquette (alas! she no longer has her little *guichet* at the receipt of custom), and letting off side-issues on some burning question to a long-suffering confrère. François knows enough tongues to make a Cook's interpreter turn green with envy or to qualify for a full-blown globe-trotter's amanuensis.

He brings us the menu. Shall we have *hors*

d'œuvre or soup? *Il ne fait rien*, for they are both *par excellence*. I will take *consommé*; you will have *crême de Samedi*. I recommend the latter. It is like an old friend who turns up again; it is the sum total of the week, yet most palatable. At least that old epicure on the right relishes it most audibly. An old friend of mine—an F.R.S., D.Sc., lecturer and full-blown palæontologist to wit—used to tell an interesting story of these soups. There was an old friendly ox-tail, he said, on which he once scratched his initials, and which used to appear in his soup with unvarying persistency like the body in *Eugene Aram*. One day he could stand it no longer. Overcome by influences such as the Evolution of Matter and the Survival of the Fittest, he wrapped the historic 'ox-tail' in his kerchief, carried it home, and examined it closely. Imagine his amazement on finding that beyond doubt this bone was no more ox-tail than the soup, but an interesting surviving relic of the mammoth—(*N.B.—Elephas primigenius*, Quaternary period, as the text-books tell you). If this proposition is correct, the corollary we derive is this: If primitive man originally made his soup with it, into the waters of how many soups has it entered, allowing for a utilisation of (say) fourteen times in every lunar month?

But François wishes to take my plate, so I must cease soliloquising, and we pass on to the fish. There is *blanchailles à la diable*, or *sole frit* as palatable as any that ever graced the environment of the Palais Royale. 'Allow me'—— Let me introduce you to the *vin ordinaire*, which is included. This varies with the state of the market, *pari passu* with the customers' pockets. I will explain. When money is plentiful it approaches a good médoc; when things are bad you could not offer it with a show of decency to a thirsty *cocher de fiacre*. But the wine is at its prime now, so let us be quick and make the most of it.

Shall we have *jambon d'York aux petits pois*, *fricassée de veau*, or *navarin*? You, my friend, will have *fricassée*, whereon I shall philosophise later. I choose *navarin*. *Navarin* is an enigma; it is most delightfully delicious. It is like an omnibus in a London fog. You never know where you are going or what will happen next. *Navarin* is the *chef d'œuvre* of my café, but it savours rather of the cab-horse in the Mafeking stew. Monsieur le Propriétaire comes up to us and shakes us warmly by the hand. 'Are you vell?' he says. He has said these three words to his English customers these forty years—a dapper little Frenchman, all round and fat and smiling; and madame is like him. His hair is as short as his English vocabulary, but he has a merry twinkle in his eye for all the world.

You, *mon ami*, on my instructions, are enjoying a delicious *fricassée*, *à propos* of which 'I can a tale unfold' (with all the following lines appropriate to the occasion), enough to make any wretched and blind, stumbling gourmand turn white with horror. But I will take this as a *canard* in my *café* at the end. Meanwhile arrives the endless *poulet rôti*. Whenever I see this—and I have seen it a thousand times—on the menu, I remain silent in wonder. In hundreds upon hundreds of hotels abroad, this, with salad, is a *sine quâ non* of a respectable *déjeuner* and *table-d'hôte*. Where do the chickens come from? The question was once set to a celebrated wrangler, who to this day is still racking his brain to solve it. Take Switzerland. Say there are five thousand hotels—am I right, statistician?—there may be more or may be less. Say, then, at each of these five thousand hotels, twice a day (as is *comme il faut*) they provide *poulet rôti*, and on an average all the year round there are twenty people in each hotel (allowing for the overcrowding in the summer and the general emptiness in the winter), then we arrive at the following: there would be one hundred thousand people every day in the hotels, for which two hundred thousand meals have to be provided; and suppose one chicken feeds eight people, the vast total of twenty-five thousand full-grown chickens are slaughtered each day for consumption, or nine million one hundred and twenty-five thousand chickens a year; and this, mark you, in Switzerland alone! Where do they all come from? Comprehension shudders at the thought of the number devoured all over the world. Add to this the number of eggs eaten, and the birth-rate of chickens must stagger humanity!

Let us quick to our *café*, not *mazagran*, but *au filtre*, for the liqueur is necessary as a stimulus to such statistics. We will pass over the sweets, the ices, the cheese (always good and worthy of the old jokes), and the dessert. 'Gentlemen, you can smoke.' François brings us *café* (which is included) and yellow chartreuse (which is not).

Now, *cher ami*, listen to my words of wisdom. Smoke your cigarette; I will take the pipe of the old stager, in the wreaths of smoke from which I see the inspiration of my philosophy. 'Tell me about my *fricassée*,' you say; 'it was excellent, so delicately flavoured.' I remain silent, and slowly puff out a long curl of smoke.

'Well, there is a famous hotel,' I begin, 'the name of which is immaterial to my story. The information was given me by a good lady whose cook's sister was under-scullery-maid at—well, at this famous hotel. *Eh, bien*, for many years it had been noted for its *fricassée*. The taste was *superbe, magnifique; c'est à dire*, there was just the faintest idea of some delicate something, but what that something was you never could tell. It was just enough to make the whole dish divine, without tasting too strongly of some particular essence. How was it done? was the question. What was the recipe? The cook's sister disclosed the great secret to the world. When the dish was cooling in the pot, the 'boots,' having duly munched a raw onion, *breathed* over the heterogeneous concoction for the space of five minutes!

. . . . . .

Reader, we have finished our smoke and our

coffee; I have finished my philosophising, and you your disgust.

'*Garçon! garçon!*'

Garçon has been on the *qui vive* for the last five minutes. We pay—what, for a dinner of six courses *à la Parisienne*, with wine and *café* thrown in? Two shillings each only, which would give us but two chops and a piece of cheese in the City!

And so, with a friendly tip, a friendly nod, and a friendly feeling, we get up and make our way out, through the midst of Paris, of Berlin, of Vienna; amongst the hard-worked waiters and the smiling proprietor; past the family here, the students there, that old man and his wife (gourmets both of them, who can tell you the *chef d'œuvre* of every small hotel in Europe); past that quiet Englishman who sits by himself, cynically regarding this little side-show of Vanity Fair. We go through them all—pretty ladies, happy men, pince-nez and cigarettes—till now, in the street again, in the byways of old London, *cher ami*, I will bid you *au revoir*, that you may return home to your 'bif-tek' and to the contemplation of these, my trifling philosophies.

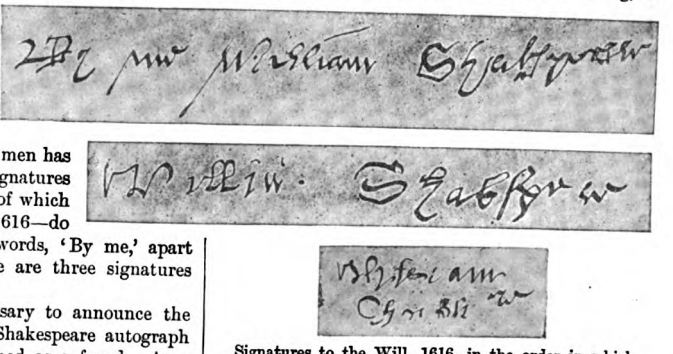
SHAKESPEARE AUTOGRAPHS.

By W. Roberts.

THE sale, on 14th November 1904, at Messrs Sotheby's rooms in London, of what was, rightly or wrongly, described as Shakespeare's Bible naturally attracted a wide amount of interest. The event seems to call for something more than a mere passing notice such as is only possible in the daily press. After exhaustive researches, covering a wide field and an extended period, I am able to focus into one article particulars concerning the various Shakespeare autographs which have at different times attracted public notice. It is more than amazing that not a fragment of the manuscripts of the greatest of all Englishmen has been discovered beyond the signatures to various documents, in one of which only—namely, his will of 1616—do we obtain more than two words, 'By me,' apart from his autograph. There are three signatures by him to his will.

It seems to be only necessary to announce the discovery of a book with a Shakespeare autograph for it to be at once condemned as a fraud. As a rule, those who are most vehement in condemning it are those least likely to speak with authority. It is perfectly certain that Shakespeare must have been the possessor of books, although he may not necessarily have been a book-collector like Ben Jonson or Cranmer. Even the unconfined lunatics who believe, or think they believe, in the Baconian theory, might possibly admit that Shakespeare had more than a nodding acquaintance with the books of his time. Shakespeare's environments were limited to an extent which we do not fully realise to-day, and his universal knowledge could not have been acquired by a mere study of his fellow-men. It may be asserted that every man who has possessed printed books has, at some time or other, inscribed in some of them his mark of possession by way of autograph signature. Ben Jonson did this very extensively, and probably every other distinguished literary man of the Elizabethan period did the same. With the solitary exception of Shakespeare, and apart from forgeries which are too transparent to deceive any one, these signatures are usually accepted as genuine.

Without entering into any sort of discussion as to the claims of various Shakespeare autographs which exist in several books, it will probably prove timely, as it cannot fail to prove interesting, to

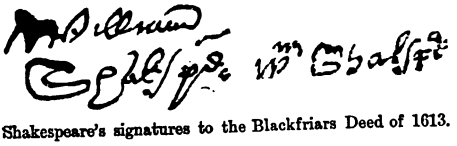


Signatures to the Will, 1616, in the order in which they are held to have been written.

arrange systematically, in the order of discovery or public sale, as the case may be, the various known facts in connection with these books.

1768.—The discovery of the first autograph of Shakespeare in private hands dates from 1768; it was unearthed by Mr Albany Wallis (or Willis), a solicitor, among the title-deeds of one of his clients, the Rev. Mr Featherstonhaugh of Oxted, Surrey. On 10th March 1612–13 Shakespeare executed a deed for the purchase of a house in Blackfriars from one Henry Walker for the sum of one hundred and forty pounds. It seems from this document that no sooner had Shakespeare entered into arrangements for the purchase of the property than he found it convenient to mortgage it to the same parties from whom he had purchased it, executing a mortgage

deed thereon on the following day, 11th March, for the sum of sixty pounds. The purchase of the property, made only four years before his death, proves that though he may have comparatively retired to Stratford-upon-Avon, he still held his interest in the theatrical property at Blackfriars. In connection with this subject, Collier, in his *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn* (pp. 104, 105), observes: 'Why Shakespeare returned to the Metropolis for the purpose of purchasing, and on the next day mortgaging, the tenement in the Blackfriars is a question that does not seem to have occurred to his biographers. One of the parties named in both deeds was John Hemming (or Hemyng, as it is there spelt), who was a principal manager of the King's Company occupying the Globe and the Blackfriars Theatres; and it is very possible that both



Shakespeare's signatures to the Blackfriars Deed of 1613.

the purchase and the mortgage were in some way, not now easily explained, connected with the sale of Shakespeare's theatrical property, of which, of course, he was desirous to dispose, with a view to his undisturbed residence at Stratford.'

The document was, as stated above, discovered in 1768. It was among the title-deeds of the same estate in Blackfriars, at that time the property of the Rev. Mr Featherstonhaugh. By desire of that gentleman it was presented to David Garrick, accompanied by a letter to that effect from Mr Wallis the solicitor. Mrs Garrick lent the deed to George Steevens, the famous Shakespeare scholar, who, in his edition of *Shakespeare* published in 1790, gave a fac-simile of the signature and a copy of the deed. From Mrs Garrick's possession the deed appears to have again fallen into the hands of Mr Wallis, to whom, as one of the executors of David Garrick, it may have been presented by Mrs Garrick, together with his own letter on the occasion of the document being presented to Garrick by desire of the Rev. Mr Featherstonhaugh. In 1796 the deed was not to be found, and it remained hidden for a long series of years. It was, however, eventually recovered by the son of Mr Wallis's partner and successor in business as a solicitor. It was sold at Sotheby and Wilkinson's on Monday, 14th June 1858 (lot 328), and was purchased for three hundred and fifteen pounds for the British Museum. The first seal bears the remarkably clear autograph signature, 'Wm Shakspr,' the poet having been necessitated so to abridge his name in consequence of the narrowing of the slip of vellum allowed for his signature. The second seal bears the signature of Wm. Johnson, the third that of John Jackson, but the fourth is left blank. The deed is endorsed in the same way (here subjoined) as in the deed for the purchase of the property, dated 10th March: 'Sealede and delivede by the said William Shakespeare, William Johnson, and John Jackson, in the presence of Will. Atkinson, Ed. Ouvry, Robert Andrewes, scr., Henry Lawrence, servant to the same scr.' By a curious blunder, the origin of which may be traced to Lowndes's *Bibliographers' Manual* (1870, p. 2308), the owner of this document was stated to have been J. O. Halliwell (afterwards Halliwell-Phillipps) the Shakespearian author. The sale in which it occurred consisted of 'Rare and Curious Books, Illustrative of the English Drama and Early English Literature, the property of a well-known Shakespearian Commentator.' This was, of course, one of the many sales of J. O. Halliwell, as he was then; but the Shakespeare document was the property, as stated above, of the son of Wallis's successor and partner.

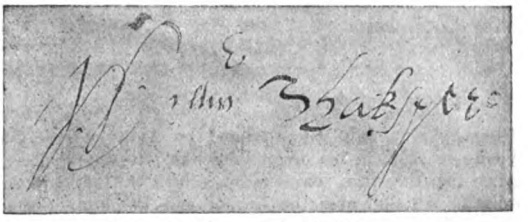
1796.—The counterpart of the foregoing deed of bargain and sale, also with Shakespeare's signature, was likewise found among the Rev. Mr Featherstonhaugh's evidences, and was lent by Mr Wallis to Malone to print in his *Inquiry*. Here the signature is 'William Shakspeſ,' where the mark above is the usual abbreviation of the period for the final e. This counterpart appears also to have disappeared for a long series of years. It eventually turned up in a six days' sale at Evans's well-known auction-rooms in London on Tuesday, 18th May 1841, and five following days; it was lot 1442 on the sixth day, and was knocked down at one hundred and sixty-two pounds fifteen shillings, the buyer's name being given as 'Elkins.' The real purchaser was, however, a Mr Poynder. He apparently got tired of it, and sent it again to Evans's, where it was bought, on 13th May 1843, for one hundred and forty-five pounds, by Mr L. Jones for the City of London Guildhall Library. It may be here mentioned that a document which claimed to be 'the counterpart of the deed' was sold at Evans's on 13th August 1843; but as the auctioneer, with a violent self-suppression which is quite unique in the annals of auction sales, confined his entry to a few lines, and as it only realised seven pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence (Pickering was the purchaser), he could not have thought very much of the document.

1824.—In this year a Mr Taylor bought a copy of Giovanni Saravi's *I Quattro Libri della Filosofia* (Venice, 1565) for sixpence, and in cleaning the old vellum binding his wife discovered the signature of Shakespeare written twice outside the cover, and the indistinct remains of another signature which 'readily suggested Herbert.' In the cleaning, however, she partly effaced the writing; but one of the Shakespeare signatures remained perfectly clear. It appears to have changed hands once or twice; and in 1845 it was included in the 'well-known' collection of autographs, the property of Mr W. Cribb, sold by Mr Fletcher (the predecessor of Messrs Puttick & Simpson), at 191 Piccadilly, on Friday, 30th May, and following day. It formed lot 322 in the second day's sale, and fell to Pickering's

bid of twenty-one pounds. According to the sale catalogue, 'the whole signature bears a striking resemblance to that in Montaigne's *Essays* in the British Museum.' Commenting on this signature, a writer in the *Athenæum* of 7th June 1845 says: 'It is written freely and firmly, though men conversant with manuscripts object to the initial S in Shakespeare, and shake their heads as if the chances were against it. The genuineness must always be a matter of faith, for it cannot be said to carry unquestionable proof of its authenticity.' It again came into the market on 30th July 1898, when it realised one hundred and two pounds at Messrs Sotheby's, the buyer being Mr A. Jackson, who was said to have been acting for an American collector.

1837.—By far the most widely known autograph Shakespeare signature is that which appears in a copy of the 1603 edition of John Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays;* and the interest of this particular example is increased by the fact that Shakespeare used Florio's translation of *Montaigne* in the *Tempest* (Act II. v. 2). The existence of this example was publicly announced—so far as a paper read before a learned society can be said to be made public—in a paper entitled 'Observations on an Autograph of Shakespeare, and the Orthography of his Name,' in a letter from Sir Frederic Madden, read at the Society of Antiquaries on 26th January 1837. This paper was printed in *Archæologia* (vol. xxvii. 1838), and reprinted in a pamphlet with a few additions in 1838. The volume was the property of the Rev. Edward Patteson, of East Sheen, Surrey, who inherited it from his father, the Rev. Edward Patteson, of Smethwick, Staffordshire. How or when he became possessed of it is not known, but previous to the year 1780 he used to exhibit it to his friends as a curiosity on account of the autograph. This fact disposes of the possibility of its being one of the Ireland forgeries, as that literary impostor was born in 1777. The volume was sent by the owner to the British Museum for inspection, and Sir F. Madden submitted it to the most searching examination and comparison with the other known genuine signatures of the poet, and arrived at the conclusion that 'the present autograph *challenges and defies suspicion*, and has already passed the ordeal of numerous competent examiners, all of whom have, *without a single doubt*, expressed their conviction of its genuineness.' The italics are Madden's. We need not follow Madden into the various intricacies of his arguments, which were accompanied by an excellent fac-simile of the autograph itself. The owner decided upon selling the precious volume, Florio's *Montaigne*, and it was sold at Evans's auction-rooms on 15th May 1838, the auctioneer describing it as 'the greatest literary curiosity connected with Shakespeare which has ever been sold.' In a report of the sale which appeared in the *Times* of the following day, it was stated that the 'auction-room was excessively crowded,' and that the autograph was put up at seventy-six pounds and knocked down at one hundred pounds to Mr Pickering the well-known bookseller, and then passed into the possession of the British Museum, where, of course, it now is, side by side with another copy of the same edition with the autograph of Ben Jonson.

1859.—The *Manchester Guardian* of 10th January 1859 contained a report (reproduced in *Notes and Queries*, 12th February of the same year) of an exhibition at 'the last meeting of The Brotherhood, a literary and antiquarian society of that city, by Mr William Sharp of a Bible containing autographs of Shakespeare. This is the book which was sold at Messrs Sotheby's, on 14th November 1904, for two hundred and ten pounds, and purchased on behalf of an American collector. It is an imperfect



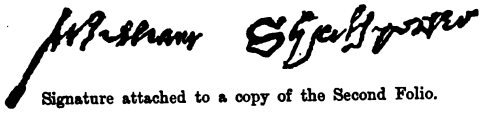
Signature of Shakespeare in Florio's *Montaigne*.

example of the Bible of R. Barker (1613), with the New Testament dated 1611. On the reverse of the title to the New Testament is the signature and date, "William Shakespeare, 1614;" and again on the end cover, "Willm. Shakspere off S.O.A. [that is, of Stratford-on-Avon]. His Bible, 1613." This Bible was discovered near Manchester about 1850 by William Sharp, grandfather of the vender, a well-known collector of books and prints, the greater portion of whose collection was sold at Sotheby's in 1877–78, occupying fourteen days. Sharp bequeathed it at his decease in 1881 to his only daughter, and at her death in 1890 it passed to her son, Mr W. Sharp Ogden, of Rushholme, Manchester, the vender. The book cost Mr Sharp only a few pounds; but when its interest became known (Mr Corser and other famous collectors having examined it), the owner refused an offer of one hundred and fifty pounds for it. It was exhibited to a number of bookmen at the Manchester Free Library in 1884 (*Bibliographer*, October 1884, page 148), when both autographs were pronounced to be "marvellously like that on the title-page of Florio's *Montaigne*, now in the British Museum.' It was again lent to the Tudor Exhibition held at Manchester in 1897. Besides the Shakespeare signatures, there are also in the volume the various other autographs and family entries of successive owners.

1864.—During this year there were numerous newspaper articles and letters called forth by the fact that a Wellington bookseller named Partridge purchased from a working-man a copy of a Prayer Book, 1596, for the sum of eighteenpence, neither

party in the transaction knowing at the time of its Shakespearian interest. On going through the volume, Partridge discovered two signatures of William Shakespeare, and eventually a third was found. The volume was submitted to Mr J. Toulmin Smith, the well-known literary antiquary, and he wrote several letters on the subject to the *Birmingham Journal* and elsewhere (these letters were reprinted, and may be consulted in the British Museum); but his verdict was of the 'non-committal' order. The Prayer Book, at all events, found a purchaser in Mr Bothwell of Sharples Hall, Bolton-le-Moors, at three hundred pounds.

1865.—At the sale at Sotheby's of the stock of William Henry Elkins, bookseller, of 41 Lombard Street, London, on 5th January 1865, and four following days, lot 1338 was catalogued as 'Ovidii



Signature attached to a copy of the Second Folio.

Metamorphoseon, Lib. XV.,' printed by Aldus at Venice in 1502, in the original binding. It contains the title-page, on which is written the initials 'W^{m} Sh' over the Anchor and Dolphin (the Aldine printer's mark), and an inscription and date beneath: 'This little Book of Ovid was given to me by W. Hall, who sayd it was once Will Shakspeare's;' then follow two initials, apparently 'T. N.,' and the date 1682. It was sold for nine pounds, and is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. There can be very little question as to the absolute authenticity of this autograph. Mr Nicholson, Bodley's librarian, is convinced on this point, and as he has exposed so many imaginary autographs in the Bodleian, he may be regarded as an impartial judge. He contends that neither the signature nor the voucher for the ownership is forged. This autograph is given, with others, in the *Burlington Gazette* of May 1903, which are here reproduced. Curiously enough, another *Ovid* with a Shakespeare signature turned up four years afterwards. At the Archæological Institute, held at Bury St Edmunds in 1869, there was exhibited a copy of *Ovid* (Amsterdam, 1630) which had been used as a scrap-book by a former owner, who had pasted various autograph signatures in its pages. One of these was of 'Hugh Middleton,' another of John Dryden, whilst on the ninth folio there was pasted the inscription and signature, 'thyne sweeteste, W. Shakspere, Stratford, March 16.' This book excited a wide amount of interest, and Mr Joseph Burtt, of the Record Office, wrote a long letter to the *Times* of 2nd September 1869, contending for the authenticity of this signature; but the claims of the autograph appear to have been generally regarded as 'not proven.'

1885.—Various English papers in the summer of 1885 announced the fact that a Shakespeare autograph was exciting a good deal of interest in the United States of America. It was brought to light by C. Severn, the editor of *The Diary of John Ward, Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, 1648-79*, issued in 1839. Severn found it pasted into a copy of the second folio edition of *Shakespeare* (1632), which he bought at Bath, and which bore the autograph of a certain John Ward, whom he believed to be the vicar of Stratford. If this signature were really Ward's, the theory that the Shakespeare autograph is genuine would be considerably strengthened. That of 'William Shakespeare' is given in fac-simile in the *Burlington Gazette* article already named.

1904.—Messrs Sotheby's sale of 18th April 1904, and five following days, included (lot 818) a copy of William Rastall's *Collection in English of the Statutes now in force from Magna Charta to XXXV. Queen Elizabeth'* (1598), with the signature 'Wm Shakespeare' written longitudinally on the outside margin of the fifth leaf of the table. This volume was bought, with others, at an auction in 1852, by the late Mr C. W. Hird, of Portland Chambers, London, and had at various times been submitted to experts. The consensus of opinion appears to be that the signature was certainly not an Ireland forgery, but that it was probably written soon after the book was published. The book has on the flyleaf two signatures of 'Thomas Bragge,' a well-known Stratford-on-Avon family contemporary with Shakespeare. The volume, which was purchased by Mr A. Jackson for eighty pounds, had been left by Mr Hird to his grandson, the vender. This is also believed to be now in America, where there are at least two wealthy collectors of Shakespeariana to whom money is no object. One of these is presumably the present owner of the recently discovered unique copy of *Titus Andronicus*, 1594, bought in Sweden for two thousand pounds.

Such, therefore, are the various Shakespeare signatures which have during the past one hundred and thirty-six years attracted the attention of the literary public. To determine to what extent either or all of them can claim to be the genuine autograph of the great dramatist is not the purpose of this paper, in which no account is taken of the many autographs which have been condemned universally and with one voice as intentional or unintentional forgeries.

SHAKESPEARE'S BEATRICE.

THOU dark-eyed daughter of the dancing star,
Tender as twilight, yet like morning gay,
Varied and lovely as an April day,
Sweeter than calm and cloudless summers are!
How long thy heart was with itself at war,
Yet yielded love to meet love's loyalty
In that distressful hour when Hero lay
Fallen like a flower that storms untimely mar.

Oh, dear, immortal Lady! canst thou be
The mere fair fancy of a dreamer's brain?
How little more! and sure his potent charm
Had wrought Pygmalion's miracle again:
Drawing thee from far realms of fantasy,
True flesh and blood, no less than living-warm.

AGNES S. FALCONER.

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THE LAND OF OLIVE-OIL.

By Lieutenant-Colonel ANDREW HAGGARD, D.S.O., Author of *Sidelights on the Court of France*, *Under Crescent and Star*, &c.

THERE is a corner of Tuscany which, although by no means inaccessible, is left severely alone by most travellers of the present day, probably simply because it lies a little off the main lines of railway. And thus, although from earliest childhood the name of Lucca has been familiar to us from its connection with Lucca oil, not one Englishman in a million has ever thought of going to Lucca or ever will think of going there, and this although Pisa, only about ten miles away, has thousands of visitors yearly to its magnificent cathedral and its strange Leaning Tower.

Accident, however, took me to Lucca, and to visit an old palazzo in the country outside its beautifully bastioned walls, a few years ago; accident again led my footsteps, during the month of February, to a villa in the village of Massa Pisana, not five hundred yards distant from the scene of my previous visit; and while residing thus under sunny skies in an atmosphere already redolent of spring, I naturally thought of looking around me to see what objects of interest there were which had not attracted my notice formerly.

As I left the magnificent and most ancient churches of Lucca, with their wonderful façades, beautiful pictures, carvings, and famous Della Robbia terra-cotta work, for an occasional hour's enjoyment now and again, it was in the country itself around my temporary home that I discovered an object of interest which will probably soon become a thing of the past. This was an old oil-mill, worked still in the same primitive fashion as the Tuscan ancestors of the *contadino* who owned it had worked it centuries ago; and as I have myself personally assisted, with my own hands and back-sinews, in the manufacture of the Lucca oil which may perchance have seasoned a salad for a reader of these lines, I will give a short description of this simple process.

First, however, it is necessary to glance at Lucca and the country around it, as viewed from the raised arched *loggia* of the villa in which I was staying, placed upon a slope of the hill at Massa Pisana. This name signifies, by-the-bye, the 'Massacre of the Pisans,' for formerly the Lucchesi, although such near neighbours, hated the Pisans as much as they were hated in return by them; thus they were constantly at war with each other.

Upon one occasion, however, the sentinels in the lofty watch-tower in Lucca espied the Pisans coming in force down over the slopes of the low mountains which fringed the plain surrounding the city.

Sallying forth, the soldiers of the republic of Lucca administered such a terrific trouncing to their neighbours that scarcely one of the citizens of the City of the Leaning Tower survived to tell the tale. And the district in which the battle was fought has been called Massa Pisana ever since. This dislike to the Pisans, I noticed, still continues even now in these days of a united Italy; for if any of the public works now being carried out in the plain of Lucca do not result in the anticipated success, you are sure to be informed that 'it is all on account of those rascally Pisans who have been employed to do the job.'

Nothing can be more beautifully picturesque than the view of Lucca and the country around it. The city itself lies in the centre of a plain through which runs a fine and rapid river, the Serchio. To the north and east the lofty Apennines rear their snow-clad crests, to the south-west lies the famous marble range of the Carrara Mountains, while to the south and south-east are lower spurs which fringe the plain—outlying pickets, as it were, of the loftier ranges. These hills are from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet high, and while the greater portion of the plain itself is cultivated with grape-vines gracefully festooned upon high poles and trellises, the whole of the slopes of the hills are planted with olive-trees, but up to a certain height only. The olive-trees are not planted on the level

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ground at all, but on the slopes of the hills, whence they rise, terrace after terrace, to an arbitrary limit, where they cease in an abrupt line. Viewed from below, with the sunlight shining upon the silver-gray of the leaves, this abrupt line shows out very distinctly against the darker chestnut-trees and other vegetation on the mountain-sides.

Looked at from a distance, the enormously high, square, brick watch-towers rising from the centre of the houses of Lucca are all the more remarkable from the fact that several of them are crowned with lofty trees, self-sown upon their summits. Another great feature of the country is the enormous aqueduct which brings the water to Lucca from the mountains miles away.

This aqueduct, finished under Carlo Ludovico, was built by the beautiful Elisa, sister of Napoleon I., whom he made Grand Duchess of Tuscany and Princess of Piombino and Lucca. She was a lady of great ability and force of character, and, although married, never allowed her husband to assume the reins of government, but kept them tightly in her own hands. Her husband was a simple Corsican gentleman named Bacciochi, afterwards made a duke. Many tales are told about Elisa and her arbitrary nature; one of them is in connection with a beautiful villa and estate which she long coveted before she was able to buy it.

Repeatedly she made offers for this estate, but the figure which she mentioned was rejected as being too low. At length, however, compelled to give in, she acceded to the very high demands of the noble owner of the property. When her bargain was completed, before payment was made she enacted an arbitrary measure by which the Lucchesan money was rendered worth only half of its previous face-value. Thus, upon payment, she obtained the villa and property at her own figure after all!

This Grand Duchess was very fond of outdoor sports, including shooting, and some of her guns are still in the possession of gentlemen living around Lucca. She is said to have been particularly fond of the coot-shooting (which is still practised every spring in a large lake a few miles away), and to have been a very good shot. This large, oval-shaped lake is named Ciucioli, and the bald-headed coots haunt its waters in thousands.

I was asked to join in the annual shoot, or rather one of them, for there are usually two shoots of two days each. There are always accidents every year; and although I did not personally get peppered by the excitable Italian gunners, as several others did, I thought that the first day's sport, upon which the shooting was in the open, was enough for me.

The second day the shooting was in the reeds, where, as the occupants of one boat cannot see those in another, gun-accidents terminating in a death or two are by no means uncommon! But this is a mere trifle; and one of the reasons why I did not shoot on the second day was that I wished to avoid seeing a murder committed.

The *modus operandi* is as follows: The boats, of which there are a great many, each containing one or two gunners, first form up at intervals in a circle round the open water, the whole surface of which is covered with myriads of the heavy-bodied black waterfowl. Upon a signal being given, all the boats commence advancing simultaneously towards the centre. The birds then, at first without rising, swim slowly, then swiftly squatter and spatter along over the surface in crowds. Of course, as they get towards the centre and see boats coming in front of them whichever way they look, the birds are soon terrified, and with discordant cries begin to rise on the wing and break back just over the boats, the air being black with them. Then the fusillade, which has at first been intermittent only, becomes continuous, with a roar as of a general action. Load and fire, until your gun-barrels get too hot to hold, is now the order of the day.

As many of the sportsmen shoot most wildly in their excitement—indeed, many scarcely know how to hold a gun straight—hundreds of the birds escape to a shelter in the reeds round the edges of the lake.

Quantities of coots, however, remain floating dead upon the surface of the waters, while many more wounded ones are swimming about in all directions. The pursuit and picking up of the wounded and dead naturally give rise to a great deal of quarrelling between the people in different boats, ending sometimes in dangerous fights and attempts to sink each other. Almost from the beginning of the sport I found myself involved in one of the bitterest of these quarrels. My companion, a middle-aged Lucchesan nobleman, was an excellent shot, and rarely failed to bring down his bird. Soon we noticed that a gentleman in a boat on our left began to gather them in. Upon being expostulated with, he claimed the fallen birds as his own. What is more, this individual, time after time, deliberately fired at a bird of the count's as it was falling, or finished off for him a wounded one flapping about on the water. As I soon began to hear such words as 'Pisan thief,' 'Lucchesan brigand,' being bandied backwards and forwards, when matters had got to such a pitch that my companion vowed furiously that the very next time the Pisan shot at or picked up one of his birds he would blow the Pisan's brains out, I thought it time to stop matters. Forcibly taking the oars from the boatman, I rowed away out of gunshot. A bird of my own having fallen in the opposite direction, I had an excuse for doing so without its appearing as if my irate comrade were flying from the field of battle. Fortunately on the following day, when he went out determined to find and shoot the Pisan at the first opportunity, he failed to find his foe, whom I suspect of having kept away intentionally, his boatman having been warned by our man what to expect.

But to return to Elisa Bonaparte: the very gentleman with whom I went coot-shooting was the fortunate possessor of one of her guns. It was a

beautiful flint-lock, of which the barrel was inlaid with scroll-work in gold. Let us hope that when she went wildfowling with it on Lake Ciucioli she was able to do so more peaceably than is possible to-day. In any case, she was a good ruler, and one who gave a great impulse to the olive-growing industry, and the olive-trees and their oleaginous product were naturally what chiefly interested me in the land of olive-oil.

Although I had frequently seen olive-trees in many lands, it was surprising to me, not knowing much about their cultivation or utility, upon going to a friend's old *cinque-cento* villa up on the mountain-side in Massa Pisana, to find the peasants all actively employed in gathering the fruit so early in the year as the month of February. Indeed, I heard them before I saw them; for, from all sorts of altitudes, I heard songs proceeding in the soft Tuscan tongue, or else question and answer being shouted continuously from the regions above to the regions below. For such is the habit of the country-folk. They shout out at the top of their voices, while working among the olive-trees, the most amorous declarations one to another from a distance without the slightest shame; or if too old for love-making, they shout, still at the top of their voices, remarks about the weather, their neighbours, or the depreciation in the price of olive-oil.

As I ascended the hillside I next perceived various pairs of bright-red stockings and the lower parts of female figures—the upper parts being concealed owing to the fact that all the girls who were picking up the little black olives, with which the ground was strewn, had their backs turned to me. Up in the trees here and there was a man, a boy, or even a girl, rattling a long stick among the branches to bring down the olives which had not already fallen of themselves. Upon the green plots of beautiful grassy turf below the trees, or upon the banks separating the terraces, were already beginning to appear purple wild anemones, violets, and cyclamens. And yet it was only the middle of February. The *contadini*—male and female—all seemed only too pleased by the presence of a stranger to get an opportunity to stop working and talk. No wonder this, as they had all been olive-picking since the previous September! They seemed flattered more than amused that a *Signor Inglese* should take an interest in their pursuit, which, humble though it was, was their source of livelihood. Consequently the rich peasant-proprietor of those particular olive-groves frequently welcomed me gladly into the little cottage building which had served as the ancestral olive-mill of his family, and explained to me the very simple process of making by hand that oil which will very soon be made by steam or electric processes alone.

It is remarkably easy and simple, once the plant is established; all that is required being a cow and two men. As for the plant, what there was of it in the little cottage in the olive-groves that I used to visit dated from the year 1604, for that date was graven deep in the solid stone of the basin into which the olives were thrown, and round and round which the cow walked for several hours daily, pushing a beam which turned a round vertical stone, which crushed the olives into pulp in the basin. The basin was much narrower at the bottom than at the top, and the millstone the cow turned was accordingly set at an angle to fit down into the narrow groove at the bottom, and so thoroughly crush both olives and olive-kernels into a mass of pulp. After being completely squashed up by the cow—which cow gave very good milk, by-the-bye, as I often found out at my friend's house at tea-time—the pulp was put into five separate rope baskets or receptacles exactly the shape of the shell of a sea-urchin, being open in the middle above and below. These five being placed one on the top of the other, and hot water poured over them, a heavy wooden press, worked by two men by the very simplest lever arrangements, squeezed out oil and water together into a little well at the foot of the press, when the oil rose to the top. And, save for a little standing and skimming, the few lines above simply describe the whole process of making pure Lucca oil—that is, *before it gets to Lucca*. After that, when the pure extract of the olive reaches the city, there is adulteration. I have not turned the beam of the levers in those subsequent processes; but the *contadini* indignantly declare that then Lucca oil becomes more like linseed-oil than the original article.

The olive-trees round Lucca are not nearly so old or so gnarled-looking as those familiar to visitors on the Riviera, probably because, owing to the proximity of the mountains, the climate in which they grow is more temperate. The earth in which they grow is a reddish gravelly soil; in fact, for olives, the drier the earth the better, and they do not require much depth. It takes the fruit of five of the largest trees to make only one barrel of the pure oil containing thirty-six litres and a half—that is, about one hundred and ten pounds in weight; and even this amount cannot be reckoned upon oftener than once in every two years. Moreover, an olive-tree has to be planted and grafted four years before it will produce fruit at all.

There would be a great many beautiful singing-birds in the groves and mountain-sides around Lucca were it not for the passion which the Tuscan *contadini* have for *la caccia*—the chase! The sport they indulge in all day long is shooting at goldfinches and linnets and other little birds, all of which are sold and eaten. In the markets at Lucca I have seen jays for sale. Upon my expressing a doubt as to their succulency, I was assured that they were excellent—when boiled. Fancy, boiled jay as a repast!

There is apparently no rule in Tuscany as to not shooting on the high-roads. Indeed, in every

mile or two of roadway you will probably meet at least one *cacciatore* with a gun upon his shoulder. They will fire at anything, even a bat. I myself saw my friend's cook, Tito by name, shoot a bat on the high-road; he said if he could only get enough of them they would make a good pie. Ye gods! bat-pie and boiled jay—what a dinner!

I ascertained that there is some excellent trout-fishing to be obtained not very far from Lucca, many of the trout being of good size. The trout are already in season in the month of February, and rise very well in March and April to a fly. I can recommend Giuseppe Olivieri, at Bagni di Lucca, as a good practical fishing-attendant, and one who, strange to say, understands much about fly-fishing.

THE AUTOCRAT.

CHAPTER VII.

PETER BUCK was growing uneasy. He stared across the sand until his eyes ached; he fidgeted, coughed, and finally he swung leg over saddle and dismounted.

'He must 've gone on to the first sluice, Don Juan,' he said, addressing his fellow-soldier by a handy nickname. 'Half-an-hour it is since he turned the corner. Here, hold the ponies, will you? I'll trot down yonder and have a look. He'll be getting fever if he suns himself like this; and, between you and me, we've done more 'n we should in losing sight of 'm at all.'

Miguel, who was rolling a third cigarette, stretched a hand for the bridles.

'He walks: no one but Englishmen and mad dogs walk,' he said. 'He come back presently, very red-a, and want a bath, *I* know. All come right in very good time. Don't make a trouble, *amigo mia*.'

Buck swore thoughtfully by way of retort. He had a troublesome sense of duty, and it was pricking him. He doubled out of the shade to the ruined tower and the shoulder of the mound. He was energetic, but he was also solid; the puffs and trample of his approach warned the two individuals in the angle of dike and earthwork, and made them spring apart hastily.

Ahmed Madrali, who had been speaking, picked up his little hammer from the sand, and lingered for a moment, tapping it in his palm before he tucked it into the bosom of his shirt and turned to go.

'I could have said more to you,' he said. 'So far I have told you only of the things that we will not have; some day perhaps I shall let you know the ways and means by which we can prevent them. But at least you know a little now; you are not totally blind. It does not help us, perhaps, but it is well for you to see—kinsman.'

'Yes, it is right that I should see, of course,' Rex repeated after him. He too lingered. His face was flushed; the affair, or the tropical morning, had gone to his head; he was carried out of his insular dumbness into open confession. 'I say, I—I hold by every word you say,' he exclaimed, and pushed his helmet off a wet forehead excitedly. 'It only tallies with my own instincts. The right is all on your side. I don't belong here a bit, and so perhaps I haven't anything to do with it; but I know one way in which I can help, and that 's by striking out for myself altogether, which has been in my mind often enough lately. But *if* I can ever do anything more'——

Buck was upon them, his face a moon of mixed sensations, astonishment uppermost.

'No, no. A friendly neutral. Let it rest at that,' Ahmed Madrali said gently. 'There! your escort waits for you, on the verge of apoplexy at the sight of me, I believe. I trust you—so? Where did you get your honesty, my friend? It disarms even the hereditary enemy. But a mind should take longer to settle; ride home, and think over our meeting.'

He lifted his hand, palm inwards, to his forehead, with an Oriental gesture oddly out of keeping with his crisp English, and a second later he was moving away, an upright, unhurried figure, over the ribbon of shore. There was a power in his confidence and his carriage. The two young men watched him in silence while he receded leisurely between the dike and the sea.

'*Him!*' said Buck at last, violently expelling the monosyllable.

Rex was recovering his own equilibrium. He looked at the soldier, and saw that he was bubbling over, congested with gossip and curiosity.

'Well?' he said; and he laughed. 'Who?'

'You don't know?' Peter Buck edged up to him and launched his disclosure. 'To be sure; how could you? Ah!' He smacked his lips. 'That isn't a common or garden native, sir. You might have observed that, I dare say, for all he wears their outlandish rig. That 's a prince, sir—a prince. He was talking, was he? I heard 'm speak to Mr Spencer once, and he used English as good as me. It was a straight talk, too. He 's thought a heap of by the Kerisalis. He 's an awful plucky beggar, or he wouldn't be wandering out here on his lone, for there 's—people—that don't want him.' He followed the speck beside the dike admiringly. 'A prince that is, if you 'll believe me.'

'Yes, I gathered something of the kind,' Rex said, getting into motion. 'I am going back now, I think. The dike is a splendid piece of work, and I am very glad I have seen it.'

Buck blinked inquisitively, opened his mouth to ask something, thought better of it, and went on with his own information.

'Most of the squabbles among the natives go to him to be settled; they don't come to the real court; and I don't say they're far wrong, mind you. Him and Mr Spencer has had words over that a good many times; and once we were mustered under instructions to clear him out of the town. If we *had*, there would have been more than a tea-party, I'll lay my word; but it didn't come to that. He went of his own accord into the back of beyond somewhere, riding along by our wall as cool as you please, and us in the gate gaping at 'm. That's when he—talked to Mr Spencer, sir. Well, he *is* only a native, and it's beastly impidence, I'm sure,' Peter Buck flowed on; 'but when it was done it sort of caught your breath. They do say'—— he faltered, nipped between caution and loquacity.

'What do they say?'

They were near enough to the Spaniard to see the cloud of flies about the ponies, and his discarded cigarette smoking in the sand. Buck lowered his voice.

'They say if he was to lift a little finger the Kerisalis would fight like tigers to make a king of him. But they daren't do that; it's rot. We've got Mausers; and we're white men, too.' He threw his chest out. 'You needn't let that trouble you, sir.'

'I don't intend to, thank you,' Rex said; and the narrator fell back into silence. They came to the trees and remounted, and faced Akasa once more. Rex looked behind as they dropped over the eastward slope of the dune, but the figure at the waterside was no longer visible. The bungalows of the king's quarter began to take shape again behind the quivering haze, and with them the shallow harbour, the forlorn little town, the river winding sluggishly into the forest.

Rex turned his meditations over and over. It was not in the way of average probabilities that a half-hour's interview with an utter stranger, and a yellow man to boot, should work revolution in his mind; but if this had not happened, it had at least crystallised his doubts. The King of Kerisal was a deserter from the plain duty. Yes; but Rex began to feel as if he had known that not for a few days or weeks, but all his lifetime.

It was not possible to shirk a trust without opening the door to greater evils. This concerned him, too, in the broad principle; he knitted his brows over it, and it ran, with the jingle of the soldiers' spurs, the creak of saddles, through and through his thoughts.

The little country, without external trade, rife with internal discord, preyed upon by Spencer on their behalf, was rapidly approaching the end of its ability to support its spendthrift king—had, in fact, if the fat man had spoken true, already come to it.

It might hold out to *his* end; but after him the deluge, and for Rex the life to which his tastes and habits called him. Spencer, in all likelihood, had laid by for the rainy day. But for trade enterprise, for roads, for irrigation, for dredging, nothing, if Ahmed Madrali's impeachment were accurate, had ever been set aside. Kerisal lived from hand to mouth, and the men who should have fed it snatched even its bare means of subsistence from it.

And yet it kept a ray of loyalty to the king! The thing had been a marvel, but it was less inexplicable now. The integrity of their country, a body with a head, was the Kerisalis' religion; the brain that made use of the trunk might be corrupt, the eyes evil, the mouth insatiable, but decapitation was barely conceivable to them—yet. It had been left to the king himself to threaten that long-suffering tenet. Reform had been possible once, or at least some setting of an unkempt house in order; but it could not have been done by any other than a Kerisali, were he merely Jani Mata, half-European in blood and wholly alien in sympathy. It *had* been possible; but the shadowy redemption already lay behind them, and a bitterer thing than bankruptcy loomed before.

Ahmed Madrali, who had spoken passionately of the straits of his countrymen, voiced their fanaticism here without hesitation. To be subdued by another people, to be the inferior race over whom foreign masters held authority, was a fate worse than death to the Kerisalis; and he had done more than hint that they would find a way to die before they bent to it. The creed had, perhaps, been adopted in some remote, primitive struggle for existence, when to be conquered meant slaughter and slavery. It was rooted past upheaval now; and the prince, their educated man, their champion, clung to it as tenaciously as the rest. He had, as he had told Rex, travelled through the East, to Hong-kong and Java and the Straits; and he had read his own meaning into the spectacle of the subjected yellow races. Extinction rather than submission—the matter was concise enough, and Jani Mata knew it. The outlook was black, and its blackest corner was that inner relentlessness, that cold, stubborn hatred, that Rex had surprised in his father's eyes at the trial of the Tanalao rebels. The significance of it lay between them, and it gave the young man's thoughts a sombre cast as he rode. He had drifted thither, and had been spun into an eddy that might well become a whirlpool.

'Hel-lo! There's the *Star* with steam up, and Mr Spencer's barge going off to her. Two trips in a week! Old Fernandez will bu'st his boilers.'

It was the irrepressible Buck, popping out of the background. Rex reined in, and saw that what he said was true. They could see two white helmets in the stern of the boat; presently they saw her draw alongside the little steamer, and the king and Spencer, pigmy but recognisable, climb up the gangway-ladder. They rode on; and before they had covered another hundred yards the *Star of the East* was standing out to sea, the throb of her engines panting over the water.

'Going out for a blow?' Buck said, on the note of interrogation.

The rank and file of the Legion evidently knew no more than it was wanted to know; it looked as if Rex, too, were to be left on the wrong side of a closed door. It was not Spencer's fault that he knew so much on this first morning that he could calculate the value of the stake laid on the table, and guess against what he risked it. He peered out to sea. The smudge of smoke was still on the horizon; and the *Star*, ploughing through the blue at her best speed, had laid her course towards it.

They came to the end of the desert, dipped in and out of the stony nullah, and so picked up the postern-gate. It creaked open to them, a narrow entry in the high palisade, and let them back to weft of light and shade and the broad brown thatches. It struck Rex forcefully as he passed through that, with that one amazing exception, they had not met a living soul upon their excursion. He listened, and the drone of Akasa drummed faintly across the enclosure.

He lunched by himself, and ate strange things with a youthful appetite that was quite impervious to mental disturbance; and he pieced and repieced the prospect of the Millinghams' relation to his fantastic surroundings, and found the task even less satisfactory than before. He received a visit from one of Spencer's officials while he was at table, and was informed in broken English that the resources of the palaces were at his disposal.

'Oh, thanks,' Rex said agreeably, and made a plan at once. 'I will take a stroll round after lunch.'

He gesticulated for an umbrella and his hat at the end of the meal, and stepped out again to see what there was to see. His Kerisali valet looked after him in some alarm. It was two o'clock, the time when all rational beings slept; there was something hardly human in so much energy.

Peter Buck and his companion had left their charge at the Queen's Palace, the rambling barrack whence another mercenary had issued to take over their escort duty. The mixture of nationalities had not been exaggerated; this time it was a Portuguese, very polite and inordinately dirty, who trailed, a melancholy martyr in draggled finery, his rifle the only business-like touch about him, after the sight-seer. He was not talkative; but he had a yawn that said volumes, with which he expressed himself at intervals from the rear.

A white-petticoated person, again with modest English, fluttered up to show the sights. They were not much to see—bungalows interesting more because they had been the place of kings for more years than the guide could name than for any other reason. Jani Mata, or his mother, had left few typically native touches remaining. The stockade met the eye at every turn; the barrier between ruler and people that could hide so much, and yet could not keep away the low hum of the bazaar and the heavy smell of sand and heat and Eastern savours. The air hung in a dead stagnation between noon and sunset. It was not difficult to understand how the American woman, penned up so far from the stimulating, blood-stirring winds of her own place, had died filled with the hate of exile. And the English girl—that dimly seen, pure spirit who had come here helpfully, and had had her goodness thrown back upon herself until even her death became a cause of deep dissension—— It did not bear thinking upon. This was not a home for white women; there was a subtle antagonism in it to all Western impulses, and Rex felt it as he walked.

He drifted to the main gate at last, and was amused to see the tatterdemalion guard turn out smartly. An Irish corporal accepted drink-money for the crew with eloquent appreciation, and proceeded to exhibit their Maxim, 'own brother' to the one in the *Star*, and the bullet-marks in the gate that helped to keep the German doctor's death in memory. Rex loitered, peering through the shutter in the gate. He could see a byway, the fierce sunlight beating on baked walls, the flitting by, every now and then, of a barefooted native. Was that all he was to see of Akasa? His juvenile impatience swept him along with it. He questioned the Irishman, and met much head-shaking, and then the greediness of the rogue's eye showed him a short way out.

'On fut? Not on *fut*, sorr.' The fellow jingled his tip in his pocket.

'Why not?' Rex said, augmenting it. 'I want to see the place without making a state procession of the thing.'

It was worth gold, when once it had been refused; and gold did it, and took the corporal and the Portuguese with him. The rest of the guard followed their disappearance apathetically. It was afternoon, and they were used to the live-and-let-live of the East, and nice questions of discipline hardly affected them. If the brisk Buck had been there Rex might have been held back; but Buck was out of sight and mind.

A dozen paces led them into the bazaar, a narrow, crooked village street that was crowded with shifting swarms of yellow men. The odour of it, at close quarters, was both sickly and pungent, and the dirt and poverty were in full evidence; but the Kerisalis caught his imagination, and held it. They were not only objects of picturesque interest, with their flat baskets full of strange wares, their scuffling donkeys, their ragged, many-coloured clothes; they were the citizens of their own capital, however mean, and he was a being from another world. He looked closely, with attention sharpened by the revelations of the day. Those were men with unfriendly faces, lean men, bearing themselves more audaciously than the people of the seaports at which the *Rissala* had touched. Rex, ordinarily fearless, began to have a qualm of doubt as to his own wisdom, but his eager eyes led him on. They stood in knots, their voices dropping after he had passed, and when he turned his head he saw them staring after him.

(To be continued.)

DANGEROUS DERELICTS.

By William Rutherford.

NOT long since I was a passenger in one of the large German steamships plying between Genoa and New York.

It was a glorious sight when we left that lovely port early in the morning, as the sun's rays shone with intense brilliancy upon shipping and palaces, churches and forts, which, with many picturesque hills in the background, unite together in forming the city of Genoa, one of the grandest of the historic cities in the incomparable land of Italy. Well may Italians style Genoa 'La Superba.'

Our first port of call was Naples, which we reached early on the following morning, having passed through the islands forming the Tuscan Archipelago, which fairly gleamed in the light of the full moon.

Prominent among these rose in the moonlight the island of Elba, in whose craggy fortress the great Napoleon fretted away his uneasy imprisonment.

We coasted by historic St Elmo and many islands which formed a perfect panorama; and as the sea was tranquil as a mirror, we seemed as if gliding over the bosom of an inland lake.

Early in the morning of the third day—running along the coast and passing Baiæ, that ancient and celebrated resort of the wealthy Romans of a period anterior to the Christian era, and steaming rapidly by Ischia and other gorgeous islets—we cast anchor in the beautiful Bay of Naples, extending far away to the south, with gigantic Vesuvius smoking his pipe calmly and silently, ready at a moment's notice, as he has done before, to breathe ruin and oblivion to the many towns built about his base.

It is a lovely picture this city of Naples and its surroundings; while out in the blue sea lies the bright island of Capri, known to the world as the residence of the powerful Roman emperor Tiberius.

It is unnecessary to tell of the day spent at Naples, one of the strangest and most interesting cities in the world. How few who visit Naples are aware that although it is a city which was founded twenty-five centuries ago, it is, as its name implies, the *new* city (Nea-polis); for the *old* city (Pale-opolis) was a city ancient and prehistoric, which in a remote period was destroyed by Vesuvius. At a later day the present city was actually founded upon the ashes of its predecessor. A true example this of the phœnix rising from its own destruction.

At Naples we received on board over twenty-three hundred Italian emigrants eager to try their fortune in free and boundless America. When we weighed anchor and steamed away for Gibraltar in the evening, we had a full ship, for there were altogether more than twenty-six hundred souls on board; in fact, a larger community than is to be found in many English towns.

On the fourth morning after leaving Naples, having coasted along the southern shores of Sardinia, we anchored at Gibraltar, that stately rock where the British Union-jack proudly yet strangely floats at the extreme confine of Europe.

At this very interesting port we spent a few hours, and hurried westward to our destination. Four days later we reached the green, picturesque islands of the Azores, where Columbus with his little band of followers called in to refit on returning to Spain, after having discovered a new world.

We threaded a tortuous course in and out among these flowering islands, passing near enough to Porta del Garda to discern the clock-face on the church tower.

Reluctantly I omit mention of these interesting islands, and hasten on to my subject; for no doubt some of my readers have already begun to ask what the foregoing has to do with my subject of derelicts.

Let us proceed due west, four hundred miles from Pico, that lofty conical island among the Azores which seems actually to pierce the high heavens, and we find our noble ship at a point about twelve hundred miles from New York.

The time is seven o'clock on a beautiful Sabbath morning in the month of May. I was asleep in my cabin, when I was suddenly awakened by the stopping of the engines. I immediately went on deck, and saw, a quarter of a mile distant, a white brigantine. Her bowsprit was gone; her foremast stood, but it was almost dismantled; a fragment of the mainmast was visible, the booms having been blown away, and a spare boom lashed above as a jury-mast; in the place of a mainsail was a patched staysail, while two or three torn staysails were stretched between the wreck of her masts; her boats were washed away, and the weather-stained hull wallowed as she rose and fell in the waves. A wretched and forlorn spectacle she appeared as the tops of the seas rushed across her decks. With her signals hoisted above the cabin reading, 'I wish to abandon,' she forcibly reminded me of the *Flying Dutchman* in sad dilemma. The crew could be seen running about in mad confusion, and upon our steamer's boat reaching her side, rowed by six stalwart sailors, the captain and all hands leaped quickly in, and in a short time were brought safely to our ship. As they climbed to our deck they presented a sorry sight.

There were eight of these poor fellows, barefooted, bareheaded, their faces covered with tangled beards, their clothes in rags, all their scanty belongings having been left behind them.

Even the captain and mate left their nautical instruments and log-book aboard the sinking ship; while the only objects taken from her were two pretty little parrots. The captain narrated the

following particulars: His brig was called the *Stella Polaris*, of four hundred and seventy-five tons, from a small port in Dalmatia. She was forty-five days out from Venezuela, with a heavy cargo of phosphate guano. A few days after sailing for a Mediterranean port she had encountered a hurricane which drove her far out of her course; she laboured heavily and began to leak badly. All hands had been kept at the pumps for over thirty days, and only by the revolvers of captain and mate was this task accomplished. It was 'pump or die,' as the captain remarked, 'watch and watch.'

The brig was dismasted in the hurricane, the two boats were stove, and nearly all her sails blown away. Day after day she drifted eastward into a section of the ocean rarely traversed by sailing-ships. All hands were sadly reduced in strength, and looked hourly for certain death.

Occasionally a steamer's light passed at a distance at night, but no relief was got in that direction. The weary days and nights came and went, while the tired little craft was with difficulty kept afloat, free from the inrush of the seas, which like a monster threatened to devour her. The unfortunate sailors felt that the night previous to our rescuing them was surely to be their last, and were in a measure resigned to their fate.

We may judge somewhat of their astonishment when at sunrise on the morrow they beheld on the horizon the smoke of our steamer's funnels. An hour later, with tear-stained faces, they stared at our great steamer of thirteen thousand tons, with its crowd of passengers, coming to save them.

After a delay of an hour we were off again on our course, steaming rapidly towards New York. The forlorn derelict was visible far behind us, drifting aimlessly, a dangerous object to any ship which might approach it; in fact, like an inhospitable reef floating upon the surface of the ocean.

Great was the rejoicing aboard our steamer. We had accomplished a great work that bright Sunday morning in saving eight human lives from the horrors of death at sea.

The *Stella Polaris* was reported by her captain as sinking fast, and he thought she would disappear entirely in a few hours, as her lading was solid and heavy. Had she been loaded with light stuff or timber she might have floated, a menace to the safety of other ships, for weeks or even months.

Oh, the horrors of these floating derelicts, these very highwaymen of the deep, working silently their deeds of death and destruction, masked as it were, for they bear no bright lights to warn their prey of their deadly attack! Many brave ships lie at ocean's bottom, sent there by these ghostly wrecks which so continuously persist in floating as they perpetrate their holocausts of destruction.

Many vessels have disappeared, 'never heard from by their owners' has been marked against their names, while their loss has been consummated by collision with the wretched derelict.

The danger from fogs is great, and the blinding snowstorm, too, has its terrors for ships at sea; but the saddest of all sights is the attack of the derelict, which is as fatal in the clear night on a tropic sea as in the darkness of the wintry storm of the Northern waters.

After a heavy storm in the northern Atlantic, over a hundred derelicts were scattered broadcast over the waters. Many soon sank, but others pursued their weary course, floating as true phantom ships, a terror and menace to all at sea.

The drift of the derelict, its pathless track over the sea, is a subject of interest to those who study the course of these abandoned sea-waifs. The United States Government, by means of the Hydrographic Department, publishes each month the whereabouts on the ocean of many derelicts; a chart is printed giving exact latitude and longitude of their position when reported by passing ships. As the derelicts are frequently reported, and by different ships, their erratic drift is peculiar and interesting.

Some time since a special hydrographic chart was thus published, showing the very singular drift of a three-masted schooner, timber-laden, which had been abandoned south of Cape Hatteras during a heavy snowstorm.

The hull was new and tight, and more than forty ships and steamers reported this derelict in many and widely separated localities over a period of two years. She had been carried far away to the northward and eastward of the Bermudas, and later was descried off the weedy, sluggish waters of the Sargasso Sea. Again drifting southward in the Atlantic, she crossed and recrossed her former track, and seemed completely lost, until, nearly two years after she had been abandoned, she was, by the influence of the Gulf Stream, stranded on the northern shores of Norway, that well-known locality where the Gulf Stream so mysteriously dumps so many barnacled wrecks and useless litter.

The schooner *Sergeant* enjoyed a long and lazy life on the ocean wave. As a perfect tramp or derelict she floated about on the high seas for no less than six hundred and fifteen days, covering a distance in her lonely wanderings of more than five thousand five hundred sea-miles. Another vessel was abandoned in December 1891, and was destroyed in April 1892, having been in collision with no less than eleven sailing-vessels. She was finally sunk by a dynamite torpedo fired by a Government ship known as a derelict destroyer.

An American vessel, the *Walston*, has the reputation of having been the longest-lived of derelicts. She became a derelict in December 1901, and was destroyed in February 1904.

Ships are sometimes fallen in with at sea in perfect order, with sails set, having been abandoned by the crew in a panic. Such was true of the *Marie Celeste*, picked up two hundred and fifty miles west of Gibraltar. Her sails were set, even her topgallant-sails

and royals, and there were no officers or sailors on board; she had been abandoned evidently in great haste. The details were never known. She was brought into Gibraltar quite safely. Of the crew no tidings were ever reported. The story is told in 'The Case of the *Marie Celeste*' in *Chambers's Journal* for 1904.

Three-fourths of the globe is composed of waters which existed before the dry land appeared.

The seas are many, wide, and trackless, but man rules their hidden paths and boisterous waves. He harnesses the waters; over their extended waste, he urges in their tireless course gigantic steamships and white-winged barques conveying precious cargoes from lands afar.

Ships under man's control at sea present a glorious spectacle; the saddest sight upon the ocean is the drifting, lonely derelict.

THE VOYAGE OF THE 'COFFIN.'

CHAPTER II.

'THIS is a cosy nook. Let's sit here, where we can watch the folks in the street,' said Lou, as they entered the dining-room of the 'Iroquois.'

'Now, I just hate that window-seat,' answered Ray.

A man who was lapping his soup at the next table to the one so objected to looked up, and a faint smile lurked about his mouth.

They took a seat at the farther end of the room.

'Why do you object to the window-seat?' asked Lou, adjusting the stud of his dress-shirt.

'I don't. I like it. But I don't like that man sitting there. Did you notice him?'

'He seems a very ordinary kind of man,' said Lou, glancing up the room.

'What sort of night is it going to be?' she asked.

'Stormy.'

Ray shrugged her shoulders. She was wearing a bewitching evening-gown of pale blue. She took up the menu card.

'You must be sure and eat a good dinner,' she said. 'Remember that you are my guest, and rise to the occasion.'

'I will,' Lou promised. 'But I have put some food in the *Coffin*.'

The waitress who was taking their order went away. Ray leaned across to Lou. 'You must not talk like that,' she whispered. 'You will ruin me. Remember, we are going to the theatre, and that is all.'

'I will remember. I'm a clumsy beggar,' said Lou, considerably mystified. 'But you need not be afraid. That little waitress and I have met before. The boys are often in here.—Lizzie,' he asked the girl when she returned, 'what sort of show is it at the Princess this week?'

'I haven't been myself; but they say *The Runaway Wedding* is great fun, sir,' answered the girl demurely.

'This lady and I are going to the Princess, Lizzie. I want to impress that fact upon you.'

'I hope you will enjoy the performance, miss,' said Lizzie.

'What an impudent girl!' commented Miss Sinclair. 'I suppose,' she added, with a shade of annoyance, 'you are a great "sport," Lou?'

'No. Rather far from it. Sometimes the other boys even call me Saint Louis.'

'Indeed! I hate a saint.'

'So do I.'

Their eyes met. Ray laughed. Lou did not even smile.

'I believe you are a saint,' she said.

'Heaven forbid!'

'Then why are you so solemn?'

'I don't know. I was thinking of you.'

'I'm sorry I have such a depressing effect upon you.'

He laughed, and then became earnest. 'I can't keep from wondering whether you really understand what a danger you are running, Miss Sinclair.'

'Sh! Here comes the girl.—Lizzie, bring some champagne.' She looked past Lou, to the gauze-covered door between the windows, at the dust whirling in the high wind without. 'I understand quite well that I am playing a game against Death, and that you have promised to stand my partner,' she said. The wine came. 'Drink, Saint Louis,' she adjured him.

They drank, he very sparingly, though she rallied him on his extreme frugality, and, flashing her glorious beauty upon him, bade him remember again that he was to do justice to her hospitality.

The man at the window-table, while too far away to catch their conversation, watched the pair with curious interest. When they rose from the table he rose too, and preceded them from the dining-room.

'There goes that horrid man,' said Ray. 'I hope he isn't coming to the theatre.'

But he was, and he got on the same car with them from the hotel-door.

During the short ride to the theatre Ray was the centre of interest of all eyes in the car. Her superb beauty would have made her supreme anywhere, and in the rich opera-cloak which she wore she was lovely to ravishment. Beneath his quiet exterior, Lou's pulses danced with the sense of his romantic situation. A man in the car whom he knew saluted him, and he returned the salute like

one in a dream. Almost, indeed, he believed himself dreaming.

They entered the theatre. Ray had taken a box. He assisted her to lay aside her cloak, and saw, with amazement, that she had put on since dinner a necklace of diamonds. Little as he knew of jewels, the flash of the stones proclaimed their quality and immense value. There was a fortune in that one ornament.

On a chair in front of her, in the shadow of the curtains, Ray deposited the dainty châtelaine which had been the means of bringing them together. She sat in the outer seat, in the full glare of publicity, Lou being more in the shadow beside her.

'Look round the house,' she told him, 'and tell me if you can see the man from the "Iroquois." Don't seem as if you were looking for any one.'

Lou looked. More than one familiar face gazed up at him from the sea of humanity below, and he read amazement and curiosity in their glances. It seemed to him that half the theatre were regarding his bewitching companion. Whispers and comments—obviously about her—were passing on every hand, and from various parts of the house a score of glasses were turned in her direction.

At last Lou discovered the object of his search. He also was staring at the lady in the box through a pair of glasses, and for the first time Lou experienced a feeling of personal hostility to the man.

'He is at the end of the tenth row of the stalls, at the other side of the house,' he informed Ray. 'He seems very much interested in you. So does everybody else, for that matter.'

'I apologise for associating you with an object of so much vulgar curiosity,' said Ray. She did not look round in the direction he had indicated.

'I feel like a man dropped into the *Arabian Nights*,' declared Lou. 'Upon my word, I hardly know whether I am asleep or awake.'

'Please go and 'phone to a livery stable to send a carriage at ten fifteen,' she requested. 'And you might call up a C.P.R. messenger at the same time. They didn't have 'phones and C.P.R. messengers in the *Arabian Nights*.' She laughed.

When Lou returned to the box the play had begun. He took his seat beside Ray, and while she watched the play Lou surreptitiously feasted his eyes upon her loveliness. She seemed entirely absorbed by the story. Her colour heightened and her dark eyes sparkled with interest, and when the curtain fell on the opening act she leaned back with a little satisfied sigh.

'I think it's fine—don't you?' she said. 'Don't you love the theatre? I do. I forget everything—all my worries and anxieties and—and forwardness—when I see a good play. It takes right hold of me. Oh dear! I wish we could stay to see it all; but we must go at a quarter past ten. Did you order the carriage?'

'It will be here,' Lou assured her. 'But it can wait.'

'It can, but we can't.'

At this moment the messenger-boy arrived. Ray wrote a telegram and handed it to him. When he had departed she laughed merrily. 'Will you take a look at our friend in row ten?' she said to Lou.

'He is just going out,' Lou reported. Whereat Ray laughed again, but vouchsafed no remark.

A suspicion—instantly dismissed half-scornfully, yet persistently recurring to his mind—suggested to Lou that the man might be her husband, or, worse, a detective. He looked at her. Unconventional as she was, and mystified as he felt concerning her, he would not allow a cheap thought of her to occupy him.

The second act began. 'Tell me when Row Ten comes back, Lou,' said Ray, settling herself again to enjoy the performance.

Row Ten did not return till the second act was nearly over, and in the next interval Lou informed her of the fact.

'That is good,' she commented. 'Tell me, how long shall we be crossing the lake in this wind?'

'It depends when we start. The wind may increase yet.'

'We start at eleven o'clock.'

'To-night?'

'Yes. Don't talk so loud, please.'

'Where to?'

'As near as we can get to New Fane Junction, on the New York Central.'

'The wind is almost fair for the course. If all goes well, and the wind holds like this, and does not rise higher, we should be off New Fane by about six in the morning. It is about forty miles. But there is no harbour, and the station is several miles inland from the beach.'

'There will be some one watching for us. He may have a boat.'

'If the wind rises no small boat could come out.'

'We must get ashore somehow; at least I must. Lou'—she turned to him with sudden appeal—'you'll stand by me?'

'I would die for you!' he said, more fervently than he knew, being carried away by that look.

'Oh, how good you are! I am ashamed to take advantage of your braveness—so ashamed! If I dared to tell you'—— She turned away.

'Tell me as much or as little as you wish,' Lou answered gently. 'It is all the same to me. You may trust me.'

'How cheap I must appear to you!' was all she said.

The call-bell rang for the third act. Not long afterwards Lou touched her arm. 'It is time,' he told her. She was already so engrossed again in the story that she started as if he had shouted in her ear. Then she quietly drew the curtains of the box, and he helped her to draw on her cloak. Carefully taking up her châtelaine, she accompanied him

to the theatre door. The carriage was in readiness, and they entered it. At the same moment the man from row ten appeared at the door of the theatre.

The driver stood waiting for directions.

'Union Station,' said Lou, on a word from his companion, and they drove off.

The Princess Theatre at Toronto stands on King Street, a main artery running east and west. Parallel to it, but nearer the shores of the lake, is Front Street, where, at no great distance from the theatre, stands the Union Station. Between the two thoroughfares, and also running east and west, is Wellington Street. They were about to cross Wellington Street, on the way to the station, when Ray, now all excitement, took Lou by the arm. 'Tell him to go west along Wellington Street, and to turn up again into King Street when he has passed the theatre—quick!'

Lou did so, and presently the carriage was driving westward along King Street.

'Now for the *Coffin!*' cried Ray, clapping her hands delightedly and peering out of the window of the carriage.

At the corner of Bathurst Street, Lou again directed the driver, and before long they had left the vehicle, and were down in the darkness by the deserted wharf, among piles of lumber wood and the miscellaneous rubbish of the waterside: he in immaculate evening-dress, she in the luxurious attire that had riveted the attention of the theatre audience. Surely that wharf had seldom seen so strange a pair waiting beside the quivering reflections of the lake!

(To be continued.)

'DOUBLES.'

By Zozimus.

UP to the year of grace 1904 it had ever been a cardinal article in my physiological creed that no two persons in the world were exactly alike, and I have been confirmed in this belief by the testimony of a high official attached to the Criminal Investigation Department of New Scotland Yard, who on a recent occasion was good enough to take considerable pains to demonstrate—which he did to my entire satisfaction—that in the matter of finger-prints alone the dissimilarity between one man and another is so marked that it is next to impossible to make a mistake in identifying one out of every hundred thousand whose finger-prints are registered.

To one nurtured in a faith of this kind it naturally came as a great shock—indeed, one felt as if one had been torpedoed—to be told that one was a heretic, and that the Beck case had proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that one man *can* be mistaken for another, even on the closest inspection, because every man has a counterpart or 'double'—some call it his *alter ego*.

I could not, and cannot, accept this as being sound doctrine. But, having an open mind, I resolved upon investigating the matter; and this article is the net result of my inquiry.

To start with, the word 'double' was itself a puzzle to me when, in connection with the Beck imbroglio, I first heard it. But on looking up the old authorities I find that from time immemorial the term has been in common use to express a principle held by a certain school of human philosophy—to wit, that every man living has a counterfeit, fetch, or 'double.'

Murray (vol. iii.) defines a double as the 'counterpart, image, or apparition of a living person, a wraith, a fetch.' Hone, in his *Every-day Book* (1812), speaks of a fetch or 'double' of the Göttingen student; and, coming to a later age, Disraeli, in *Vivian Grey*, says: 'I fancy that, in this mysterious woman, I have met a kind of "double" of myself.' So that, apparently, I had been at fault in this particular (as in many others) from my youth upwards. Oh, *mea culpa! mea culpa!*

Well, half-converted to this new doctrine, I set out, with all the wonted enthusiasm of the neophyte, to prove that what I had all my life previously taken to be impossible was, after all, one of the eternal verities. How far I succeeded in this enterprise may be gathered from what follows.

One of the first places to which my researches led me was the famous exhibition in West London known as 'Madame Tussaud's'—an institution which many superficial persons take to be the 'Home of Doubles.' In consequence of an article or report which had previously been published in a London paper, and which professed to give the views of the managing director of that establishment on the question of 'doubles,' I thought it best to seek an interview with M. Tussaud himself; and, sending up my card, I was politely informed that, although very busy, he would see me in his reception-room upstairs 'in a few minutes and for a few minutes.'

Led by the attendant, I ascended to the upper regions, and was shown into a long, well-furnished room, in every corner of which images, portraits, models, and other tangible records of historic personages abounded.

This was the reception-room; and, having politely invited me to take a seat, the gentlemanly usher left me with an intimation that 'M. Tussaud' would see me in a few moments. On the table in front of me lay a black cast of a human head, which I was critically viewing when the door opened and a tall, lithe figure, attired in a long *paletôt d'atelier*, skull-

cap, and white gaiters, entered and stood for a moment without uttering a word—as if he were weighing me up.

One almost felt inclined to resent this scrutiny; but remembering that I came uninvited to obtain some necessary information, I rose from my seat and made my best bow. I was in the presence of the great ceroplastic artist. In a moment he put me at my ease.

'Good-morning! Now, of what service can I be to *you?*' Such was the commencement of an interview which extended over the best part of an hour.

When I had explained the object of my visit a grim smile played over the very expressive visage of the artist, and, thrusting his hands into his trousers-pockets, M. Tussaud remarked—I must admit in a somewhat jocose vein—'Oh, yes; I have a "double" myself; but who he is or what he is I have not the faintest idea. Judging from the many courteous salutations I now and again receive from people in the street who cannot possibly know me, and of whose identity I am equally ignorant, I should say that my double must be a person of some consideration. I wish he would pay me a visit.'

Seeing that he was talking to a 'chiel' bent upon taking notes and with the fullest intention of printing them, M. Tussaud observed, 'Really, I have been interviewed on so many occasions that I fear all my journalistic friends have long since gleaned every particle of information I possess relative to this place. Look at those things there,' said M. Tussaud, pointing to a lengthy row of stout volumes, known as press-cutting books. 'I feel pretty certain that all I have to say concerning this establishment is already contained within those books. However, if by chance there still is any fresh information I can let you have, I am sure you are quite welcome to it.'

Here was my opportunity; and on my drawing his attention to a recently published article which had been kindly sent me, and which purported to deal with the subject of 'doubles,' he exclaimed:

'Oh, yes; it is quite true. Mr Alexander needed a double for his new comedy, *John Chilcote, M.P.*, and he found one gentleman so very much like himself that it only required a little artistic manipulation to make the resemblance complete. So Mr Alexander called here shortly before the production of the play with the intention of soliciting any slight assistance it might be in my power to afford him in perfecting the resemblance between himself and his newly found double. Now, as it happened, I was not in town at the time, and therefore did not have the pleasure of a chat with him on the subject.'

'But I understood from the papers that you *did* see him, and materially assisted in the make-up of the dual characters.'

'Oh dear, no! The statements that appeared at the time—some of them, indeed, giving a rather graphic account of the manner in which I assisted Mr Alexander and his fellow-Dromio—were purely imaginary. However, I do not suppose for one moment that Mr Alexander really required assistance from any one in this matter. Resemblance on the stage, so far as mere outward appearance is concerned, I take it, is not a very difficult matter. Most theatre-goers must occasionally feel surprised at the great resemblance effected by our leading actors to the famous personages they are at times called upon to portray, although they are so often by nature wonderfully dissimilar to them. So, notwithstanding the fact that stage doubles have to undergo the ordeal of appearing together at the same time on the boards, yet when there already exists a strong natural resemblance between them, there should be no great obstacle to the creating of a very strong resemblance of the one to the other, especially with the expert assistance of the wig-maker and costumier, &c., to say nothing of the innumerable other means the actor has at his command to aid him in this purpose. Surely the real difficulties do not consist in effecting this outward resemblance, but rather in exerting the power of impersonating those hundred and one individualities that never seem to exist alike in two individuals. For instance, take alone the intonation of the voice, to say nothing of gesture, personal traits, and those countless subtle characteristics impossible to define. Herein, I think, lie the difficulties to be surmounted, and these can only be surmounted by the genius of the artist.'

At this point of our conversation I recalled two brothers—I rather fancy they were the brothers Webb—whom I had seen thirty years previously in the characters of the Dromios in the *Comedy of Errors*, and who were considered as alike as two peas.

'Well,' he replied, 'they may have been alike, but one never hears of these doubles undergoing a critical examination, and I have always been inclined to suspect that their reputation for being so has been based upon some trivial circumstance, or in all likelihood taken for granted, as it were, and placed upon record as an historical fact. For every two individuals that may have a reasonable claim to be considered alike, doubtless there are many hundreds who, if viewed in juxtaposition with their supposed doubles, would only exhibit the fact that there really existed no likeness between them at all. Look at the portraits of the two men Mr Beck and William Thomas (or Smith) in our exhibition downstairs. Both figures were carefully taken from life. The one gave me many sittings in my studio here; as to the other, I attended his trial and made a great number of sketches and notes in court, with the object of obtaining a really reliable portrait. How very unlike the figures are when placed side by side! They really belong to two different types; and Thomas is not only older, but looks older, than Mr Beck, and has a far heavier build of figure. Facially—except, perhaps, as to their general colouring—there

is nothing, to my mind, that suggests a resemblance between them; and yet how easily the one was taken for the other!'

'How do you account for this?'

'Of course, Mr Beck owed his conviction to having been identified with the man William Thomas; but how this could possibly have taken place must always remain something of a mystery. The Beck case has certainly impressed upon me the very pregnant fact that there does exist the extraordinary possibility of one man being taken for another, between whom no actual resemblance exists at all. A theory has long since suggested itself to my mind, which I believe to be something more than a mere idle speculation, and which, I believe, has not hitherto been seriously considered. It is this: Is it not possible for people to be blind as to portraiture in the same sense as they are blind as to colour? Now, if this should be the case, the natural result would be that, as people are indifferent as to the perception of colour, seeing all colours much alike, so they would naturally be indifferent in their perception of portraiture, seeing all people much alike, or at any rate seeing a very strong likeness between those who possess but a very faint resemblance.'

Leading the way through a private passage, with a cordial hand-shake and a breezy 'good-bye,' he left me on the threshold of the finest collection of waxen images in Europe, but wherein 'doubles' dwelleth not.

The figures, however, were suggestive enough; and before I quitted the palatial building a formidable procession composed of individuals reputed to have (or to be) 'doubles' passed before me. I am afraid that in no single instance, even amongst those said to be most like each other, was the resemblance so striking as to deceive any one possessing the least degree of critical perception.

We have been assured that His Imperial Majesty the Czar has an exact counterpart in H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; and, viewed apart, there is a certain facial resemblance between them; but on close inspection the points of difference are too numerous and obvious to admit of any mistake being made in identification.

The same thing may be said of all the other supposed 'doubles' of whom we hear so much, not excluding Du Maurier and Alma-Tadema, Beck and Smith, or the latest sample given to the world, the 'Chicago Bluebeard' (Johann Hoch) and the man Busch, whom the American police have lately run to earth.

As in the Beck case, the resemblance between Hoch and Busch was supposed to be so great that many of the witnesses who had previously sworn to Hoch as being the man who had robbed them now admit that they made a mistake, and have picked out Busch from among many others. But it was not until the arrest of the latter, and the two men had been placed side by side, that the mistake was discovered. The inference to be drawn is too obvious to need elucidation.

It is comparatively easy for one man to impersonate another, and this kind of thing has been done from the days of Esau and Jacob (see Genesis xxvii.) with varying success. But it is an abuse of terms to cite such cases as instances of genuine 'doubles.' They are no such thing.

In *Chambers's Journal* for 1895 there is a paper on 'Doubles;' and in *All the Year Round* (July 1871) there is a very interesting account of 'double people,' but this is a mere record of human monstrosities—double-headed people and the like. Thus, too, were it not for the limitations imposed by the definitions of the lexicographers, an endless string of defunct individuals might be given here as 'doubles;' but the statute of limitation steps in and excludes the superhuman, as it excludes the artificial.

A 'double' must be 'an exact counterpart or copy of a *living* person;' and as the most eminent scientists have declared this to be an impossibility, I must revert to my original faith and cling to the belief expressed in the opening lines of this article: that no two persons in the world are exactly alike.

LIBAU.

By Albert Kinross.

EVERY once in a while the British and foreign newspapers are enlivened by some more or less credible message purporting to come from Libau, the most southerly of the Russian Baltic ports. When, however, I read the latest story—the hero was a Japanese spy who had decamped hurriedly, leaving his note-book behind him—it seemed to me the joke had gone too far. In the first place, you cannot decamp hurriedly from Libau; and, secondly, a spy in Libau is like a new-comer in an English village—two days after your arrival you have become a public character.

Looking backward to the April of last year, I recall my own delight in the place. There had been a week in Copenhagen, clean, spruce, admirably governed; one of those model capitals where everybody, from royalty downward, goes cheerfully through the well-kept streets and basks in a reasonable contentment and prosperity. Here was neither poverty nor overgreat wealth; Majesty would walk out to the Zoo and take the tram-car home again. Everybody seemed well-mannered, well-dressed, and free from political excitement. It was a trifle cloying.

In Copenhagen I found a waddling tramp, the

s.s. *Kursk*, of six hundred odd tons, bound for Libau with a cargo of cement and Danish dairy produce. Libau at that time attracted me. It was a favourite gateway of the alien immigrant, then the subject of a Bill in Parliament; and Admiral Wirenius's squadron swung at anchor there. I took passage by the *Kursk*, and at nightfall came aboard. The ship lay barely a hundred yards from the royal palace and five minutes' walk from my hotel.

The Baltic was like a lake, save for its immensity and emptiness. Hardly a sail or funnel showed on the miles and miles of it. An island, snug and pastorally serene—Bornholm—looked out of the morning's mist; the rest was an empty sea spreading vastly in the sunshine. Those were two days of blissful idleness.

We made friends, the other passenger and I; sometimes we went forward and tried to say things to the thrifty Pole who had shipped as a species of deck-cargo, paying about fourteen shillings for the privilege. The captain and his officers left us to ourselves. The Pole—he had eyes of the most child-like blue, and lived apart like a Chinaman—had brought a week's provisions in a basket, and at night, acting on our advice, slept as close to the engine-room as he could huddle. A carpenter by trade, he had saved money in America, and was now returning home for his wife and child.

The other passenger was a Russian, a Moscow merchant, also back from the United States, and choosing this way from a fondness for the sea. We ate together, we talked and smoked, and lent each other books and magazines. He had several copies of a monthly magazine; I had Henry James's *Lesson of the Master*, and Evans-Gordon's *Alien Immigrant;* he preferred the last-named.

To me the miracle of seafaring is the direct way in which a ship reaches its objective. Late on the second morning we sighted Libau, making our bull's-eye, so to speak, as truly as a Bisley champion. Two golden domes caught the sunlight, and we knew then that Europe was behind us.

There is a myth recorded as a political truth in all our geography books to the effect that part of Russia, like part of Turkey, is in Europe. The thing is a mistake. The methodical anarchy of the East begins at the Russian frontier; here is the true boundary-line between Europe and Asia, East and West; and, for my part, I have no wish to see it otherwise. Adventure is at an end in the polished countries of the West; we know exactly what will happen next. Here, on the other hand, you have some uses for your hardihood, and a well-aimed kick is no signal for a constable to intervene.

Imagine anybody kicking any other body in Copenhagen! One could not dream of such a thing. But, here in Libau, the moment I discerned that crew of superannuated pirates whose decrepit launch came out to meet us with the cry of 'Pilot,' I knew that kicking was allowed, and the constabulary an operatic adjunct in a festal uniform.

Such old and hairy pilots as those of Libau I have never seen. They—for it always takes two Russians to do a one-man job—took us through the Winter Harbour, that resists the Baltic frosts, into the inner harbour, whence we espied the straggling town. Here we cast anchor; and then we were boarded by the gendarmerie and the scum that do duty for Customs officers of the lowest rank.

Our passports were delivered up. The Pole got into trouble on this count, and ultimately had to pay a pretty fine—his permit had expired and had not been renewed. I did not envy him his homecoming. Next the cargo was sealed with string and sealing-wax; and then we waited for the superior Customs officers, who suit themselves. We waited a full hour, receiving back our passports as we sat on deck.

The superior Customs officers are as pleasant as their subordinates are gross and nauseous. I have a vision of my bags being pawed by swine. Ivan of the Vodka Prospekt nosed among clean shirts, held up my toilet articles, and seized upon Henry James—that contrast made me smile on my disgust! It was beyond conception. The Anglo-American artist, so rare and so fastidious, under the brutish scrutiny of that spirit-sodden wretch! The *tschinovnik* came to the rescue: a middle-aged man of pleasant aspect, to whom I believe his subordinates were as repellent as, under this visitation, they were to me. I was permitted to retain my Henry James; Major Evans-Gordon, a sure suspect, was safe in my ulster-pocket.

Now we were free. Libau, in all its glory, lay before us. Our luggage was taken ashore, and we were followed by those despicable Customs underlings—demanding alms. What for? They went through the motions of tippling, emptying an imaginary glass of vodka with one hand, the other outstretched for coin. We gave them kopecks to be gone. Their salary is twelve roubles, or twenty-five shillings, a month; and, knowing that, one wonders at them less.

The drive from the harbour to the Hôtel de Rome, in a ramshackle fly through the ramshackle streets of a ramshackle city, was a sheer delight. The West—we had done with the West! and here again was that methodical anarchy—nature's own anarchy—whose fascination has a strength beyond the ordered wiles of civilisation. The East is dirty, barbarous, callous, cruel, a slattern—I admit it. Oh, but the East is human and big with passionate strength! Old as the race she is, this self-same East, but youthful with a youth that changes not; so all wild hearts must come to her at last and soothe their tragic unrest with her vast stability, the magic and the menace of her secret ways. Here the great spaces of the world are spread, the silences, and hatreds wide as love—undying foods of youth and youth's indiscipline! Here, at last, it seems that man cannot grow old and die a dodderer with money in the Funds.

In Libau a veneer of civilisation covers this, thin, transparent. There is a hectoring Government, resisted tortuously, with now and then an outbreak that draws blood. Rows of brick houses make a base attempt to shoulder down the aboriginal dwellings built of wood; stucco has been introduced where public offices require importance and an air; there are telegraphs, telephones, and an electric tram; a Lutheran church stands pallidly in the High Street; down on the sands there is an attempt at a casino. It all seems like a settlement on the cleared edge of a tropical forest; nature struggles with man, East with West. The victory is with nature.

Libau's modern improvements are unconvincing; they are not in the spirit of the place. In many respects it is a second Dalny, the arbitrary creation of an autocratic Government, to be wiped out at the first blast of failure. The electric tram (owned by Ramsay & Company, descendants no doubt of some Scots adventurer who fought with the Protestant Swedes in the Thirty Years' War) runs from the harbour to the station on rusty, neglected lines at no fixed intervals. It is used by people indifferent to the bites of Libau's insects. From the station trains leave twice a day, the police scrutinising every passenger. There is not much chance for a Japanese spy down here.

And now we can go northward to the chief feature of Libau, the source and origin of its new-fangled amenities. From a country-road you get a glimpse of the War Harbour; and if you stop to meditate, the chances are you will be challenged as a spy and sent to trial. Everybody knows, however, what ships are moored there, for you read their names on the lettered caps of sailor and marine; and the German liners, then newly purchased, were themes of common gossip. Round the War Harbour a small and purely Russian city has been created—to order: barracks, Admiralty buildings, the cathedral, whose twin domes caught the sunlight while we looked out from the *Kursk* that early morning. The whole is dazzling and superbly new; yet for all that one is never rid of an imagined tropical forest ready out there to act the spoiler and fill this passing fabric with its own unswerving energies, its own unhastening decay.

Letts, Jews, Courlanders, and Baltic Germans—the people in the streets—are unconcerned. They view the Russianising of their town with indifference, one might say contempt. Sailors come off the warships, get drunk, and are driven back again in cabs—it is their method of relaxation. Libau shrugs her shoulders at the spectacle, as if to say, 'It is the moujik, an imported beast, who spends his money.'

Nor is the moujik a larger unionist. To him Libau is a strange and alien place, possessed of a tongue and people far from him. Even me he stopped on the high-road and asked to be directed to a photographer's.

But it is of the city proper I would speak, of the old town straggling landwards as it grew, a medley of low wooden houses, each with its populous basement, its assorted smells, its dim-lit rooms and garnered dirt. The best of these wooden houses are cosy villas, airy and detached; the worst are stifling tenements built round noisome yards, and furnished with the bare necessities, squalid yet picturesque. Between these two extremes are such interiors as Rembrandt would have loved: wooden, low-pitched, harbouring some age-old trade or craft, primitive, clean, vital. I remember a worker in leather who cut and sewed the soft, glove-like shoes that the peasant women wear next to the heavy felt stockings wherewith they defy the snow. I remember a Jewish baker's, where everything was new and fresh and tempting, a profusion of loaves and rolls and little cakes that came and went under one's very nose. I remember, too, an interior where I found a child hideous with the smallpox, and no one greatly perturbed about so common a fatality. Mrs Ackerley, a plucky Englishwoman, the daughter of the British consul, was doing her best to save this little life.

On a market-day the normal, drowsy Orientalism of the place is succeeded by an equally Oriental activity. From the great forests and grazing-lands of the interior arrive a large-boned peasantry, tall, deep-chested, flat of feature, light-complexioned. The women strike a peculiarly brilliant note, wearing a short scarlet petticoat whose flame-like colour shames the red of Thomas Atkins. Heavy quilted jackets and heavy felt boots with leather overshoes keep out the cold and snow; and it has since occurred to me—examining photographs recently sent home from Tibet—that precisely the same costume is worn by the inhabitants, male and female, of the mid-Asian plateaus.

Typically Eastern is the insignificant value of the stock that is brought to market. Where an Englishman would deal in pounds, the Lett deals in shillings. A peasant will come in all the way from a distant farmstead with a single calf; a basket of eggs is often a sufficient reason for the dreary trudge to town. You become aware of the long and frost-bound winter when you stop at stalls whose rude hand-made toys and wooden and glued household articles testify to a cessation of farmwork and an attempt to earn a few roubles in a new direction. Dairy and garden produce and the results of these small industries are often displayed on the same stall. One day a week the market-square is crowded with beast, fowl, and much-enduring peasantry; and through this tumult of rough creatures sprung from the poor soil of Baltic Russia, akin to it, imbued with mother-earth, there moves the dealer, the middleman, creature of towns, street-bred; there moves the eternal Jew, own cousin to Moses of Whitechapel or Isaac of the Rand.

One day at noon I went on 'Change, entering a large, barn-like hall where grain, hides, and tallow—Russia's chief exports and the source of villadom

in Libau—occupied a crowd of leisurely merchants. Here, too, vessels are chartered, sailings posted, and freights engaged. Here, too, the West has succumbed to the drowsy vitality of the East. Germans, Scandinavians, British, were present—to them, no doubt, Libau owes her ships and shipping industry; but the militant energy of the West was gone from them, and now, like their neighbours, they moved to slow time and encased their dealings in a covering of circuitous detail.

Down in the harbour, you could see by the predominance of the red-and-black funnels of the United Danish Steamship Company, the Swedish and Norwegian flags, how much of Libau's trade was carried in Scandinavian bottoms. The biggest ship, however, that had anchored there showed our own blue ensign, and was a Wilson-owned tramp that had come up from Odessa laden with salt. Beyond the pilot-boat, one saw no Russian vessel. The dock-labourers were men and women of the same strong peasant stock that filled the square on market-days; and, watching them at work in the immense holds of the cargo-boats that were discharging, one saw a picture that the early Zola might have described or Jean François Millet have painted. It was of a beautiful ugliness; the human beast of burden, male and female, at its sturdiest; strong, brutal, and unsexed.

Aside from this ordinary water-borne business there was the business of the War Harbour. All the vessels that then lay in the Libau yards went out with Rojdestvensky to be sunk by the Japanese. Of these I saw little beyond their fighting tops; but of the officers and men I saw a great deal.

The Russian sailor has been written about sufficiently, and, perhaps, he is somewhat similar to an elephant at sea; one need add no more to this description. The young naval officer, however, is precisely like a British undergraduate dressed in a uniform—frank, joyous, irresponsible. I recall a gathering of these at the local music-hall, annex to a minor hotel named after the city of Hamburg. Some had just come in from the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, and the new arrivals embraced their comrades who had wintered ashore. So cordial were these salutations, so spontaneous, that even to my unaccustomed eyes there seemed nothing ridiculous in such a greeting. And as to what followed—well, it was very youthful, but certainly it was very English. Champagne was set upon the little tables, toasts were drunk, the performance was interrupted or applauded to confusion, the orchestra was presented with a cask of beer, a cake-walk was extemporised; in brief, it was exactly the sort of thing that, given the opportunity, we used to do at Cambridge. The night-life here, as in all Russian towns, lasts till daybreak and beyond. It cannot be described as innocent.

I had seen Libau, driven into its thinly peopled surroundings of grazing-land and forest, and now it was time to leave for home. I went down to the harbour, and discovered that the s.s. *Perm*, a sister-vessel to the *Kursk* and also Danish owned, was clearing for the Millwall Docks with a cargo of one hundred and sixty-five Jewish emigrants. With these I sailed late on the following day.

Entering Russia is an easy matter, provided you have a passport; as also is leaving. But without this document I fear that even a 'Japanese spy' would have some difficulty in escaping from Libau. The two diurnal trains that go out of the station are nakedly open to inspection; the ships that make for the wide Baltic are rigorously searched.

I had facilities for being present at such a search. It was complete—a species of man-hunt, with the chief of the police directing. The bag was one poor devil who had stowed himself away in the hold, trusting to an obscure corner beneath two rows of emigrant-bunks. He was hauled out and taken ashore between a couple of gendarmes—a decent-looking young fellow, who (so I was told) had got into monetary difficulties and was in despair over the consequences.

More than in this transaction, however, was I interested in the chief of the police; for, if his captive looked like a hunted animal, he looked more hunted still. He led—so I subsequently learned—a threatened life, rarely appeared in public, turned night into day, and had become like no human being ever bred in a free country. In appearance he was tall and finely built, with a face that seemed borrowed from a Surrey melodrama, pale, dissipated, cruel; the haunted face of a man whom fear had rendered desperate and partially insane. The East supports such rulers with an exemplary patience, feeling that some form of government is inevitable, and possibly assured as to the end.

With this man foremost in the strange impressions of that week, I left Libau, following the setting sun, and surrounded by a company that tasted freedom and the salt sting of the sea for the first time since its entry into an obscure heritage.

A SUN-DIAL.

A GRAY old sentinel that stands to mark
Time's circling, swift, inevitable feet;
Life's day is still unfinished, incomplete,
Even when it dies into the greater dark.
No sombre moments touch the stony face,
The record is of dear sun-memoried hours,
Which stand like rings of multi-coloured flowers,
The dial's garden in the garden space.

The soul may thus mark that diviner light
And sunshine of the spirit, a dial rare,
True measure of eternal years that bear
No record of things sad—but only bright.
God's finger for its gnomon, there to stay
Till Time be merged in Heaven's more radiant day.

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

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SIXTH SERIES.

DEER-STALKING IN SCOTLAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

By Miss J. P. Wilson.

WHILE looking over some old papers recently I found the following letter, dated 1844, an extract from which may be of interest:

'On Friday the 9th of August, at three o'clock afternoon, I left Edinburgh for Greenock by the railway, accompanied by Mr Archibald M'Neill, Mr Ludovic Colquhoun, a servant, and eight deer-dogs. The Lord Advocate M'Neill [Lord Colonsay], being engaged in a cause of importance, could not start with us, but agreed to follow us to Greenock that night by a special train. We arrived at Glasgow about five, and found, to our no small consternation, that two of the dogs had disappeared. They were brothers, twenty-three months old, of whom great deeds were expected, and for one of which the Lord Advocate had refused the enormous sum of eighty guineas a few days before. The railway people maintained that six dogs only had been put into the train; but as we had paid for eight, and had seen the whole eight locked up in what seemed to be safe places, it was certain that two had jumped out or been stolen. It was resolved that Mr Colquhoun and I should remain in Glasgow with the six dogs, and that Mr A. M'Neill should return to Edinburgh by the six o'clock train in search of the other two. At eight o'clock the two dogs arrived in Glasgow by the six o'clock Edinburgh train. They had jumped out, one near the village of Corstorphine, and the other near Gogar, and falling into friendly hands, they were bundled after us by the first conveyance, so that Mr Archibald M'Neill and they crossed each other on the road. On arriving in Edinburgh, Mr M'Neill learned that they had been found; and he and his brother joined us in Glasgow a little after twelve, when we had a good dinner, supper, or breakfast, I know not which, and retired to bed for a few hours. At five in the morning we embarked on board a steamer bound for Lochgilphead, hired a carriage and a cart there, and drove to that part of the mainland of Argyllshire which is immediately opposite to the island of Jura (a drive of about fifteen miles from Lochgilphead), found a boat of the M'Neills' waiting for us, and by eight o'clock that night we were comfortably seated at dinner in Jura.

'In travelling from Edinburgh to Jura we took twenty-nine hours, nearly one-half of which we spent in Glasgow. My first voyage to the Hebrides in the year 1811 occupied me nearly ten days.

'On Sunday we remained in the house reading, the church being in point of time as far from us as Penny-Bridge; and on Monday we exercised the dogs by pitching them into the sea and encouraging them to chase each other. They were all in fine condition. Here let me hand down to posterity the names of those famous dogs: Torm, Ossian, Oran, Runa, brothers and sister, twenty-three months old; Borb, four years; Old Busker, six; Bran, two; Young Busker, sixteen months; Garig and Farig, brothers, fifteen months. The two last were sent to us from Colonsay.

'Runa being of great value as the only female of the race, except two of her pups, we resolved not to hazard her life by taking her to the field, but to slip one grown-up dog and two young ones at the deer, and to keep another old dog and two young ones in reserve, in case it should be necessary. Tuesday was wet and misty; but the Lord Advocate, his brother, and I went out. About twelve, the rain having ceased, and the mist-wreaths having betaken themselves to the mountain-tops, we discovered a stag by means of our telescopes rather more than a mile off. I knew him at once as an old friend, and as such it is my duty to give you some account of him, though in doing so I must go back a little in the order of time. In the month of August 1842 this stag was chased by two very fine dogs of three and four years of age. The first of these dogs immediately came up with him, but he was so severely handled that he is lame and useless to this day. The second, a dog of the name of

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Oscar, then attacked him with still worse fortune. The stag killed him stone dead at the first thrust, one of the prongs of his horns having passed through his heart. He was buried where he fell. Next August (1843) the same stag was again chased, but the dogs never got near him, as he took his way through strong ferns and over ledges of rock favourable for him and very unfavourable for the dogs. Ten days afterwards I went out with a gun, being anxious to avenge poor Oscar's fall. After stalking him the whole day, I got as close as I wished, and missed him with both barrels! I was obliged to leave the island next morning. You may easily believe that when I sighted him once more on the 13th of August 1844, I felt much inclined to settle accounts with him. We divided our forces into two. Archy M'Neill, with Borb, two young dogs, and two men, crept towards the stag; while the Lord Advocate and I, with Old Busker (full brother to the deceased Oscar) and two young dogs, concealed ourselves half-way between the stag and the river which runs through the glen. Archy made his approach with great skill, and slipped his dogs at a distance of two hundred yards; but as soon as he let them go, ten or twelve other stags got up from among a patch of tall ferns where they had been reposing unseen, and distracted the attention of the young dogs. The stag went uphill, followed by Borb alone, who soon overtook and seized him; but the deer shook him off and changed his course, going downhill. Even downhill, however (and a deer runs fastest downhill), the dog came up with him. The stag then stood at bay, and the dog could not get under his horns so as to seize him. This continued till Mr A. M'Neill approached within fifty yards, when the buck plunged down a steep ravine, followed by the dog. By this time the Lord Advocate and I had slipped our dogs, and we had scarcely done so when we saw the deer and dog emerging from the ravine, where they had evidently had a struggle, and coming towards us. Busker and one of the young dogs went right, and joined Borb, but the other did not. They came downhill in this way: the stag with Borb quite up with him, but about two lengths to the left; on the left of Borb the young dog Garig, quite up too, but running without knowing what he was running for; and fifty yards behind Old Busker, doing his best, but unsuccessfully, to come up, time and hard work having given him a pretty considerable kick in his gallop. They passed between the Advocate and me so close that I could have broken the stag's forelegs with a heavy pole which I had in my hand. The deer was a little fatigued, the dog fresh, much faster than the deer, and evidently waiting for a good opportunity to rush in. This occurred just as the stag was springing into the river, when the dog advanced with wonderful rapidity, seized him by the hock, and both went head over heels into the stream, the buck undermost. A struggle took place, the dog was kicked off, the deer returned to land and ran down the stream on the same side for thirty yards, when the dog again closed with him, and they were both again precipitated into the river at a place where the water was inconveniently deep for the dog, who was now getting the worst of it, though fighting with great courage. At this critical moment Old Busker came up, fell to work in right earnest, and the stag soon ceased to exist. On inspecting him, it was found that one of my balls had gone through his ear, and that the other had broken three of his ribs; so I had not entirely missed him after all. This *chasse* having been brought to a favourable termination, we discovered that the young dog Torm (the one for which eighty guineas had been refused) was not to be found, so we proceeded in quest of him, and in no long time we discovered him lying on the banks of the stream a good deal hurt, and a buck lying dead beside him. He had killed it without assistance from dog or man. The Advocate, who is not given to long speeches out of court, merely remarked to me, "If that dog was worth eighty guineas last week, what is he worth now?" So ended our first day's sport; and as the dogs were tired, and some of them hurt and requiring rest, we left Jura on Thursday the 15th of August, the M'Neills going to Colonsay to visit their father, and I to Castleton, near Lochgilp, to see Sir John M'Neill, who had been prevented from joining us, leaving Mr Colquhoun to benefit by the fresh air of Jura. Sir John and I had a few forenoons' quiet grouse-shooting together, and (though I would despise to say it myself) I find that I can still shoot just as well as other people. After rambling over some parts of the mainland of Argyllshire, and spending three days with Mr Malcolm M'Neill (the laird's brother) in the island of Islay, we all reassembled in Jura, Sir J. M'Neill being of the party this time. On Tuesday the 27th August we had our second *chasse*, found two stags, got a fair start at them, and killed them both. They took different ways. One was killed by Young Busker and Bran; but I did not see that run. I followed the other, which was killed by Borb and Torm.

'25*th October* 1844.—To begin again where I left off yesterday. On Wednesday the 28th August a stag which had once been tame, but had become wild and mischievous, attacked the gamekeeper's wife, and a few hours afterwards the piper of the family, an insult not to be submitted to, so we determined to catch him, and to saw off his horns. Next day, accordingly, we muzzled some dogs and chased him; but the dogs could not come up with him, as their muzzles prevented them from breathing freely. Nothing remained but to shoot him, and I was desired to be his executioner. After searching for some time, I saw him coming towards me, quite ready for battle. I allowed him to come within a hundred yards, and fired at the centre of his neck. He fell where he stood, apparently dead, and I handed my rifle to a man who had followed me with three young dogs, and turned my steps homewards. The man went

up to the stag with the dogs, to accustom them to the sight of deer, and encouraged them to bite the dead animal. When they had exercised themselves in this way till they were tired, the stag bellowed once or twice, rose, kicked off the dogs, plunged into the sea, and made for the opposite coast, about eight miles off. Two boats were immediately launched after him, came up with him when he could scarcely be seen from the shore with the naked eye, put ropes round his horns, and towed him ashore. He was in no respect fatigued, and looked as well as if he had never been fired at. I was sorry for the poor beast, but he was so savage that it was absolutely necessary to destroy him. The ball, which was flattened by the blow, had struck the bone of the neck on the left side, crossed over the upper part of the bone down the right side of the neck, and stuck in the skin on the right side of the body about ten inches behind the right shoulder-blade. It was altogether a very singular affair. On Friday the 30th we had our third *chasse*. It was late before we saw anything—six o'clock in the evening perhaps. We then found a very fine stag; but he was so near the crest of the hill that, on starting him, he gained the top and ran down towards the opposite valley before any of the men or any of the dogs except Borb could reach the ridge. We saw little of this chase; but it appeared from the blood and the footmarks that Borb had come up with his prey in the rocky bed of a mountain torrent, down which, over as rough ground as I ever saw, they had struggled for a quarter of a mile. Two young dogs seemed to have then joined him, and to have assisted in killing the deer. The dogs were much bruised, and thus terminated our hunting. Next day we all went to Castleton, remained there on Sunday, and on Monday steamed home to Edinburgh. Deer-stalking, conducted in the way I have mentioned, is the best sport, I think, that this country affords, and the fairest for the game; for although we killed every stag that we stalked, avoiding hinds and fawns, it is unlikely that such good luck will ever occur again. A stag has a fair chance against four dogs, where no gun is used, being well provided with offensive and defensive weapons, and being equal to four dogs in point of weight. The Jura stags are larger than the Atholl stags, though not so large as some that are found in Ross-shire; but still, their weight is considerable—twenty-two stone as they stand. Borb and several other dogs weighed seventy-three pounds, or five stone three pounds each. The largest, Torm, weighed eighty-one pounds, or five stone eleven pounds, so that the four heaviest dogs weighed twenty-one stone six pounds, being eight pounds less than the stag, and we never started more than these. Compare this with the difference that exists between two greyhounds and a hare or a pack of foxhounds and a fox.

'ROBERT SYM WILSON.'

The year following that in which the above letter was written, the M'Neills, as usual, assembled a party of friends on Colonsay to enjoy the various amusements that the island afforded, and it was resolved to cross over to Jura and vary the sport and the scene by devoting a few days there to the pursuit of deer. Among those present upon this occasion was Professor Wilson (Christopher North), a welcome guest wherever he appeared, but one who could never be induced to join any party stalking or shooting as long as there was the smallest stream within reach of his never-tiring rod. He, Christopher North, although a brother-in-law of Sir John M'Neill's and a staunch friend of that clan, was unable to resist the temptation, when it presented itself, of making game, with Lowland scorn, of Highlanders in general, M'Neills in particular, and of the serious light in which he chose to consider that they always regarded themselves and each other.

It happened that at this time the house was very full, and Professor Wilson and another guest had found temporary accommodation in an adjacent cottage. The members of the family, in kilted vigour, had assembled for breakfast, when the door of the dining-room was thrown open with a flourish, and Christopher North presented himself to the amazed and delighted eyes of the company. Determined not to be outdone by any barbarous Highland savage, at least as to dress, he had made the patchwork valance from the sides of his cottage bed into a kilt (a very short one), and appeared at the table worse than trouserless, striding to the sideboard with a gravity of demeanour worthy the scholastic position that he held. After breakfast those bent on deer-stalking—several of the M'Neills, Mr Robert Sym Wilson (Christopher North's brother), with two of his sons, three dogs, Finlay the stalker, and a piper—started by boat for Jura. Here they took up residence in a cave * that commanded a magnificent view of the broad Atlantic. This spacious cavern was ample enough to accommodate the boat's crew (seven men, who slept on the sails); the dogs, tied to a boulder; and the sportsmen, stretched on dried ferns rolled in luxurious plaids. One of the boatmen, who was well accustomed to such excursions, acted as cook to the party. By dawn next morning they were all astir, and eager scrutiny with telescopes, and queries as to the direction of the wind, followed a substantial game-breakfast. When the plan of campaign was decided the party set forth, silently following the bed of a stream in single file, headed by Finlay, for the most part crawling, telescope in hand, along the edge of the ravine. Those who remember this patient, valiant, tireless stalker aver that he kept his crown almost shaven so that not a hair of his head could ever be seen above the heather. The vicissitudes of this excursion are too long to detail; it is sufficient to record that after the loss of a day and the death of a hound, a deer was finally brought to bay in the

* For detailed account of sport in Jura from the cave, see *Scrope on Deer-stalking*, Chap. XII.

bed of a burn, and there slain. It was conveyed with great labour over indescribably rough ground to the boat, and the party returned in triumph to Colonsay.

It is of interest to recall the fact that Sir John M'Neill brought some very fine deer from Persia to England at immense trouble and expense. We are told in the *Guide-Book of the Zoological Gardens*, page 48, that 'Sir John M'Neill brought the first living specimens of red-deer from the Black Sea to England in the year 1841.'

A letter from Lord Derby to Sir John M'Neill shows his (Lord Derby's) anxiety to preserve this breed. It is dated :

'KNOWSLEY, *December 1st*, 1844.

'I know not, Sir, how far you may consider that the intrusion I am now guilty of is or is not an unpardonable liberty on the part of one wholly unacquainted with you ; but I have ventured on this step by the encouragement of several gentlemen, among whom I may refer to Mr Gray of the British Museum, and others who are connected with science and the public institutions of the Metropolis. I have been given to understand that it was from your kindness that the Zoological Society of London were indebted for a beautiful pair of Persian deer, which, after remaining for some time in the Regent's Park Gardens, the council allowed me to receive into my collection here, when, after a few months, the hind unfortunately died from a disorder which appeared on examination to have been going on for a considerable period. The male, I have the pleasure to say, has gone on for the whole time in perfect health, and is now a very fine animal. But the loss of the hind having unfortunately put an end to all hopes of continuing the breed, on which point I was otherwise very reasonably sanguine, I am induced to take this liberty for the purpose of asking if you could say how to put me in the way of obtaining some others of the same kind, which I beg to assure you would be considered as a very great obligation by, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

DERBY.'

It may be added that this importation became extinct not long after, for about the year 1849 the last of the animals died at Knowsley. During the Crimean war, however, the western limit of these animals was discovered, and they have since been more easily obtained.

THE AUTOCRAT.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE crowd in the fish-market had not diminished with the march of day. As a rule Akasa was half-empty in the afternoon ; it dozed, sluggish and malodorous, and the fishermen waited for customers as patiently as they dragged the sea for fish. To-day the place buzzed about their ears ; and if the market was no brisker, there was at least a pack of people to cajole, and something besides fish-heads and nosing pariahs to contemplate. They chewed betel-nut, being stolid sea-folk, not given to meddling in local politics—perhaps because they had usually enough to eat, and their foothold on shore hardly counted.

One after another, men of a less indifferent mould than these dribbled into the limited area and worked their way to the heart of it. A file of native constables pushed through them, whipping the weaker vessels into motion, even directing a few to their businesses elsewhere ; but the throng closed up doggedly after they had gone. The Kerisalis were a hard-bitten people, not lightly turned aside from a purpose, and here an idea was hammered into their heads, and they did not mean to let it go again. The native superintendent of police was the most outwardly uneasy person in the quarter. He had been attracted to it early, and after one futile effort to get instructions he had come back to it, to hover forlornly on the skirts of the gathering. He knew his fellow-countrymen, and he was not happy. Mr Spencer had been in too much of a hurry to attend to him that morning, and he had no authority to ask for a detachment of the white soldiers, who, much as he hated them, were the men to make short work of a trouble. He looked up at the high, white wall of the jail, to which most eyes were turned. They had their instructions *there;* and they were going to carry them through—the European jailer had said so, and had been insolently contemptuous of his expostulation—which, to be sure, was not over-vigorous. But then, what was a man to do without authority? He stood between the upper and the nether millstone ; an anxious, uncomfortably intelligent being who had been very sorry to see Spencer and the king put themselves out of reach of appeal this morning.

The sun dropped behind the prison. It might have been a signal for which those within it had waited ; the long, hot shadow widened its boundaries as the door opened. The sergeant swung out stiffly, his warders in a double file, and one of the morning's prisoners close-guarded between them. The condemned man had had a short shrift even for Akasa ; but orders were orders. He was going to hang, according to immemorial custom, at the water's edge, as scores of Kerisalis—and Malay pirates too, once upon a time—had hung before him. Really, a hanging was no novelty to the town ; the sergeant did not know why this one attracted so much attention. From the jail's standpoint, native criminals differed only in degree of sentence ; what brought them to it was immaterial.

The sergeant waved the crowd aside and shouted at it, annoyed to find it was blocking him. The superintendent, his yellow face quite gray, wavered towards him, conspicuous by his red cotton uniform and yellow turban, and buzzing like a bluebottle behind the crowd. The sergeant, including all natives, official and otherwise, in one unfavourable category, turned a blind eye on him. If he could not even make his spindle-shanked policemen keep a clear road for five minutes——

The sergeant did not, of course, know that he was trying to force a martyr to execution through the solid opposition of his sympathisers. He was not quite a fool, in spite of his Western contempt for the yellow man; and he might have fallen back in time if he had seen these things, and perhaps postponed the *émeute* until the Legion was in a position to deal with it. His ignorance, however, was quite as big as his courage. The unintelligible hum, the steady squeeze of the crowd, which had now packed the market from corner to corner, pushed his patience to a limit. He tried oaths and a vigorous elbow, and when these failed he clapped his fist into the face that happened to be closest, and dropped its owner scientifically. The next moment the hum changed its note, and a man at his side had whipped out a *kris* and run him through the body.

Somebody screamed. Not the sergeant, for he slid underfoot, and was trodden into the sand immediately. It might have been his murderer, whom a warder bayoneted before he could wrench his knife free; possibly it was the warder, bludgeoned an instant later by a peasant's staff. The shriek, whoever uttered it, served as a signal. The market went mad from end to end, and the ominous drone that the king had remarked hours before swelled to its natural sequel, one of the most terrible sounds on earth; the ululation of an Asiatic mob that has spilled blood, and means to spill it again.

The superintendent gave one horrified, comprehensive stare at the riot, and ran for his life to the shelter of his station, where he remained cowed and shivering, too demoralised to sally out to the rescue of less agile individuals. A few constables straggled in later, their red and yellow more stained and ragged than usual; some shared the fate of the remaining warders, who, after a brief resistance, were disarmed, disabled, and hunted through huts and byways like so many rats. The prisoner was freed, but incidentally, and forgotten. He stood staring at the wake of the storm until it occurred to him that legs were made for use, and that the best thing he could do was to get back to the refuge of the forest. He scuttled away unnoticed; he was alive, and that was enough; he too had once fought in this wise, and he had his own dumb opinion of the outcome.

Rex and his escort, meanwhile, were dawdling down the bazaar, past a brass-merchant's shop, when the disturbance first brought itself to their ears. It had risen so suddenly that they had scarcely had time to stop, and listen, and wonder, and fall into two minds about going on, when the rest of the mob poured across the western end of the narrow street, too intent for the moment upon its own business to realise that there was bigger game within a stone's-throw. The little party turned their heads, peered through the scuffle of sand, and vision filtered out to them.

The Irishman was the first to speak. He had puckered the lids over his deep-gray eyes; he looked very closely before he tugged at his side-arm, and a red spot mounted to his cheeks.

'That's murder,' he said, dragging the bayonet out of a rusty sheath, and fixing it. 'A policeman! 'Tis queer for Thady Dunne to be on the side av order. Still, if you'll allow me, *sorr*'——

He thrust Rex unceremoniously into a doorway.

'Keep him there till I get back, Juarez,' he said, and, levelling his bayonet, trotted down the bazaar, spinning the pedestrians out of his way, and gaining speed and momentum as he charged towards the scene of action.

His flank attack, one solid, determined man to a press that had not yet found cohesion, was almost ludicrously successful. The rioters woke to find him in the middle of them, were taken at that disadvantage, and vanished helter-skelter to cover. He paused to draw breath, stooped down, and turned over a man on the ground. Then he pulled him to his feet, and propelled him to the brass-vender's shop, one arm round his body, and deposited him there for the shopkeeper to look after. It was a brilliant little rescue, conceived and executed with extraordinary despatch. Rex, who had stayed, chafing, where he had been put, was a little surprised to see that Dunne's face, when he came back, was lowering and serious. The corporal was venal; but he was long-headed enough, and he was reflecting that the time had come for him to earn his bribe.

The loiterers by the shops shifted aside as he swung back, his rifle shouldered. The life of the unkempt little street seemed to have been arrested, to hang in suspense, to be oddly silent by contrast with the rising clamour of angry people, unseen, but very near at hand. The group he had scattered had dived into innumerable doorways and bypaths; but already heads were popping out again, and a lean native scuttled, rabbit-wise, across the last twist of the bazaar.

'They took me for the advance-guard, and that was kindly av them,' Dunne said. 'But there's something wrong here, sorr, and the sooner ye get back to the palaces the better. Bad luck to me that I lost my self-respect so far as to let ye out at all! There's a divvle av a row by the waterside, and I observe that our late friends are beginning to show their noses again right in the way I'm wanting to take you. We'll make a little detour if you please, going aisy and admiring the scenery. 'Tis an even chance they don't pluck up heart altogether till we're out av this, and the fighting will keep, perhaps, till ye're where ye ought to be.—Fix

soo-ords, Juarez!' They stepped into the middle gutter, and he rattled on. 'I wouldn't mind knowing what the throuble is, meself—not that it is av much account, if they will let us get back in time for the set-piece.—Savvy, Juarez? May be plenty big fight see, garçon.—The worst av the cor-rps to which I have the honour to belong, sorr, is,' he put in parenthetically to Rex, 'that it talks all the languages av Babel. This little fellah is a Portugee, as ye may know from me translating me mother-tongue.'

The bazaar was no longer merely curious and negatively unfriendly. Rex studied the meaning of that, while, following the Irishman's example, he laid a cheerful indifference over his perception. The noise in the adjacent quarter was growing, and he caught a backward glimpse of men, not passive now, melting into the byways towards it. He held his head up and put his hands into his pockets; but he felt bitterly conscious of his position, the ignominious encumbrance of fighting men, and the cause of a predicament that would probably be a grave one to them. His sympathies had been enlisted for the Kerisalis; Ahmed Madrali, perhaps, could give a reason for what was happening. A riot? Something like that, certainly; rebellion, even, against injustice. But assault and attempted murder! It did not fit into his British mind at all. To tell the truth, the whole affair, that might have seemed a storm in a tea-cup in a familiar place, was lurid, nerve-straining, ugly here. He walked on; but his pulses danced, his ears pricked to the hubbub that lay just out of eyeshot, and something, not born of fear, but brought about by sensations quite as foreign to his experience, kept rising in his throat. It was very hot, very smelly and stuffy. He wanted air, he was sure. He did not want to be out of it; but he wished very distinctly to know exactly what was going on, and to be less helpless, less like a puppet in the hands of the showman.

Dunne cut into these meditations.

'We will take a short cut home by the long way round,' he said.—'Half-right-turr-n, Juarez.'

They wheeled suddenly into a cross-cut that linked the main street to a lesser alley. Rex saw the reason for the manœuvre as they turned. The bazaar was filling behind them with a tangle of flitting figures. The tide was well out of the fish-market now, submerging restraint and order, sweeping waverers along into it as it rose.

A sharp, gibing cry pursued them, an ejaculation of some one breaking through indecision; and in the very second of their retreat they heard a forward rush, a patter of feet, a medley of voices. Dunne dropped his deliberate saunter from him like a discarded cloak, hustled his companions to their topmost speed, and jostled with them towards the alley.

'Run, sorr, before they cut us off at the other end!' he cried. 'First to the left, and make for the yellow house with the big green gates. 'Tis the prince's, and the palace road turns out from it. —Ah, *run* now, Juarez, ye crawling little tortoise, run!'

They sprinted forward; but they were not quick enough for the pursuit, or else it was another body, with intentions equally mischievous, that swung athwart the mouth of the entry. Dunne's short cut was blocked. He recognised it in his dash at the ring of rioters, and the rage with which he lashed out at their blockade.

'Behind me, now!' He had emerged, parried the sweep of a sword, lunged, and drawn back furiously. 'Ye would, would ye, ye murdering ruffians? Ah, take that, then! Take that! Ye think fit to stop the way, do ye? Ah, 'tis not Thady Dunne will make it easy for ye!'

He cleared a space before him by the audacity of his onslaught; the Kerisalis, though they were fifty to one, active as cats, and armed with the primitive weapon they knew so well how to handle, fell back before this Berserk rage. The big white man was *must*; he was running amok. Their Malay blood knew the meaning of that, and had a corresponding respect for it. It was no question of baiting panic-stricken warders; there was retaliation here, and a devil abroad among them.

Juarez was less impetuous, and so less lucky. A stout man with a club pushed out as he lowered himself to the charge, caught him on forearm and shoulder, and hammered him on to his knees. Rex flung across him and grabbed the club, dragged it out of the man's grip, and laid about him roundly with it as the Portuguese, saved by his helmet, raised his head and fumbled at his rifle. The hooting of the mob was ear-splitting; it seemed, absurdly, not least among the evils that had beset them. Rex felt a blind rage, too, overmastering him; he whirled his weapon and thrust himself out of the press of the alley, and he felt rather than saw Juarez scrambling to his feet again.

The thing was hopeless, of course; but it was not for an angry Irishman or a healthy young man of sanguine temper to perceive it. Juarez's rifle went off with a stupendous report under cover of their assault, and the bullet set its mark on somebody, for there was a convulsion in the thick of the press, and outsiders swarmed forward through an unexpected opening. Rex found time to be glad that they could make a bigger noise than these groaning, yelling devils, who did not even know that a man should keep a still tongue for murder. The concussion, however, shook him and confused his wit for an instant; and in that instant a Kerisali, playing his own game, stunned him with a swingeing blow.

(To be continued.)

THE CITY OF ST RULE.

By W. T. LINSKILL.

THE ancient city of Muckross or Kilrule, later named St Andrews, is a part of the ancient history of Britain—nay, one may almost say a part of the history of the Christian world. Its great and famous Metropolitan Cathedral or Abbey Kirk compared in magnificence with other ecclesiastical buildings in Italy, France, Germany, or England. It has been termed the Rome of Scotland and the Canterbury of the North, although now some talk of it as the Brighton of Scotland and the Mecca of Golf. From its great ecclesiastical past it sank after the Reformation into an insignificant fishing-hamlet, with tumble-down houses and dreary, grass-grown, deserted streets full of middens. Its fine old ruins became quarries. The late Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair, when Lord Provost of the city, partially restored it once again into an important city and seaside watering-place, and as such it is year by year growing in public favour; the chief attraction for visitors being its three splendid golf-courses, all side by side and along the shore of the German Ocean. But, alas! the place is sadly modernised, and but few traces of its former magnificent ecclesiastical edifices now exist. Mouldering fragments here and there point to its great past; much doubtless lies below its classic soil, but very little above. Most antiquaries and Churchmen know the legend of the voyage of St Regulus, with his priests and nuns, from Patras in Greece, with the sacred relics of the Apostle St Andrew the fisherman, and of their shipwreck on this dangerous and rocky shore. His first little Christian cave or chapel, hewn out of the rocks near the ruined castle of Archbishop Hamilton, still exists. In this cave may still be seen his little altar, cut out of the rocky side of the chamber.

St Regulus was a Greek monk, and arrived, so tradition tells us, on these shores about 307 A.D. or later. In those early days the ground now within the city walls was a very wild country, covered with forests and brushwood, the haunt of wild-boars. This has been made evident from our very numerous excavations since 1879, during which we have unearthed a large number of fine specimens of wild-boars' tusks.

After the rock-hewn cave, or caves, the first Culdee Christian church must have been a very humble and primitive building, probably made of wood and turf. It would seem that the first stone church in St Andrews was that of St Regulus or St Rule, to which King Hungus gave numerous gifts, among others being goblets, bowls, chalices, basins, and other valuable ecclesiastical ornaments for the early Culdee priests, which no doubt included vestments and the like, all of which were absolutely necessary for the correct performance of the divine Liturgy.

The principal streets were very much the same as in our own time—South Street, Market Street, and North Street, all leading to the great Abbey Church; but there was a fourth street called Swallow Street, where we now have the modern Scores or Scaurs. These four streets were intersected by numerous narrow wynds or lanes. Between the churches, colleges, and monasteries, and on either side of the street, were heavy wooden houses with many stories, each of which projected over the one below. There were no water-rones in those old days. Thatched, turfed, or tiled roofs; diamond, lattice-paned windows; outside stairs; beams, gables, and corbels; and walls covered with moss and creepers, would complete the picture. Booths or stalls below would take the place of our present city shops. Over many of the doors would be a sacred picture or a crucifix—for, bear in mind, those were the days of faith—and below the houses there might be bastel-houses or cellars for concealment in times of siege or danger. These bastel-houses were very usual in Border towns. Cabarets or wine-shops were numerous in the streets and wynds, lighted dimly at night with old oil-bowets (lanterns). These streets were almost deserted after nightfall, save, probably, by a few roisterers or belated students of one or other of the colleges. The footfall of some good priest might also perhaps break the silence as he went on his solitary way, bearing the Holy Sacrament to some sick or dying penitent.

Ancient St Andrews boasted of an immense number of churches and chapels in its best days; and after considerable trouble the sites of a good number of them have been located.

A church dedicated to St Nicholas appears to have stood near the east sands, on the site of what is now the farmhouse of St Nicholas. It may have been a chapel for lepers outwith the city.

There was another church of St Mary Magdalene near the harbour and the monastery fish-ponds, and there is said to have been a church dedicated to St Duthac or Duthus which stood on the north side of South Street, near St Leonard's College. In making excavations in 1886 in a garden running parallel to Gregory's Lane (now known as Foundry Lane), we came across the foundations and carved pillars, as also the graveyard, of some ancient ecclesiastical buildings, probably the remains of St Peter's Church overlooking the sea, which formerly stood between the Castle and the chapel on the Kirkhill.

Holy Trinity in South Street, founded by Bishop Turgot of Durham, confessor to Queen Margaret, was the later parish church. In it, of course, must have been the chapels and altars of the various trades-

guilds in the city. Next we have the historic church of St Leonard's College and the fine chapel of Blackfriars' Monastery, the chapel of Greyfriars, and the chapels belonging to the Castle, the Priory, the Infirmary, and St Mary's College.

St Ninian's Well is often mentioned, and there may have been a church near it dedicated to that saint. Last, of course, comes the great and glorious Cathedral or Abbey Church and the Culdee Church of St Rule. There were doubtless several more. There was an ancient church and castle at Kinkell, above the Spindle Rock; and close to the Hallow or Holy Hill, along the Lead Braes, there appears to have existed some ecclesiastical building. Wayside crucifixes, shrines, and crosses are very common objects on the Continent, and exist in some parts of England. These were probably very numerous in St Andrews of the past. One named Roger's Cross stood on what is now the Windmill Hill. This cross was erected to the memory of good Bishop Roger. Another known as Sluther's Cross seems to have stood about a mile north of the town. St Andrews was never a walled city; but each street and wynd had its own port or gateway. The West Port (sadly altered and spoilt by modern vandals) still exists at the west end of South Street, and the beautiful Pend's Gate, which was originally the entrance to the Priory, is at the extreme east end of the same historical street. It once possessed a groined and vaulted roof, with a porter's lodge above it; but slight traces of these are now left.

The roadway here is very much made up, and the bases of this splendid gateway might well be dug out and exposed to view. It is stated that the roof and part of the vaulted arches of this ancient gateway were removed in order to let laden hay-carts pass underneath to Sir David Brewster's lofts. The sea-gate at the foot of the present Pend's Road still exists, and there is another large gate in the Abbey wall in Abbey Walk. All the rest have been swept away or torn down, even to the North Street port, the Market Street port, the Swallowgate, &c. From a very old plan of about 1530, I notice that there were large gates, or ports, at the south end of both Eastburn and Westburn Wynds, now known as Abbey Street and Westburn Lane.

There was a port at the top or south end of Butt's Wynd, and a large gateway across Swallow Street (the Scores) which must have stood far west of Castle Wynd. Just at the round tower in Hepburn's wall, which in modern days acts as a lighthouse, was another port; and inside this wall was clearly the Mary Gate, with the blessed Virgin Mary and infant Saviour in statuary above the archway. A fragment only of this may still be seen.

The Abbey wall, which was erected by the Hepburns shortly before the wanton destruction of the beautiful ecclesiastical buildings, encircled the Cathedral and all the buildings connected with it.

They would comprise St Rule's Culdee Church, the Prior's Lodge or old Hospice, the lay brothers' rooms and cellars, chapter-house, dormitories, refectory, kitchens, and cloister garth, the latter where the great Senzie Fair was held (fifteen days); also St Mary Magdalene's Church, offices for collecting harbour-dues, and many other necessary buildings, including St Leonard's College. The niches in the Abbey wall still remain, but the sacred statues of the saints which stood therein have long since disappeared.

But what of St Andrews of the present day. The ecclesiastical character and atmosphere of the ancient city are almost wholly gone, perhaps for ever, and a a new and up-to-date city has sprung up. One does not feel now as one would have felt many years ago, or as one still feels in cathedral towns like Rome, Florence, Cologne, or, say, Strasburg, on the Continent, or in English cities like Canterbury, Ely, Peterborough, Lichfield, Lincoln, or Durham. The new town, with its modern improvements, has smothered the old out of sight.

The ruined Cathedral and the older Culdee Church of St Regulus still confront us, grim, gray, and stern; but the beautiful altars, lamps, and tapers are gone, and the smoke of the gas-works chimney takes the place of fragrant incense.

The splendid restorations by the late Lord Bute in the Priory grounds of several of the old monastic buildings are well worth a visit from the antiquary. Had Lord Bute lived, the modern Priory Villa would, I fancy, have been pulled down, the cloisters rebuilt, and the grounds restored again to the Cathedral to which they belong.

Opposite the Cathedral still remain two old houses, one the former residence of Sir George Douglas of Lochleven, and the other that of Prior Haldenstone. Some very old houses still exist at the east end of South Street, one or two of these still bearing coats of arms. The house known as Queen Mary's, among the number, is of great interest, and has an oratory chapel overlooking St Leonard's College.

St Leonard's Church has been ruined by the demolition of its ancient tower and spire, and its old west front has been taken back several yards. It still contains some very fine old historic tombs.

Bishop Turgot's Church of the Holy Trinity, in South Street, is used as the parish church, but little of the very old portion remains save the tower and spire.

It is shortly to be restored, I believe, practically on its old lines. At present it is very far from being an object of beauty. A fragment of the north transept of Blackfriars' Monastery is still standing in the modern playground of Dr Bell's Madras College. Here Cardinal David Bethune, the Wolsey of Scotland, is supposed to have been buried; but I fancy his bones were removed to the vault in Kilrenny Kirkyard. All that remains of Greyfriars' Monastery in North Bell Street, now *properly* called Greyfriars' Garden, is a bit of the wall and the old

draw-well. The portion of the Castle of Archbishop Hamilton which can now be seen gives no idea of the extent or grandeur of the former huge Castle where Cardinal Bethune (or Beaton) reigned supreme. Many years ago a large portion of the Castle grounds was sold, the ruins removed, the moat filled up, and a large modern house erected thereon.

Let us be grateful that we still have the sea tower and so-called dungeon, the kitchen tower, the fore tower, and other buildings left us to admire and ruminate upon. The foundations of the early Culdee Chapel, later the Chapel Royal, on the Kirkhill, near the cannon and coast-guard station, are still worth a visit. The College Chapel of St Salvator, with its conspicuous tower and spire, Kennedy's magnificent tomb, and the lovely sacrament house, is still in good preservation; but the roof and parapets are new, and the old stained glass replaced by modern windows. The wall around it and the arched doorway were removed years ago, but I learn they are likely to be replaced. A bit of the holy-water stoup at the south porch and Bishop Kennedy's arms still remain. A fine old house on the east side is still standing; it may have been the house of the great Bishop Kennedy himself. The College of St Salvator is now almost entirely modern.

St Mary's College remains to us still—it reminds one of Oxford; but here also there are some modern additions. Scottish parliaments were held here on several occasions, also at the Castle, and at the royal Palace of Inchmurtach, near Boarhills or Byrehills. St Andrews, from its very earliest days, was a great resort of kings and queens, as well as of ecclesiastics and nobles. Here came the Pictish kings Hungus and Constantine and the Princess Muren; and still later, nearly all the Stewart kings were frequently in the city.

James the Fifth ('the guidman of Ballengiech') married his second wife, Mary of Guise, at St Andrews Cathedral with great pomp and splendour. Mary of Guise the queen-mother and Mary Queen of Scots lived a great deal in the city of St Andrews. The old Abbey wall is mercifully preserved almost intact. Here and there it has unfortunately been broken down, and in places turrets removed; otherwise it remains as it was. All else is new.

Since the Forth and Tay Bridges were built the old city has become much more accessible. The place where kings, archbishops, nobles, priests, and monks used formerly to walk is now a fashionable parade for summer visitors, with many bicycles and motor-cars. The Senzie Fair, which in ecclesiastical times lasted full fifteen days, is now replaced by the modern Lammas Market (fair), with its shooting galleries, merry-go-rounds, and steam organs.

Opposite the Witch Hill and Witch Lake stands a monument to sundry martyrs; but why not have another to such good men and true as Bishops Wardlaw, Roger, Turgot, Traill, and Kennedy, who founded the city's famous colleges and churches, &c., and made St Andrews what it was and what it is? Of ancient St Andrews below ground I will say nothing, as I have dealt fully with that subject in former articles in this *Journal*.

In conclusion, I may mention the enormous number of caves existing around the shores of the kingdom of Fife; for example, the Caiplie Caves and Constantine's Cave near Crail at the East Neuk, the caves at Pittenweem, and those on the cliffs at St Andrews. Most of these have been hermitages, afterwards used by smugglers, and Kinkell Cave has certainly once been used for defensive purposes. It would be extremely difficult in these modern days of ease and comfort to get any one, however ascetic, to reside for even a few hours in one of these damp recesses in the rock. The modern hermit, who likes solitude and his own thoughts, chooses a retired corner in the non-smoking room of some of our up-to-date clubs, or a seat among the lonely sand-dunes that skirt the famous St Andrews Links.

THE VOYAGE OF THE 'COFFIN.'

CHAPTER III.

TAKING a key from his pocket, Lou opened the door of a boathouse, and they went in. He struck a match, and by its uncertain glimmer led Ray across to the other door, giving on the lake, which he also unlocked. A dingy lay tied with a rope to the little wooden platform. Lou locked the clubhouse door again, and helped his companion into the dingy. Then he followed her, and, taking the oars, pulled out into the dock, where, among several yachts, the *Coffin* lay at her moorings, with the cold, wind-lashed water plashing round her sides.

Lou made the dingy fast to the buoy to which the *Coffin* was moored, and assisted his companion aboard. From a locker forward he produced a warm overcoat, an oilskin suit, and a long overall coat of the same material. The last, with the warm coat, he laid beside Ray.

'If you will take off your cloak,' he said, 'I will try to keep it from spoiling in the locker. I think you will be warm with those two on. If I had known how we should be, I would have brought more. But there's a woollen scarf of mine somewhere aboard, too, if you won't mind wearing it.'

'Must I wear that?' cried Ray, pointing aghast at the clumsy oilskin.

Lou smiled at her dismay. 'I'm afraid you must, unless you want to get soaked and half-frozen. I'm sure you will look awfully nice in it. Let me take off your cloak.'

The beautiful opera-cloak was taken off, and the girl shivered as the chilly night wind of early May blew upon her bare neck and shoulders. Lou noticed that she had already removed the diamond necklace. He assisted her into the overcoat, found his scarf and wrapped it round her throat, and finally insisted on her donning not only the oilskin overall but a cap of the like material.

'You're the skipper, Lou,' she said. 'I suppose I must obey orders. I never made myself such a guy before in my life.'

'You look just the most beautiful sailor-boy that ever faced a gale,' the skipper assured her. With a momentary pang of regret for the fate of his dress-suit, he drew on his own oilskins, hoisted the foresail, and cast off from the buoy.

Ray took the foresheet as the mackinaw fell away before the wind and the big sail bellied out.

'Mind and let out when a puff hits her,' Lou admonished. 'Are you sure you can manage the sheet?'

'Ay, ay, sir,' the girl responded pluckily; and the next moment, a stiff gust hitting the mackinaw ere she had gone about to leave the dock, Lou saw, to his delight, that his companion really understood the nature of her task.

'Bravo!' he cried. 'That puff would have scared a good many of our city yachtsmen.'

He put the *Coffin* round, and the water churned beneath them as she raced before the wind into the spray-capped bay.

'How do you find it?' he asked his crew after a few minutes.

'It's glorious!' cried Ray, holding fast to the tugging sheet as she sat up to windward. 'But what a wind!'

'Ay. It's blowing half a gale. Take care when we run past these big grain-elevators. We shall catch some puffs there.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' she repeated.

They cleared the gusty neighbourhood of the elevators, and stood across the bay for the Eastern Gap. The girl showed herself cautious and reliable, letting out the sheet with a nice judgment when necessity arose.

'Ray, you're fine!' cried Lou, venturing her name in his admiration.

'How far can the water come over the lee deck-boards?' she asked.

'She'll turn us over at six inches.'

For some minutes they sailed in silence, save for the churning of the water below and the rush of the wind aloft.

'Lou,' said the girl suddenly, 'did you ever feel that death would be almost pleasant by the side of a brave man?'

'Ay,' said Lou. 'That's the way I hope to die when my time comes. Can you steer, Ray?' He felt an exultation in thus addressing her by name unreproved.

'Yes,' she answered. 'But I have not steered before in such a wind as this.'

'She's not hard to steer,' he said; 'though, running like this, she carries a bit of a weather-helm. When we win clear of the Gap you shall try the tiller. I hate to see you hauling on that sheet.'

'I can stand it,' she answered bravely, though it was harder work than she had anticipated.

They ran through the Gap. The little lighthouse at the end seemed to fly past as they raced out southward on to the open lake.

Although the wind was high, the night was fairly clear. Small clouds drove across the sky, alternately veiling and revealing the stars. Lou pointed out a certain constellation low down in the direction in which they were heading.

'Keep her so, with the horn pointing right under that bright star. Why, you have no gloves!' he suddenly discovered.

'I'm all right,' she answered.

'You don't know how cold it will be before morning,' he said. 'Try if there's a pair in those pockets.'

She found a pair of his gloves. 'I should be lost in these,' she protested. 'Lou, I won't wear your gloves.'

'Look here,' said Lou, 'I can't have mutiny among the deck-hands. Just put those gloves on, young fellow—d'ye hear?'

Ray laughed and obeyed.

Midnight came and went. Running before the wind as they were, they took but little water on board, though the seas ran high in the lake. But the wind seemed colder and colder. Lou felt his hands numb as he held the sheet. He got out some food which he had placed on board in readiness, and they made shift to eat it, though the management of the boat claimed all their attention. Two hours passed, and they were still racing before the wind.

Suddenly, what Lou had been dreading happened. The wind veered round to the eastward, throwing up a nasty cross-sea, through which the mackinaw lumped heavily, splashing them from head to foot with ice-cold water at every plunge. As it veered, the wind strengthened. Lou took both sheet and tiller, and for half-an-hour it was touch-and-go.

They reefed the sail, and ploughed along for an hour more. The seas seemed to grow heavier all the time, as they rolled up from eastwards, with the whole one hundred and sixty miles of the lake behind them. Moreover, the stars were now blotted out, and Lou was steering by a pocket-compass. A chilly rain fell in squalls. All the weather signs were ominous of ill, and the mackinaw was labouring so heavily that Lou feared she would start a plank. They had taken a quantity of water on board, too.

'Lou,' said the girl suddenly, after they had sailed some time in silence, 'tell me truly: if we

hold on this course she won't last much longer, will she?'

'It's taking the worst kind of chance,' Lou confessed. 'But it's dangerous all round. Must you go to New Fane?'

'Do you guess why I wished to cross like this?'

'I haven't tried.'

'Oh Lou! I ask your forgiveness. It was wicked of me to let you risk your life. Believe me, I didn't understand how dangerous it was.'

'Please don't speak so!' he begged her. 'It has been the greatest night of my life. I curse myself for having let you come; but for me—— Oh Ray! I know I'm a fool; but if I thought the next sea would end me I would not have missed to-night.'

'If you knew how despicable I feel!' she said.

'I know you are the bravest-hearted girl I ever met, and the most beautiful,' he answered.

'Lou, I'm just a smuggler. I did this for money,' she said.

He made no reply.

'There are a hundred thousand dollars in diamonds in the boat,' she said.

'If you want to keep them we had better change the course,' he replied coldly, as the *Coffin* put her nose into a big sea and the water lumped aboard.

Yet even as he spoke the wind began to swing back to its former northerly direction.

The altered tone of his voice struck the girl like a blow.

'I think the wind is changing again,' she said quietly.

'Yes. You may get the diamonds to New Fane yet. I will keep on the course.'

Another pause. Then:

'You don't approve of smuggling?' Ray asked in a strained voice.

'I never thought about it. If you will take the tiller for a while, and keep her south-east by south—you understand the compass?'

'Enough for that.'

'Then I will handle the sheet and try and bail out a little, now that the wind has backed, in case it should come round again. It wouldn't take much to swamp us now.'

She came submissively and took the tiller in her hand. Lou noticed in the faint night-glow how white and tired her fair face showed.

'I don't think you're fit to—you're fagged out,' he said not unkindly.

'It's so cold. But I can do it. Please don't mind me,' she said.

Lou searched and found a flask of whisky in the locker. She drank a mouthful meekly when he told her to, and there was silence between them as he cautiously held on to the tugging sheet with one hand and bailed out with a small bowl with the other. After a while he desisted, having got out a quantity of water; and when he took over the management of the boat again, Ray crouched down beside him out of the wind.

'How far are we from land?' she asked at length.

Lou looked at his watch, and succeeded in making out the time. It was four o'clock.

'We ought to be nearing the shore. I should say we are about eight miles off the mouth of the Niagara River,' he said. 'If it were not so thick we should soon see a light.'

After a long pause, Ray spoke again.

'Lou'—she hesitated on the name—'if you had known—what you know now—you wouldn't have said that, would you?'

'Said what?' asked Lou, though he very well knew.

'What you said about me.'

Lou paused. 'I said you were brave and beautiful. So you are.'

'Do you know New York?' she asked him.

'A little.'

'Perhaps you have heard of Sinclair & Wood?'

'The great diamond-people—Sinclair?' Lou paused on a note of interrogation.

'Herbert Sinclair is my father. If I do not bring him these diamonds free of the duty before the end of this week he is a ruined man.'

Lou stared at her through the semi-darkness, but said nothing.

'Oh Lou! say I am not so bad as you thought me. Lou, I love my father. I promised I would save him, and he trusted me. Oh, it has been so hard, and I had so nearly succeeded! And you were so brave and good, and the temptation was so great. Forgive me!'

'You did it to save your father?' Lou repeated, his whole manner changed.

'You saw the man at the hotel?'

'Row Ten?'

'Yes. He is one of the United States Secret Service officers. He got on my track at Amsterdam, and knew that I had received a consignment of newly cut diamonds. He didn't know that I carried a fortune in my châtelaine. But he has followed me like a bloodhound. I gave him the slip in landing at Montreal. I wore a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on me when I walked ashore. But he was after me. He went to the same hotel. He shadowed me here, and but for you he might have run me down at last. Now he thinks I am trying to enter the States at Buffalo—thanks to the fake wire I sent from the theatre, which he intercepted on its way to the telegraph office.'

Lou's expression had become transformed. 'Hurrah!' he cried. 'We'll beat him. Ray, your father shall have the diamonds by to-night, or else'——

'Or else we shall be drowned?'

'We won't be drowned. Oh Ray! I'm so happy. I—I was a beast.'

The wind by this time was roaring a full gale out of the north.

'I wish,' said Ray, 'you would fasten the châte-

laine round you, instead of round me. You are the stronger, and the more likely to last out if the worst comes. Will you, Lou, please? My father's cousin and partner, with two men, are watching the shore. I wired him yesterday evening, when you told me you would come. Oh! I'm so cold—and so tired!'

At her pitiful, brave complaint Lou's heart quailed.

'You must keep them,' he told her. 'Ray, dear Ray, try to bear up. We must be nearly there. See! the dawn is breaking.'

The daylight grew slowly stronger, but the wind and the rain blew and beat as fiercely as ever. The slow broadening of the gray morning light seemed but to emphasise the desolation of their position. On every hand the green water, rolling in high billows crested with foam, stretched as far as the eye could reach. The horizon was murky and indistinct, with angry splashes of torn white clouds.

The hour of sunrise came. A few fitful gleams shot out behind them from the north-east, and then the flying clouds shut off the rays.

'Land ho!' cried Lou at last. He pointed ahead to where a darker cloud-bank than the rest seemed to hug the horizon.

Ray looked up. Her face was terribly white and strained. Her lips were blue with cold, and there were dark lines round her eyes. She said nothing, but crouched closer at his side.

'Dearest Ray, in an hour we shall be on the land.'

The mackinaw rushed shorewards, seeming half to lift herself and plunge like a wounded winged thing as the gale caught her on the crests of the waves. With the strain on the tiller and the sheet, Lou's arms ached in every fibre. The dark line of the land grew more distinct, took shape. Houses and woods appeared through the murkiness. But for the stimulus of that growing hope Lou must have failed of sheer exhaustion. But the lake, like some living monster, seemed to realise that its prey was on the point of escape. The gale suddenly increased, and now only by the utmost exercise of his remaining strength could Lou hold the *Coffin* before the wind, as she tugged on the tiller in the swift onrush of the seas. It was neck or nothing now, and in his hour of utter need Lou half-instinctively breathed a prayer.

Still the mackinaw struggled on her way. The land drew near. Two miles, a mile, half a mile. He scanned the harbourless shore eagerly for a place to beach her.

Crash! A furious gust tore the sheet from his half-frozen hand. The mast snapped short like a match. The gaff splashed down overside, carrying half the sail with it into the water, and the heavy boom swung helplessly to and fro, with a crackling like pistol-shots as the wind made confusion with the flapping canvas.

Ray made no attempt to move. Springing forward, Lou seized one of the empty oil-cans, and passed round her and it a piece of loose cord.

'Cling, Ray, for your life!' he cried in her ear. 'We are close inshore.'

Then, as he fought with his clasp-knife to clear the wreckage, a heavy sea struck the *Coffin* broadside on, and in a moment they were struggling in the icy water.

As the boat rolled under, Lou grabbed at the other can. For a few moments the suction of the sinking mackinaw dragged him below the surface; but when, gasping and half-paralysed with cold, he shook his head clear of the water, he saw that his companion was afloat. The shore was now less than a quarter of a mile distant, and the wind and the current were driving them towards it every moment. Could they hold out so long against the cold? He remembered with gratitude that the thickness of the coats he had wrapped her in would for some minutes at least protect the girl from the worst of the icy chill.

Some twenty yards of green billows separated them as they drifted shorewards. Lou caught sight for an instant of the top of the mackinaw's remaining mast, and knew by that token that they were already in comparatively shallow water. The knowledge gave him strength to cling on.

His feet touched ground a moment. It was but a rock, and he plunged again out of his depth. A minute later, however, he felt a sandy bottom. He fought desperately to cross the gap that separated him from his companion. The water was but up to his middle when he reached her. The cruel waves were washing her under and back like a dead creature. Her cap was gone; her dark hair draggled about her face; her eyes were closed.

Quitting his own hold, Lou grasped her, and with all his remaining strength dragged her to the beach. A confused vision of a man running crossed his mind ere he sank senseless by the waterside.

CHAPTER IV.

'UNCLE, if he dies I shall have murdered him. Why did I not drown?'

Lou lay and listened passively, in that stage of returning consciousness when impressions, while they faintly reach the outworks of the brain, yet carry with them no sense of personal concern.

'He's not dead yet, anyway,' came in a stronger voice. 'See, his heart is beating. I think he will come round soon.'

A heavy touch on his breast stimulated Lou's sense of personality. He realised, still dreamily, that he was in bed, and had a feeling that sunshine was beaming on him, though he kept his eyes closed. The smell of flowers and grass was borne in upon his consciousness, and a faint breath of summer air.

'I'll get some more brandy,' he heard the strong voice say, and then followed the sound of a closing door.

Another touch on his breast roused him yet further. This time the touch was lighter.

'Lou—Lou—if you would but speak! Lou—my dear, brave Lou!'

Something touched Lou's forehead: something so amazingly different from the other half-felt sensations in which he had been dreaming that Lou at one grasp took firm hold of existence. He opened his eyes.

At first he really believed himself dreaming. Ray was kneeling at his side, her hand upon his heart, her face looking piteously into his. He saw her cheeks flush scarlet, but she did not rise.

'Lou,' she murmured.

His tongue seemed strange to its office, but he uttered her name.

The brandy came, and in a little while he sat up. A big bluff man stood beside him, and grasped him by the hand.

'Mr Morgan, sir, you're a Trojan!' said the big bluff man. 'Take a drop more medicine, Mr Morgan.'

The flask was held out again, but Lou shook his head.

'I don't understand—Ray—Miss Sinclair'——

'Right here,' said the bluff man. 'As fit as a fiddle. Got the start of you by four hours, just like a frail, weak woman. Came to at noon, Mr Morgan, and since. 2 P.M. has been calling down Heaven's vengeance on herself for a murderess.'

'Lou, this is my uncle, Mr Harland Wood,' said Ray.

'Have you—did you save'—— Lou began.

'Châtelaine all right, Mr Morgan,' said Mr Wood. —'Ray, I believe, if I hustle, we shall catch the five o'clock train. Tell the farmer to get his rig and drive us all to the junction.—Mr Morgan, you will not refuse to spend a few days with my cousin and myself in town? He would never forgive me if I failed to bring you. You will understand without my telling you how inestimably we are in your debt. Say yes, Mr Morgan.'

Mr Morgan looked at Ray and said yes. In half-an-hour he was dressed and in a buggy, weak as a rat, but with every pulse in his body at high pressure with exultation. In an hour and a half, seated between the uncle and the niece, he was flying in a Pullman-car through New York State.

To this day Louis Morgan has not come to any very definite conclusion as regards the ethics of diamond-running. But he can never take his wife to a box at the theatre without an occasional glance, half of nervousness, half of pleasurable reminiscence, at the tenth row of the stalls.

THE END.

HOW TO READ WILD LIFE.

IT is not possible to cover the whole field in one lesson. One must select his little corner, and make it serve for the rest.

The razor-bill places its single egg on the bare ledge of rock. So also do others of the divers. In a depression, which the weight of its own body would account for, the tern lays its three eggs on the bare sand between the sparse binding grasses of the coast dunes. The lapwing simply presses down the moorland grasses—as the hare makes its form—or at most scrapes for its four dusky eggs a shallow cup ribbed by the roots and heather-stems.

These ways are near the beginning. They are such as we should suppose the early birds to have adopted. Granted the bird had to incubate at all, it could not well exercise less ingenuity. The path of nature is not so difficult to follow if we will not suffer ourselves to be confused by the many exceptions, or led aside into the countless byways which end nowhere or double back. There is a persistence in habits when the bird itself might seem to have advanced beyond them; and there is such a thing as reversion to old habits. The single eye will still follow the general direction; common-sense will keep our feet from straying. The order in which other things arise is like enough to be true of this also.

Architecture began with no houses, nest-building with no nests. Primitive men were and are satisfied with no covering, no adornment; so with primitive birds. The first stone was laid on the bare ground, the first straw on bare sand or rock. And before either stone or straw was laid something else may well have happened.

The sitting bird may have been too exposed for safety during its long vigil. The rain beat upon it; the wind ruffled its feathers; the passing bird of prey picked it off the nest. Natural shelters opened around inviting them in. There were cracks in the rock, holes in the ground, cunning places beneath the boulder into which they could crawl. The wind whistled overhead; the drip was heard, not felt; no eye could see them. Just as there were cave-men before builders, so were there cave-birds.

The puffin creeps into a rabbit-hole. So far it may be considered as ahead of the razor-bill. The rabbit was there before him. So far he may be considered ahead of the hare; he is a cave-mammal. There may be a certain advance in the birds which make a hole for themselves. Instead of entering where the crumbling stone has left a gap in the rock, or searching out where the rot has eaten into

the old tree-trunk, some pick out a gallery in the soft cliff-face or sandy bank. These are two stages in cave-dwelling.

That some advantage accrued to the birds that took to nesting in the dark admits of simple and ample proof. The sheldrake is the gayest of the ducks, with its prevailing white broadly banded with chocolate. The duck is as gay as the drake, which shows that she is free at least from one fear: that of prying enemies at her vigil-time. There is one little hitch in the argument, for the shelduck has more than a dozen eggs. And since the number of eggs indicates the risks the species has to provide against if it is to keep up its numbers, then there may be weaknesses even in a rabbit-hole.

But if we are satisfied with having made out one point, and turn elsewhere for further proof, we shall find that the cave-birds or hole-builders around us are the dominant and aggressive species. The starling, for instance, is becoming a pest. Both sexes of the kingfisher are equally brilliant. They nest out of sight.

Not only are the birds themselves careless of their attire, the eggs also are of the most daring shade. Nothing is so easily seen in the open as white. Cave-birds, for the most part, lay white eggs. The dozen eggs of the shelduck are white. The five eggs of the wheatear, placed in the very next rabbit-hole, have a very delicate touch of blue; in which case there may be reason to suspect that the birds did not always sit under cover. The impression is of fading; it looks like a reversion. The conclusion is strengthened by the fact that male and female are not—as in the case of the sheldrake—alike. Remove a cultivated plant from the garden to nature, and by slow stages it will pass back to the ancestral hue. So with the egg taken from the open and placed under covert; after a long succession of seasons it will revert to white.

Still more reason is there to suspect reversion where the spots or blotches remain. The tits dearly love a hole. It matters not what kind of a hole, so long as it is one. The letter-box, emptied twice a day, will do for the tom or blue tit. And yet the eggs are charmingly spotted. So that if they were shown to us and we did not know them, we should never guess their site. The well-known curiosity of the group may have led them into holes. But the markings have already a vanishing look about them, and in a while may pass through fainter stages.

But another puzzling thing appears—wild life is full of them—that though the eggs are thus spotted, as if not to the shadow born, the two sexes are alike, the sitting bird being as bright as her mate.

While the shadow is thus yielding bright birds and bright eggs, a change of quite a different kind is passing over the denizens of the plain and their charge, and all before the genesis of the nest. The bird that has not sought cover is finding out some other way of going out of sight, and so deceiving its enemies. A streak, strangely resembling something round about, appears among the plumage of the sitter. It is not much, but better than nothing. It makes it less easily seen. A second pencilling—it may be long afterwards—is added, until at length the whole exposed surface of the incubating bird is filled in. How delicately this is done only those who are familiar with sitting birds can know. Each streak filled in with infinite care has only been preserved because it so perfectly fitted its place and served its use.

Among the heather, hard by where the bright shelduck sits in safety, nests an eider-duck. It may be no more than a dozen yards away, with nothing between to obstruct the view; and yet the eye will wander over the place again and again without seeing it, so perfectly is it shaded in sympathy with its surroundings. As only the duck is exposed to danger, she alone is toned down to the sober hues of the plain. The eider-drake is bright. The prevailing effect is white.

So with the eggs. They, too, have to protect themselves when the sitting bird is off; and they do it in much the same way. A little touch appears on the surface, which mimics something and makes it less easily picked out from its surroundings. Another touch by the unerring brush, and still another, and the design—so simple seeming that we only see the beauty—is completed. The delicate streaks and dots, the bold blotches and dashes, with which we associate the idea of eggs, are there; because such streaks and blotches are made by the sunplay amid the rough herbage or wiry stems. Like the delightful pebbly spots on the trout's back, where it lies on the gravelly bed of the stream, they are protective.

If eggs taken from the open and placed in the shadow would pale down to white, so the eggs brought out from the shadow would take upon them the wondrous panoply of the moorland, would indeed become interpreters of the subtle harmonies of colour. It is only a matter of time. If the nestless hole in the ground is rude, so are not the eggs placed there. If the one remains as it was, the other has silently been leaving it behind. What interests us in the nest is its primitiveness. In the egg we see the end of a long process, of which there were but faint indications at the beginning.

'See that ringed plover's nest among the smaller shingle of the coast above high-water mark?' 'I see nothing but shingle.' 'Yes; but look at that patch. Use your eyes and not your feet.' 'The patch is like the rest.' 'Get down on your knees. Only, take the stones up carefully, lest you break some of them.'

So hard are these eggs to separate from their surroundings. So sympathetically are they shaded and marked. So closely do they resemble the rolled gravel. For there is an evolution in shape as well as shade. And all this wonder is laid on the bare sand, with no further depression than will serve to hold them together or keep the wind from blowing them away.

It is interesting to follow the nest through the earlier phases of its growth. Differences arise even within the same species. Art dawns feebly and fitfully alongside nature. One bird will content itself with scraping or pressing a hole. Another of the same feather, companion in the same flight, tenant of the same corner of the moor, will lay the foundation of a nest. It is a poor effort but for what it signifies. The withered grass-blades you might count on the ten fingers of your hands. Nor is the advantage all on one side. In revolutions that is seldom the case. The eggs, so patiently toned to purely natural conditions, must suffer for a while through any change of habit.

Along the bents are many nests. Here is only the bare sand. The ground-colour of the eggs has been modified into the tawny yellow of the background. There a thin coating of grass-blades has been laid down, and the sympathy is not nearly so perfect.

Nest-building arose, partly at least, in the effort to protect the eggs and the young. Had it not had some such meaning it would not have persisted or grown. The cradle of life was ever rough. In those rude ground-nests, the young stay not long at home. Later on in the days of nests, the term of helpless infancy is more prolonged. The two things go together. Utility precedes charm. Nature is the basis of art. The charm grew without the usefulness decreasing, until, in days long after, they were found to be one :

> Over that art
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> That nature makes.

Whether the one is consciously woven in with the other is an academic question. We ourselves are at most half-conscious agents, and can a bird be more? Enough that charm takes an increasing share in the process. The nest becomes a pleasant thing to look at, though not all at once.

Some of the earlier attempts at decoration are not very successful. They remind one of the efforts of the unsophisticated country girl to trim her hat, after the fashion of the lady's who passed in the carriage, from the moulting of the poultry-yard.

So it is with the great black-backed gull. Its nest shows ambition without taste. A gathering of moss and rough grass has been at the making of it. Of material there is enough and to spare. It is far removed from the bare hole scratched in the ground. But the art is rude. The great primary wing feathers from last autumn's moultings are stuck in at every conceivable angle.

From what motive, and to what end, we may not enter into the bird's consciousness to find out. In the country girl it is vanity. A kindlier judgment would name it a dawning feeling after beauty—somewhat faulty in expression. But the fact remains that to the body of the structure certain feathers are added to serve other purpose and from some other instinct than the grass and moss. In other words, there were two elements in the bird's consciousness during nest-building—call them what we may.

We pass to the nest-builders proper : not simply those that gather a loose pile, and make it concave by the process of sitting, but those that arrange and weave, and so work out some design. This corresponds with the classic age in human architecture —Greek and Roman, Norman, Romance, and the evolving phases of Gothic. Now we can talk of style, or rather styles. For we have various types, probably of different eras, marking different stages of advance, but all existing together, by reason of the excellence of each. So that the nests of a country-side remind one of the churches of a city, which span all the classic age—from the Greek till now.

These bird-architects are called by many names, much too long and puzzling. Perhaps they will be most pleasantly, and sufficiently clearly, marked out as the singing birds. Not that they all have a song. Some are too modest to lay claim to one, or seem well content with such voice as they have. But even they are in the midst of song, girt all around by singing birds. So that the outline is clear enough, and the definition will serve. All are little birds. The missel-thrush is the largest of our singers. The smallest is between the long-tailed tit and the golden-crested wren.

Some still build on the ground—are lovers of the open places. But they do build. The nest has definite sides and a cup-shaped, inverted dome. It is of a piece, at once elastic and strong. It is built from what is handiest : no more than the moor grasses. The coarser are on the outside, and so on through the fragile thickness of the wall. The finer blades and roots cross and recross the inside with the delicacy and effect of strands of silk.

No human care could gather such materials, nor human skill dispose and weave them into so perfect a structure, nor human wit so place them out on the exposed moor that the winds and rains of a season could in no wise affect them. These nests are wonderful, mainly in their simplicity and in the art which, out of so little, could make anything so perfect. Among familiar builders the lark is of this order. So is the yellow-hammer. The picture of a meadow-pipit's nest in a tuft of moorland herbage comes up before me : clean, strong, shapely, unadorned are the houses they build.

Others choose or make a hole; but they too build. It may be in the sloping bank of the stream —the tunnel of the water-vole, or bored first of all by the woodland mouse, or where the sorrel nods and sleeps beside the rotting tree-stump. The nest may be level with the outside, concealed under some trembling panicle of grass. This hole they slope and line, simply using it as a case or mould. The nest is rounded, not carelessly built because hidden, and with a wealth of warm and rare furnishing. The opening to this feather-paradise, where the young are snugger than most children, is through a circular opening on the side.

The so-called leaf-searching warblers, which spend

the summer day among the tall tree-tops up against the sky, for the most part build in these lowly places. The willow-warbler—that most plaintive of woodland singers—hides under the wood-sorrel her eight or ten fairy eggs, touched all over with fading red, as from the point of a fairy needle.

Sometimes that smallest of our leaf-searchers, the chiff-chaff, will build on a low bush. Then we see above ground this globe nest, with the entrance on the side, through which only one finger may pass. It is a wonderful structure, which, by reason of strength and its domed doorway, we might call the Norman among nests.

In the lane-side and woodland, birds' nest-architecture is at its best. Loose structures and slovenly buildings there are among them. The hedge-warbler's pleasant and mossy home somewhat lacks in the element of compactness. Some hedge-warblers build better than others; and so it is through all the species. Even the loosest nests are wonders in their way. They are all exposed: have no help; it is all skill together. The foundation is the first and not the least difficulty.

It is something to poise a nest where the branch or the twig forks, and so to poise it that it will not fall—in all my experience I never found a nest that had fallen naturally; it needs to be torn out—and so to bind it to its lofty site, some forty feet from the ground, that the winds, which blow there freely, and often fiercely, shall not force it out or rend it asunder. The tree may be blown over with the nest upon it; but the nest itself never.

Perfect symmetry and balance, a nice adjustment of parts, are manifest. If these are among the things that make an architect, why deny a bird the name. Nothing but a nest would keep its place, and the nest sits on with no apparent strain.

The more perfect nest is not seen from the ground; at least, it is not easily seen. To the keenest eye it seems but a swelling of the joint, so well does it fit into its place. The sides rise some three or four inches from the bottom of the cup. But there is no hint of this, so perfectly does it imitate nature. There is neither rawness nor newness, such as we see in fresh buildings. All is weathered and stained to the same age as the bark.

Whether the outer layer was consciously chosen to that end is only a question of words. The same device is often used, as when the lichen from the bark is hung on the nest. That by the way. So it is, so it is always. This is the main reason why the eye wanders over the place and sees nothing. Thus to the shape is added the shading; to the weaving, the use of such shreds as will make the work of a week like the growth of a century.

I have already hinted that, with the first straws laid down, a fresh demand was made upon the eggs. They had to answer to a different background. No longer was it enough that their ground-colour resembled the sand or soil on which they rested, or the blotches confused them with the gravel amid which they were placed. The conditions varied further as the nest deepened and grew circle-shaped.

So the changes in the egg followed on the evolution of the nest. It had to hide against the inner layer, whatever that might be, and mimic such lights and shades as were there. But nests are many, both shallow and deep, in the same country-side. And sites of nests are many: tree and hedge and solitary whin-bush, young planting and bramble-brake.

While the birds of a moorland may, and do, lay eggs approximately shaded and marked alike, the birds of a square mile of diversified inland yield a charming and almost bewildering variety. Among the thrushes, we have the blue ground with black spots of the mavis and the reddish-brown with blotches of the missel-thrush. The warblers and tits together would furnish a chain fit for the neck of Titania. Within the outlines of the singing birds lies that egg-land which is near to fairydom as we can well get in this somewhat prosaic scene.

HER FATHERLAND.

You ask me, do I love your Fatherland?
Yes, lady, almost as my native strand.

For I was student there. Ah, happy days!
You know the *Burschen* and their joyous ways.

At quaint old castled Marburg on the Lahn
By my *Philister-haus* the river ran.

From airy casement I could look adown
On stream and vale and steeply terraced town.

Round me by day were wonders manifold:
Odd customs, costumes, towers with histories old.

At night the *Kneipe*, hung with shield and sword,
A crowd of merry *Burschen* round the board!

Bacchus! how copiously the beer we quaffed,
And sang hilarious *Burschen* songs, and laughed!

'Fill up the flagons, clink them round and round,
Marburg soll leben, let the strain resound.'

'Brother, here comes a chopin. Drink it out.
I follow soon.' So went the merry bout.

Or to the summer woods we marched along,
With fairer comrades sometimes in the throng.

How the wide forest echoes would repeat
The merry voices and the dancing feet!

Till through romantic moonlight we returned,
And glow-worm lanterns in the hedges burned.

Gray elders now, some in French battle slain,
That happy band ne'er gathers here again.

'*Prosit ihr lieben*,' thus my glass I raise
In recollection of these dear old days.

So, lady, is it wonderful if I
Should hold your land in loving memory?

T. P. JOHNSTON.

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AN ECHO FROM THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

ALMOST three hundred and seventeen years ago a battered and storm-tossed galleon plunged and rolled before the wind one night in August, the gray seas roaring from her bluff bows in torrents of foam and tossing their yeasty crests into the air. The night was dark, and an anxious lookout was kept; but suddenly, from the gloom, the land seemed to rise up ahead, and before an order could be given the ill-fated ship crashed on the rocks and began to go to pieces. The boats were got out as quickly as possible, and the officers and men, some sorely wounded, got safely ashore after considerable difficulty, and were well received by the people. It was then discovered that the vessel had been cast on the Fair Isle, an island of the Shetland group lying almost midway between Shetland and Orkney.

The vessel, called *El Gran Grifen*—that is, 'The Great Griffin,' the ship probably having a griffin-like monster as a figurehead—was a remnant of the proudly named 'Invincible Armada,' and with many of her consorts had fled northwards in utter disorder from the fatal battle of Gravelines in August 1588. The *Gran Grifen* was a vessel of Rostock, of six hundred and fifty tons, and was chartered by the Spaniards as one of a squadron of hired transports and store-ships (principally Dutch and German vessels) accompanying the fighting-ships proper. This ship carried thirty-eight guns, mostly small iron swivel pieces, and was the *capitana* or flagship of the *urca* or hulk squadron—numbering twenty ships or 'houlkes.' She was commanded by Admiral Don Juan Gomez de Medina (called *El Buen*—that is, 'The Good'), and had a crew of forty-three mariners and two hundred and forty-three soldiers; one hundred and forty-seven of the soldiers being of the Terció or regiment of Nicolas de Isla, under Captain Patricio Antolinez, and another detachment of ninety-six men of the same Terció, under Captain Estéban de Lagorreta. There were also aboard Captain de Luffera, Signor Serrano, and an Irish officer, Captain Mauricio Girardino. This Girardino was the heir of the Earl of Desmond, and was in the Spanish service. His real name was Maurice Geraldine, and he is given in the Spanish list of *entretenidos* or supernumeraries serving for pay. He had with him two *criados* (followers or servants).

The accounts of the number of men who landed on Fair Isle vary considerably. Robert Monteith gives the number as two hundred in his *Description of the Islands of Orkney and Zetland*, 1633 (published under direction of Sir Robert Sibbald, Knight, in 1711); while James Melville, minister of Anstruther in Fife, in his *Diary* of date 1588 (published for the Wodrow Society), says that 'threttin score . . . berdles men, sillie, trauchled, and houngered,' landed at Anstruther. In the Spanish account of the partial action with the English fleet off the Isle of Wight on 24th July 1588, it is mentioned that the *Gran Grifen* was cut off and nearly captured by the English, but escaped with the loss of seventy men killed and seventy wounded, and having forty shot-holes through her hull. We have, however, no means of knowing how many of the wounded recovered.

The admiral and his crew remained on the isle for six or seven weeks, and Don Juan behaved in a most chivalrous manner, commanding his men to pay handsomely for all provisions that they required from the natives, which—in justice to the Spanish soldiers and sailors—it must be said they did. As Robert Monteith very quaintly puts it, 'the officers also strictly commanded the souldiers to take nothing but what they payed for, which they did very largely, so that the people were not great losers by them, having got a great many Spanish Ryalls for the Victualls they gave them.' Before very long the provisions began to give out, the Spaniards having bought up almost everything eatable in the island. 'Not only Neat, Sheep, Fishes, and Fowls, but also Horses' (!). The Shetlanders, thus seeing themselves literally 'eaten out of house and home,' conveyed all the food that remained to secret places in the isle so that the Spaniards might not find it. The distress

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became so great that the unhappy Spaniards had to soak their ship-bread (which they had preserved) in 'Fish Oyl . . . which also being spent . . . many died for hunger;' and so weak did the poor men become that the Fair Islanders are said, perhaps falsely, to have thrown many of them over the cliffs. At length all sustenance failed, and the islanders sent an open boat or 'yole' to the Mainland of Shetland to ask assistance of Andrew Umphray of Berry. Umphray at once sent a vessel, and conveyed the Spaniards to Quendale, on the Mainland of Shetland, where they were most hospitably entertained by the laird, Malcolm Sinclair of Quendale. The crew encamped in the neighbourhood until Andrew Umphray could make ready his ship to convey the men south. The Spaniards sailed from Shetland in September, and were safely carried to Dunkirk in France, the ship calling at Anstruther in Fife *en route*.

For this service the admiral gave 'Andro Vmphra' three thousand merks. Taking the merk at one shilling and a penny and four-twelfths, this would work out at one hundred and sixty-six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence sterling.

An amusing story is told of the admiral Don Juan when staying at Quendale, 'where (imagining that the people did admire him),' he made his interpreter ask Malcolm Sinclair if ever he had seen such a man. To which Malcolm, in broad Scots (unintelligible to the interpreter), replied, 'Farcie in that face. I have seen many prettier men hanging in the Burrow Moor.' The Spaniards broke their passage to Dunkirk by putting in at Anstruther, where they first heard of the disaster that had befallen their ships; and when the minister of Anstruther, James Melville, showed Don Juan a printed list, that he 'gat in St Androis,' of the galleons that had been wrecked on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, the unlucky admiral 'cryed out for grieff, bursted and grat' (burst into weeping).

Apparently Don Juan was much gratified with the kindness of the Scots, for when he arrived at Cadiz he found an Anstruther ship arrested there; and after seeing that her men were well treated, he rode to the Court of King Philip and obtained permission to set the ship free; and on his return to Cadiz he sent many messages of goodwill to the laird of Anstruther, the minister, and others. The ship was then released, and got home safely.

A few relics of the *Gran Grifen* are still to be seen. In Orkney there is one of her guns—an iron piece without trunnions or loops for fixing to a carriage, about thirty inches in length, with a bore of two inches, and weighing approximately two hundredweight. The gun was loaded when taken from the wreck, and the ball is in the possession of the owner of the piece. In Shetland there are some chairs reputed to have been taken from the admiral's cabin, and a silver flagon or drinking-cup.

It is interesting to note that in a list of Spanish vessels lost on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, a jotting in the handwriting of Lord Burghley, Queen Elizabeth's Lord Treasurer, appears against the name of Don Juan de Medina: 'This man's ship was drowned . . . in the Isle of Faire near Scotland.' Another vessel of the Armada is supposed (there being no documentary proof) to have foundered at Shetland on a haddock-sand near Reawick, and her men managed to land on an islet called Kirkholm, where they threw up entrenchments and attempted to dig wells, being uncertain as to their reception by the Shetlanders. No account obtains as to the name of the ship or how the men were sent south.

On September 19, 1588, Secretary Fenton wrote from Ireland to Lord Burghley enclosing 'a note of ships 16 and men 5394 drowned, killed, and taken upon the coast of Ireland, also of 2 ships and 800 men drowned and sunk in the North-West Sea of Scotland.' To this is added in Lord Burghley's handwriting: 'But in truth they were lost in Zetland.'

The Spanish authorities evidently did not discriminate betwixt the islands of Scotland and those of Ireland, since in the Spanish list of ships that never returned—sixty-five in all, forty-four never being accounted for—the *Gran Grifen* is entered as *se perdio en Irlanda* (lost in Ireland).

THE AUTOCRAT.

CHAPTER IX.

'OLIVE!'

No, not she; the dear thought was already receding, a dream among dreams, into infinite distance. Rex struggled on to an elbow, and tried to conjure sense and order into his throbbing head.

England and Olive? Ah, no, no! This was the very antipodes of the Chescote garden, green with summer leaves and filled with an unutterable peace. Yet there was green here; shutters—wrong again: reed blinds—through which a feeble light streamed into a strange room. It was his second awakening in Akasa; but these surroundings were even less familiar than the first. He saw obscurely, through waves of dizziness, that he was lying on a pile of cushions on the floor of some austere, dusky place. There was matting under his hand, and a stone courtyard was dimly visible through an archway. The village was somewhere very near, but he did not discover its voice to be clamorous; it was no more than a whisper in an unknown tongue that he was too languid to interpret.

He was more interested in the tender area under

a wet swathe with which his skull had been dressed, and in the specks and globes of light that hung between him and better vision. He sank back to the pillows with a groan, and lay waiting for them to disperse. Decidedly it was hot, and his hands were uncomfortably damp. He tried to understand where he was, and how he came there, but his dulled senses did not help him. Some one had been feeling his pulse and bathing his forehead as he awoke; but when he became alive to the presence it was withdrawn, leaving sponge and basin, and a silver cup of brandy-and-water, behind it. He reached for the cup, and the stimulant revived him.

So he was not dead yet! He had been a rash fool, and had paid light penalty for his foolishness; he feared his companions had been mulcted in fuller measure. He began to lift himself to his feet. He to lie there, when perhaps the other fellows were at extremity! At any pains, in spite of a wildly heaving floor, and flying eclipses, and this intolerable head-soreness, he must find out where he was and demand help for them.

He stood up, rocking, steadied himself by the wall, and began to make for the outside world, which he conjectured to lie through the courtyard. He went unsteadily, creeping by the wall, and came, with a slow, sweating progress, to the arch. He was setting himself to round it cautiously, when familiar voices struck upon his ear. He advanced, and came to discoveries.

His father was standing a few yards away from him, in the short twilight, the evening sky high overhead, shadows and half-lights in every cranny of the arcade encompassing him. Rex thought he saw white figures whispering and huddling under a far doorway—attendants perhaps, watchers; he could not be certain, and he had no leisure at the moment to give them. The principals engrossed his attention; and there they were, almost within hand's-touch if he could have trusted himself away from the wall: his father with something tense in his arrested step, and Ahmed Madrali, quiet and strong as the morning had declared him to be, facing him.

'The litter for him will be here immediately. I thank you for getting him safely to the shelter of your own roof.' Did that formality flow easily? Rex thought not; and it puzzled him. 'You put an end to the riot by your personal effort, and none too soon. I hope I am properly grateful.'

'That is your Majesty's good pleasure,' the Kerisali said in his soft English. 'The other men are, I am afraid, not well enough to be moved, and my women are taking good care of them; but your son has no more than a hard knock his years can afford to laugh at. It is a deeply regrettable fact that he should have been attacked; but he should not have been where he was.'

Rex saw the king's profile against a dying light. It was hard and ugly, the lower lip outthrust; but fury, if it were there, was under lock and key.

'Should not! You take murder and sedition in Akasa as a matter of course, prince. Is that because you know how it is set in motion?'

Ahmed Madrali gave a little curbed movement of anger.

'Yes, I know how it comes,' he said very quietly and very distinctly. 'Not, as you seem to think, cousin, by mischief-making on my part or any others, but as the natural outcome of wilful incompetency and neglect. If you have forgotten the love the Kerisalis bear to their soil, to-day's riot may serve a good purpose in reminding you. They would not permit even your Majesty to condemn a man for protecting his fields from disturbance without making their own protest—in their own savage way, I grant you. And do not think that when you have punished them for this you have done with the spirit which gave rise to it. Oh no, this is not a bow drawn at a venture. I know all the story of the Tanalao coalfields, and I warn you that they will never be exploited for your benefit in the way you hope they may be.'

'Your spies bring you curious information, prince. Do not be too sure of it.'

'Spies!' Rex heard the man laugh. 'Has your Majesty forgotten the old proverb that what is whispered in the palace cellar is straightway cried upon the city housetops? I assure you that spying is too strong a word. A little intelligence, a little understanding of how the winds blow, tell me as much as I want to know. Your exalted light cannot be hidden. For instance, all Akasa knows where the *Star of the East* went to-day, and how many hours she lay beside the *Golden Eagle;* and the accuracy of its conclusion, drawn from that knowledge, might astound your Majesty.'

'I am not in the habit of being early astir,' the king said, with what Rex could only regard as amazing self-control, a forbearance foreign to his nature. Then he strode forward, and lowered his voice so that the listener could barely follow him. His face was indistinguishable now, and the dusk had advanced boldly upon the two figures.

'There is a leakage, eh, and the fools are furious at what they know? Tchah! Let them be if they please; they are too barbarous to see their own interests. They will never understand; what is done for their good must be done in the face of their opposition. Isn't that it? They trust you, and they distrust me, and so far—I admit it, prince—your efforts have been to keep the peace. I spoke inconsiderately just now. I know what you have done. Has it ever occurred to you that co-operation would do still more than opposition?'

'Co-operation between you and me?' Ahmed Madrali said, with a tinge of haughtiness in his incredulity.

'Why not? Come; I'll make you a present of my intentions if your—your intelligence has not swept them up already.' He could not, it seemed, resist the gibe, even in his eagerness. 'The country is not worth a rush as it is, and yet it has great natural resources; you'll admit that. The develop-

ment of these resources—narrowing it down, the working of the coal-mines—*must* benefit the people on whose ground they are: that's an economic truism. I'm willing to withdraw myself; and a stronger power, with the necessary capital, is anxious to intervene, so that the only obstacle is the temper of the Kerisalis that you, in great measure, control. Neither we nor the other high contracting party want disturbance; an inopportune *émeute* might postpone our negotiations, and we do not wish to postpone them. I do not think, if you saw your way to come in with us, you would find your decision unprofitable. These fellows are willing to pay anything for a coaling-base. I tell you, the intermediary may dip both hands in the Treasury bags if he pleases; the terms are liberal enough. If you were able to hold back the people—to reassure them until the occupation was accomplished—the *Golden Eagle* and I would agree to any reasonable value you might put upon your services.'

'You would pay me a price for selling my country?' His anger was unmistakable now.

'You—fool!' Jani Mata ejaculated involuntarily, and fell back a little.

'You think you can sell it—to them? You believe that I, or any other Kerisali, will submit to their brutality, their militarism, their stupid contempt? Is that because we have borne with you for so long?' Rex heard his voice tremble with passion. 'You have a few drops of our blood still in your veins, remember, and we are loyal enough, and long-suffering enough, even to bear with the man you have appointed to be your deputy, simply because your Majesty has appointed him. Further than that we will not go; and we will not see an inch of our country in the possession of these white robbers. We would rather see it at the bottom of the sea.'

'Fool!' the king repeated, and the word came out of the newly spread darkness with the sting of a whip-lash.

'In these things I am certainly a fool,' Ahmed Madrali said, without flinching, steadying himself again.

There was a pause; Mr Jenkins appeared to be brooding over the utterance; he was, perhaps, swallowing his rage at the same time.

'You are a fool because you have not the sense to bow to the inevitable, and so to teach these people, for whom you profess to feel so deeply, to bend to it too. The change *is* inevitable; the coal has settled it. Kerisal will never be permitted to keep her independence now. The wise way is to make good terms before our property is taken from us without payment, which will be the next time the forest-folk kill a missionary or the villagers pilfer a foreign trader's stores. There is just this one chance for the future of the people: that if they take the new rule peaceably, if they busy themselves with the harvest it will bring, they can settle into good terms with the coming Government without feeling the loss of their independence. If they don't, the mailed fist will reduce them to order; and I believe you will regret its severity, prince, rather more than I shall do.'

'Is it too late for your Majesty, then?' the prince said, very low.

'I?' He gave his harsh laugh and he rapped out an oath. 'My sentimental days died and were buried three-and-twenty years ago. I have a rudimentary idea of a bargain, and a grain of commonsense; that is all. Well, I have been extremely frank, and all to no purpose; the devil may take the Kerisalis so far as I am concerned, and it looks as if you were quite ready to give him a helping hand. I wonder how the boy is doing. You knew him for my son! That was unpleasantly acute of you, prince; I have prided myself upon making an Englishman of him. He has all the makings of an excellent Briton, and now that he has burnt his fingers, his interest in Kerisal will probably evaporate. After me, as you and I know, Ahmed Madrali, the deluge: no son of mine will pollute his white man's blood in our mongrel broth, I think, or break his heart because East and West don't mix. It looked as if you would have the succession at one time; but you might trust me that it would have been worth less than your existing private property under a great Power's protection. Let that console you.'

He wheeled, laughing maliciously, came striding through the archway, and brushed shoulders with Rex. He drew back with an exclamation.

'On your legs? We left you coming to, and you were not particularly quick about it. How do you feel? This is a—a native gentleman who picked you out of the gutter a couple of hours ago, and found you a good deal the worse for wear. Ah, *not* as steady as you thought! Then we will get back to the palace, and put you into your own bed.'

Rex had, as a matter of fact, meant to cut a passable figure; but his head played the traitor to his good intentions. A jumbled recollection of the colloquy he had overheard tumbled and rioted in his brain, and he saw Ahmed Madrali, his eyes very grave, observing him by the light of a lamp which was performing curious evolutions in the grasp of a servant. He held out his hand; he wanted to range himself openly on the side of one brave and honest man; he wanted the details of his escape, and an outlet for his gratitude and sympathy. All he could say, however, was, 'Thank you;' and that, so far as his ears let him know, might have come from any mouth rather than his own. Looking back afterwards, he was not sure that he had got beyond the intention of saying it.

His father, steadying him by the arm, conveyed him across the courtyard, through the leaping, impossible shadows, and helped him into what appeared to be a palanquin. A bayonet flashed in lantern-light; ponies' hoofs scraped and scuffled; the odour of the bazaar came out and challenged him. He turned his head and saw that they were on the threshold of a straggling yellow house with high green gates and oblong lattices. A yellow

house? It was the one to which Dunne had directed him. Where were Dunne and the Portuguese? Somewhere behind the great gates, interned, at least, in safety. He lay back, and—but it might have been his wandering fancy—he thought the prince drew back the curtains for one brief instant, and nodded reassurance and encouragement to him. The curtain dropped again; and a cruel jolting began the return journey.

The dominant thought on the borderland of insensibility has a persistence that fuller consciousness alone can forbid to it. Rex was desperately agitated by the sense of his shortcomings and the fact that he had been silent when he ought to have spoken. He even made an effort to get out of the litter, with a confused notion of going back and putting things straight. That failed, because he was horribly sick again, and dizzy; but he tugged the hangings apart, and stared at the roadway, determined to imprint it on his memory. He was quite sure he would want to return, as soon as his legs would carry him, to the yellow house and its master. He counted the turnings; he hammered a shop with a double balcony hard into his mind; he forced his wandering wits to note where the street met the palisade, and how the tufted bamboos nodded over it.

So it came about that he was brought back, and the things that would have most impressed his sanity—the lull after furious storm, the rapid quelling of the riot, the emptiness of Akasa—passed away meaningless. So, too, the apparition of Mr Jenkins in the stronghold of the enemy, and all the whirling significance of that overheard debate. It lay in the back of his head, together with the riddle of his rescue, and one thing with it, of a vastly human importance. His father had not uttered one word of condemnation or harshness to his face. He had come himself to take him away; what that meant, and how it proffered the key to a dark and close-kept chamber, Rex, shedding weak tears in the mazes of miscomprehension, could not be expected to know. If he had, it might have made the tangle of following days possible to unravel. But he did not know it; and he was carried in, past the uncovered Maxim, up the veranda-steps, and laid on a bed that he was not to leave for the next ten days, during which time the *Golden Eagle* hung upon the horizon, and the little *Star*, with a busy Spencer on board, steamed backwards and forwards between open sea and harbour. Akasa was ominously quiet—quieter than seemed natural even in a place that could see the ringleaders of a recent riot dangling on a wharf-side gallows. And Mr Jenkins was detached again, and, when he came to see his son, would look at nothing but European fleshpots out of his dusty man-of-the-world's window.

(To be continued.)

THE VALUE OF A POND.

IF people only knew what a valuable possession a sheet of water is, they would not let such places run to waste. There is not so much profit to be made out of an acre of land as can be got from an acre of water, when properly treated. This was understood centuries ago, when fish had to be eaten on fast-days, and there were no fish-trains running from the coast to supply the inland towns and villages. The monasteries set the example with their elaborate stew-ponds and fish-breeding arrangements, and ponds and streams all over the country were utilised for preserving fish. In our time we put the streams to a very different use by turning into them our drains of sewage and manufacturing refuse; and the rivers which once swarmed with salmon and trout now flow a mass of corruption and putrefaction into the sea, contaminating the oyster-beds with typhoidal germs.

Acts of Parliament seem to have very little effect in reforming the present condition of things, which naturally are worse in the manufacturing districts than in other parts of England. No one, for instance, can go near the river Don below the towns of Sheffield and Rotherham without *smelling* the river quite a mile off, and the sight of its black and fetid waters makes it impossible to believe that within the memory of man salmon and trout were freely caught in them with the fly and worm. Then the smaller streams which run into the Don are not in much better state, for they are mostly polluted by ochre-water from the neighbouring pits, which is utterly destructive of fish life. All this contamination has naturally affected the purity of the drinking-water, and the surrounding villages within a radius of twenty miles from Sheffield are now mostly supplied by the corporation of that city from their huge reservoirs up in the Pennine Range of hills.

It is of these reservoirs I wish to speak, and other smaller sheets of water, such as ponds and old quarry-holes, and even marshy grounds. These are the places where fish can be cultivated and reared with very favourable results, and with slight outlay and expense. Private waters for the most part are allowed to take their chance; and though they may have coarse fish in quantity, these for eating and marketable purposes are of no value. How easily all this might be altered and rectified is not sufficiently known; and quite irrespective of sport from the angler's point of view, valuable results will follow from the cultivation of the better class of fish. There are certain kinds of trout which do well in ponds, notably the Lochleven and rainbow varieties; but of course very much will depend

upon the quality of the water and the amount of feed in the form of insect life, shellfish, caddis-worms, &c. These may be artificially cultivated if they are not naturally indigenous to the water.

As an instance of the rapid growth of fish in suitable water, I have known of a yearling rainbow being put into a reservoir in April, and taken out in October the same year weighing a pound. The rainbow fish, however, is not suitable for stocking all waters. It will not thrive where the water is shallow, and it has a habit of getting out, if it can, up or down stream, and disappearing. It is particularly successful in deep reservoirs; and though, like all trout, when it gets to four or five pounds in weight it rarely rises to the fly except in the evening, it may be taken by other lures. The Lochleven trout for general purposes will be found the easiest to manage; and as they are naturally a lake fish, they rise to the fly more freely than the brown trout in confinement.

One of the great difficulties in dealing with a large sheet of water like a reservoir of perhaps fifty or sixty acres is the impossibility of clearing out the big trout which grow to seven or eight pounds in weight, and perhaps more, and become ruthless cannibals. Smaller fish of not more than two or three pounds have the same propensity; but they do rise to the fly in the late evening, and are taken, which is not the case with the bigger fish. The consequence is that if you stock the reservoir with fry or yearlings you must make allowance for enormous losses of young fish, and act accordingly. A small pond may be run off or dragged periodically with a net, and the large fish removed. The owner, therefore, of a small sheet of water, say half an acre, has an advantage over a big reservoir, for he can better manage his fishery.

All that has to be done is to breed the fish, which is a very simple matter both as regards cost and trouble. The price of a small hatching-tank and one thousand eyed-ova from the Solway Fishery, Dumfries, is eleven shillings and sixpence. The tank has to be placed under a tap of water, which must be of pure quality, and a small trickle allowed to run for about six weeks, or perhaps a little longer. The alevins will then appear, each one with a little sac attached to its stomach containing the food necessary to support life for several weeks. The sac will gradually disappear, and when it has all gone the fish will require to be fed; but as this is a difficult and complicated affair, it is better to turn out the alevins at once into the pond, taking care that the temperature of the water of the tank is about the same as that of the pond. The pond will now contain one thousand Lochleven trout, and if there are no enemies—such as pike, &c.—in the water, you may confidently rely on their growing and doing well. In two years' time these fish should be a pound in weight; and taking the price of trout at one shilling per pound, you have a thousand pounds weight for the market, and a very large profit on your original outlay of eleven shillings and sixpence. In cases where a stream runs into a pond capable of holding trout, of course, the fish will naturally spawn in it, and my remarks apply only to those waters which have not got this provision.

I have bred trout for many years, and always with success, excepting in the case of rainbows. These fish hatch much later than the Lochleven trout, and they require to be carefully watched, as if the weather turns hot they are apt to die in the tank in great numbers. The best month for procuring the Lochleven ova is February, and in consequence no risk with the heat is likely to occur; but this is not the case two months later with the rainbows. I have found it best to purchase the rainbow fry direct from the fish-breeding establishment, for they travel well by railway, and the extra expense is not very much. There are two ways of treating the ova when placing them in the tank. You may either spread them upon gravel or on glass grilles. The latter is far the better plan, as the eggs can be more easily dealt with, and none go bad and get hidden in the gravel, and so contaminate the water. The eggs should be looked at every day, and any faulty ones removed.

There is no reason why people who own a small pond should not have fresh trout on the table all through the season. You may take them out with a net or, better still, with a rod and line. I was astonished to hear from a large landowner in Poland that carp was the fish he ate, and that he bred these in large ponds for his own use. I conclude he never attempted to catch them with proper angling materials, for a carp is a very difficult fish to capture even with the finest tackle.

One of the principal difficulties about fish management lies in keeping under control the weeds and rushes of the pond itself. Fly-fishing is impossible among water-lilies and bulrushes, and it is a very costly business to have the water drained off and the pond completely cleaned out. If this is not done, the only way is to have the weeds cut when they appear in the spring. The artificially made reservoirs are generally not troubled with such growths, and this makes them excellent places to fish when they are properly stocked. The town corporations who own these sheets of water are in many cases averse to their being utilised for sport, and they have some reason for their objection. The ratepayers naturally consider that they have a claim upon the water and demand fishing-rights; but these, if admitted, would become a source of considerable trouble and expense. It is impossible for hundreds of fishermen to trample the banks of a sheet of water without doing damage, not to speak of the fouling of the drinking-water by ground-baiting with worms and maggots. If tickets for fishing could be limited, and only the fly allowed to be used, there would be no difficulties.

At a reservoir belonging to the Doncaster corporation these rules are put in force, and after the 10th of July worm-fishing is allowed, but no ground-

baiting. The reason for this is that during July and August the fish cannot be got with the fly except in the late evening. Also, the largest fish are always taken with the worm, and the capture of these cannibals is a most important point, for it means the preservation of innumerable yearlings and fry. During the hot weather the fish avoid the sun by keeping out in the deep water when there are no water-lilies or pond-weeds near the banks. If a worm is thrown far out into the water, perhaps forty or fifty yards away, it is pretty sure to get among the large fish. The day may be perfectly still and the sun shining without a cloud in the sky, and yet fish can be taken. It may be called unsportsman-like and a poaching act to deal in this way with the game rainbows and Loch-levens; but in a water which you cannot net or run off, no other way is left for taking the big fish.

The method is to have a barbel rod with free-running snake-rings, and a barbel line of a hundred yards on a four-inch Nottingham reel of the best quality. Three feet of fine gut is enough, with a No. 6 hook. It is as well to have a swivel between the line and the gut, and above it a bullet one ounce in weight with a fair-sized hole through it, so that the line runs perfectly freely. A companion of the fisherman must take the line from the reel to a distance of about twenty-five yards, while the fisherman stands by the water ready to make a cast. The amount of line from the fisherman's reel and back to his hand is now fifty yards, and a swinging cast of the bullet sends it out that distance into the water. With regard to the bait, three or four cockspur-worms should be threaded on the hook, making a tempting bite for a large fish. The rod should then be laid on the bank.

It must be borne in mind that the gut is fine and the line a mere strand of silk, and the slightest force or shock will smash the tackle to bits. In a little while the reel will revolve once or twice. You know then that a trout has found the bait, and is probably turning it over with his nose. Presently the turns of the reel become stronger, and care must be taken that it does not overrun itself. If the reel is very sensitive it is apt to do this; but it is a fault on the right side, for the slightest check on the reel will stop a fish feeding and send it away. Judgment has to be used for detecting when the fish has really taken the bait and is off, and then the rod should be gently raised and the hook will strike the fish. A four or five pound fish on such tackle is not an easy customer to deal with. It will run out a good many yards of line without your being able to control it. Then will follow a game fight, especially if the fish is a rainbow. It will throw itself out of the water or rush along the top. It will bore down and sulk in the bottom, and all the time you cannot put on any severe pressure. You have to wear your fish out and patiently wait till you can begin reeling him up to the net. When it is considered that the fish you take would never rise to a fly, but merely exist as a depredating shark in the water which you want to reserve for rising fish of smaller size, I cannot think this mode of fishing should be called poaching.

The size of the bait should preclude it from being taken by smaller fish, but this, I am bound to say, does not always hold good. It is surprising what the mouth of a small trout can gorge; but admitting this, it will be found that generally the larger fish come for the worm in the deep water. As a rule, the smaller fish do not lie near big five-pounders, and care should be taken to get the line out at least forty yards from the bank. This method, at any rate, is the only one I know for capturing the cannibals in a reservoir without resorting to live minnows and spinning, which methods are contrary to the rules of the reservoir about which I speak.

It is impossible to say what number of small trout one of these monsters will take in a season. I have caught trout not more than two pounds in weight with nearly thirty fry in their stomachs; but that was in a reservoir where feed was very scarce, and the fish had come into the stream which supplied the dam and got among the newly hatched fry. There are no better purifiers of water than fish, and they keep down all insect life. The town corporations should remember this, for a year or two since screens had to be placed before the Sheffield reservoir outlet to prevent the millions of water-beetles from getting into the pipes which supplied the town. In fact, a reservoir without fish is not a healthy place, for they are nature's scavengers in ponds and rivers.

With regard to fly-fishing in a reservoir, the best time is always when the May-fly comes on. Apart from that season, it may generally be said that the evenings will prove better than any other time of day, except in the early or late parts of the season. Large lake-flies should be used on No. 6 hooks, and these may be as gaudy as you please. 'Greenwell's glory' fly made up large is one of the most successful, and the old 'March brown' is also a killer. I have sunk this in the May-fly season, and it has been taken when the fish refused the floating May-fly. I think they mistook the large 'March brown' for the larva of the May-fly. As a rule the feeding fish are lying near the bank, and a large two-handed rod for casting far out is unnecessary. I am speaking of fishing from the bank, for in most reservoirs boats are not allowed to be used. Small flies are of little use except when there is hardly any ripple on the water.

These remarks about angling are quite apart from the object of this paper, which was to show that small sheets of water may be made very profitable by breeding trout. There is very little trouble, and it is sad to see good water in private parks and gardens being allowed to run to waste. It is impossible to warrant success in every attempt at trout-breeding, as water varies so much in different parts of the country, but as a general rule, if the quality is pure and there is a constant supply and plenty of insect life, the fish are sure to do well.

THRICE WARNED.

A STORY OF THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

By Commander B. M. CHAMBERS.

WE were sitting over the fire yarning, my *vis à vis* an old school-chum and a real good sort—my *beau-ideal* of the British naval officer—Lieutenant Frank Anson, R.N., of H.M.S *Shearwater*, just returned from a three years' commission on the Pacific station.

Conversation had turned upon a recent war scare; and I, strong in my belief in the humanity of man, had declared that the advance of civilisation made war between any two first-class Powers but a remote possibility.

Frank was silent for a moment, and then he said, with a touch of dogmatism rare in him, 'I *know* that before many years are past England will be at war with one of the first of European Powers.'

'How on earth can you be sure?' I queried.

'Well, old man,' he replied, 'I don't wonder at your saying that. You will probably laugh at my reason, too. It's a long yarn; but I have often thought I would like to hear your opinion on an experience which has at least had a great influence on my life.

'You may not improbably call me a madman when you have heard my story; but I will risk that for the luxury of having a confidant.

'Of course you know that I was present at the bombardment of Alexandria; and I have often told you how, during the long months previously, we lay day after day in that sweltering Egyptian harbour, longing for anything to happen to break the deadly monotony. At first we were allowed to land. Then came the fatal 11th of June. We midshipmen had arranged a picnic to the Khedive's apricot-orchards, which, luckily for us, was frustrated by a mere accident. On that day the commander had inspected our watch-bills; and as usual, finding them incorrect, he stopped all leave for the gun-room.

'About five o'clock—I was on watch at the time—a boat was seen pulling towards our ship. On reaching the ladder a man crawled up the side, a terrible sight, bleeding from a dozen wounds. This was our first intimation that the Arab population of Alexandria had risen upon the Christians, and that they were beating them to death wherever they could find them unprotected.

'A cutter was at once called away and armed. As senior midshipman of the watch, I was ordered to take charge of her, and to go into the wharf, where, lying off, I was to await the arrival of any officer who might have run the gauntlet of the mob.

'As we passed the end of the outer mole on our way ashore, a disturbance attracted my attention. I ordered the men to lie upon their oars, and awaited events.

'We soon were able to distinguish an elderly man flying for his life, followed by a bloodthirsty gang of Arab coal-heavers. He had but a slight start, and just as he reached the end of the wharf the foremost of his pursuers, who was close behind him, raised his bludgeon and struck at him. At the same instant the pursued, stumbling forward, fell headlong into the sea. In a moment we were up to the place, and, seizing his inanimate body, we hauled it into the boat. The Arabs, finding that their prey had escaped them, saluted us with a shower of stones; but we were too far off for these to do much harm, though one struck me sharply on the elbow, and another gave the coxswain a nasty cut on the forehead.

'The man whom we had rescued had by this time revived, the thick folds of his turban having broken the full force of the blow. He shook his fist at the wharf, and muttered something in a foreign tongue; he then turned to me and thanked me profusely in excellent English. He informed me that this attack had been made upon him owing to his being suspected as an English spy.

'I now recognised that this was not the first time that we had met. Only a few days before a conjurer and snake-charmer had visited the ship; and I remembered being much struck at the time with the dignity of his appearance and conversation. As he was leaving the ship, a false step had precipitated him into the sea; and, being heavily weighed down by a box fastened around his neck with a strap, he had sunk at once, before his boatman, frightened and flustered, could render any assistance.

'At that time we midshipmen spent many hours daily in the water, and were all expert divers. Without a moment's delay, another midshipman and I had dived from the deck towards the place where a white gleam showed the body to be; and in almost less time than it takes to tell we had all three regained the surface and were hauled into the boat, dripping, but not otherwise much the worse for the adventure. On reaching the wharf, Abud Ben Arba—for such he declared his name to be—begged to be landed, assuring us that he was now quite safe, as his house was in the immediate neighbourhood.

'Several of our officers reached the boat in safety, whilst others obtained refuge at the house of the English Consul until they were able to return on board under safe escort.

'After this eventful day we went no more ashore. Dim and mysterious reports came to our ears of the horrors perpetrated, and sometimes a corpse would float by in the stagnant water of the harbour. Then came the bombardment and the firing of the town

by the escaped jail-birds. Patrols were landed from the English, American, and Dutch men-of-war; and I held myself fortunate in being sent with one of our companies. Mighty warlike I felt as I strode along beside my men, girt with cutlass and revolver. The town was in a fearful condition: houses had been gutted and burnt, putrefying corpses tainted the air, and where the patrols were not in evidence murder and violence proceeded unchecked.

'I had often wondered how my friend Abud had fared in the general upheaval; for the fact of one's having saved a man's life does, somehow, create an interest in his future well-being; and when, on the evening of the day on which we landed, I was detached with six men to patrol the part of the town in the neighbourhood of the landing, I wondered if I should see or hear anything of him.

'We made our way down a narrow street, the tall walls of which appeared to lean towards one another until they almost met—an effect increased by the projecting balconies, boxed in with trellises and carved and fretted with ornamental designs. Here and there might be seen a house-front laid open by the bursting of a shell, or its smoking ruins bearing testimony to the work of the incendiaries. Sometimes a splintered door, dotted with bullet-marks and ominous splashes of blood, showed where the rioters and looters had ravished the house of some "Christian dog." As we passed a house which appeared still intact, the sound of a woman's screams brought us to a halt; and, stationing four of my party outside with loaded rifles, I ordered the other two to draw their sword-bayonets and follow me into the house.

'We mounted a dark stair and emerged upon a balcony surrounding a *patio*, in the centre of which a fountain gave out a pretty tinkling sound. Heavy Eastern curtains shut off the view into the rooms. As we reached the top of the stair there came again a stifled shriek. Tearing the curtain aside, we dashed in, revolver in hand. Three men of the lowest Levantine type were employed about the body of a man stretched upon the floor, whilst a fourth was endeavouring to hush the screams of a beautiful girl, bound and helpless. A shot from my revolver finished the earthly career of this last scoundrel; and as the other ruffians, roused from their hellish work, started to their feet, my men accounted for two more. The fourth, seeing nothing before him but death, made a bolt into the balcony, and vaulting over its low rail, he dropped into the street.

'It was only now that I realised the dastardly work upon which the ruffians had been engaged. With a small piece of whip-cord and a stick, they had been engaged in torturing the unfortunate man upon the floor into a confession of hidden wealth. What was my surprise to find that this man was no other than Ben Arba, whom it had been my strange fate to rescue for a third time!

'Much should I have liked to linger and find out more about the charming unknown, who was no doubt his daughter. But there were other unprotected houses in Alexandria that night; and, since two Arab servants had appeared trembling upon the scene, we left to continue our work. On reaching the street I found the last of the four looters on the ground, stunned, but otherwise uninjured. Brought before Lord Charles Beresford the following morning, he met his death, lashed to a tree, in the grand square, from a firing-party of blue-jackets not ten minutes later. Such was justice in those stern days.

'That same evening, whilst writing letters in the barracks, I was informed that an Arab wished to speak to me; and presently a servant was ushered in, in whom I recognised one of Ben Arba's attendants. Salaaming low, he produced a note from his turban, written in a fine Italian hand, which ran thus:

'"SIR,—One who already owes you much would increase that debt by asking of you the date and hour of your birth. ABUD BEN ARBA."

'I thought for some time over this strange request, and at length, seeing no reason for refusing, I took a sheet of paper and wrote upon it: "Frank Anson, born June 15, 1865, at midnight"—a detail I happened to know, since my old nurse had told me that as she took me in her arms for the first time she had heard Big Ben strike the first stroke of twelve.

'Two days later my party was recalled to the ship, but not for long, since I again landed, accompanying a field-gun battery destined for the lines at Ramleh. Meanwhile an army had landed, and Alexandria was garrisoned by British troops. I shall never forget my first sight of an English soldier on active service. We had just disembarked our guns at the railway station, and were dragging them through the deep sand which lay between us and the entrenchments. A company of engineers about to relieve those on duty were overtaking us with their long and swinging step. Without coats, their shirts tucked up to the elbows, bedaubed with dust and clay, and some with pipes in their mouths, how different they were from the smart, curled, and perfumed images I had seen before in England or at Malta! As they came upon our little party an officer called out, "What do you say, men: shall we give the Jack-tars a hand?" And, breaking their ranks with a rush, they stepped out to take their places on the drag-ropes. But our men were proud, and, straining at the ropes, they broke into a double. It became a race; but a field-gun is a heavy handicap, and soldiers and sailors were fraternising as we rolled into the camp a quarter of an hour later.

'Next morning, being told-off as messenger or galloper to the naval battalion, I was despatched to Alexandria with an order on the Khedive's stable for a horse. I had visited the headquarters of the police, and been given a horse, a fine Arab charger. I had lunched at one of the military messes, and was trying to find my way through the network of streets and out into the country, when, as I was

passing through a quiet street, a man stepped out from an archway and put his hand upon my horse's bridle. I recognised the servant who had brought me the letter from Ben Arba. With a low salute he informed me in broken English that his master wished me to honour his house with my presence.

'Now, as I was leaving the camp my commanding officer had said, "By the way, Anson, if you find anything to interest you in the town, don't trouble about getting back to-night." So, being curious to hear what Abud might have to say to me, and possibly not uninfluenced by the memory of a pair of dark eyes, I intimated my willingness to return.

'On reaching the house my guide knocked twice. The door was opened by a female veiled to the eyes, but whose coarse blue gown and golden nose-ornament bespoke her to be a native servant. She led the way to the apartment which had been the scene of my previous adventure. There she left me with a low obeisance and a few words in some Eastern tongue, which I took to mean that my host would be there anon.

'Whilst waiting I had leisure to take note of my surroundings. Rich hangings veiled the walls; thick Turkish and Persian rugs littered the floor in profusion, giving to the room an appearance of Eastern luxury. There was, however, much which filled me with surprise. Several pictures, which even my untrained eye was able to perceive to be of great merit, hung upon the walls in company with trophies of curiously shaped arms. Rare Chinese cabinets occupied the corners, and what other furniture the room boasted consisted of comfortable arm-chairs and ottomans such as never came from a Turkish manufactory. Close to the seat which I had taken was a low table of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Upon it were several books bound in the usual dark leather or parchment common to Arab volumes; but to my extreme astonishment, open and lying face downwards upon the other books, was a copy of one of the latest and most up-to-date of English Reviews.

'I had picked this up, and was glancing through its pages when the rustling of a curtain caused me to look up. There in the doorway stood Abud Ben Arba with an amused smile upon his face. He was dressed in a flowing costume of pure white. Advancing and shaking hands with me in European style, he seated himself at my side, and after thanking me warmly for the services I had rendered him, he picked up the copy of the Review and said:

'"You are no doubt surprised at finding such a book in the house of a mere juggling trickster. You will perhaps be still more surprised when I tell you that, though an Armenian by birth, I am a graduate of your English College of Cambridge. I am a member, however, of a far-reaching brotherhood, the will of whose executive is law to each and every member. Living as I do in Alexandria, I was directed to furnish certain particulars of the English fleet and its designs. Hence my presence on board your ship in the character I assumed. No! I was no spy," he continued, reading a look upon my face with dexterity. "Our brotherhood has naught to do with war or things of political importance. It was merely in the interests of our community in this town that I visited your fleet. And now to change the subject: I wish you to stay and dine with me as you would with one of your own countrymen, and afterwards you may hear things which will be to your future advantage. You were no doubt astonished that I should ask the date of your nativity, for the ancient lore of predicting future events by such means has fallen into bad repute amongst you practical nations of the West. I now wish to communicate to you what I have learnt; it at least cannot harm you, so humour me in an old man's wish to do you a good service. I feel sure you will do as I ask."

'There was an eager sincerity in the old man's voice, and I gave a smiling and somewhat incredulous assent.

'He rang a silver bell, and a curtain at one side of the room slid back, disclosing a large apartment, in which I could see a table laid out for dinner in the most approved London or Parisian style.

'Taking me by the arm, my host conducted me to the door. Here, standing within the room, was a tall, dark-eyed girl, a very goddess. With perfect self-possession, as my host presented me, "Mr Anson, my daughter, who wishes to thank you for your gallant rescue," she thanked me in a few well-chosen words, spoken in perfect English with just a touch of foreign accent. I was too bewildered to make any coherent reply. My host motioned me to a seat on his right, and we sat down.

'Of that dinner I have but the haziest recollection. I know that the cookery was perfect, the Armenian and his daughter showed themselves to be familiar with all the most interesting topics of the day, and their refined courtesy left an impression which to this day remains as strong as ever. How those dark eyes seemed to flash into the inner recesses of my soul! Any one but a midshipman, and one, too, who had been upon camp-fare for days, might have found that they interfered with his enjoyment of dinner; but a midshipman is quite capable of falling in love without its affecting his appetite.

'Before leaving us over our wine, Sâra—for such was the dark-eyed beauty's name—turned to me with a smile.

'"There is one Eastern custom, Mr Anson, from which we cannot excuse you." So saying, she poured out a glass of wine from a bottle of strange shape, a vintage unknown to my gun-room experience. When she came to my side, a beautiful waitress, I drank the glass to the dregs. Ben Arba then produced some Turkish cigarettes such as I have never smoked before or since.

'I had just finished my cigarette, when a strange drowsiness began to steal over me. No, dear boy! not from wine, for you know I have always been strictly moderate in my drinking, and this occasion

was no exception. Gradually the strange feeling became stronger and stronger; yet as my senses seemed to slumber my brain appeared to become more wide awake, and each faculty to be sharpened a hundred-fold. The eyes of my host were fixed on mine, and seemed to become points of light which pierced my brain like swords. More and more my surroundings faded into a mist, the last thing of which I have a conscious memory being the voice of Abud Ben Arba:

'"Three times have you saved me and preserved my life from danger. Read well the pictured future, that in your own three great dangers you shall derive safety."

'Then all seemed darkness. I am back in the camp at Ramleh. It is night; the stars shine brightly in the spangled blue-black vault of the heavens. The light of a blazing camp-fire strikes redly upon the white tents around us. There are red coats and blue ones seated around the cheerful blaze or lying about on the sand, still warm from the hot sun of the past day. A full-voiced boatswain-mate has just finished trolling out a deep-toned, doleful melody about "A ship which never returned." A soldier-officer picks up his banjo and sings a vulgar music-hall ditty with a catchy air. Suddenly there is a disturbance. We start to our feet. A white-robed figure comes rushing towards the fire, the light of which gleams on the long, cruel-looking knife in his right hand, and a white burnous wrapped about the left as a shield. Not a man appears to be armed. Some try to stop the rush, but recoil bleeding before the stroke of the whirling blade. He comes straight towards the group where I am standing, lured no doubt by the gleam of the fire upon gold lace. Then, without an effort of will on my part, my hand finds its way to my belt, a shot rings out in the stillness of the night, and the white figure stumbles forward and lies an inanimate mass in the very embers of the fire, not two yards from which I am standing.

'Even as his struggles cease a change is coming over the scene; the figures around me fade away, and are replaced by others equally distinct. I am standing upon the bridge of a man-of-war. I glance down at my sleeve and see that the light from a lantern is reflected on the gold stripes of a lieutenant. Around us whirl and drift dense masses of vapour. It is night, and a faint crescent moon serves but to make darkness more visible. Huge white crests go driving by on the summits of the waves; the wind howls and hurls the big raindrops stinging on to every exposed piece of flesh, causing one to smart as if struck with a whip. Somehow, all is plain to me. I know that the engines have broken down, and that we are running before the gale under close-reefed topsails towards a dangerous and rock-bound coast. "Heaving-to" is out of the question in the terrific sea which is running. A stout, elderly man stands at my side and says, "Anson, unless the mist clears in half-an-hour it will be all up with us." Suddenly there is a cry from forward, "Land right ahead!" Almost at the same moment a wandering ray of the moon illuminates a great white rock standing up not two hundred yards right in front of us. Again the curious feeling of acting without any will of my own. I shout, "Hard a-starboard," the ship's head flies round to the left, and we go surging past, expecting every moment to strike, the water breaking almost alongside of us. When past the rock I give the order, "Hard a-port; stand by to let go both anchors." The sails hold for a moment, and then fly to ribbons before the fury of the gale; but they have served their purpose in aiding the helm, and we have turned short round to the right. The sea grows smoother, and the wind more squally and lighter; and in five minutes the rattle of the cable announces that the ship is anchored under the lee of an island, and is safe from the fury of the gale.

'Again the scene fades, only to be replaced by another picture. This time I am in the conning-tower of an ironclad; the air is full of the pungent smell of burning powder. Glancing out through the narrow slit which serves for our sole outlook, I see, following close behind us, another huge monster, and over her barbettes I can see other masts from which fly the gallant flag of Old England. Steaming abreast of us, not three miles distant, in similar formation, is another fleet; by their banded funnels, above which fly snowy ensigns bearing the black cross of the "Admiral of the Atlantic," I know them to be the ships of Germany. We are firing at long range. Suddenly, as if by magic, their whole line swings round, each ship turning as on a pivot; their line is coming towards us. Our ships perform the same manœuvre, and now the two fleets are meeting one another in two long lines, ship to ship. Our guns are hard at work. The enemy grow more and more distinct. A perfect hail of projectiles rattles around us. Some enter through the slit in the tower and flatten themselves with a vicious thud against the side of our iron box. We have now got to close-fighting range, and both fleets are again turning to their original course, which will bring them broadside to broadside, when suddenly the leviathan opposed to us fails to maintain her course. Something has happened to her steering-gear, and we have her at our mercy. We are not two cables distant, when, *crash!* there is a fearful blow; all heaven and earth seem to be falling in a rain of blood, for a shell from one of her heavy guns has struck our conning-tower; but again, just as I am lapsing into unconsciousness, I feel impelled to move over a dial which is right against my hand, and the fate of our enemy is sealed, for the answering helm takes our ram crushing through her side instead of sweeping past at close range, where we would be at the mercy of her torpedoes.

'When I again recovered consciousness, it was in the prosaic world of real life. I found that I was in bed in the Hôtel de l'Europe. My inquiries

as to how I came there were met by the polite porter with an air of deferential amusement. Of course the English officer, being overcome with wine, had been put to bed by his friends.

My horse, on inquiry, was produced from the hotel stable; and being compelled to return to duty at once, I made my way at a gallop back to the camp, pondering deeply over my experiences of yesterday.

'My duties for the next few days proved so arduous that it was nearly a week before I could again visit the city, and then, on calling at the house of Abud Ben Arba, I found it shut up, a neighbouring proprietor of a French café informing me that he had left on the day following my visit.

'It was about two days from this that the adventure took place of which you will remember my telling you at the time. A raid was made upon the camp by a single fanatical dervish. We were sitting around the fire singing songs, when the strains of a well-remembered chorus brought the whole scene of my dream before my eyes. My hand went down to my belt; my revolver was not there. Jumping up, I entered the tent, loaded my revolver, and buckled it on. The song was still continuing with its roaring chorus. I had hardly seated myself again before the attack was made. I was the only armed man in the circle, and got a good deal of credit for my prompt action. You are the only person who knows to whom the credit was really due.

'Years had elapsed, the event had faded into the misty past, and I was, indeed, almost inclined to fancy the whole thing a mere figment of the imagination, when, not three months ago, an event occurred which has changed my opinion. We were making the western end of the Magellan Strait after a three years' commission in the Pacific. Thick weather and constant gales had prevented our obtaining our position by observation of the sun or stars for many days. Gale succeeded gale, and our coal was almost exhausted. At the very worst of the storm our screw-shaft snapped, leaving us no choice but to attempt to enter the Strait under sail, or to drift before the gale on the rock-bound coast. We reached the coast at midnight. Rocks and dangers, many of them uncharted, were on every side. The chances against us seemed a hundred to one. The captain was standing by my side on the upper bridge; turning to me, he remarked, "If the mist does not clear off in half-an-hour it will be all up with us." With a flash it came back to me; I had been there before, in the very same circumstances. How dull of me not to have recognised before the stout man at my side! The ship was the same, every detail distinct as in my vision. So, too, was the cry, "Land ahead!" given by the lookout with all the vigour of despair. As the navigating officer, I was directing the course of the ship, and indeed, at such a moment, when death seemed imminent, there was no time to ask permission. "Hard a-starboard" I shouted, and we rushed past the danger, our yards grazing the overhanging rocks, so close were we. Another moment we swept round and anchored in safety. Next morning, when daylight dawned, we found that our anchorage was the only place where a ship might anchor in twenty miles of coast. So confined was the entrance that it was necessary to sound for a channel in leaving. Our engines being repaired, we finished our voyage none the worse for our scare.

'After this second confirmation of my prophetic vision, you will hardly wonder that I feel as certain as I do that before long England will again cross swords with a European Power, and also that when that time comes I shall be in the thick of the fight. Shall I survive it? I cannot say, since in my vision I only saw part of the struggle. As far as that takes me, so far I feel sure and no farther.

'Can I give any explanation? No, none; for I heard no more of Abud Ben Arba or the beauteous Sâra. Neither will I quote the well-worn but still ever-true advice to Horatio, since I have a great respect for your philosophy.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CELLULOSE FROM CORN-STALKS.

THE peculiar property of compressed cellulose, by which it almost instantaneously absorbs water in large quantities and swells to a corresponding extent, gives it a prominent place in the construction of the safety sheathing of warships. Behind the heavy armour of Harveyised steel is a packing six feet thick of compressed cellulose. Immediately this jacket is pierced by a shot, the water, reaching the cellulose, swells it up in a moment and closes the hole; and so speedy and certain is its action that all new warships are being constructed with this protective jacket. According to the *Scientific American*, suitable cellulose for this purpose can be manufactured from the pith found inside corn-stalks of maize. Hitherto it has been prepared principally from coco-nut shells, but it was found that the supply of coco-nuts was far short of the demand. Now the corn-stalks, which formerly were thrown away, will be made to yield their pith not only for the protection of warships but for the thousands of useful purposes to which cellulose is being daily applied. In the process of manufacture the stalks are allowed to thoroughly dry for six or eight months, after which they are cut into short pieces and the pith shaken out. The pith is chemically treated to make it fireproof, and after com-

pression to one-sixteenth of its original bulk it is made into blocks six inches square.

DETECTION BY CAMERA.

The recent exploit of the police at Grimsby, who sent one of their number in plain clothes with a hand-camera among a Sunday crowd who were betting on the foreshore of the Humber, is a reminder of the original purpose for which the hand-camera was designed. Those who remember the introduction of this instrument will recall that it first made its appearance some twenty-five years ago under the name of the 'detective camera.' In those days it was concealed in one barrel of an opera-glass, or in a tall hat, a brown-paper parcel, or even behind a waistcoat with the lens pointing through a button-hole. It was thought that it would be largely used by the police for obtaining incriminating evidence; but after a while it came to be recognised that successful photography implies the existence of conditions of light and space in which no criminal in his senses would dream of operating. The misnomer 'detective camera' was therefore gradually dropped, and the more suitable title 'hand-camera' adopted. In the case under review the instrument was not disguised in any way, but was simply used as by a pleasant amateur wishing to secure studies in expression; then the police made a raid, numbers were captured, and the seemingly innocent snap-shots were brought up in evidence against them.

METHYLATED SPIRIT.

A Bill now before Parliament provides for the introduction into this country of a methylated alcohol similar to that which is used in great quantities on the Continent. The methylated spirit with which we are familiar on this side of the Channel contains 10 per cent. of wood naphtha, which is purposely of an impure kind. It is proposed to reduce the amount of this denaturant to 5 per cent. and to use it in a purer form, so that it will be less injurious in many industrial processes. At present the duty on pure spirit is exceedingly high, but the methylated variety cannot be used for a great many purposes for which spirit is required, because of the large amount of impure wood-naphtha and also the trace of petroleum ether with which it is contaminated. By special permission of the Excise authorities, spirit without this last objectionable addition may be obtained and used; but the wood-naphtha still remains a grave difficulty which at present cannot be surmounted. It is to be hoped that the Bill now under consideration will be passed, for alcohol is a valuable commodity in many important processes which are seriously hampered by the present method of denaturalising it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIRE.

Ever since spoken words came to be transmitted by electricity over long distances, the idea of performing the same service for visual impressions has been constantly dreamed of. Several inventors have endeavoured to surmount the stupendous difficulties which the problem presents, and recently Professor Korn produced a complete apparatus with which he has obtained some very promising results over considerable distances. The apparatus is an elaboration of an older method, and depends for its working upon the variation in the electrical resistance of a ribbon of selenium produced by variations in the intensity of a beam of light impinging upon it. The photograph to be transmitted is produced in the form of a flexible transparency, which is wound around a hollow cylinder; the cylinder revolves at a regular rate of speed, and at the same time shifts laterally with a screw-like motion. Inside the cylinder is a selenium cell with suitable electrical connections; outside it is a source of light illuminating the photographic transparency through a narrow slit. Every portion of the photographic image comes in turn under this slit, and according to its density or transparency the passage of the electric current through the selenium is varied. The most distinctly novel part of Dr Korn's apparatus is the receiver. The varying current coming through the transmitter affects a galvanometer whose finger moves nearer to or farther from a fixed point in proportion to the intensity of the current. Across this varying gap a high-potential, high-frequency current is led, and caused to illuminate a Geissler tube of special construction. The actinic brilliancy of the light from this tube varies in proportion to the distance between the finger of the galvanometer and the fixed point, and that distance, as we have already seen, varies with the density of the particular part of the transparent photographic image presented to the source of light at the other end of the line. A similar cylinder at the receiving end has a sensitive photographic film wound around it, and this is illuminated in sectional strips by the Geissler tube, while the cylinder turns in exact synchronism with that at the transmitting end. A very fair reproduction of the original photograph results upon development.

TRAINS ACROSS THE SEA.

In connection with the proposal to establish a train-ferry service across the English Channel, by means of which passengers may travel from London to Paris without leaving the railway compartment, it is interesting to note that such railway ferries are in use with considerable success in many parts of America, in Denmark, Scandinavia, &c. One between Gjedser and Warnemünde is the longest open-sea train-ferry in the world, the distance covered being forty miles. The steamers which carry the trains bodily across the sea are double-ended vessels capable of navigation in either direction. They run into docks with padded walls, so to speak, and the captains have nothing to fear from collision with the piles, for these last are as elastic as railway buffers. The absence of the necessity for crawling in and out of the harbour means the saving of

considerable time at each end of the journey. A number of these train-ferries have been running uninterruptedly for twenty years. One objection to the proposed Channel service is to be found in the fact that the railway systems on either side are not exactly alike in the matter of gauge. Although nominally the same, the French gauge is slightly wider than that in England, though not sufficiently so perhaps to seriously interfere with the running of the trains; while the tunnels on the English railways would not take the bigger stock of the Northern of France line.

DIATOMITE.

Diatoms, as every one knows, are tiny creatures which multiply very rapidly until they form a scum upon the surface of water in many parts of the world. They are rarely more than one-hundredth part of an inch in diameter, and often considerably less. Their shells are composed of silica, and these shells are well known to the microscopist on account of their great beauty. When the little creatures die the shells sink to the bottom of the stream or pond, where they form a kind of siliceous mud, and there are vast deposits of this material in various parts of the earth. This infusorial earth, as it is often wrongly called, has been christened diatomite, and it is being used for a variety of purposes under the name of *Kieselguhr*. It is used as a vehicle or absorbent for nitro-glycerine, and the resultant paste is commercial dynamite. Diatomite is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and in this capacity it is used for filling the hollow interiors of the walls of safes, as a lining for stoves and furnaces, and as a covering for steam-pipes and boilers. For such purposes as these it has an advantage over asbestos in the matter of price and also of weight. It can be made into bricks or slabs by the addition of a small quantity of lime or clay, and these bricks can be raised to a white-heat without showing any signs of fusion. Diatomite occurs in great quantities in Prussia, in many parts of Scotland, in the counties of Antrim and Down in Ireland (where it rests on peat under a thin covering of soil), in parts of Canada and Nova Scotia, and in the United States. Beds have also been discovered in Western Australia and in New Zealand. The demand in the United Kingdom appears to be about three thousand tons per annum, part of which comes from Aberdeenshire and part from Norway and Germany. The price is from three pounds to four pounds per ton, and it is probable that new uses will be found for the material, and a very much greater demand will result.

A NEW TANNING AGENT.

The wattle-barks, derived from various kinds of acacia, which are used in large quantities in Australia for tanning sheepskins, are being displaced by a material called mallet-bark, which is furnished by the plant known as *Eucalyptus occidentalis*. This bark contains as much as from 35 to 50 per cent. of easily soluble tannin of a yellow-brown colour, and hides treated with it produce leather which is described as firm, tough, and of a light-brown shade, quite distinct from the pink hue yielded by wattle-bark. Some five hundred tons of this new material were used in Australia during 1903; but it was not until last year that any was exported, when it was sent to Hamburg. It is estimated that about five thousand tons in all were collected during that year, and it is probable that the output for the present year will be ten times as much. There is a big demand for this bark on the Continent, and in the United Kingdom it is beginning to be used in considerable quantities. It is interesting to note that extensive plantations of *Eucalyptus occidentalis* are being laid out in Natal, so that this colony will also produce large quantities of mallet-bark before long.

MOTORS WITHIN WHEELS.

Very satisfactory results have been obtained with a large truck fitted with an electro-motor inside each wheel. A pinion at each end of the motor-shaft engages direct with a big gear-ring just inside the rim of the wheel. There are two of these gear-rings set with the teeth facing one another, and the pinion at one end of the motor-shaft engages with one ring while that at the other end meshes with its fellow. Thus the full power of the motor is applied direct to the rim of the wheel where it is required, and all the various losses consequent upon the use of gearing are obviated. It is said that there is a saving of 30 per cent. of power as a result of this method of transmission. Another advantage of situating independent motors in all the wheels is that steering may be accomplished by means of all the wheels at once, and the car can turn in a very much shorter space. It is even possible to move the car sideways by turning the axles of all the wheels in the same direction. The reports on the trials of a five-ton truck fitted with these motors are very satisfactory; and the excessive vibration which the motors might be expected to receive has not up to the present given trouble by causing the brushes to jump and spark.

WASHABLE DISTEMPER.

A new water-paint made in a great variety of beautiful colours and possessing valuable advantages has been introduced by Messrs Mander Brothers, under the name of Olsina washable water-paint. The paints are sent out in paste-form, and only need to be thinned with a little water to be quite ready for use. They are applicable to plaster, wood-work, brick, stone, canvas, iron, or in fact to any material on which ordinary paint can be used. For use in outside or exposed positions they may be mixed with a so-called petrifying liquid, which makes them comparatively impervious to the weather.

PETROLITE LAMPS.

Some considerable time ago a notice was given in these columns of a new illuminant known as the

Notkin lamp. This lamp has been greatly improved of late, and the patent rights therein have been acquired by the Petrolite Company, who are placing it upon the market in a great variety of different forms. The essential part of the lamp is a container filled with indestructible, porous, absorptive material which is charged with the ordinary petrol made familiar by motor-cars. The spirit is poured into the container and all surplus liquid drained back again into the can. The container, when it is charged, is then perfectly safe, for there is no loose liquid; and even if a match be deliberately applied to it, it will burn quite quietly and in such a way that it can be instantly extinguished. The lamp is in appearance very much like an ordinary paraffin-lamp; but in place of the dangerous and uncleanly paraffin reservoir there is a receptacle in which the charged container is placed. Above it is an ordinary incandescent-gas mantle. A lighted match held for a moment inside the chimney at the lower end creates a draught; air charged with petrol vapour is sucked up from the container below and ignites at the burner exactly as if it were ordinary gas, and the flame is regulated by means of a gas-tap. If the lamp be turned over it simply goes out, because the draught is destroyed, and nothing further happens. It is believed that this lamp is far safer than an ordinary paraffin-lamp, and the only element of danger lies in the charging of the container with petrol. That has now been removed by a new and valuable device. A little connecting-piece is supplied, whereby the container can be screwed direct on to the collar of the ordinary petrol-can. Can and container are then inverted for a moment or two and turned back into their original position. By this means there is no fear whatever of spilling the dangerous liquid, and there is no time for vapour to escape and find its way to a source of ignition.

ARTIFICIAL COTTON.

In view of the frequent deficiency in the supply of cotton to this country, owing to natural causes or the operations of speculators, anything in the nature of an alternative supply must be regarded with interest. While the question of Empire-grown cotton is still in the experimental stages, news comes to hand of an artificial cotton manufactured from pine-wood at a cost which compares favourably with that of the natural article. In the experiments which have recently been conducted in Bavaria, the wood is cut into thin sticks one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. These are subjected to the action of steam until the wood-fibre has become thoroughly disintegrated. It is then treated with sodium sulphite for forty hours; next it is washed and crushed, and washed again, and the fibres are further bleached by chloride of lime. The resultant matter, which is practically pure cellulose, is heated under pressure with a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids and chloride of zinc, and to the paste which is formed a small proportion of gelatine and castor-oil is added. A spinning-machine forms the cellulose into fine threads, which are washed in soda and dried, and afterwards woven into what is said to be a very good fabric. When the process is placed upon a commercial basis the results will be watched with considerable interest.

A STRANGE CURE FOR SNAKE-BITE.

'Take a hair of the dog that bit you' is an old saw that, as a suggested remedy, has led many a man out of the frying-pan into the fire, and it cannot certainly be recommended as a cure suitable for modern times, when an antidote is more recommendable. Dogs are not, however, the only animals whose bite is to be feared; and those people whose travels have led them to far lands know that poisonous snakes are much more to be dreaded. Though by far the greater proportion of those persons thus bitten die, there is a certain number who recover, thanks to prompt measures, and thanks also to the administration of the exact remedy which any particular snake-bite requires. The poison ejected by the tooth of asps and serpents varies as much as does the poison from the spoken words of the wicked; and it has lately been discovered—especially in Brazil, which seems to hold the record for its variety of death-giving snakes—that the serum with which those bitten are treated should vary according to the kind of snake. But this, though advantageous to know in theory, is of small practical use, since the traveller cannot be sure of having exactly the right serum with him at the moment of the fatal bite. It has lately been reported that, on the principle of the old adage mentioned above—which thus serves a turn—an almost certain cure for snake-bite is the injection of a small portion of the bile of the reptile which has attacked any one, and which—the snake being generally killed on the spot—is naturally at hand. The gall-bladder is extracted, its contents filtered, and the fluid injected under the skin. The method sounds somewhat complicated; but no snake-bitten person will complain if by this means he escapes a rapid death. The experiments made have given the best results, those recovering from the poisonous bite of a South American snake coming off with nothing worse than an abscess at the point of penetration of the serpent's tooth.

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM IN SURGERY.

So much arrant nonsense has been written about the possible applications of magnetism to the curing of at least some of the ills which human flesh is heir to, that the intelligent mind will at once evince much scepticism on perceiving the above title. However, no miraculous curative powers are in this instance attributed to the magnet. Changes in the character of steels used for the construction of mechanical appliances have made it possible to drive lathes at a higher speed, and to this cause is due the fact that occasional particles fly off the work in hand and enter the worker's eye at much greater velocity than used to be the case under the

older conditions. The electro-magnets which were formerly used to draw out these pernicious particles are not strong enough to extricate splinters of hard steel embedded deep in the horny substance of the eyeball. A huge electro-magnet has recently been constructed in America with a view to treating such cases. It is too heavy to lift about, and is therefore bolted securely to the floor in an upright position. The iron core is four feet high and has a diameter of six inches, and it is tapered to a point at its upper end in order that its effects may be the more easily watched by the oculist in charge. To work it to its full capacity requires an electric current equal to that consumed by about sixty sixteen-candle-power lamps. Not only does it effectually perform its delicate work, but it also in some cases obviates the use of the surgeon's knife. For instance, a portion of a hammer-head had embedded itself in the muscles of the upper-arm, and in another case a piece of a cold chisel had flown into the forearm and burrowed deep into the flesh. In each case the moment the current was switched on the piece of metal was found adhering to the pole-piece of the magnet, having almost instantaneously left its inconvenient resting-place by the route by which it had entered. It is suggested that this means of extricating from the human body pieces of steel and iron which have no business there might be very usefully employed by army surgeons on the field of battle. No doubt it would be efficacious in the case of splinters of steel shells, but upon the leaden bullets it would of course have no effect. The huge magnet is also useful as a detector of the presence of steel or iron particles in the body, for it is only necessary for the patient to walk within reach of the magnet radiations and the movement induced by the attraction of the magnet will at once reveal the exact position of the splinter.

IMPROVED ELECTRIC LAMP.

One of the principal drawbacks in the electric light has hitherto been the impossibility of turning it up or down, as occasion required, after the manner of gas, so that a 'peep' may be left when the full glow is not required. This difficulty has now been overcome by the introduction of the 'Economical Turn-down Lamp,' which is said to be in use all over the United States and Canada, and is finding its way into this country. The lamp contains two filaments, one bright and the other dim; and these may be brought into use as required, either by pulling a string or by turning the bulb to right or left, as a bright or a dim light is required. The thing is simplicity itself; and it is claimed for the lamp that there is a saving of 80 per cent. of current when only the small filament is used, and that it has a combined life of four times that of an ordinary lamp. Of course this has to be taken with a certain qualification, because users of the electric light are not long in finding out that it may either be an economical or extravagant illuminant in proportion as it is handled scientifically, so to speak, or clumsily, after the manner of gas-burning. But there is no doubt at all that a practical 'turn-down' lamp will be of immense advantage to consumers generally, and will enable them to rid themselves of the reproach that a house lighted electrically is usually in darkness! Such a lamp, it is easily conceivable, will be of great advantage to theatres and places of amusement where the lights have to be turned down two or three times in the course of an evening's performance, although what is called a 'dimmer' is in use at some such places already. A new type of this ingenious contrivance has just been introduced by Messrs Defries & Sons, the eminent lighting engineers, and will be installed on a somewhat extensive scale in the new theatre now being constructed for Messrs Maskelyne & Cook. It is claimed for this new form of 'dimmer' that it avoids not merely the risk of interruption to the performance, but also of fire; and it is a curious circumstance that of the entire equipment of the ill-fated Iroquois Theatre at Chicago the only parts that remained uninjured were the 'Wirt' dimmers, which are now operating in the new theatre. It would seem that with the introduction of the new turn-down lamp the only objection to the free use of the electric light in private dwellings is likely to disappear.

MADRIGAL.

THE daylight dies; now flush the skies—
Rose, rose-and-gold;
They flush, they fade, and twilight's shade
Grows gray and cold.
Look up, my heart, and think, alas!
Lost light, how fair it was!

Hark! soft and near, how full and clear
That song subdued!
It floats, it fails; to listening vales
No more renewed.
Listen, my heart, and learn aright
Lost song, what lost delight!

Life's but a day that dies away,
A stinted song.
Be wise, be wise; the moment flies,
The night is long.
I hear a Voice repeat, repeat:
Lost love, how bitter-sweet!

AGNES S. FALCONER.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE SECRET OF THE GLACIER.

By JAMES W. T. HART.

CHAPTER I.—THE MISSING LINK.

'AND that is the only link wanting?' said Stanley Whyte.

'The only one, my dear sir,' answered the gray-haired solicitor; 'the chain of evidence would be complete if we had that. Paul Stanton, the great-great-grandfather of this young lady'—he pointed with his pen to the pretty girl who sat beside Stanley—'died somewhere between the years 1780 and 1790; in the county of Suffolk or Essex, it is believed. The Court of Chancery cannot give up the estate (which is in their trust) without the certificates of his birth and marriage. We have traced Miss Stanton's descent up to a certain point, and there the evidence fails.'

'And an estate with a rental of four thousand a year is lost for want of two certificates?' said Stanley Whyte angrily.

'Not hopelessly lost yet,' the old lawyer replied, in a tone of gentle correction. 'We shall advertise in the Norfolk and Essex papers for the missing certificates, offering a substantial reward, and that will set the parish clerks at work. It is a pity that there was no compulsory registration of births, deaths, and marriages before 1874. The first Registrar-General was appointed in 1838, but the national statistics were not kept with the same full accuracy as they have been since 1874. Of course there were copies of birth, marriage, and death registers sent up to Somerset House for a long time previous to 1838, but the supply was loose and incomplete; and, unfortunately for us, the vicar of the church or churches where these two entries were made has not furnished them. The search at Somerset House was in vain.'

'But if you have traced Miss Stanton's pedigree up to Jane Brown, a married daughter of Paul Stanton, how is it that the certificate copy of her marriage does not give you a clue to where her father lived?'

'Because certificates in those days, my dear sir, were not written out with the same fullness of detail as they are now. This particular certificate merely names her as Jane, daughter of Paul and Elizabeth Stanton. I repeat, there is nothing left for it now but to try advertisements and a tempting reward.'

'You will let us know immediately if you receive any replies?'

'Most certainly, Mr Whyte; and I hope we shall be successful.'

He touched a little bell as the young couple rose, and a clerk entered and ushered them out, returning again to his employer as the bell summoned him a second time.

'Copy that advertisement, Thompson,' said Mr Sandeman, the old solicitor, as he handed a pencilled sheet to the clerk; 'have a number of typewritten copies made of it, and send it to the principal Norfolk and Essex papers for insertion. *Sell's Press Guide* will supply you with the names of the newspapers. It would be well, also, to put it in the *Guardian* and *Church Times*, as the clergy may be more likely to see it there.'

The clerk silently took the paper and disappeared.

Meantime Stanley Whyte and his betrothed had left Queen Street, and walked on to the Victoria Embankment. The Thames flowed past on their left hand—steamers, barges, and boats passing up and down on business or pleasure; omnibuses and cabs rattled along the roadway; trains thundered across the great river on their iron track; but they thought little of all this hurry and rush of modern life. When the mind is absorbed with an enthralling subject it takes little heed of outward conditions.

'I have not much hope of this search doing any good,' said Jessica, breaking the silence at last, 'and I shall not be very disappointed if that is the case; at least, not for myself, but I think I should like you to be a rich man.'

'You know very well, Jessica,' said Stanley, 'that it can make no difference to my love either way.

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We have loved each other while we have been poor, and our affection would be unaltered however rich we might become. But money can do a great deal; it would enable us to be married sooner than we see any chance of at present. It would end your monotonous life as a governess, and mine as a clerk at a desk in an insurance office; and don't forget that it would place the power of doing a great deal of good in your hands, which I know your kind little heart loves to do.'

'Well, these are pleasant day-dreams,' said Jessica, smiling. 'We must wait and see what time and fortune will bring us. At present the whereabouts of those certificates—if they exist at all—is a profound secret.'

CHAPTER II.—THE LINK DISCOVERED.

THE income of a parish clerk derived from his semi-clerical profession is not usually sufficient to enable him to support himself and his family in comfort, to say nothing of luxury. Mr Amos Robbins, parish clerk of Creyke-Winch, Cambridgeshire, assisted the clergyman in dealing out spiritual food to the villagers on Sunday, and somewhat coarser, though equally necessary, provision for their bodies during the week. The little double-fronted grocer's shop filled almost the same place in Creyke-Winch that Whiteley the Universal Provider does in Westbourne Grove, though on a much smaller scale; from Bibles to gunpowder, and prayer-books to safety-matches, there was scarcely anything which you could not purchase there. In order to keep up the fiction of doing a very expansive business, Mr Amos Robbins never admitted that he did not deal in any article he might be asked for, and he had one invariable reply for any such emergency. If a customer desired to be supplied with a handsome wedding-cake or a stuffed rhinoceros, the reply was the same in each case: 'We are out of it just at present, but we can get it for you in a few days.' Mr Robbins always used the term 'we'—it had a more commercial ring about it than the more restricted 'I,' although he had no partner, and his only assistant was his son Charlie.

A bright June day was drawing to its close. Mr Robbins's establishment ceased to do business at eight o'clock, and that hour was on the point of striking. He laid down his pen, and called to his son, who was in the back parlour, 'Charlie, take this parcel of groceries to the Vicarage, and then come back and shut up.'

The summons was very unwelcome. Mr Charles Robbins, aged nineteen, was at that moment intently engaged in studying the *Racing Oracle*, which boldly attempted to name the horses which would win at the forthcoming Newmarket Races.

Visions of making large sums of money with little outlay and no risk dazzled his imagination. It seemed so absurdly simple. You had only to send your half-sovereigns up to Layen, Bookie, & Co., mentioning that you wish to back Invincible for the July stakes, and in due course a cheque would come back for a nice little amount. If only he could raise a small sum of ready cash to begin with, the thing was as good as done. Why, a few careful and successful investments of this kind would enable him to quit the detestable grocery work and set up as a turf-agent for himself, attend all race meetings, and find pleasure and occupation delightfully united. He rose with a sigh, took the parcel of soap and candles which his father put into his hands, and strolled leisurely to the Vicarage.

Having delivered the goods at the side door, he met the vicar in the garden, who handed him a newspaper.

'I am glad I saw you, Charlie,' said the old gentleman, 'for now you can take the *Guardian* to your father. Tell him to read the article on Church schools.'

The youth took the paper with a word of thanks, and sauntered homewards, glancing at the contents as he went. He thought it a dull paper, nothing like so interesting as the *Racing Oracle*, when suddenly his attention was arrested by the following advertisement:

'To Parish Clerks.—Wanted, certificates of the birth and marriage of Paul Stanton, believed to have died in the county of Norfolk or Essex between the years 1780 and 1790. Liberal reward offered. —Mr George Sandeman, Solicitor, 122 Queen Street, Cheapside, London.'

'A good thing for somebody there,' reflected Charlie. 'Liberal reward. I wish I could lay hands on it. What a bank it would be to start backing winners with! But Norfolk or Essex is not Cambridgeshire, worse luck! or I might have had a chance. Stay, though; they don't know for certain where the old bloke died; and—let me see—yes, 1780 to 1790: that's only ten years to look through. Wouldn't take me half-an-hour to do it. We've a lot of musty old registers in our vestry cupboard which the vicar thinks an awful lot of. I wouldn't give sixpence for a cartful of them, but it will cost nothing to have a look. I'll do it to-morrow morning.' He walked on building a delightful future for himself if this chance should come off. He would keep it secret from his father, the vicar, and every one else until he had earned the reward. And then the question arose: how much should he ask? Taking a penknife from his pocket, he cut out the advertisement and placed it carefully in his purse. 'If father notices the bit cut out, he is sure to think they did it at the Vicarage for some reason or other,' he muttered.

The possibility of a sudden prize in Fortune's lottery caused him a restless night. Cold caution told him it was extremely improbable that their church should contain the particular entries wanted —that, to use his favourite language, the odds were heavily against it. Hope declined to be intimidated, and painted bright visions of a rosy future. Soon

after breakfast he was at the church, and hauled out the old registers from the cupboard in which they lay. A glance showed him the volume containing the deaths from 1780 to 1790; and running his finger down the pages, he almost started from his seat, his heart beating violently, as he came upon the name, 'Paul Asherley Stanton.'

Yes, there it was. The 'hundred to one' chance had come off; the life of enjoyment and money-making was within his reach!

'Paul Asherley Stanton, aged 70, buried 10th of July 1783. (Body brought from Great Burstead, Essex, where he died.)—JAMES PHILIPSON, Vicar.' There was the entry plain and unmistakable, the writing faded but quite legible. The prize was his.

'Seventy years old,' reflected Charlie. 'Was he born in this parish? I wonder. If so, his baptism ought to be here too. Seventy from eighty-three leaves twelve—no, thirteen. Let's look in the birth register for 1713.'

And here again fortune seemed to favour the bold. For on the 9th of April 1713 the infant Paul Asherley Stanton had been baptised by Benjamin Clarkson, the vicar of the parish at that time.

'If he was born here, and buried here,' thought Charlie gleefully, 'the chances are he lived here most of his life, and was married here too. It will be a longer job to find out the marriage; but I've got two links of the chain already, and I won't miss the third for the want of a little trouble.'

This search was a long one, and he began to doubt whether he should succeed in it; but at last he found that, twenty-seven years after he was born, Paul Stanton married Elizabeth Brymer, of his own village, Creyke-Winch, on the 5th of April 1740.

The chain was complete; it only remained to get the reward. Long and earnestly he pondered on the best means of securing not only the reward offered, whatever it might be, but any sum he chose to demand. The more he thought on this the more his cupidity grew. Suddenly the idea struck him that to cut out from the three registers the leaves on which the all-important entries were made would make him absolutely safe. So absorbed was he in the one idea of preventing any one else from forestalling him, sharing the reward with him, or getting it altogether, that the serious nature of this act did not occur to him. Even if it had, he would probably still have thought the game well worth the risk. It took but a few minutes to remove the leaves from their respective volumes with a sharp penknife; and as he folded them up, placed them carefully in his breast-pocket, and put back the registers in the cupboard, he already saw himself in fancy the largest bookmaker on the turf. That night he sat up in his bedroom and wrote the following letter:

'SIR,—I have found the certificates of the birth, marriage, and death of Paul Asherley Stanton, which you advertised for. Before letting you have them, I wish to know the amount of the reward you offer. Please put an advertisement in the *Standard* newspaper, something like this:

'"To C. R.—Will give . . . for the certificates," naming the sum.—Yours truly, C. R.'

When he had addressed the envelope to Mr Sandeman he wrote another letter, which ran:

'DEAR TED,—Please post the enclosed letter for me at some office or letter-box in the City. There's such a game on, and I may tell you about it after; but I know you're too staunch a pal to take advantage of my trusting you with the letter, and I've no fear of your opening it and reading it.—Ever yours, 'CHARLIE.'

And then he went to bed; and if he did not sleep the sleep of the just man, he had dreams of a house in Park Lane, a carriage-and-pair, every luxury that money can give to a leviathan bookmaker.

CHAPTER III.—THE LINK LOST.

IT was with a feeling of intense disgust that Charlie read in the 'agony' column of the *Standard*, two days later:

'To C. R.—Will give £20 for the certificates.'

'Twenty pounds!' he muttered. 'Don't they wish they may get it! I'll have two hundred; not a farthing less. I couldn't start business in the Ring with less, and I'm not going to let slip the best chance of my life. Here goes to put the screw on them.' Then he wrote:

'Terms ridiculous and insufficient. Will not part with the certificates under two hundred pounds. C. R.'

As he returned from posting this letter it flashed across him that in the heat and excitement of his righteous indignation he had made a very serious mistake. He had written the letter, addressed it to Mr Sandeman, and hurried off with it to the village post-office, completely forgetting in his haste that it should have been sent to his friend in London, to be posted, like the first one, in a way that should leave no trace of the writer's whereabouts. He went back to the post-office and asked to have the letter returned to him, saying that he had forgotten to add an important postscript. But Charlie was no favourite with the village postmistress. On more than one occasion he had given her some of his 'sauce,' as she termed it, and she stoutly refused to give up the letter. It was in her trust now, she said; she was answerable to Government for it, and she wouldn't break rules for a young chap with more 'lip' than good manners.

Charlie went home rather sobered by this unlucky accident. 'But, after all,' he thought, 'they can't get the certificates without me. What a good thing

I cut them out! I know where to hide them safely, and they'll find it's a case of money or nothing.'

To his surprise, no further advertisement in reply appeared during the next two or three days. The suspense began to grow painful, and it was with difficulty that he brought himself to the fulfilment of his ordinary duties, for his mind was, of course, completely absorbed in the problem of the reward. His sister, Lucy Larette, noticed his absent-mindedness more than once, and playfully rallied him upon it, though her conjecture was necessarily wide of the mark.

'You've something on your mind, Charlie,' she said. 'Some pretty girl, I expect, who is not going to be won too easily. You'd better take me back to Larssen, as Stephen wishes you to do. A change would do you good, and you ought to see our beautiful Swiss mountains and the Larssen Glacier. The bottom of it is just at the end of our village, and there is a wonderful ice-cave only about three hundred yards up the ascent. Father would spare you for a fortnight, and perhaps when you come back you will find your love affairs going more smoothly.'

Lucy Larette (*née* Robbins), a pretty, bright English girl, had married Stephen Larette, a prosperous young Swiss, about two years before this. Larette had come to England as travelling agent for a large condensed-milk factory, and while in this country had met, fallen in love with, and married Charlie's sister. After Lucy had lived two years in her new home, the course of his business necessitated her husband's return to England once more, and Lucy accompanied him, glad of the opportunity to see her father and mother again. She stayed with them while her husband travelled about opening up new connections for the firm he represented. An unlooked-for emergency at home compelled him to return suddenly; and not wishing to shorten his wife's stay, he asked Charlie to travel back with his sister a fortnight later, offering to pay all expenses and to make him their welcome guest as long as he cared to stay. The matter, however, was still undecided, as Mr Robbins was rather unwilling to spare his son from the business. In the meantime a second shadow was cast across Charlie's road to success.

Mr Comberton, the vicar of Creyke-Winch, called at the shop one morning to see his parish clerk. Mr Robbins was behind the counter serving a customer. When the latter left, the vicar entered into a conversation about an enlargement of the churchyard, which had been proposed by the vestry.

The conference ended, the vicar was leaving the shop, when he turned and inquired carelessly:

'By-the-bye, Robbins, when I gave Charlie the *Guardian* the other evening, I meant to point out an advertisement to him which he was to show you. It was one of those which sometimes appear, headed "To Parish Clerks," and offering a reward for some certificates. It is not very likely that our registers contain the entries; but I thought I would put the chance in your way. Did you look them up?'

Anxious to be up to date in all matters of business, Mr Robbins had caused a 'pay-place' to be constructed at one end of his counter, fitted with a glass screen which ran round three sides of it, and brass network in the front through which the customer pushed his ticket and his money. Charlie, ensconced in this haven of refuge, heard with horror the vicar's startling question. It was a veritable mine sprung unexpectedly upon him, and he listened with painful anxiety for his father's reply:

'I didn't see any advertisement to parish clerks in the paper, sir; though I'm much obliged to you for thinking of me. But we can soon look it up. I'll fetch the paper; it's in my room.'

While his father went for the paper Charlie hastily reviewed the situation. 'There's nothing for it now but hard lying,' he reflected. 'If the vicar remembers all the names and particulars I'm done for; but he's scarcely likely to do that.'

Mr Robbins soon returned with the *Guardian*, and the vicar, opening the paper, glanced down the columns.

'Why, it isn't here,' he said in surprise; 'it's been cut out. Look, this is where it was, just below Mowbray's advertisement.'

'Sure enough, something has been cut out there, sir. I remember now I noticed it when looking through the paper; but I didn't think twice about it. I supposed it had been cut out at the Vicarage.'

'No; I am sure it was not,' said the vicar. 'The paper was entire and complete when I gave it to your son.'

'Charlie,' called Mr Robbins, knowing he was in the pay-desk, 'come here.'

The young man had had time to pull himself together, and advanced with an air of unconcern.

'Did you cut out an advertisement from this sheet?' asked his father, pointing to the vacant place.

'No. I know nothing about it, father.'

'Very odd,' said the vicar. 'Who can have done it? But, after all, it does not matter. Fortunately I have it in the *Church Times*. I don't take that paper regularly, but I bought a copy to read in the train yesterday, and I noticed that the advertisement is in there also. I'll bring it to you when I am in this direction to-morrow afternoon.'

'Then I know what I must do before then,' thought Charlie. 'There's no time to be lost. How fortunate for me that Lucy goes back to Switzerland to-morrow!'

That evening, as Mr Robbins's family were at supper, Charlie suddenly announced his earnest desire to be allowed to return with his sister the next morning.

'You can spare me well enough for a fortnight, father,' he pleaded. 'It's the chance of a lifetime for me. There's no saying when Lucy may be over again, and a hundred things may happen to prevent my going with her another time. You

know it won't cost you a penny, for Stephen has promised to pay my return fare. I've worked for you for some years without anything of a holiday to speak of, and I shall take it very badly if you don't let me have this one now.'

'Yes, do let him come, father,' urged Lucy. 'You don't know what a grand thing it is to see our Swiss mountains. I wish you could come too.'

'But, my dear boy,' said Mrs Robbins, 'it is impossible to get your things ready now.'

'What do I want but a small portmanteau with another suit of clothes and some shirts and things? I'm not going to the other end of the world, and don't want a lot of things for just a fortnight. Men think less of these matters than women. You'll let me go, father, won't you?'

Mr Robbins hummed and hawed, and raised one or two minor objections, which were overruled; finally, he consented on Charlie giving a positive promise to return at the end of the fortnight, and not extend his holiday one day longer. The next morning Charlie and his sister left for Larssen and its glacier.

(To be continued.)

A BYWAY IN IRELAND.

By Mrs GORGES.

THOSE who want respite from the inevitable tripper of the modern watering-place, its brass bands, nigger minstrels, casinos, and parades, should turn their attention to Ireland. For in this island, belauded and belittled alike outrageously, according as spoken of by friend or foe, many a spot of beauty unsurpassed may still be found as free from vulgar associations and almost as still and silent as the heart of a virgin forest. The hurry of modern life has not touched or the fever of its restlessness breathed upon it. If peace and calm can come to the soul of man from the absence of whirl and clatter, the repose of an atmosphere little troubled by currents from the outside world, then surely these may be found in many a glen and valley of the green island, and especially of that seaboard coast on which the wild Atlantic beats, the first shore from far-off America whereon its waves may break.

Kinsale is one of these spots (*Cean-saille*, or the 'head of the salt-water'), a place quite out of the direct track, and in consequence rarely visited. The traveller from Dublin to Cork, if he desires to go to Kinsale, has to wait from two to three hours in the latter city ere, crossing from one side of it to the other, he gets one of the few trains to Kinsale from the Cork and Bandon Terminus. Therefore he is seldom tempted to extend his explorations to the quaint old town of which he knows at most that it is a fishing-port of no particular note. Yet once Kinsale was of such importance that as late as the eighteenth century letters to Cork were addressed 'Cork, near Kinsale.' Kinsale was the key to the south of Ireland then, its harbour giving 'great anchorage to men-of-war and to the fleets of merchantmen which they convoyed to the East and West Indies.' In Caulfield's *Annals of Kinsale* it is described (1686) as 'the safest and best harbour, where ships of the greatest burden may ride within less than half a cable's length of the shore. . . . Sir Jeremy Smith chose it in 1666, and had there upwards of fifty sayle of men-of-war and merchantmen;' while, again, 'Prince Rupert thought it the best harbour, for in 1648 he brought the King's fleet there, and the Spaniards theirs in 1660.'

Now the lovely landlocked bay shelters only the fishing-fleets and trading-schooners which at the busy times find their way here, and the yachts and sailing-boats which, like white-winged birds, flit over its quiet waters as backward and forward they thread their way to and from the broad Atlantic, whose waves foam and fret just beyond its shelter. For yachtsman and fisherman this harbour is still 'one of the famousest of all Ireland;' and for a nominal price those who love boating may spend a long day rowing, fishing, or resting in one of the sandy coves inside the harbour bar. There are two harbours, be it observed, the inner and the outer; the latter called Endilvorth in old times, as witnessed by an ancient seal bearing the name 'Kinsale d'Endilvorth,' or Kinsale of the outer fiord, as well as by other references.

At the early summer and again at the 'fall' fishing, the bay presents a busy and stirring scene, for then the fishing-fleets, Manx and Cornish and 'deep sea,' come crowding in to share the harvest of the sea, of which they usually carry off the larger part.

Full of human interest as the bay is at such seasons—when, in addition to the boats, there are ice-hulks, steam-carriers, and curing-vessels, all with busy hands at work—yet the view is as attractive—to some more so—when the temporary bustle is over and the place settles down to its ordinary quiet. On Compass Hill you gaze from a height which adds to the beauty of the scene by the sense of aloofness from detail, of space, distance, and colour, which lends a mystic charm to all. Especially in the morning when the sun flashes on the waters and on the white fishing-village at the head of the bay, or in the soft, gray evening when the mist steals in from the sea, and those dwellings of the fishers gleam like snow through the shadows, and the solitary lamp from each boat shines like a star, is the charm felt. By those who have sojourned much in Italy the scene as viewed from Compass Hill is often likened to an Italian one;

but there is a tenderness in Irish skies which sheds a glamour over the land they look down upon, a softness lacking amid all the Southern brilliance and beauty.

Kinsale is situated at the point where the river Bandon meets the sea, broad and tidal, yet still a river as it flows down the landward side of a hilly promontory called Castle-ny-Parke, which stretches across the harbour, sweeping round where this ends, and merging into the ocean. Low hills bound the harbour, and on these stand a fort, the first stone of which was laid by the Duke of Ormond in 1670, and which was built to defend the harbour from foreign—particularly Spanish—attack: a needful precaution, for the fort of Castle-ny-Parke, just opposite, had in 1601 been held by the Spaniards, who then occupied Kinsale, and no one could tell what the fortune of war might bring. So the later fort (Fort Charles, after Charles II.) was built, and no doubt served its purpose then. Now it is used as a barrack, and much does it add to the dreamy pleasure of the scene to hear the ring of the bugle-call come floating over the waters. Always does it stir the heart, and never so much as when it recalls the past, the days when such a call meant 'To arms!' and when fort and bastion, hill, plain, and promontory, bristled with knights and men-at-arms—Celt, Norman, and Spaniard—and when the heart of woman throbbed and her eyes wept for some one in the ranks, assailant or defender, who was fighting on those green hills which now tell no tale of the warfare that has passed over them, the lives that have gone down, the hearts that have been broken in the strife.

The town proper stands in a valley, from which a series of short, precipitous hills lead to its crowning height, Compass Hill, where are the pretty dwellings of some of the resident gentry. A curious, quaint old town it is—the streets so narrow as to threaten the loss of a limb should two Irish jaunting-cars meet therein; the houses old, with an age that has the beauty of the past but none of its squalor. There is nothing mean about the oldest, with the broad, low windows and peaked roofs, and a certain suggested spaciousness of interior, as seen from the generally open door. Nor is there an air of squalor about the poor; one cause of which is with the women undoubtedly, as they have not yet discarded the graceful national cloak. Here, instead of the Galway crimson or the Roscommon blue, it is of black, with a deep, wide, circular hood drawn over the head when wanted. These cloaks are of the very best material, costing each from five to seven pounds and upwards, and are handed down from mother to daughter. At first sight the wearers look like nuns of a particular order; but a second glance reveals not the nun's pale stillness beneath, but the dark, eager eyes, the face often young but worn and anxious, and looking older than it should. For now, as always, the burdens of life fall heaviest on the women. Fishermen's wives and mothers are many of these, bearing the marks of vigils through the long nights of storm and peril, when son or brother, husband or sweetheart, may be sinking, to rise no more, in the trough of the green wave, even as the watcher prays.

> For men must work and women must weep,
> And there 's little to earn and many to keep,
> Though the harbour bar be moaning.

On the women, too, falls the heavy task of making both ends meet; and, oh! how difficult it is those faces reveal. A good fishing season means little more than the paying off of debts contracted during the winter months for bare maintenance, and which must begin again when the summer is over, so that virtually they are never out of debt. And the gains of the Kinsale men are certainly one-third less, sometimes one-half, than those of the 'foreigners,' for these have all the modern appliances—among the rest fine-meshed nets for the herring-fishery, while the local men have only nets suitable for the capture of mackerel. So that often at the end of a season, while the profit to strangers has been large, the Kinsale fishermen are little, if any, the better of their hardships and dangers. And so poverty is the rule, not the exception, in that lovely fishing-village Scilly, built, they say, by Spaniards at the time of the Armada, and now sheltering many of their descendants, men who will face any peril on the sea, but refuse, as a rule, casual work on land (there is no regular employment to offer) from a curious pride which is perhaps a surer proof of Spanish ancestry than even their dark eyes and hair. Heredity, for good or ill, is powerful, and never more so than in such a combination as Celtic and Spanish blood. But here, as always, is the Irish woman found putting her shoulder to the wheel, and equally with the girls they teach are the Sisters of the Convent of Mercy, Kinsale, doing this. More than fifty years ago (1846–49) their school gave help and employment to hundreds of the perishing poor, and was called 'The Factory' from the extent and variety of the work done. And well has it kept up its traditions.

At present fine and plain needlework, embroidery, crochet, and many other kinds of work are taught and beautifully done by the workers; but there is only space to dwell on that which is their speciality—Limerick lace. Turn into this convent, situated on a hill above the town, and you will see rows of girls sitting opposite each other at their lace-frames, patiently working at the beautiful fabric which in the early Victorian period was so prized and sought after, and which now, after many vicissitudes, has, thanks to Lady Aberdeen, revived on even a better footing as to form and design. For these girls were first taught the art under her auspices, and the convent of Kinsale, closely followed by others, was the first to adopt the suggestion of establishing an art class under South Kensington in the school, the idea being to form a class of designers in each centre. Lectures were given, beautiful pieces of antique lace lent, and an

ideal of lace-making and design put before the pupils which has very highly elevated their standard.

Limerick lace is of two kinds, the 'run' and the 'tambour,' both done on a groundwork of net. The design of the former is traced or 'run' with the needle, that of the 'tambour' with a hook resembling a crochet-needle, producing a fine chain-stitch. This is very pretty and quickly done, and therefore less expensive than the 'run,' which, however, is marvellously fine and delicate, the tracery being filled in with very fine darning, and the spaces embellished with fancy net-stitches. Though Limerick lace has not a needlework-ground, and so does not rank among the true (the point) laces, yet it has a filmy, graceful effect which can scarcely be surpassed by lace often costing as many guineas as this does shillings. I purchased at the convent an exceedingly pretty lace scarf worked from a point-lace design, and as far as beauty was concerned, I did not envy the possessor of the point-lace scarf from which it was copied. There is a workroom for design attached to the school, where designs can be changed or adapted after trial by the lace-workers.

Yet, in spite of the perfection attained, the school is suffering from the difficulty of finding a fixed market for its work. Sometimes large orders may come in; at other times the demand flags, and for teacher and taught it is alike discouraging to go on executing piece after piece of elaborate workmanship and beautiful design only on the chance of purchase. There are a hundred girls at work in this convent; and, in the face of all the poverty which their work alleviates, the nuns will not willingly part with any. Kinsale is more at a disadvantage than other lace centres, being completely out of the beaten track; and 'out of sight, out of mind.' A better knowledge of the work might bring in many orders, and the sisters send boxes of lace on approval; but of course the real need is that the work should be put on a business footing. Crowded as is the labour market, it is not superfluous among the world's industries, as the prices obtained by the shops prove. Only the other day the worker of a handsome lace collar sold it for seventeen shillings and sixpence, and ere she had left the shop, saw it bought by a lady who came in for thirty-seven shillings and sixpence.

Of course there are good times and bad times, the World's Fair at Chicago being one of the former. The Kinsale lace was greatly prized there, five hundred pounds' worth of orders being executed for it, while Lady Aberdeen gave large private orders. The workers were able to earn from ten shillings to seventeen shillings a week, and this, too, when the fishing season proved particularly bad. They do not sound much, these earnings; but they made all the difference in many a struggling home, as would a helping hand to-day. Meanwhile the workers are doing their best, under the patient, persevering guidance of the convent Sisters of Mercy.

The church of Kinsale is of great historical interest, being one of the most ancient in Ireland. Called St Multose, after an Irish saint of the sixth century, it was yet built by the Normans towards the end of the twelfth century, a few years after Henry II., as acknowledged 'Lord of Ireland,' had granted 'the kingdom of Cork' to Robert Fitz-Stephen and Milo de Coyan. As it is mentioned in the Decretal Epistles of Pope Innocent III. (1199), it must have been erected before that date; but, indeed, the architecture alone of the grand old church gives proof of its antiquity. Altered as it has been, much of the old work remains, and of that which has been removed the traces are plain. Seven fine Gothic arches once separated the north aisle from the transept, over the first of which, the only one now remaining, rises the low, massive tower, its walls five feet thick, as were the pillars which supported the arches.

Walls and tower were once crowned with battlements, for, like all the Anglo-Norman possessions in Ireland, Kinsale, if hard to win, was harder to keep. Spaniard often joined hand with Irish 'rebel' against the English foe, so that even in the reign of Richard II. orders were given to surround the town with walls, against 'Spanish and Irish enemies.'

St Multose is one of the few Irish churches now in use which reflect the past. Here, on 27th June 1487, Sir Richard Edgecomb, who had arrived in Kinsale with five ships, after making search for 'Con Eop, a rover on the sea,' took in the chancel the oath of Lord Courcey for his barony of Kinsale. The Portrieve (or chief of the port) was also sworn; and they bound themselves on pain of one thousand pounds, under the arms of the same lord and common seal of the town, then receiving the king's pardon (they had previously delivered up the keys of the town to Sir Richard Edgecomb, receiving them again in the king's name). A large number of local gentlemen are also named as making 'their othes of ligeaunce in the church of Saynt Multok.' They were accused of siding with Lambert Simnel.

A hundred years after, this church was the scene of another notable gathering, 'to celebrate the general thanksgiving of Her Majesty's happy success against the Spaniards [the defeat of the Spanish Armada]. The church was not able to receive all the people, so that great numbers were forced to stand without. Service ended, the Sovereign of the town ['Sovereign' was the title given to the Chief Commissioner or Magistrate at that time], his brethren and commons, their wives and servants, received the Communion.' Small wonder is it to read that some 'rather seemed to repine at Her Majesty's success.'

As we stand in the dim old church, it is easy in fancy to people it with the hosts which once crowded its aisles—the Norman lords and their retainers watching, even as they bent in reverent worship, for clash of arms or signal of attack; the seamen from far-off lands praying side by side with the

Flemish mercenary—all strangers in a strange land, even to the foreign priests who accompanied the Norman hosts, and who were as little in touch with their Celtic brethren of the tonsure as were Norman noble and Irish chief. And now

> **The knights are dust,**
> **Their good swords are rust,**
> **Their souls are with the saints, we trust.**

But the walls they built are here, strong and massive still, to remind the peaceful worshippers of to-day of bygone times and bygone generations.

Not until 1835 were six of the seven noble old arches removed; the seventh was only spared because it supports the tower. Why this and other acts of vandalism were committed it is hard to conjecture; the fresco-covered pillars and the arches were strong and massive as ever, while the five thin wooden pillars then substituted have already been found inadequate. No wonder that a great effort was made, and help solicited from all interested in such effort, to rebuild the old arches instead of patching up the wooden supports, already decaying, and to restore the ancient building to something of its primitive grandeur and simplicity. The work is now being carried on. The arches have been restored at a cost of about one thousand three hundred pounds, subscribed by the parishioners and others; and so one great object is gained, although for want of funds the full restoration cannot at present be completed. Those who care to hear more of the work may be referred to a most interesting little book written by a late rector of Kinsale, the Reverend J. Lindsey Darling, M.A., and entitled *St Multose Church, Kinsale: As it was, as it is, and as it ought to be.* It is enriched with illustrations of the church past and present, and of many of its old memorials, such as the tower doors, the ancient font and Easter Sepulchre, the memorials to the dead, the curious old limestone table and stone coffin-lid, with many a richly carved tablet and quaint inscription. This little work gives an interesting and graphic account of Kinsale, to which this sketch is indebted for some of its facts.

The river of Time flows on; the old order changes. Very populous once, Kinsale is a lonely place to-day: only the children playing on the hillsides to give it life. And what lovely children they are, the sparkle of the sea in eyes blue as the sky above, or else dark with the fire of their Spanish ancestry, looking up from under a tangle of soft, fair curls with shy grace and bright, fearless glance peculiar to happy childhood! And happier they are than many a child born to the 'purple and fine linen,' dwelling untrammelled in an atmosphere of love, and shielded when possible from privations that fall upon the elders. Nor do their rounded limbs and clear, rose-tinted complexions tell of any want; the groups of children playing outside their homes are as joyous as they are beautiful. One of the prettiest of these was witnessed on the steep declivity of Cock Hill, which the stranger descends with many a 'shrewd slip,' like the Pilgrim to the Valley of Humiliation, for then, as now, it is easier to ascend than to descend. But on the slope was a scene which required an artist to do it justice: children from two or three to perhaps nine years watching the gambols of a monkey and a small kitten. The monkey was evidently a pet, brought probably from foreign parts by the sailor-father of some of these little ones, and his tender solicitude over his playfellow was the source of highest delight to them, as he snatched it from the smallest impending danger—horse, dog, or passer-by—and hurried with it to shelter. Getting him off guard for a moment, one of the children hid the kitten; but his distress was so piteous that a chorus of childish voices united in crying, 'Give it back to him,' and the restoration was effected. Poor little monkey! pet and plaything of the children as he was, he evidently wanted something weaker than himself on which to lavish his tenderness. The last look, ere turning the corner at the bottom of the hill, revealed him gambolling with and keeping a watchful eye on the kitten, while, in various attitudes and expressions, the children looked on delighted. What a pity there was not a kodak at hand!

Some capital and enterprise would probably make Kinsale what it once was—a noted seaside resort. It is an ideal place for the yachtsman, for those who love boating, and especially for the angler, as its seas literally swarm with fish. And it is a restful place for those who only care to look on and listen, as the waters of its own landlocked bay, to the roar of the sea, so near and yet so far. But it wants houses, it wants a better water-supply, it wants a hundred things to bring it into touch with modern requirements. And when this is done, as it probably will be some day, perhaps its individuality and quaint charm may evaporate in the process; it always does so happen with the march of improvement. Therefore, let there be no fuss or undue hurry in the matter. Let Con the genial postman, who knows every one's affairs and sympathises with the joys or woes which he surmises his letters are bringing, still climb up and down the hills for pure love of his calling—he owns house property, and is very well-to-do indeed; let the fisherman still persist in refusing to tempt the seas on the most propitious day if 'herself' crosses his path in the morning—'herself' being a red-haired woman, omen of all ill-luck; let follies, superstitions, and prejudices fade away gradually, as mist before the sun; and then Kinsale will be clean, thrifty, go-ahead, and—not half so interesting!

THE AUTOCRAT.

By MAYNE LINDSAY, Author of *The Whirligig*, &c.

CHAPTER X.

'IS that you, Buck? Come in.'

The other sentry was descending the veranda-steps into a flood of moonlight. Buck, his face wearing an expression of respectful concern, stepped to the door of the bedroom, leaned his rifle against the jamb, pulled off his cap, and entered. Rex was lying in a long cane chair, a silk rug over his knees, and a lamp on a table beside him. His servant was carrying an empty tray away; and the room had been swept and tidied for the night.

'I'm better, thanks,' Rex said cheerfully, answering the unspoken question. 'I say, what a gorgeous night! Roll up the *chick*, will you? and let me see. How are Dunne and Juarez?'

The soldier obeyed as he answered. The enclosure was decked out in silver, the scarlet shrubs and plantains transformed into a growth of paradise, the thatch of a distant bungalow into a filmy mystery. Akasa was extraordinarily quiet. The stars were wheeling to midnight; and the enclosure was winking back to them with the yellow pin-prick of lights, and murmuring in an undertone not smothered by the note of the village.

'The corporal's doing well. Juarez went back to duty this morning. It takes more than hard knocks to do for our fellows, sir; because we've all been born to trouble, as you may say, and it comes natural-like.' He grinned.

The two young men observed each other for a moment. They had come to look forward to this nightly encounter, Rex as a relief to the monotony of his convalescence, and as something more. Buck had become a familiar object, almost a friend; certainly an individual whose face-value might be relied on, plain and easy to comprehend as his sturdy Cockney tongue. He had been helpful, too, more than a few times during the past fortnight, while the new-comer paid for the rashness of his first exploration in Akasa by fever and tossing and a sick sense of his own impotency. He was, as he said, better now; but he was still tied by the leg to his bungalow, while events—crises possibly—marched by beyond it. Their eyes moved on to the splendour of the night.

'It might be the Garden of Eden—eh?' Rex said, drawing a long breath. 'Who would think it was really a dirty, uncared-for hole, all in a ferment of discords?' He spoke half-aloud, to himself. 'But perhaps it has simmered down while I have been in bed.'

He propped his head with his hand and looked out rather anxiously. He had had no news, had been permitted none, of the progress of the king's negotiations. The riot had been quelled; and Spencer, in a few flying visits, had had pouches under his eyes, and an inability to sit still in an easy-chair, which was—as nature had so palpably designed him for easy-chairs—a sign of the times. The days had been very long—longer than ever when health began to stir through Rex again. That all Kerisal slept in the interval was scarcely credible; and yet it was the impression the fat man and his father, if they could have been accused of trying to impress him at all, might have been suspected of attempting to convey.

'That foreign warship'—— Buck began, striking across his thoughts.

The convalescent looked up.

'What ship?'

'Oh, it's news to you, sir? I'm glad it's news.' He was openly pleased to have brought a titbit of gossip to a weary soul; he stood clumsily in the doorway, hands at sides, and began to retail it. 'That's what the *Star* went out to speak to, sir, that unfort'nate day you—— Yessir. As I was saying, yes. She's been lying about two miles out since sunset, and a boatload of her officers came ashore to dinner with *them*.' His nod towards the thatches indicated the powers of the land. 'She was off here about a week ago, they tell me; and Mr Spencer paid 'em a midnight call in his gig. It was meant to be confidential, I dare say; but he's got a crew, and a coxs'n, and the coxs'n, being piebald, talked to us; and I make no manner of doubt the crew, being one colour, talked to its coloured friends. Anyhow, it's open talk the town was ugly after it, and this time—this time I'll lay my oath there'll be bigger trouble unless it's passed round she's slung her hook for good in the morning.'

He stopped for breath, not without complacence. He could see that his information was news indeed by the altered posture, the sudden eagerness, of its recipient.

'Eh? Say that again,' Rex said, clutching the arm of the chair; and Buck repeated it, with additions.

'They was here before you came, sir—a month ago, it may be—and two of 'em went out to Tanalao with the lieutenant and a gentleman from Bengal that came and went in a hurry. Before the villagers attacked us, that was; though a pal of mine that was in the escort said they looked nasty then—ve-ry nasty—and the foreign officer gentlemen, they remarked upon it. They did say they were told that Prince Ahmed Madrali it was that caused all the ill-feeling, and one of the foreigners wanted to know why *we* couldn't settle him. Things ain't done so easy. 'Course, there's this much in it, that he holds with the anti-foreign faction; and *that*, if you come to it, is just all Kerisal outside those there gates.'

Rex's fingers beat a nervous tattoo on the chair.

'Are the foreign officers still here?' he queried.

'No, sir; they went off from the king's jetty, the tide being favourable, about an hour ago.'

'Did you see them?'

'Me, sir? Oh, yessir. We turned out o' barracks as they went down, barracks being alongside the jetty almost. Oldish gentleman, very gold-lacy, and a couple of younger ones. Oh, *I* know 'em,' Buck said, nodding knowingly. 'Seen 'em before; not here, though. Bad-tempered lot, I call 'em. Swallowed the ramrod in their own country; and they can't spit it up again—if you will excuse my language, sir. I wonder what they want here. You don't tell me a foreigner would come to this forsaken country if he hadn't something up his sleeve. Besides, it 's ticklish navigation round Logo for a thumping big man-o'-war; and they seem to prefer to take it at night-time, which is more than you 'd persuade Mr Captain Fernandez to do.'

Rex hardly heard the end of this discourse. His head was in a whirl of reawakened doubts and agitation, and he was not yet strong enough to bear their stress without feeling it. All his fevered forebodings, that he had tried to smile at in returning health, had started to life, full-armed and menacing, again. There had been no break in the chain since the night he stood, dazed and wounded, and heard Jani Mata's proposal thrown back at him. They had not rested there, Spencer and the king. Now that he saw clearly, he knew how childish had been his hope that Ahmed Madrali's warning should bear fruit. His father was not the man to turn aside for a word, however keen and searching. And this meant—what? He saw the face by the dike, the bright angry eyes, the man's force and determination, with a startling distinctness.

He rose from his chair, and the rug dropped at his feet. He made a step to the door.

'I'm better, you know,' he repeated—'much better. I say, Buck, do you think the king is over there? I—I rather want to see him.'

Buck gazed at him with the stupor of bewilderment for an instant. The impulse was unexpected, and it looked irrelevant. Then he came back to his professional attitude with a snap; he had forgotten there were duties, and here was the chief of them to bounce him into his proper place. He stepped backward, replaced his cap, and shouldered his rifle.

'Beg pardon, sir, but I've orders you're not to leave your house, 'cept when the king gives leave. You've got to be kept quiet, Mr Spencer says, and on no account allowed walking exercise.'

'When did Mr Spencer say that?'

'Repeated it, sir, on leaving you this morning.'

'Oh, but'—in spite of his indignation, Rex laughed—'he only meant if I did not feel strong enough, you conscientious soul! You mustn't treat me as if I were under arrest, you know. As it happens, there is something urgent I must say to the king; you must let me pass, please.'

They were both flushed, and they faced each other.

Then, '*Excuse* me, sir,' Peter Buck said thickly, and lowered his rifle until it barred the door from side to side.

'Don't be an ass,' Rex said, trying to smile.

'No, sir,' Buck said, without budging. He made a sturdy barrier, and though his face was very hot, and not a little sheepish, he showed no sign of flinching. Rex, with his unsteady knees, accepted his defeat ruefully, but with a creditable amount of generosity.

'I'm afraid you are one, you know,' he said; 'but you mean well, and so there is an end of the matter. You had better go back to your sentry-go.' He dropped the curtain and left the soldier outside it, stupidly staring through the reeds at the lighted room, a very substantial Peri at the gate of Paradise.

Rex returned to his chair and threw his head back and lay thinking, his nerves on the rack. A mental thirst for cool, sane backwaters oppressed him; longing for the peace of Chescote, and the easy path which, with Olive in it, was so amply the grateful one. A weakness assailed him, drawing with it the craving for the girl he loved. Perhaps it was all over, Kerisal and its handful of irreconcilables bought and sold, and he was free to go home and make what terms he could for himself with those dear people who were his natural associates, his own kind, his friends, even if they were his judges too.

Presently he stood up and shook himself together. Buck's steady tramp echoed over the boards. He turned down the lamp, and went to the seaward veranda and looked out.

The man-of-war was just in sight, a speck on the silver waters away beyond the hook of the shore, apart from the little *Star*, as the *Star* in her turn lay aloof from the fishing-boats. While Rex looked—he could not have told how long he stood there, for the busy thoughts were tumbling over and over each other in his mind—she stirred and began to draw slowly out to sea, trailing through the silver in her deliberate strength, with, to the onlooker, her secretiveness made plain. She did not want the passers-by on the high seas, least of all the ubiquitous British ships, to know with whom she coquetted o' nights, or how she played the go-between; she was stealing away now, her furtive business done, to the cable that tied her to her master. The water was very still, rippling imperceptibly on the sand. Akasa looked like a fairy town; it was hard to recollect what dangled at the wharf-side, or what hatred hid itself under the hypnotic silence of the night. The very air, tropical and languid, lulled the senses. Rex shook its caresses from him with a little shiver, as if its softness repelled him.

The time had come for him to make his own appeal, useless in all likelihood, perhaps worse than useless, but one that his conscience called for. He knew the well-spring of the flood that threatened the Kerisalis, and it was not only avarice and cold-

ness of heart, it was the bitter antagonism that he had seen and understood. For his mother's sake! If he went to his father and appealed to him in her name, appealed to him for her sake who, as he had himself said, had never wished harm to a living soul, Rex had a faint hope that he might be heard. He had other arguments: those that Ahmed Madrali, in his white-heat, had poured out to him at the dike-side; but Jani Mata had had them from the fountain-head. He knew nothing of his mother but what he had heard—which was little enough; and the impulse towards restitution, towards grace—that was so strong in him, surely, only because he was her son. He must be heard, if there were still time for speaking. It was a midnight resolution, not to be kept for the cold eye of daylight, and perhaps he was, in his heart of hearts, conscious of its futility; but at the moment it burned up hotly in him.

He waited until Buck's footfall was distant; then he slipped out to the seaward veranda, stole down the steps, and crept to the cover of some shrubs. Once there he moved quickly, bending and ducking; the lights of the Middle Palace were still burning, and they became his beacon. Some pariahs scavenging by the shore began to quarrel over a piece of offal. Their worry covered up lesser sounds; which was why, as he skirted a thick, square patch of pampas, he plumped upon the king and Spencer, their backs to him, taking their last cheroots in the open air. They were reclining in a couple of steamer chairs; and the fat man was in his shirt-sleeves, his knees wide apart, his feet dangling as he lit, and puffed, and tossed his nephew the matches.

Eavesdropping, it may be postulated, can become as much a matter of course as eating and drinking. Rex had no intention of hiding himself from them—his caution had all been for the over-zealous Buck; but the yelps of the dogs and the preoccupation of the two men snatched him out of discovery. He hesitated when he saw Spencer; but that was natural, considering the intimate appeal at his heart. By the time he had recovered, Spencer was resuming an interrupted conversation, and his first words stiffened the boy and kept him rigid.

'I guess, if Mr Ahmed Madrali's removal is part of the game, he has got to be removed. They don't want the fat in the fire on their very first day of occupation; it would point the thing to the British if they came nosing after whys and wherefores, wouldn't it? This is a whole-souled surrender of independence by a mild and protection-loving nation, and the philanthropy of it is going to knock spots off the rest of the world. The prince has threatened to make trouble, and he isn't going to be here to make it; there it is. When they're fairly in, it'll be time for coaling-stations and strategic bases to crop up. I see their point, blame me if I don't! and your squeamishness is a little too fine for me. Besides, you've put your pen to the deed; it's signed and all, and this little private understanding goes with it. Kerisal ain't yours any more; you're nothing but a retired gentleman of means taking a benevolent interest in local politics.'

'They ought to do their own dirty work,' Mr Jenkins said. He made a ring of smoke, and watched it float away.

'They'll have enough,' the fat man said, and he chuckled; and Rex, craning forward, saw a spasm of ferocity cross his father's face. 'They aren't going to kill the Kerisalis with kindness, Jani; it is not their way, and we know the kind of vermin they have got to deal with better'n they know it themselves. It's done, too; and if the prince is fool enough to respond to your invitation to be here at dawn to parley over urgent affairs respecting the country, are we to blame? He walks into our hands; and he don't come out. The row afterwards is none of our business: no questions are likely to be asked. *They* are mighty careful to shut the other eye; and when the racket follows we shall be well on our way to peaceful shores, and they will be stiffened by a squadron at anchor under Logo.'

'They haven't asked for murder.'

'No, they haven't. What an ugly word, Jani! Call it translation, and don't speak so free. Well! I don't follow you—I don't indeed. You made for that; you worked for it; and now it's done—word sent to him and all fixed—you turn dog on it.'

'You don't grasp the point of my objection,' Mr Jenkins said almost peevishly. 'It is myself I am quarrelling with, and I dare say, as you say, that is too fine for you. I hate—exuberance, that is all; that's my foible, and I have been exuberant all my life, because I'm an Asiatic. It would have been easy to gull them, and let them take over that firebrand with all the rest; but I—I wanted—I couldn't give up without getting my knife into him. You're a Yankee, and you can't see why. Paid murder! Pah! In *this* century! I haven't the least intention of "turning dog" on the extinction of Ahmed Madrali, uncle. If I had lived in Kerisal he would have been dead long ago, for I am not as easy-going as you are, and I am satisfied to be the instrument of execution. And yet—this cursed Eastern taint! I have spent a quarter of a century trying to wash it out of my mouth and swallow Europe in a gulp, and here it is as strong as ever. I have gone back, day by day, under the influence of this place, to the Kerisali that is in me. Intrigue and treachery were my birthright; and I don't forgive—and never shall.'

'You're an awful crank,' Spencer mused. 'Gone back! That's fool talk; 'pears to me the original Jani never changed his spots in Europe. D'you think *I* like—translation? I don't; but if you make an omelette you mustn't mind breaking the eggs—which is what a bigger rascal than you or I said a good few years ago.'

The king turned in his chair. As he moved, with the irritable shrug his son knew so well, Rex

stooped, convinced that the thumping of his heart was growing audible, and shot into deeper hiding. He stumbled there in the sand, but he was not hurt; he went, head bent, through another thirty yards of shadows, and he came out safe beyond the bungalow. If he had applied a greater caution he would have been less likely to succeed: his recklessness, his agitation, carried him away. There were scalding, shameful tears in his eyes when he stopped to collect himself. He felt nausea; he was dizzy; and his whole soul, fretting the weakened body, was in an active revolt that would hardly permit him reasonable thought. All he knew in the first sick spasm of loathing was that it was too late to save the independence of Kerisal, and that there could be no hope of wringing restitution from the men who planned infamy as these two men, his own kindred, had laid and planned it.

For all that, Ahmed Madrali had to be warned. His figure loomed in the boy's eyes, the fire in his face, his honour, his shining devotion to his squalid birthplace. Somebody stirred on the veranda of the Middle Palace, and Rex divided the bamboos and let them swallow him up; he leaned against the wall and trembled, feebleness hurrying at the heels of his anger. Then he drew himself together. He had to do that which was to be done. He threw the tremor of convalescence behind him.

Peter Buck, the guide and instructor of innocence, had winked once and shown him a clearing in the bamboo hedge through which choice spirits of the Legion took short cuts to a certain waterside drinking-den. It went by a loose board, an iron peg or two in the great palisade, and it was cunningly hidden by the interlacing trees. Rex, rustling and creeping stealthily out of the moonshine, did not take long to find it, and he went up and over, heart in mouth. If *they* had heard him! But they had not; and the road ran higher on the other side, and he came down scathless upon a heap of garbage. He picked himself up and went empty-handed, greeted by the sour, sensuous smell of the village, repeating the learning he had stored in mind between the jolts of the palanquin a fortnight before. The moonlight glared at him; his footfall rapped and echoed. The byway kept a reticence, and here it was deeply indifferent; he looked up and down it, and not a shadow started to life. He gathered his determination and his energy, and he set to work to hunt out the yellow house with the green shutters.

(To be continued.)

ENFORCING THE BAIT ACT.

By P. T. M'GRATH, St John's, Newfoundland.

THE French fishing interests of Brittany, with their branches at St Pierre, Miquelon, have been fighting the ratification of the Anglo-Gallic Convention so effectively as to have compelled a postponement of a vote thereon by the Chamber of Deputies until next winter, and then the fight will be renewed. The grievance they have is that Newfoundland has not been required by the treaty to abandon her Bait Act, and that while she can continue to enforce that measure, she must work ruin to the French fishing-fleet on the Grand Banks. It is also of importance to notice that its enforcement against the American fishermen, for their failure to grant reciprocity under the Bond-Hay treaty, is now in full blast. Their catch of cod on the Grand Banks is thus being greatly reduced, as has been the case with the French in the past.

Indeed, the weapon by which Newfoundland has compelled the settlement of the French Shore Question is this famous Bait Act. Colonial sentiment on this matter is best exemplified by the notice posted by a patriotic islander in the early days of the crusade: 'The man who would sell bait to the French would steal the coppers off his dead mother's eyes.' To the angler, bait is a word of varied meaning. Humourists love to picture him as carrying his 'bait' in liquid form in a flask, or as employing 'silver bait' to procure the fish he cannot otherwise catch. But the trawler on the mighty surges of the Grand Banks, battling with the turbulent ocean for a livelihood, finds bait a commodity essentially important to him, and of such value as to become the subject of an important international dispute.

With the incoming of spring each year the Newfoundland Government begins its annual campaign against the carrying of bait to the French at St Pierre. This is the only lever the colony has to use against them, and it is applied unsparingly. The French prosecute the fishery on the Grand Banks with the Americans, Canadians, and Newfoundlanders, and have held St Pierre for one hundred and twenty years as a shelter-port. It is an islet with a fair anchorage, and has grown to a town of six thousand people, while ten thousand fishermen come across from Brittany every season to man the fishing-fleet. These are then used as naval recruits; and to keep up the supply, France grants a bounty to the fisheries equal to 70 per cent. of the value of the catch itself. Thus aided, the French can sell their fish in the European markets at lower rates than we can sell ours, and they were steadily ousting us from these centres until we devised the Bait Act as a means of curtailing their catch, and consequently the stocks they would have available for export under the bounty regulations.

Here it is where the seemingly unimportant subject of bait acquires its international significance,

and becomes a matter for diplomatists to quarrel about. For it must be noted that the cod is too wary to bite a naked hook, and the instrument has to be 'baited.' The best bait is the herring, a smaller fish and the food of the voracious cod. Herrings are inshore denizens; they resort to the shallow reaches in the great bays around our coast-line. Being within the three-mile limit, they are under the exclusive control of the Newfoundland Government, which frames and enforces the rules under which their capture is conducted. Until eighteen years ago, the French were permitted to enter our waters and purchase them on an equality with the American, Canadian, and local fishermen; but as the French continued to undermine our foreign trade fabric, a feeling arose in the colony that the bait-supply should be closed to them, a proceeding which would result in materially reducing their catch of cod.

Accordingly, in 1886 an Act was passed by the colonial legislature prohibiting the sale or export of bait to the French—which Act the British Government vetoed on the ground that it would provoke unfriendly relations with France. But the colony renewed the measure the next year, and insisted upon its right to work out its own destiny by the control of its own internal affairs, appealing to the other autonomous colonies for support. The Imperial authorities weakened, and the Act was allowed to become effective.

To fully grasp the situation it must be remembered that St Pierre is located off the south coast of Newfoundland, on which area the French have no rights whatever. Going west two hundred miles and rounding Cape Ray, we reach the Treaty Coast or 'French Shore,' famous because of the fishery troubles between the two nations since 1713. Here the French do possess certain well-defined liberties, among them that of taking bait-fishes in the waters there. But, as traversing five hundred miles of seaboard to procure bait and returning to the Banks is a tedious work, the French encourage the Newfoundlanders to smuggle bait across to St Pierre from the harbours adjacent to it, the channel separating the little French archipelago from the nearest part of our island being only twelve miles wide.

At the outset the enforcement of this prohibitive enactment was a task of no little difficulty. The catching of herring for bait was a recognised employment for hundreds of fishermen in Placentia and Fortune Bays, and these could not, or would not, see any benefit for the colony in closing down upon the French. The bait-traffic in those days was very largely a lottery. The first schooners which reached St Pierre with herring obtained high prices; but as scores of others followed, all laden with the bait-fishes, the rates dropped until the men were glad to take even the smallest sum so as to avoid the cargo spoiling and having to be thrown overboard in the offing. This was not infrequently the fate of a vessel-load of herring of four hundred to five hundred barrels, the Conseil Municipale at St Pierre, acting in harmony with its own fisher-folk, enforcing the sanitary regulations of the port against the Newfoundlanders the moment the cargo showed a sign of taint. But as the herring were in prodigal abundance in the home creeks, and cost little or nothing to get, our people were content to continue in the trade from year to year, one man making all the profits this season, and another having the good fortune the next, though the destruction of this valuable natural asset of the colony was proceeding at a disastrous rate.

The inauguration of a marine protective service was no light task for a little colony like this. The coast to be patrolled was a long and intricate one; countless schooners and boats were in the harbours, and under cover of night or of fog could reach St Pierre in a few hours; and almost every man in this region was ready 'to earn an honest penny' smuggling bait. However, three or four tugs were hired and manned with police and tide-waiters, commissioners and magistrates were put on board, and fifty-eight coast-guards were established along the shore. Imprisonment of all men and confiscation of all craft found smuggling bait was the penalty, and before long all the jails were filled with the former, while a fleet of schooners lay tied up at the public wharves. The French, being crippled for want of bait, tried every expedient to augment their supplies, and in some cases ventured inside the three-mile limit to procure herring from the local fishing-boats. One of these French vessels was chased by a protection tug, which fired a blank cartridge from a small signal-gun for her to heave-to. The Frenchman ignored the challenge and hoisted the tricolour. The cruiser was in charge of a dashing colonial fisherman-politician fully familiar with all the 'tricks of the trade.' Having no other projectile, he rammed a long iron poker into the cannon and fired this at the French vessel. When her crew saw this strange missile come hurtling through the air they thought surrender the wiser course, and backed her topsails till the cruiser sent a boat aboard to search for bait.

In those early days of the Bait Act its most persistent violators were the American fishing-vessels, which, being allowed baiting privileges themselves by us, misused them for their own advantage. The regulation was that they might take a barrel of bait per ton burden, and in their larger crafts this was excessive, so that they could legitimately obtain under their license forty or fifty barrels more than they needed, and sell the surplus at St Pierre for three dollars to four dollars a barrel. On one occasion there were fifteen Yankee trawlers there baiting as many Frenchmen, and thereby seriously impairing the effectiveness of our crusade. But the Americans were not satisfied with this, and began smuggling whole cargoes. Sometimes they escaped, as in the case of the *Daizley*, which got away with nearly eight hundred barrels of herring. She was a clipper New England craft, making twelve knots, and could outfoot the revenue cruiser that chased

her, the skipper standing in the stern and gleefully shaking a handful of fish in the face of the mortified coast-guards as the vessel went seaward. But more often they were captured. The *Rapid Transit* was taken with six hundred barrels aboard, and was fined five hundred dollars and the cargo confiscated. The *Antelope* had four hundred barrels under decks when the cruiser pounced upon her, and a similar fine was inflicted. The *Howard Holbrook* took eleven hundred barrels, and was just caught in the harbour-mouth by a cruiser. She had the bulk of the herring packed in her hold under a coating of salt, and tried to make out that she carried no contraband. But the astute commander of the cruiser probed through the salt with a rod, and finding herring-scales adhering to it, ordered the salt to be stripped off, when the fraud was exposed. As this was a glaring case, the vessel and cargo were confiscated, and the master fined five hundred dollars, while the local fisherman who baited her was mulcted in two hundred dollars also. The *Bounding Billow's* skipper, with Yankee astuteness, drugged the coast-guard stationed on her, and loading two hundred barrels of herring, sailed for St Pierre, where he sold them for three dollars a barrel. But being driven into Newfoundland waters shortly after, damaged by a gale, he was at once seized, and fined one hundred dollars for drugging the officer and five hundred dollars for violating the Bait Act, so that this transaction was a profitless one. The *Anaconda* hoisted the American flag and defied the cruiser to search or hold her; but 'twisting the British lion's tail' had not then achieved the popularity in America it at one time attained, and no notice was taken of the 'outrage' implied in the cruiser's disregarding the defiance and the magistrate's fining the skipper one hundred dollars for resisting the law and five hundred dollars for smuggling bait.

Some amusing incidents occurred when these Yankee skippers were taken before local Justices of the Peace to be tried for their breaches of the fishery-laws. In Newfoundland Justices are still to be found who cannot write, and a politician of the fisherman class once declared that 'anybody in the colony is fit to be a magistrate so long as he does not sign his name all in capital letters.' In this instance the Justice could write, after a fashion. He did not know what course to adopt when the evidence had been led, so he turned to the policeman, asking, 'What shall I do?' 'Fine him,' replied the policeman. 'By ——! I'll fine you,' he observed to the accused. 'How much?' to the policeman. 'One hundred dollars,' suggested the officer. 'By ——! I'll fine you one hundred dollars.' His idea was that the prefatory profanity added solemnity to the occasion. Then he had no pen to sign the judgment, so he had to visit the Yankee's vessel to get one, and on finding that the Yankee had no person to be security for him, undertook that obligation himself.

Roistering, dare-devil fellows are these Americans, and 'Easily earned, easily spent,' is their motto. When the *Alliance* ran a cargo of bait to St Pierre her crew got drunk. While one of these was intoxicated his chum blackened his face, and when he awakened after nightfall he did not discover it. Proceeding to the cabin where the skipper slept, he called that officer on a matter of business, who, opening his eyes and seeing a sable personage bending over him, reached out of his bunk, grasped a cast-iron lid from the stove, and struck the unfortunate seaman on the head, splitting his skull and fracturing the lid into several pieces. The poor wretch, burnt and bleeding, was picked up and taken to hospital, and the skipper, fearing the consequences, made for the Newfoundland coast to escape the gendarmes, and in a fog put his vessel on the rocks and lost her.

In course of time the Yankee skippers, coming to see that it was unwise for them to be provoking the enmity of Newfoundland and supplying the French with the essentials to successfully compete with themselves, abandoned this policy and became the most earnest advocates of the Bait Act.

Occasionally a French Banker in desperate straits for bait would put into one of our harbours and try to secure a supply from the smugglers after nightfall. On one of these, after making port, a policeman was stationed to see that she did not violate the law; but the crew overpowered and bound him, obtained a supply of bait, and sailed at once, intending to land him on some lonely stretch of coast. But after a few hours he wriggled clear of his bonds, and, with nothing but a marlinespike, attacked the seven men composing her crew, clubbing two into insensibility, and so subduing the others that they obeyed his behests and sailed the vessel back to harbour, he in triumphant command. The skipper and mate were each sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and the brave constable was promoted, while the incident did much to inspire the French with a more wholesome respect for the colonial forces.

As the supplies of bait available for the French diminished, the price, of course, increased, and the Newfoundland coast-folk had a greater temptation than ever to smuggle this commodity to them. A cruiser once inadvertently assisted the smuggling process. Chasing a schooner beating away from land to search her for smuggled bait, she approached too near and broke off the vessel's main boom. The skipper bemoaned his loss, and declared he was merely bound for the Banks, had no herring but his legal quantum, and was a law-abiding voyager. Having damaged his craft, the cruiser's people had not the face to more than perfunctorily search her for bait; and as he intimated that he would put into St Pierre, the nearest port, to secure another spar, the cruiser towed him to the mouth of that harbour, and then he sailed in and profitably disposed of one hundred barrels of herring which he had in the hold, besides obtaining from the Government the price of a new spar.

The next year, however, retribution overtook this skipper, for he was caught with a smackload of

herring on the way to St Pierre, and the manner in which he had tricked the cruiser the previous year having leaked out, he was fined four hundred dollars or six months in jail. Another vessel about the same time was seized, and being found with a lot of bait on board, claimed that she was bound for the Banks. But as the three dories she had on board had grass growing on their bottoms, and the stock of water was only sufficient for two days, it was seen that this was merely a subterfuge, and her skipper was fined two hundred and fifty dollars or four months. A similar alternative was visited on another skipper who made a like claim, but who was found to have none of his lines fitted with hooks, and to have other essentials for the fishery lacking. But this champion offender was one who, having been twice convicted and pardoned, was released on a Saturday, and on Monday was again seized in the very act, so his vessel was confiscated and sold at public auction on Tuesday, thus putting him out of business for the time being.

In the year 1890 an aggressive campaign was started, as the French had received a grant from their Government to help them to procure extra bait by lavish money payments. Thirty Newfoundland schooners, emboldened by this, decided to defy the cruisers. The latter made elaborate regulations, and displayed signals under the international code. When the bait-vessels started, the flagship hoisted a signal intended to mean, 'Heave-to; I 'll send a boat.' In reality, through the misplacing of a flag, it read, 'How are you off for life-rafts?' Quick as a flash the smart skipper of one of the schooners saw the blunder, and hoisted an answering signal, 'Thanks; I do not need your assistance.' Four of the vessels escaped the cordon and reached St Pierre. On returning they were arrested and held for three months for trial by the Supreme Court. They escaped conviction on a technicality, the above circumstance supplying it; but the stopping of the other schooners and the prolonged incarceration of these men, with the threat from the judge of the extreme penalty but for this flaw, proved the turning-point in the struggle, and since then the enforcement of the Bait Act has been a comparatively easy matter.

Gradually the better class of fishermen saw that it was to their own advantage to withhold the bait from the French and prosecute the cod-fishery more actively themselves. The shortage in the French catch of cod became sufficiently marked to make clear the part the Bait Act was playing in its reduction, and to-day practically the whole mass of our fishermen believe in the policy. The French, failing to procure herring, substituted whelks or mussels found on the shallows near St Pierre and on the Grand Banks, and these served them to some purpose for a few years. But the beds whereon they were found are now virtually exhausted, and the French are thrown back upon our stock again. This year there is an open admission by them of their need of this bait, because they have formulated proposals looking to this bait-supply of ours. Such a proceeding nerved the colony to unusual energy in enforcing the measure last year, so that the real potency of the weapon the colonists wield may be made clear both to England and France.

Bait-smuggling to-day is the business of the limited lawless class found in every community. These men carry on the traffic in conjunction with return 'running' of smuggled goods from St Pierre. Spirituous liquors are the chief item in this traffic; but tobacco, cigars, sugar, and other commodities are also handled. Even the law-abiding do not object to indirect participation in this side of the business, although they have given up the bait-carrying, for the temptation to get at a nominal figure 'a drop of liquor from St Pierre' is one the average fisherman finds it difficult to resist. It is, indeed, this branch of the traffic which keeps the other alive. But for the market for return cargoes it is doubtful if the profits from bait-smuggling alone would keep so many in it, because there is such a hue and cry against it by the authorities; and it is the sympathy and encouragement, practical and sentimental, which the smugglers get in the case of their return cargoes that alone induces them to continue at it.

Until recent years the colony lost about two hundred thousand dollars annually through this smuggling from St Pierre, and Canada also suffered heavily. The Customs regulations in both countries were very inadequately enforced, for towns of some thousands of people paid less in duties than sufficed to meet the salaries of the revenue staff. Mysterious hiding-places were found in the forests which fringed the coast, casks of liquor and boxes of tobacco were secreted in caves and ravines, and the revenue laws were laughed at. But when the very members of the colonial legislature took a hand in the traffic, it was seen that active measures were necessary to stamp out this wrong-doing. Accordingly a determined effort was made, a vigorous crusade was started, the guilty ones of every class were tried and punished, and the backbone of the business was broken. Since that time no man who values his reputation will have anything to do with smuggling, and it has been left to the fishermen whose regular pursuits in the adjacent waters give them the opportunity to run in and out of St Pierre and carry stocks of necessaries to their homes without payment of duty. But even this last resort has been virtually destroyed by the new Anglo-French Treaty, which provides for the appointment of a British Consul at St Pierre, and his presence, with the official supervision it implies, will be the last blow to cripple this contraband industry among the Pierrois and the Newfoundlanders.

In the first year of the Bait Act an awkward situation was created by the interference of a gunboat commander on fishery protection on the French Shore. On his way to St John's he harboured, through stress of weather, in one of the bait outports,

where, inquiring as to the working of this measure, he was told the people were being fined or imprisoned in ignorance of any offence, as no Bait Act proclamations had been posted there. On reaching St John's he reported this to the Governor, who notified the Ministry, and the Bait Act Commissioner soon received an official message that 'Commander Brown of H.M.S. *Active* reports people in Fortune Bay being imprisoned by you who offended in ignorance of the law, no proclamations having been posted in their harbours. Repair there and remedy this immediately.' As he was conscious of having duly performed this task, the Commissioner apprised the Government thereof, and also wired a curt message to Commander Brown to mind his own business in future. The Commander, on receipt of this, complained to the Commodore, who apprised the Government, who directed a formal rebuke to the Commissioner 'that it was not within the province of the Colonial Government, much less of an official of that Government, to instruct the officers of the Royal Navy as to their duties, and that so long as he remained in the colonial service he should observe all due deference to the naval officers,' closing with a demand for an ample apology forthwith. The Commissioner declined, and submitted affidavits to prove that Commander Brown had been deceived by his informants, and had also termed the Bait Act officials 'legal pirates,' and used insulting and profane language towards them; so that, while professing his 'readiness to yield all due deference to the naval officers while they comported themselves properly,' the Commissioner 'declined to apologise until Commander Brown had first withdrawn his false charges and offensive epithets, this refusal holding good whether he was in or out of the public service.' This created an awkward complication, for the Commissioner was a representative in the colonial legislature, and from his place in that body, if dismissed from the Bait Service, could raise such a storm as might have an unpleasant ending. The Admiral had eventually to make a special visit to St John's in his flagship to investigate the matter, with the result that the incident was closed, and an order issued, which is yet in force, that naval officers on this station were in future to refrain from visiting the Bait Act coast or interfering in any way with the colonial officials.

The work of the Bait Act is best attested by the gradual and serious decline of the French catch of cod on the Grand Banks, until now the prosperity of St Pierre is reduced to vanishing-point and its solvent existence threatened. Within the past five years its exports of cod have declined 50 per cent., and the disastrous failure of last season's fishery caused the bankruptcy of no less than twenty-three concerns, a serious matter for a town of but six thousand permanent residents. They welcomed the proposal for a settlement of the 'French Shore Question' because they hoped that among the concessions which France would secure for them might be the repeal of the Bait Act, a subject of really vital concern to them in the present downward trend of their fortunes. But Newfoundland would not consent to abandon this instrument for her own protection unless France would give up her bounties; and as this was declared by the French Cabinet to be impossible, a deadlock was created.

[Since this article was in type the Arbitration Tribunal under the Anglo-French Convention has awarded indemnities amounting to fifty-five thousand pounds to four hundred and forty-five shipowners, fishermen, and sailors engaged in the fishing or fish-curing industry on the French Shore, who had been obliged to abandon their occupation. Newfoundland will now benefit by having full control of her western shores, while we ought to be free in future of an ever-recurring source of trouble.]

EXILE.

From giant oaks that towered above,
The fading leaves fell sadly down,
Now fluttering to the red-stained dust,
Now dropping slowly, sad and brown.
She watched, her eyes grown dim with unshed tears,
An Exile counting future barren years.

Strayed memories far from overseas,
In answer to her summons came,
Of slender birches turned to gold,
And autumn woods a crimson flame.
The haunting vision banished alien skies
As her tired heart bade other scenes arise.

The rustle of the wind-chased leaves
Murmured the rhythm of a dance;
Once more she stood on English soil,
Her heart a flood of happy chance,
Light footfalls echoing on an oaken stair,
And children's happy voices everywhere.

Now far from home the children sleep
In lonely graves about the veldt,
Where unfamiliar stars look down
And midnight shadows lurk and melt—
A sterile land, blotting for evermore,
Those faded dreams of field and lake and shore

The furtive whispers of the night
Sudden a newer meaning take,
In which old English autumn days
No tender vanished memory wake.
Wide solemn spaces, 'neath a midnight sky
Soundless and vast and sad, before her lie.

Wide as a world—and desolate—
Obliterating all her past,
The motherhood within her broods,
O'er where the children sleep at last.
For evermore her dreams shall all be claimed
By desert solitude and space unnamed.

Out of the silence of the night
In vain that call from oversea;
Her home is where the children sleep,
Exile is where they used to be.
The price demanded for those star-watched graves:
A wanderer's heart by home encircled waves.

Author of 'Miss Molly.'

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SIXTH SERIES.

FRIENDS FROM ABROAD.

By JULIAN KINGSTEAD.

'TWENTY minutes late to-day, sir,' says a long-suffering railway official, pointing to a board. 'Continental train arrives 7.23,' says the board in white chalk. We turn on our heels and stroll up and down the platform; then, tired of the monotony, we go back to the book-stall for relaxation. 'Friends from Abroad,' I can hear the people say. Look at that family off for the summer holidays: anxious mother looking after the children, flurried father ditto the tickets. They too will one day be 'Friends from Abroad.' They are waiting for the express to catch the night-boat to Dieppe; and a happy time to them, for they say the wind plays a bit sweetly to-night, and the sea dances a merry jig, as any mariner will tell you!

Friends from Abroad! How we envy the lucky ones sporting themselves with cigars, flannel trousers, and a devil-of-a-fellow swagger in the gay cities! There is old Mr Sicleave—fat, bouncing old Sicleave—who has been allowed three weeks in Cairo on half-pay; and little Ventregros (he calls himself gourmet, though his friends will tell you it is gourmand), who has been partaking of the waters—and, of course, the society—of fashionable Homburg. And there is our dear sister from Paris, and young Mr Spinyarn—whose father is a retired butcher—with a boxful of curios, who has been gazing at old churches in Bruges, pictures in Madrid, statues in Rome, and (should we not do so ourselves?) all the pretty girls in Barcelona and Tiflis. They all come back—these dear Friends from Abroad—to the poor toilers in the great city.

And so we are waiting for the train. The platform becomes full of porters; the cabs and hansoms, and coaches and carriages, and vans and omnibuses, are all on the *qui vive* for the train, and in the middle they wheel along that great three-sided pen, where—shades of the Paris *douane* and the half-hour wait outside!—we help our Friends from Abroad to find their portmanteaus and their trunks.

And then suddenly, without warning, without shout or whistle or sound of steam, in glides the train.

Look at the Frenchmen running, and the French ladies and mademoiselles all running. Look at close-cropped Alphonse hanging his head out of a second-class window here, and little Miss Cicely over yonder, fresh from the embraces of *grandmaman* in Brittany, falling through the carriage window into the arms of mother and father and Harry and Joan and Susan, and of course dear old Miss Prim, one after the other, until a speculating porter has the courage to break up this symposium by ruthlessly opening the carriage door. How the Frenchmen chatter and gesticulate! Alphonse—poor, sick, pale-faced Alphonse!—murmurs of *La Manche*, but his sisters take him by the arm, and slowly he warms up with a none-too-pleasant panegyric on the cabin of *La Belle Anglaise*. Alphonse, stimulated by antiquated sandwiches bought at 'Nieu'han' (as they call it on the other side), becomes loquacious. His sisters laugh. You can hear them as they hurry down the platform to find the luggage. 'Oh, là-là!' and they laugh again and collide with a choleric old gentleman who cannot find a porter. 'Oh, là-là!' Dear bourgeois slang of the boulevards and the Bois! Alphonse and his sisters are lost in the crowd. They are all excited. They are all looking for luggage and friends, or have lost their luggage and are kissing their friends, for this is the seven o'clock Continental train, thirty minutes late, bringing the Friends from Abroad.

And here is *our* Friend at last. We have walked the whole length of the train, looking into each carriage window to find him. How tanned he is with the sunshine of Spain, how beaming with the joys and kisses of Italy, how full of the gaiety of La Belle France!

'Anything in the van, sir?'

We slap the dear Friend on the back and dive for his hat-box.

'Anything in the van, sir?'

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We shake him by the hand, and seize his rug and umbrella-case.

'Anything in the van, sir?'

We turn and run down the platform one after the other to find the *Gross-gepäck*, the bloater-faced porter bringing up the rear.

Here are the boxes! Happy outings; journeys to the Highlands; trips to Paris; runs to Amsterdam, Nice, St Moritz, and the Rhine; honeymoons and quiet week-ends; pretty girls, *bons camarades*, merry meetings: the ghosts of all these still linger among the luggage. Trunks, portmanteaus, and boxes! Look at the luggage-labels. Can you not hear the splash of the paste-brush? Can you not see the porter wheeling the luggage along by your side, with a courtly 'By your leave, sir'? Shades of night-trains, the boat, the express! You are away to St Petersburg, to the front in Manchuria, to the Victoria Falls. Boxes, boxes everywhere full of memories! Ilfracombe, Kinlochmoidart, Madrid, Grindelwald, Dresden, Chicago, Tokio, Antwerp, Cronstadt, Berlin, Venezia, Paris, Blankenberghe, Arcachon—are not the half-torn, dirty labels a living *Bradshaw* and *Baedeker* of railway stations and hotels?

And so in this mêlée we find our Friend's luggage, and the porter bears it away upon his shoulders through the crowd.

The cab stands ready. The porter is hot and expectant.

'In you get, old fellow!'

'Old fellow' tumbles in. Brother John crawls in. We all scramble in. The boxes are on the top. The porter closes the door. Our Friend dives into his pocket and produces coppers. He gives them to the perspiring porter (for indeed there was a good deal of excess luggage in the van). Slowly the cab wheels off. We look out of the window and catch a last glimpse of the platform and the many Friends from Abroad. The porter stands still for an instant from his exertions. Then, with a look of determination on his face, and rubbing his coat-sleeve across his nose, he turns again to the van, and hooking the choleric old gentleman, who at last finds some one to take up his luggage, continues his Atlas-like peregrinations.

THE AUTOCRAT.

CHAPTER XI.

A FIGURE stood in the moonlight, beating upon a stubborn door and raising echoes out of a profoundly empty quarter. Rex had given over caution, had done with tiptoeing, had come to desperation. Akasa, once before so curious, was deaf and blind, not to be roused even by the madness of a white man wandering into it with empty hands. There was something portentous in its stupor, if he had noticed it; but he was beside himself, engrossed upon the attempt to warn a threatened man, and he had lost sight of normal considerations. What pierced him was not the risk he ran, or the strangeness of this night beyond other nights, but the terror that, after all his effort, he would be left there while Ahmed Madrali went by other ways to his death. He was probably a little light-headed; but it was less a bodily than a mental fever that consumed him.

At the end of five minutes a sound answered him. He looked up at the high front of the yellow house, and saw a head sticking out between the shutters. He called, and it vanished; and he stood still, draping himself in the rags of his patience.

Another minute passed, and then the great gate opened upon the Kerisali leader in person. He held up his hand, and a temperate side-wind seemed to blow upon Rex's heat; he was sobered; he was dumb; and he followed a sign and came out of the street peaceably, as if he had been bidden to strip off his impetuosity and leave it somewhere in the roadway.

Inside were the deep arches filled with the night, a pony trailing its bridle in and out of the moon-streaked courtyard, and the glint of the native lamp, boat-shaped, the wick floating in oil, where it had been set down upon the stones. Ahmed Madrali picked it up, and the young man followed: and they went together to a big, glimmering room, that was, if not the scene of Rex's return to his senses, the very counterpart of it. The prince stopped there, held the lamp high, and examined him; and Rex saw that he was armed and fully dressed, and that his face was grave to sternness, with all the dare-devilry discarded.

'What is it, my friend?' he said, setting the lamp upon a niche in the wall.

Rex discovered that his hands and knees were trembling again. The unnatural silence began to impress him for the first time here; it heightened the significance of the encounter; they might have been two live men in a place of the dead. A chill pinched him. It was incredible that they were the only people awake; something must be happening, outside his knowledge, to account for this mid-night composure. He had been here before, and had awakened to the humming of the bazaar. To-night there was not a whisper; and instinctively—because silence suggests many ears—he lowered his voice.

'Yes, I'm your friend—I want to prove it. You're in danger; there's a plot to—to kill you, I believe. Don't go to the palaces at dawn. Stay away: it's nothing but a trap.'

He felt the quick eyes cover him.

'Thank you,' Ahmed Madrali said after a pause.

His mouth smiled; he put a hand out to the young man's shoulder. 'Do you know you are rash, and extraordinarily trusting? You have come to tell me that—here; and it is only a week or two since you were nearly battered to pieces at my doors. Did you not consider that you were at least as likely to be killed as I?'

'I—I don't think I did,' Rex said. He looked round, spied dimly a divan, and sank on to it. 'I have been ill, you know, and my head is still queer. Very likely I wouldn't have done it if I had been what I was before. Things change, though; one changes too. And it is true, if I understood the meaning of what I heard.'

'It is probable,' the prince said reflectively. 'I should have gone, but not for the purpose they proposed. I know the hollow pretence of it too well. The convention is already signed and sealed, and we are at this moment—theirs no longer.' He caught Rex's startled look. 'Did you know that? You did? The ink was hardly dry, three hours ago, before I heard it: so it is where the people are all of one mind, and the king stands by himself. They could not bear to leave me to Kerisal? Well, I am warned; and not even *that* could have saved them.'

'Save them?' Rex pulled himself to his feet again. 'What do you mean?' The silence! It was beginning to appal him.

'Do you remember that I told you how the Kerisali people preferred ruin to the loss of their independence? They are, I believe, on the verge of that ruin; perhaps they have crossed to it while I speak. These coalfields, that other people have bought with such eagerness, are passing out of their reach—will have gone beyond recovery, I trust, by the daybreak.'

'The coalfields? How could they—— But that means the ricefields and the villages over them!' Rex said, aghast. 'I—no, I don't understand you. It's all so still here, isn't it? Tell me.'

The prince braced him with a look.

'You shall know—now,' he said. 'Jani Mata would have heard it from my mouth at dawn; but I doubt if he would have had his opportunity for murder after all. Come! Perhaps you and I will return to the palaces together. My place at this hour is on the roof-top.'

He took up the lamp again, and Rex followed him. His weakness hindered him upon a steep, dark stairway climb, and Ahmed Madrali did not slacken pace for a cripple. They came out upon the roof, and Rex leaned against a parapet and drew in the soft air, and steadied himself until a dizziness had passed. When he was able to look about him, he found that he was in a wide, flat space, open to the heavens, and that a knot of natives were standing withdrawn from him at a little distance, earnestly watching the western horizon.

The straggling huts of Akasa, half town, half village, on one side, the ugly line of the enclosure on the other, fenced them in. The moon was climbing down; in another hour it would have set. There were a few flat-roofed houses among the mushroom thatches, but only a few. The Kerisal capital crouched low into the sand, its rear spotted with trees, cut by the river; and out beyond it lay the far, faint line of the open sea. On the roof itself a pile of brushwood was heaped on a stone platform, and one man, standing near it, was feeding a torch with twigs and bits of wood.

Rex was very much alone among the yellow men, and yet he was not afraid. Looking back upon his sense of security afterwards, as not the least strange part of a strange adventure, he set it down to the spontaneous sympathy that had sprung to life, at their first meeting, between him and the man beside him. What was he to Ahmed Madrali? Less, by all reason, than an unimpeachable Englishman. What was Ahmed Madrali to him? He ought to have been the hereditary enemy, but he was not; he was nearer to the heart, to-night, than his own father; and Rex shrank, wincing, from the terrible significance of that thought. He pushed it away as best he could, struggling to remember the generosity and forethought that had been his all his life; but he could not obliterate the mark it left.

The two stood side by side, looking across the thatch of the bungalows, and through the trees, to the shimmer of desert. The bad lands, over which the three explorers had ridden, ran on and on, their extent exaggerated by the night. What was beyond lay lost in distance, infinitely remote from Akasa and the king's enclosure.

'You have not told me,' Rex said at last, for the prince showed no sign of beginning his confidence.

The man started, and came out of his thoughts with a sigh. He rested his hands on the parapet, and he kept his eyes on the west.

'Have you forgotten that day at the dike?'

'No. How could I? I first met you then. It is not a thing to forget, surely. What has that to do with it?'

'It has everything to do with it. How was I employed when you found me?'

'You were standing—no, you were stooping—you were tapping the big wall with a hammer.'

'Ah, you saw so much, did you?' The prince laughed, as if he were really amused. 'Just so. I was testing the dike, finishing a survey of it in which I had measured its powers of resistance, so far as I could compute them, against the sea.'

Rex began to have an inkling. The blood rushed into his face.

'To-night,' Ahmed Madrali was saying, 'now that nothing else can save them, my people open the sluices and let the water in behind the dike. They *have* opened them. That was done at low-tide; they are watching to tell us how soon the water reaches the first village. We could not forecast that, and it means much; because if it creeps too slowly'—— He wrinkled his eyelids, his face tense and grave.

'They are to signal to us, by a light at the tower, when the water takes hold of that we offer it; and then we, in our turn, will light our fire to let Akasa know that it is done.'

'But, good heavens!' Rex cried, and cast about him for words—'good heavens! It is not only the coal—and that means drowning millions of money—it is the rice—and the villages—the homes of the people!'

'What are their homes to them *now?*' the Asiatic said bitterly. 'They have left them; they are empty. The villagers have taken their hands full and gone to the forest, which is the place they came from, the Kerisali birthplace, and its refuge.'

'And Akasa?'

'The people of Akasa have left it, numbers of them, daily during the past week, by my orders; and to-night, as soon as our beacon is lit, the remnant will come out—the strong men, the men who have stayed—and follow their wives and children up the river-path. There are fighting men lingering to cover the retreat of the weaklings; and there are still women and children, but not many; and by the time the sun rises it may be that they will have gone too.'

'It is incredible!' Rex said. He turned; he understood at last the brooding silence of the bazaar, the silence of a place holding only a desperate rear-guard, and very anxiously awaiting its orders.

'How is it Spencer does not know? He *must;* such an exodus could not go on without somebody talking of it.'

'Of course they have talked of it, but not to Mr Spencer or his guard,' Ahmed Madrali said. 'They are blind people in the kingdom of the many-eyed. Their police report to them—oh yes, what does it matter what they tell them? This is Kismet, Fate, the day for which Allah gave us the free forest and the river; and the springs that move our lives are stronger than the king and his paid men believe.'

That was true: they had been openly contemptuous; witness their indifference at the condemnation of the Tanalao rioters. Rex strained his eyes at the barren land beyond which, coming in at first slowly, later to engulf the miles, the sea was finding its way to a new coast-line. Incredible? The very restraint of the man beside him drove the story home. He glanced round at the group of watchers. Then, suddenly, the giddiness he had felt before overpowered him; he gripped the parapet, and the sweat started to his forehead.

Ahmed Madrali was still intent upon the horizon. The moon had sunk to the tops of the bamboos; it was not so very long now before the dawn.

'I must go,' Rex began, low and uncertainly. 'I can't stand beside you here and wait. My father—— These things are terrible, more terrible even than he could have dreamed.' He was arguing against the vision in his mind of the two men in the garden. 'Perhaps it isn't too late. My father, I say—— He has always been awfully good to me. He doesn't know. Oh, let me get away from this!' poor Rex wound up wildly, striding to the square stairhead. 'It's all hideously inhuman and unnatural—or else it is just the finest thing that could happen. I don't know, and I must get back. My place is with *them*, after all.'

'Tsa!' said Ahmed Madrali, as if he had not heard him. He bent low, and pointed to a new star away to the west, waxing and spluttering. 'It has come.'

The brushwood pile behind them crackled and lit; the flames rushed up with a roar; and the prince swung over to Rex, caught his arm, and hurried him on to the staircase.

'Hark!' he said as they dipped to it.

The streets had suddenly returned to life, and were humming again upon a sinister note. A blow had been struck at the hive, and the bees were out. Rex reeled down the staircase at imminent risk of his neck, and at an angle his guide pushed past him.

'Keep back!' he said. 'Follow me, and trust me a little longer. Dark? Yes, it is dark; but soon we shall see the morning.'

They emerged into the courtyard. It was not empty now; it was filling with armed men, and it was lit by lanterns and torches; the great gates were wide to a hubbub of voices that swelled as they descended. As soon as Ahmed Madrali appeared a dozen Kerisalis made a half-circle about him, rushing in to touch his hands, to do obeisance to him, to give him homage so profound and sincere that Rex, in his shadow, was almost overlooked. Certainly no one threatened him or menaced his position; he was with the prince, and all that the prince did had right, even when it passed his countrymen's understanding. Their faces looked yellower and more subtle than ever in the strange, leaping, capricious light. They were utterly alien to Rex, and utterly antagonistic; and yet, for all his weakness and his empty hands, he was fearless among them. He could have found a pleasure in the savage picturesqueness of the scene: the torches, and the lithe, earnest men; the arches beyond them; the sudden violent transition from stupor to excess of action, from suspense to desperate certainty. He was a forced spectator with leisure to look. It was not until some minutes later that Ahmed Madrali came back from Kerisali to English. He buffeted Rex out of his detachment instantly; this was a matter that touched him.

'The palaces are in danger—very great danger,' he was saying. And in the distance, snapping upon his words, a rifle-shot punctuated them. 'There has been a collision between the sentries and some of our people, and now they are not to be held back.'

'They are attacking them?' Rex asked, breathless.

The prince's men closed up about them. They were being borne towards the gates. There was another crackle of firearms, and a rush bore them forward into the street.

Yes, the city was awake again; there was no

overlooking that. They heard shouts, the yell of a fanatic, and over the gray uncertainty of the hour before the morning shot up a red streak, a glare; dawn—not of daylight, but of revolution.

Rex leaped out of weakness into vigour again. 'They must be setting fire to the palaces!' he said; and with that he stumbled into a run.

(To be continued.)

RUSKIN AND MILLAIS IN SCOTLAND.

A MEMORY OF RUSKIN.

By W. W. Fenn.

LISTENING lately to the reading of an article in *Chambers's Journal* entitled 'The Highland Tourist a Hundred Years ago' immediately set my 'vagrom' memory to work, and I began thinking of my own first experience of touring in the Highlands, exactly half that period back. It was in 1853 that I found myself with that genial, staunch friend of long ago, Michael Halliday, tramping with a knapsack and sketching apparatus in the neighbourhood of the Trossachs. We could not afford to take up our temporary residence in any of the first-class hotels dotted about on the various spots rendered popular by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, but we managed generally to discover comfortable quarters in some unpretentious inn or 'bothie' scattered here and there in these regions. Thus, after 'speiring about' for a while at the Brig of Turk, we settled down under the guardianship of an old Scotch body, who assured us she would do everything to make us comfortable and happy, and right loyally did she fulfil her promise. The lodging was limited and homely, rough even to some extent, but clean and wholesome and all-sufficient for a couple of youngsters who were accustomed to roughing it, and, besides really enjoying it, took it as a fitting experience, and liked above all things to talk of it afterwards—to 'swagger about it,' as the phrase goes nowadays. We spent a fortnight or more there; for besides the fact of our being in the midst of almost the pick of Highland scenery, there was another strong attraction to the spot. My 'old young friend,' John Everett Millias, we knew to be staying thereabouts, and we had heard that he was painting a portrait of John Ruskin—surely a potent magnet to a brace of young, enthusiastic, ambitious artists.

When we had discovered the exact whereabouts of 'Johnny Millais' and the author of *Modern Painters*, I need hardly say we made for it forthwith.*

Thus, 'when the Brig of Turk was won, the headmost horseman rode alone.' The quotation is not apt perhaps, unless in your imagination you can transform into picturesque horsemen two young, shooting-coated fellows that might have been seen wending their way up the rocky, picturesque Glenfinlas. They had won the Brig of Turk, or rather crossed it, according to the directions given by a native, and very soon discovered signs of a small encampment far up in the glen. With high spirits, strong legs, and swinging steps, we could hardly be likened unto horsemen perhaps; but the prospect of a meeting with John Ruskin and a hearty hand-grip from the man who was to become President of the Royal Academy carried us on at the top of our speed. 'There is Johnny Millais,' I sang out to my friend tramping by my side. 'I should know him a hundred miles away; no mistaking him.' He was a long way off now, far up the glen, and he was standing up and seemed to be examining something that was hidden under what looked like a very rough kind of tent of brown sailcloth. A lady's dress was also visible as two figures moved here and there, evidently trying to lash the tent more securely. Before we were within speaking distance they had settled down again, and we could see, somewhat removed from their position, the tall figure of a man in a dark coat standing, as it seemed, firmly but not very erect in mid-stream. He was hatless, and until we came fairly close looked quite elderly. 'By Jove!' whispered my friend to me as we drew nearer, 'that's Ruskin, I'll bet you.' And so it proved.

That remarkable portrait which was then in progress is too well known to lovers and students of art to need description here; but as we all know it now, there it was: the man himself and the background. A lady in a broad-brimmed hat sat under the tent watching the painter. The whole scene flashed upon us so suddenly that, though we took it all in at a glance, it was, of course, only later that we came to realise it.

Introductions over and the commonplaces of conversation exhausted, by degrees we arrived at a stage of intimacy that was highly delightful. Naturally our favourite haunt during the next two or three weeks was the rough encampment, the 'Pre-Raphaelite Emporium,' where the wonderful work was going on. Halliday and I alternately watched its progress and imbibed Ruskin theories; Ruskin supplying the precept, Millais the example.

Be sure that it was with no little trepidation that, in response to the Professor's solicitations, I showed him the contents of my small portfolio. Yet his

* Necessarily, as this was actually my first introduction to Ruskin—the first time, indeed, I ever saw the man—I cannot avoid referring again to this notable incident, which some may remember I described in my 'Memories of Millais,' *Chambers's Journal*, Nov. 30, 1901.

courteous and encouraging manners enabled me to get through the ordeal fairly well; and a day or two later, when he reverted to the subject, he offered a few very suggestive criticisms, mainly, I think, as a reason for looking at some of my sketches again. At least, so I flattered myself. I recollect there was one at which he caught me at work, the subject of which was visible from a high-up, empty room in the Brig of Turk Hotel, where he and Mrs Ruskin were staying. This room, as I afterwards found, was alongside that which he made his study, and from which I had obtained permission from the landlord to make my sketch, for it was growing late in the autumn and the weather had become extremely wild. My poor efforts were rather guided by my admiration for Constable, Cox, De Wint, and the earlier schools of water-colour painting, very much at variance with pre-Raphaelitism. Thus the Professor once or twice expressed his views rather severely when for the second time he went over my work, and in the case of the sketch in question he took it up and compared it with the scene itself.

It was on this occasion that, for my benefit, he drew in pen-and-ink a bit of the mountain-side, with trees, shelving rocks, and boulders, going into very many minute details, and contrasting the different methods in which different masters like Harding and Turner would treat the subject. I kept the sheet of notepaper on which this sketch was made for many a long day; though unluckily, when my failing sight altered my life and contracted my income, the treasure was mislaid or lost during the confusion of moving house, &c. Whilst at the Brig of Turk the fascination of Ruskin's intimacy grew upon me and held me fast for ever after. Some of the many little paradoxical characteristics of the man I duly noted. Here is one.

Halliday and myself were both good water-dogs, and whenever we settled for a time in any out-of-the-way place we hunted out some pool in the nearest stream, mountain or otherwise, available for a morning swim, and in our present quarters found a delightful one. I recall it vividly, and can see our two noble selves with only a shooting-coat over our night-gear, towel in hand, scuttling away from our little bothie across a meadow to the verge of the pool, which was deep enough to allow us to take a rattling good header into it. It was not a stone's-throw off, and in the early morning we had no spectators save some ragged, naked-legged Highland laddie or lassie, or an odd goat or two and a donkey. Such, at least, was our idea; but it seemed that Ruskin (of course an early riser) had happened one morning to catch sight of us on our way to the bath from his window in the hotel. Not understanding what was up, he took his field-glass, and, it appears, beheld the whole performance. Commenting on this event the next time we met, he declared his amazement and delight. 'I assure you, gentlemen,' he said in effect, 'I envy you more than you can conceive. I declare I would rather be able to do what I saw you do, and have seen you do several times, than have written one line of any of my rubbishing books. To have the constitution and the strength to turn out of one's bed on a chilly, misty morning such as we are having now, and tumble headlong into that ice-cold, noisy burn, like otters, is to possess one of the greatest gifts the good God vouchsafes to man.'

The enthusiasm with which he spoke, and the gentle, amiable smile glowing over his kindly face, showed that, for the moment at least, he meant what he said.

Ever courteous and kind-hearted, he invited us both to dinner many times during our brief stay at the Brig of Turk, and asked us to come and see him and his Turners in the winter at Herne Hill. I failed not to do this, you may be sure; but although I made the longish journey from Islington to his abode many times, I never had the luck to find him at home. However, I saw his magnificent collection of Turners more than once in his drawing-room, but personally I did not meet Mr Ruskin again for many years, and then I could not see him at all.

No. Nearly thirty years had elapsed since that most notable introduction in the Highlands, which has been indelibly fixed in my memory ever since; and by that time what was left of my sight was wholly insufficient to enable me to distinguish one person from another—I might almost say one object from another. Indeed, it was perhaps this very fact which indirectly brought us together again. When I heard that my old friend Mr Arthur Severn (for I knew him when he was a boy at Westminster) was going to be married to a cousin of John Ruskin, I happened to give him an outline—a very sketchy outline—of the Highland episode, and in a sort claimed, therefore, a slight acquaintance with the Professor; and when the deed was done and the marriage solemnised, Mrs Arthur Severn one day propounded the fact to her cousin that she had been to see a Mr and Mrs Fenn, and that Mr Fenn claimed a slight acquaintance with him. He said he perfectly remembered the meeting I had spoken of, and under the circumstances it would give him great pleasure to see me again; and by-and-by, when Mrs Severn next came to call, she brought John Ruskin with her. Meanwhile I should say that I had been trying, and in a small way successfully, to take to scribbling for the lighter magazines, and some of my 'startling' ghost-stories had been collected and issued in library form. Mr Ruskin had been good enough to become possessed of many of these valuable contributions to the literature of the day! This, therefore, gave us ample material for conversation, and we had a long and friendly talk. My wife, no less than myself—indeed, perhaps much more than myself—pinned her literary faith to the author of *Modern Painters*. Every word he wrote, she declared, was a pearl of the first water. It may be imagined, therefore, what a joy it was to her when she actually received a letter from him; and I cannot do better than give it here in its integrity. For, like the one

that follows, it not only presents the man in his most humorous and kindliest aspect, but precisely indicates the exact degree of acquaintance which had sprung up between us, and which lasted until John Ruskin's death:

'HERNE HILL, S.E.,
25th Nov. 1880.

'DEAR MRS FENN,—Will you please say for me to Mr Fenn (I wanted to call, or should have written before) how *very* much I enjoy his new book? I do like a little ghostification, without any undertaker's business, and all your husband's ghosts have such nice silk cloaks and pretty invisibility of faces, and way of dropping pretty things about, that they are delicious. I think Mr Fenn drops his people a little too much about, over cliffs and into unfathomable rivers, and so on; and in the last book the architect and his trap-door are a little too—what Joan calls "Febby"—but in this book all the stories are nice, and they are an eminent refreshment to me when longer novels would tire me. Only, it is very tantalising that all Mr Fenn's bachelor friends always get married—except me! Can't he find a ghost in a green silk gown for *me!*—Ever most truly and gratefully his and yours,

'JOHN RUSKIN.'

From time to time thenceforth we received messages from the good man, all quaint, affectionate, and occasionally serious, through Mrs Severn or her husband when we met. Then she again brought him to see us, and he spent a long time in our little drawing-room, pouring out in a delicious way many remarks on many subjects. We lived in an old-fashioned house, and he was greatly interested in its appointments, particularly in the excellent workmanship displayed on the supports of the marble mantelpiece, and the superiority and entire honesty of the workmen of former days as compared with the modern, taking these bits of carving as apt illustrations and texts, as it were, on which to dilate. Then one day his cousin Joan Severn brought one of his books from him as a present to my wife, with his signature on a flyleaf, and it goes without saying that this volume remains one of her most precious relics to this day.

Finally, still later on, came the following letter in acknowledgment of another book I had been guilty of. Here it is:

'BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
9th Oct. '85.

'DEAR MRS FENN,—I must not let this week end without assuring you of my gratitude to your good husband for his new book, and his old ones, and more than all, his example, with yours, in showing me how to bear illness and privation as it should be borne.

'Not that I shall ever be like him or you in gaiety or courage. I dread pain, and vex myself like the spoiled ways of naughty children. But I have had a lesson this time, and am just now only learning how much you have yourself had to conquer and to endure!

'But the main thing I have to say is that you must *not* let the booksellers rob you any more. Of course I see that Mr Fenn enjoys writing the tales, and to get them so nicely printed and your sixty or seventy guineas besides would be something, if it were not a shame to let the rogues swindle you so. But to have them well in hand another time, Mr Fenn must take more trouble with his text. The stories are all ingenious and attractive; but they want trimming, and the discussions as to whether it was fancy, or mesmerism, or electricity, or spirits, or telepathy, or dreams, or sense, or nonsense, ending always with, "I only state the facts," are mere cumber to a book in which the reader sees from the beginning that facts are the last things he is likely to get.

'The stories need to be shelled of all that, like green-pease or green-chestnuts, and they need retouching here and there with fresh ears and mind after laying by for a while. They are worth taking pains with, and once properly shelled and a little more boiled (I think of nothing much at present but my dinner), you would have the bookseller on or in his marrow-bones for them. You would get a good sum down on every hand.

'Joan's love. I can't write any more to-day.—Ever your grateful J. RUSKIN.'

This is about the top and the tail of my memory of him, and my acquaintance—I might venture to say friendship—with the man; and I hope I may be forgiven if I feel a little proud of it.

THE SECRET OF THE GLACIER.

CHAPTER IV.—THE LINK TRACED.

CREYKE-WINCH, as a village, had few attractions. But it possessed two: its fine old parish church and a good trout-stream within half-a-mile's walk. On the morning after Charlie and his sister had started for Switzerland, a stranger entered the 'Blue Dragon' and inquired of the landlord if he could have a bed for two or three days.

'Certainly, sir,' was the reply. 'Like a private room as well, sir?'

'No,' the stranger replied. 'I prefer to live in the public-room when I stay in an hotel; I like company.'

The landlord was gratified at the village inn's being called an 'hotel,' and assured his guest he would make him comfortable.

The stranger, who gave his name as Mr Maldon

of Leicester, seemed a very chatty, affable sort of person, and conversed freely with the landlord after his midday dinner.

'You must see our church before you go,' said his landlord; 'it's a fine old building.'

'I should like to take some photographs of it,' rejoined Mr Maldon. 'I suppose the vicar will have no objection.'

'Not he, sir; plenty of people do that. You'd better see the parish clerk, and ask him to open the church for you.'

'What's his name, and where does he live?'

'Robbins, sir. He keeps a grocer's shop a little way down the High Street; you can't miss it.'

'Thanks. I'll stroll down and have a talk with him,' said the other, rising. 'You might have a cup of tea ready for me at five o'clock.'

Mr Maldon had no difficulty in finding the village store or its proprietor, who stood behind the counter. 'Mr Charles Robbins, I believe?' said the stranger, with a pleasant smile.

'Amos Robbins, sir. Charlie is my son. Was it him you wished to see, or me?'

'It is the parish clerk I want,' replied Mr Maldon.

'That's me, sir, at your service.'

'I am told you have a fine old church here. Do you think I might be allowed to photograph it, inside and out?'

'Oh yes, sir; the vicar has no objection to that. It's a grand old place; goes back for seven hundred years.'

'You surprise me—seven hundred years old! But surely your registers don't go back as far as that?'

'No, not for seven centuries; but they do for between four and five, though some of the earlier entries are so faded that they can scarcely be read.'

'Are you disengaged just now, Mr Robbins? If so, could you show me the church?'

'Certainly, sir. I'll call my wife to mind the stores' (Mr Robbins never spoke of his 'shop'), 'and we'll go at once.'

To prevent any suspicion that the sole object of his visit was to inspect the church, and especially its registers, Mr Maldon turned the conversation to purely indifferent matters as they walked on. When they reached the church, the clerk did the usual guide-book business, dwelling on each detail with a minuteness which must have tried Mr Maldon's patience, though he showed no sign of weariness. At last they came to the spacious vestry, and the clerk unlocked a wooden cupboard and with an air of much pride showed the pile of old folios within it.

'We've had gentlemen down from the State Papers Office to consult these,' he said. 'They're very valuable.'

'I should think so,' replied Mr Maldon. 'I'm a bit of an antiquary myself. May I look at one or two of them?'

While he spoke his keen eye was running over the backs of the volumes. White paper labels bearing the dates of the beginning and end of each volume's entries were pasted on the back, and the books were ranged in strict order of time. Hardly waiting for the clerk's consent, Mr Maldon drew out one of the volumes, apparently at random, and opened it. It was a register of marriages, 1731–89.

'Not very good ink in those days,' he said carelessly, turning over the leaves as he spoke; 'and what queer specimens of handwriting! Why, what is this?' He looked closely at one page on the right-hand side, then at the opposite one on the left, and bending down, examined closely the inside edge, between the leaves.

'There is a page missing here,' he said in surprise. 'Look, there is a wide gap between the dates. That page is numbered thirty-one and this one thirty-four; and here is the cut edge of the leaf that has been taken out.'

Mr Robbins seemed visibly annoyed and troubled.

'Well now, sir, it's strange you should have hit on that very book,' he said. 'It was only yesterday me and the vicar found out that page was missing. Some one has been tampering with the registers. We only wish we could find out who it was.'

Mr Maldon looked closely at the door of the cupboard. 'A wooden press with a common lock like this, which any one would not have much trouble with, is not the place to keep valuable documents of this kind. You should have a strong iron safe for them.'

'We have talked about it, sir; but we have no funds to buy one, and they have been there so many years untouched that we thought they were all right.'

Mr Maldon reflected for a moment, and then asked abruptly, 'Is this the only instance of tampering with your registers that you have discovered? Because, you know, it is a very serious matter.'

The clerk hesitated, as if doubtful whether to answer this question or not. 'Well, sir,' he said at last slowly, 'since you know of one, I may say that the vicar and me found out there's two others missing in the same way. The vicar is in a terrible state about it, and I hope you won't mention it.'

'Of course not,' replied Mr Maldon. 'I suppose,' he added in an indifferent tone, 'that the other missing certificates refer to the same person or the same family.'

'Yes, that's so,' the clerk answered; 'and it makes the vicar and me think we've got a slight clue to trace the person who has done it. I am afraid I must be going now, sir, and get back to my business. My son Charlie, who helps me in it, started for Switzerland yesterday to take his sister back to Larssen, and I'm more tied to the stores than usual. You can take your photographs now, sir; there's a fairly good light;' and locking up the registers in the cupboard, he put the key in his pocket and went off.

But Mr Maldon showed no anxiety to photograph the church. On the contrary, he sat down in the porch, and taking out his pocket-book, made a few pencilled notes which seemed to give him much satisfaction. 'This skein has ravelled out easier than I expected,' he said to himself. 'It is perfectly clear that C. R. who wrote to us is Charlie Robbins, son of the clerk here. He thought that by securing the certificates he could make his own terms; but he overreached himself by forgetting to send his second letter to London to be posted. There's nothing against old Robbins; he evidently knows nothing about it. The young rascal has got the missing leaves with him, there isn't a doubt of that; and after I have told Mr Sandeman what I've found out, I'll take a trip to Larssen, wherever in Switzerland that may be, and call on Mr Charlie Robbins.' And, closing his note-book, the detective went back to the inn.

CHAPTER V.—THE SECRET OF THE GLACIER.

A RIVER of snow, five miles in length and varying from seventy to a hundred feet in depth, compacted into ice by the pressure of the continually descending and advancing mass; its source some five thousand feet above the valley, its outlet the bed of the valley itself, winding round the curves of the mountain, narrowed here and there by a gorge, spreading out again as it reached the more open parts—such was the Larssen Glacier, which, though far from being the largest in Switzerland, yet possessed some special features of its own which attracted both geologists and tourists to the village of Larssen.

'You'll be quite safe with Michael Retz,' said Stephen Larette to his brother-in-law at breakfast that morning. 'He knows the glacier well, and if it had not been the very beginning of the season we might not have secured him. He is the best guide in these parts, and much sought after by the tourists.'

'But you'll be careful, won't you, Charlie?' said his sister anxiously. 'Put yourself entirely under Retz's guidance, and only do just what he tells you.'

'Yes; our glacier is not a place for foolhardiness,' Stephen added. 'You may pass over some parts of it which are perfectly safe at one time, and which are simply death-traps at another. New crevasses open and old ones close up under the shifting but never-ceasing pressure of the ice. As you walk up the glacier you would think it was as much a fixture as the mountain which bears it; but though the rate of progress is too slow to be seen, it is always going on.'

'I will be very careful,' said Charlie. 'I don't want to throw away my life for nothing. I've a good deal to look forward to yet.'

'That's right,' replied Stephen; 'and here is Retz coming up the garden for you, so you'd better get your alpenstock and start. We shall expect you back about five.'

Some three hours after Charlie and his guide had begun their ascent two strangers called at Larette's cottage and inquired if Mr Charles Robbins was staying there. Stephen had gone to his milk-factory, and the door was opened by Lucy, who replied in the affirmative, adding that he had gone up the glacier that morning, and was expected back in the afternoon.

'You are friends of his?' she said, with a smile. 'How did you know he was staying here?'

'We inquired at the post-office,' said the younger man of the two, not answering her first question; 'and they told us he was staying here. We should like to see him for a few minutes when he returns.' And with a courteous 'Good-morning,' the two men turned away.

'We may as well walk up the glacier a little way; it is worth seeing, and we are sure to meet them coming down.'

Stanley Whyte and the detective Maldon—the latter of whom was provided with a warrant for the arrest of Charlie Robbins—proceeded some little distance up the glacier. At the point where these rivers of frozen snow touch the valleys they present an uninviting appearance. Owing to the higher temperature in these lower parts the ice melts, and there is little else but large boulders brought down by the action of the moving glacier, and muddy water which flows off in different directions.

But presently our friends passed out of these disagreeable surroundings and came upon the true glacier. The sight was so novel and beautiful that they paused to admire it. As they resumed their walk they saw a man hurrying down the slope towards them. It was Michael Retz the guide, and he was alone.

'There has been a terrible accident,' he said hastily, as he came up to them. 'A young Englishman has fallen through a crevasse of the glacier, and I am afraid there is no doubt he is killed, for the crevasse must be at least fifty feet deep. I'm going down to the village for men and ropes to see if we can recover the body.'

'Do you know his name?' Mr Maldon shouted to the guide as he hastened away.

'Rob-bins,' returned Retz over his shoulder as he ran down the path.

The two men looked at each other in consternation. This was indeed a blow to all their hopes.

'Unless they can recover the body,' said Stanley Whyte gravely, 'we are done for as far as our journey here is concerned.'

'Yes. If he had the original leaves of the register on his person, as we have every reason to suspect, they are buried more effectually in that tomb of ice than in a grave of earth.'

'Let us wait here till the rescue party returns,' said Stanley; 'they will not be long, and we can then see if their efforts are successful.'

In a short time half-a-dozen men, carrying ropes and a lantern, joined them, and the whole party set off for the fatal crevasse, under the guidance of Retz.

'How did it happen?' Mr Maldon asked the guide.

'It was a new formation caused by the shifting pressure of the ice. That often happens on these glaciers. Old crevasses are closed and new ones opened in that way. There was a snowstorm here a few days ago, and the mouth of this crevasse, which is only three feet wide, had been covered over with a crust of frozen snow, so that I myself did not know of it. I was walking in front, and thought he was following me closely, as I had told him to do. I heard a cry, and turning sharply round, saw him disappearing some three yards to the left. I think he had turned aside to gather some edelweiss which he saw growing near. Here we are at the place.'

There in front of them yawned the great death-trap, silent, grim, and dark. It was terrible to think that at the bottom of that chasm, far below where they stood, lay the body of a man who only one short hour before had been full of youth, health, and strength. But neither the gloom nor the depth of that treacherous grave had any fears for the brave guide. His comrades lowered him by means of a stout rope under his shoulders, first giving him a lighted lantern in one hand and a second rope to fasten round the body in case he should find it. About fifty feet of rope was paid out before they felt the strain of his weight cease, a sign that he stood on the bottom. A quarter of an hour passed in anxious suspense, the rope moving slowly along the crevasse from place to place showing that he was searching for the corpse; then they heard his voice calling to them from below to haul him up.

'No use,' he said despondingly when he stood on the surface again; 'the body has disappeared, and that is easily explained. The bottom of the crevasse is on a steep slope, and the poor fellow's corpse evidently slipped down into one of the many small, roughly shaped caves or tunnels on the lower side. I could see nothing of him, and it will be impossible to recover the body.'

'Then the papers are lost,' said Stanley Whyte —'lost for ever.'

'What papers?' Retz asked.

'Three most valuable documents which really form the title-deeds of a large estate; and only think, they are buried there beyond recovery.'

'There is one hope for you,' said Retz. 'This glacier, like all others, is moving slowly but surely down to the valley. It is quite likely it may bring the body down with it, and it would be in a state of perfect preservation owing to the ice surrounding it.'

'How long?' the two men asked in the same breath.

'Let me see,' replied Retz, taking out his pocket-book and making some calculations with his pencil. 'The rate of progress which the Larssen Glacier makes has been measured, and is found to average two feet and a half a day in the course of twelve months. Then we are distant from the village'—He ceased speaking and was absorbed in his calculations. Finally he looked up, returned the book to his pocket, and said, 'There is, of course, the chance that in the downward movement the corpse may get lodged against one of the rocks of that curve round which the glacier passes; but if it escapes that danger it is quite probable that it will be recovered. Allowing that the summer continues as hot and fine as at present, and that a mild winter follows—conditions which greatly assist the melting of the ice—we may expect to see the poor fellow's body make its appearance among the stones and mud at the foot of the glacier in fifteen months from now.'

. . . . . .

A year and three months had passed away. The last year of that period had seemed a short one to Stanley and Jessica, for it had been a year of happy married life to them. His position had improved, and as he said to Jessica, 'If it was weary work waiting for a dead man's shoes, it seemed worse still to wait for a dead man's body.' They had enough now, with economy, to marry upon; why should they postpone their happiness for an event which had much of sadness in it, if it occurred at all, and which might never happen? And Jessica accepted his views on the matter.

Time, the merciful healer, had somewhat toned down the first crushing sorrow which Charlie's death had brought to his father, mother, and sister. The grief they felt for his sudden and tragic death was, of course, intensified by the startling news that the missing register leaves were upon him at the time of his death, and that he had only escaped disgrace and punishment by his untimely end. They clung to the faint hope that his body might yet be recovered, and that the absence from it of the missing papers might give some grounds for belief in his innocence. And then, one bright autumn afternoon, in such a second brief summer as often comes in October, the telegraph-boy—that unconcerned messenger who brings us tidings of joy or sorrow, hopes realised or fears confirmed, who whistles indifferently on his way as he bears the news of an unexpected death or our congratulations to a happy marriage gathering—handed in at the door of Stanley Whyte's house the brief message: 'Come at once. Body found at foot of glacier.—RETZ.'

Accompanied by Maldon the detective, Stanley started the same night for Larssen. From Geneva they wired forward to Retz to meet them at the station, and found the guide waiting for them on the little platform as the train drew up.

'Where is the body?' was their eager question after the first greetings had been exchanged.

'It has been taken to the mortuary. You would like to go there at once?'

'Yes. Has the clothing been searched?'

'No; nothing has been touched. We waited for your arrival; although, of course, we told his sister and Stephen Larette immediately. You will find the latter at the mortuary.'

By the light of a single oil-lamp, the four men stood silently gazing on the body of Charles Robbins as it lay on a rough bier covered as far as the shoulders with a white sheet. Strange to say, the ruthless glacier had dealt tenderly with the victim in its cold embrace. The clothing was cut and torn in more than one place by contact with the sharp rocks or pieces of ice; but the face had escaped injury in a remarkable manner, and bore the appearance of calm sleep. The action of the intense cold, many degrees below freezing, had been an effectual preservative against decay. It required an effort to realise the strange fact that death had taken place not yesterday, as might easily have been believed, but fifteen months previously!

Then the detective, acting for Mr Sandeman, turned back the sheet and put his hand in the breast-pocket of the coat. 'It will be here, if anywhere,' he said. And even as he spoke he drew out a small packet carefully folded and sealed.

Showing it to the others, with a significant look, he broke the seals and unfolded three large sheets of paper, old and worn in appearance, and filled with faded writing. They contained, among many other entries, the register of the birth, marriage, and death of Paul Asherley Stanton. The missing links were found; the chain of evidence was complete; the glacier had yielded up its secret.

'Peace be with him!' said Stephen Larette in a low voice. 'If he has sinned, he has expiated his sin. Let us not judge him too harshly. None of us knows how strong temptation may be till we stand in the furnace-fire of a great trial.'

. . . . . .

'So at last you are a rich woman, my wife. I hope your wealth will bring you much happiness,' said Stanley, after the Court of Chancery had yielded up the Stanton estates to their lawful owner, whose claim it had acknowledged.

'My wealth cannot bring me greater happiness than I have already,' was her gentle answer. 'My truest riches came to me twelve months ago.' And Stanley Whyte knew that she spoke of the day of their marriage.

THE END.

THE GREENSTONE OF NEW ZEALAND.

A NEW ZEALAND product that may have a distinct future before it is the greenstone, which has already been introduced into London by an enterprising jeweller from Dunedin, Mr Hyams of Bond Street. 'Greenstone,' as the colonials call it, is the Maori *pounamu*, and is identical with the jade found among prehistoric remains in Europe and now coming again into fashion on the Continent, identical too with the precious *yu-chi* stone sold in the markets of Canton. It varies in colour from clear glassy-green to the dull, deep-emerald tint of oak-leaves in midsummer, and is in most effective contrast, like foliage and sunshine, when set with gold.

There is only one district in Maoriland where greenstone is found, and that is the wild, lonely, and beautiful west coast of the South Island, near the rivers Teremakau and Arahura. Until the last year or two, white men did not take the trouble to dig or search specially for it, and even now it is generally obtained casually during the process of sluicing for gold. A traveller can pick up pieces for himself in the shingly beds of the rivers and creeks or along the sea-coasts where boulders have been washed down by the streams and then cast ashore. Large blocks are sold to local storekeepers, who make a little profit by roughly dressing them and sending them away to one or other of the towns. While in Auckland I saw an unpolished lump about a yard long brought into a shop, and I have heard of one that measured three feet by five. For many years after the first settlement the Europeans paid little or no attention to the *pounamu;* but during the last few years it has become one of the most common of colonial ornaments, and nearly every jeweller has a display of it in the form of brooches and pendants, paper-knives, and spoons and forks, chased with gold or silver. From time to time occasional interest was shown in it as a characteristic product of New Zealand. A paper-weight made from a specially fine piece was presented to Prince Bismarck, and amongst the colony's gifts to the Prince and Princess of Wales was a handsome casket of greenstone and the bright native gold. About twelve years ago the greatest living authority on nephrite (as jade is scientifically called), Professor Fischer of Baden, wrote for information about greenstone, and a treasure-trove of Maori lore was then unearthed. It is safe to say that not a single lady who decks herself with this ornament dreams of all the history and legends connected with it.

For before the coming of the *pakeha* (white man) the Maori knew nothing of the gold buried in his land, but all his lust was for greenstone. For this he toiled and sought in the forests along the gravel-beds of the rivers. On carving and polishing this he lavished the best of his skill and art. The old men of his race would sit in the sun day after

day grinding slowly away at the stone, humming as they fashioned the mysterious talisman or the feathered battle-axe or *mêre*. A French traveller was told by a native that with greenstone the Maori could buy slaves and big canoes and all he coveted, just as the white man buys what he wants with gold. And although deposits are found only in the one locality, yet weapons and ornaments of this substance were scattered all over New Zealand. *Mêre pounamus* have been found on old battlefields of the far north, in the lava-caves where the hunted tribes fled for refuge before the great conquerors Hongi and Te Rauparaha, and in the burial-caves of dead chiefs. Like the shields of Homeric heroes or the weapons of Red Indians, the *mêres* of great chiefs had their own names and were regarded with intense personal affection and veneration. The charming guide of Rotorua, Maggie Papakura, showed us among her treasures one *mêre* which was an heirloom, and which she assured us, with hereditary pride and pleasure, had killed many a man. Natives who keep to old customs still wear the *hei-tiki* (a talisman in the form of a distorted image) and the heavy ear-rings dragging the ears out of shape.

The greenstone was so important in old days that its name was given first to the river and the district in which it was found (Wai Pounamu), then to the whole of the South Island, and even by some old settlers and whalers to all New Zealand, though this was an odd title in the north, where the tribes had to sail five hundred or six hundred miles before they got a glimpse of the precious boulders. Innumerable legends and fragments of history are attached to the *pounamu*. Captain Cook tells us that he was sorry he could not visit the greenstone country, 'as we were told a hundred fabulous stories about this stone.' He narrates with a naïve expression of incredulity that the natives say 'the stone is originally a fish, which they strike with a gig in the water, tie a rope to it, drag it to the shore, to which they fasten it, and it afterwards becomes stone.' Any one who knows the locality can picture the scene in which this fancy originated: the bright-green boulders seeming to palpitate with the play of the waves; the shrill ejaculations of the Maoris as they struck the monster, dragged it ashore, and tied it down with flax ropes, probably taking good care not to get too near till the glistening water dried off and the 'fish' took on the appearance of a stone. Sometimes, following the same primitive instinct that gives a charm to pre-Homeric legends of Hellas, the native imagination personified *pounamu* as a fish-god, one of the four sons of the Polynesian Tangaroa (Lord of Ocean) and of his wife, the Chilly Cold. Mythology connected *pounamu* with the historical voyage to New Zealand from Hawaiki, the undiscoverable original home of the Maoris. One version of the legend was preserved by the Anglican missionary Canon Stack from the lips of an old cannibal of the South Island: Ngahue, chased by an angry woman, fled from the island of his birth across the ocean on the back of a sea-monster, and reached the land of Ao-te-aroa (the North Island); but, still in fear, sped on to the South Island, where he discovered the *pounamu*, and felt that with such a treasure he was beyond the reach of danger. So he sailed back and told the Hawaikians what he had found, and they hewed down *totara* trees, and with axes of the *pounamu* they fashioned canoes, and sailed away to New Zealand. *Pounamu* relics of Ngahue are preserved even to this day, his *hei-tikis*, his ear-drops, and his *mêre* being the sacred treasures of various tribes. Another version tells how Ngahue came from afar in pursuit of his fish, the *pounamu*, and after him came Hape from Hawaiki; how Hape, driven by desire of the fish, travelled first to one spot, then another, performing various marvellous feats, and reaching at last the Wai Pounamu, where he learned Ngahue had fled, taking one side of the fish; and how the descendants of Ngahue in their turn went in search of Hape, and, opening the door of his house by incantation, found there the mummy of the dead hero. In another legend we find a Maori sailing in his canoe to find his three faithless wives, and discovering them at last transformed into greenstone boulders where the Arahura flows into the sea.

One story, with some fragments of history in it, relates how the eastern tribes of the South Island exterminated the western tribes for the sake of the coveted greenstone. For long these tribes were separated by the Alpine chain, and knew nothing of each other until one day Raureka, a mad woman of Wai Pounamu, wandering aimlessly about the gravel-bed of the Hokitika River, found a mountain-pass and reached the eastern coast. There she saw some Maoris making a canoe with blunt stone tools, and she told them how her people used the greenstone. The natives sent a party across the mountains to obtain the new substance, and after a series of conflicts they swept away the original possessors; then, flushed with success, they pushed their way south and conquered the Ngatimamoe in a great final slaughter. Many settlers have seen that battlefield still strewn with bleaching bones.

A chief named Te Uira (the Lightning) gathered together the last unconquered remnant of his people, and bearing with him his *mêre pounamu*, the symbol of former glory, he led them into the forest depths, where he and they were seen no more. It was for greenstone that the northern invaders under Rauparaha sailed in their canoes down to the south. When Rauparaha, whose home was in Kawhia, in the far north, gathered his men together for the raid, he pointed to the south, crying, 'The people of Kawhia are going to Wai Pounamu;' just as an Elizabethan buccaneer would have said, 'The men of Devon are setting out for the Spanish El Dorado.' His course was marked by massacre, and the former conquerors of the country were in their turn destroyed. Some of his tribe settled among

the conquered, and together they formed a village where the greenstone was worked. Two European travellers who reached the spot in 1846, after terrible hardships, found a considerable population engaged in collecting the finest pieces of stone and fashioning various implements from them. But the great days of the Wai Pounamu came to an end soon after that date, perhaps to be revived when white men have learned the value of the deposits.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

By Ethel F. Heddle.

CHAPTER I.—IN THE VATICAN.

'I GUESS I'm fairly tuckered out,' said a weary American voice. 'I guess I'm fit for nothing but going home and lying flat on my back! That's all the effect so much Art has on *me!* It's depressing! I thought I'd be real uplifted.'

'You may be in mind, though you aren't in body. Sit right down here. See, there are the carriages of all the cardinals and the ambassadors! I saw ours go in a minute ago. The bulliest, dandiest man! But I like the cardinals best. They make me think of Irving in *Becket*, and we're in the front row here!'

Both girls sat down and looked out of the window into one of the great courtyards of the Vatican. The carriages were gathered in lines at the side; the occupants were within, paying their respects to His Holiness. Cold March sunshine filtered over the massive buildings and the weary lines of windows; outside there was a sirocco and a dust that filled the eyes.

Imperial Rome was not at her best to-day, and even the anemones and daffodils sold at the Spanish Steps seemed to huddle together for warmth.

'I guess it's cold down there,' the first voice said. 'Wonder if His Holiness keeps his room warm. Come on, now, Libby. I've all the *stanzas* to see before lunch.'

After the girls had moved on, a lady sitting in the corner of the window looked after them with a faint smile. Her lips, that were set in lines of proud and scornful restraint, parted for a moment. Then she looked back at the courtyard again.

'Their voices made me think of my school-days, when I used to quarrel with Sylvia and Ambrose. I wonder where they are. I think Sylvia married an Englishman after her father "struck ile." And Ambrose'——

Her thoughts drifted then; her eyes grew tense; her lips set. 'I think—I am almost sure—Ambrose cared for me and would have spoken if father hadn't taken me off to Europe. I liked him; but I thought he was only an ordinary American! My mind was full of Romeos! And I came over here—and married Cesare Angeliccai!'

The lips were pressed together; the brown eyes, that were like velvet usually, looked before her with a dull stare almost despairing. For a moment she lifted a dark curtain resolutely dropped, and looked into the past.

A man passing before the courtyard window, after walking slowly down the long row of Raphael's *loggia*, turned and looked at her. Then he felt his arm touched by one of the American girls.

'Say—I thought it was you! And then I saw you looking at Faith—poor Faith!'

So it was she!

'Why poor?'

The girl had drawn him into a window embrasure; her look was confidential. They were staying together at the same hotel, and were old friends besides.

'Why poor?' Ambrose Ashe asked. 'She married a count, didn't she—an Italian? I hoped she was happy, and I heard there was a boy. Faith always loved children. Did he die? I'm sorry.'

'Yes; and I guess she adores her boy. But the husband! Don't be sorry. Don't waste sorrow for *that*.'

He started. Ashe was utterly at a loss. He stood looking at her; his back was to the other embrasure, where this new Faith sat, with the haggard eyes.

'He was a Neapolitan Greek—not a nice combination,' the girl said. 'He wasn't a count at all. It was a plot to marry her. He dazzled her. She was only a child. And after her father's death, when the money wasn't all the man thought, he ill-treated her horribly, and drank. She lost all her girlhood and her looks in that year. Now, thank goodness! he is dead, and she is free. But he has killed her heart. I saw you didn't know her. Well, so long now. There is papa beckoning.'

Ashe nodded half-vacantly. He went up and stood before Faith, and she raised her brown eyes and saw him. In a moment she was transported to America; the dear, dead days were before her, and the old faces. She gave a shiver and grew very white. Then she rose and looked at him. Her lips tried to smile.

'Ambrose!' And so unchanged. The same kind face; the equable, gentle look; the gleam of humour in the handsome eyes.

'Faith, I wasn't sure if it was you.'

'And I knew you at once.'

That was all, for a little. Then Faith found her-

self by his side, and he was asking her about herself in the old quiet voice. He knew her story—she saw that. He called her Faith, as in the old days. Neither mentioned the dead Cesare; but when they left the *loggia* and went to look at the *stanzas* he spoke of the boy.

Her face cleared then, and beautified. A little colour stole into it; the brown eyes melted. They went into the rooms of the wonderful *stanzas*, and lingered there together, talking of many things. She had been all winter in Rome, and she knew it well. She showed him her favourite pictures. He followed the slender pointing hand to the 'Disputa,' where, among the gold as of a wondrous sunset sky above the figure of Christ, there were dim angel-faces shining through the nimbus. Heaven did, indeed, seem to open. There was a little rift, then a veil of children's faces.

'I often come here,' she said. 'After a little you forget the crush and the crowd. You gaze and gaze, and by-and-by everything else melts away, and you are up there in the peace and the glory, among the child-angels! Even Raphael couldn't see farther than their faces; but heaven seems open a little, little way. You can't get nearer heaven than a child's face.'

The tall American stood quietly by, nodding. When he looked at her a flame seemed to burn up in his heart, scorching it—a flame of hate. He could remember a bright, golden-haired girl, whose lips were all laughter, whose heart was all innocence, who knew no evil. He saw now a crushed, a shadowed woman, whose eyes were wells of memory, who started yet at sudden sounds. Faith Duncombe and the Signora Angeliccai, what had they in common? Was it a broken heart he read in her eyes, or could happiness still——

'I must be getting back to Ted,' she said at last; and they went out and down the long stairs, past the Papal Guard in their striped yellow and black trousers, into the mighty Square of St Peter's. She promised to take him into the Cathedral. Her face grew more natural and girlish as he took one of the little waiting victorias and drove with her through the streets of Rome. His interest took her out of herself. He talked resolutely of Rome and of the present. They would begin life just here, he decided; he would take up the threads. When one is only twenty-seven one is capable of much. She was not more than that. And if one man could teach her the bitterest lesson of life, could not another restring the lute, bring back the music? He had already made her laugh by the time they had passed the Fountain of Trevi, and she could tell him the legend of how he must fling in his pence there if he wished to return. She promised to show him Hilda's Tower (all good Americans go there, for Hawthorne's sake), and then they alighted at the hotel, and she ran up the steps. He must see Ted, just one glimpse, before he went; and she promised to go out with him to-morrow to see Tivoli. She had a good nurse with whom she could leave the boy. He had had cold, or he could come also.

Ambrose waited, feeling as if all life and youth knocked at his heart, as if all the bells in the city were pealing joy-bells. Already he had taught her to smile! The brown eyes were half-shy, half-tremulous! Oh, it was a blessed, blessed chance that had brought him back to the girl whom he had loved and never forgotten!

Yet he was his usual impassive self when the boy came in with his Italian nurse—a pretty, English-looking child, with no trace of his foreign parentage about him. They were friends at once; and when he returned later to arrange about Tivoli and Hadrian's Villa—when one has lost seven years one cannot afford to lose as many hours—he brought confetti and sweets and odd Italian toys, and violets and primroses for Faith, from the Spanish Steps.

She took them half-shyly, half-happily, and yet with a strange shrinking look; and as she was trying to thank him two Italians entered the *salon*, and she put the flowers on the table as she bowed coldly in reply to their formal greeting. She wore a half-frozen, half-tortured look when she turned to Ashe after they had gone.

'Who were those?' he asked.

'My husband's brothers. And do you know, I have a horror of them both—an evil presentiment! For if Ted were not alive they would have come in for a little place in Naples—all he left; and I—I always fear them. I feel as if they would hurt Ted if they could.'

'Oh, come!' he said, trying to rally her; 'you are getting fanciful. We are in modern Rome—not in the days of the wicked old emperors and empresses.'

Outside, however, he fell into a reverie as he threaded his way through the narrow streets, preferring to think and walk. 'All the same, they were by no means inviting-looking parties. And I did not fancy the nurse either. And, by Jove! I believe I have seen them all before. Was not that the group I saw in the Pantheon? They seemed to me to be discussing some mischief then.' Was he growing fanciful too? He laughed, and pulled himself together.

. . . . . .

Ashe enjoyed dinner that night as he had not done since he came to Rome. Everything was good; everything amused him. He was partaking of nectar and ambrosia. He joined in the talk of the people at his table—two or three Americans who were 'doing' the sights religiously, and wondering if they could pack them all into ten days.

'Well, I'll be willing to leave the sixty odd churches we haven't done if you arrange about the Catacombs to-morrow, father,' the girl said. 'No, it isn't St Calixtus—every one sees that—and you go with a crowd. Where's the romance? It's St Sebastian—the one the schoolboys were lost in. You *could* be lost there! That old curé said so.

He said, "*Mais, certainement, mademoiselle.*" They had been excavating, and they say all sorts of new passages'——

'Very well, Sylvia, I'll arrange for the carriage. But don't you forget our berths are taken in the *Celt* for the 15th, so don't lose yourself before that date.—I'll trouble you to pass the salt, sir. I don't suppose you're old enough to have a daughter bent on losing herself in a catacomb, eh?'

Ashe laughed, and the talk passed to other things. At night he went out—he was too restless to sit still—and he found his way to the Colosseum, tempted by the bright moon and the lovely starry sky. Here, in the tragic circle of this giant arena, he could dream of old days and of new—smiling to himself to think how the new drove out the old. Faith's white profile and dark-shadowed eyes were before him all the time. But he remembered something else as he went out at last, conscious of a sudden disagreeable fear, as a miasmic breath from the swamps of the interior chilled his face. A little group under the gray arches had made him think of Cesare's brothers, of Faith's words, and of her white face.

One man had lit a cigar, and the light fell for a moment on his face and the figure of the woman. 'I wonder if I'm dreaming,' he said to himself, 'or if those were the two Greek Neapolitans and the nurse. Surely not! This is modern Rome; and, besides, what could they do?'

CHAPTER II.—LOST!

THE next day was one of pure delight—a day stolen from the lap of June; the cold wind forgotten, and the blinding dust; nothing above them but the blue sky, nothing below but the velvety turf and the anemones—the lavender petals of the flower that is erroneously called by the translators of the New Testament the 'lily of the valley.' There is no time to tell of that day. Ashe left Faith at the hotel door, with a flush on her cheek, with light in her eyes, with the seven years wiped out; and in an hour she was back in the corridor of his hotel asking for him—pale, distraught, hunted, terrified, that most piteous creature on earth—a frantic woman robbed of her child.

She told him as calmly as she could—though with breath that came in gasping gulps: 'Ted is lost! Disappeared! He went out in the afternoon with Theresa. That is all I know. He has never returned, and it is now ten! She has given him to those men! They will kill him!'

Ashe took her into the drawing-room while he got his coat, and presently they were driving to the chief of the police. She grew very quiet then, and pale, translating for him everywhere, and presently all Rome was being searched for the lost boy. The grass did not grow under Ashe's feet. Then he took her back to the hotel. She was faint now, and weak. The hours passed.

When morning came Faith had fallen into a heavy sleep after a draught prescribed by the doctor, and Ashe was on foot, alone, in the town.

'She will lose her senses,' he told himself, 'if the boy is not found. She has been sorely tried already. He was all she had. She will never again be happy in this world. I *must* find him, and I shall!'

So he did not return—only sent her a letter to be read when she wakened. She was to trust him, and wait patiently. He would bring back her little lad.

'And I shall, if I offer half my fortune,' he said to himself. 'After all, surely one American can outwit two rascally Neapolitan Greeks! And my purse is the deeper.'

The forenoon passed; nothing happened, no proof. *Was* the boy killed? 'Such horrible things do happen nowadays,' Ashe told himself—'Middle-Ages horrors—crude crimes we thought we had outgrown. Is he stabbed, and thrown into some field in the Campagna? Is her heart to be broken? My little Faith—who has already lost so much!'

He offered a large reward to any cab-driver who must, he decided, have driven the boy and the nurse—a reward large enough to outbid any bribe, and by five o'clock he had a message. A man had come and claimed the lire. He had driven a nurse answering the description near to the Catacomb of St Sebastian the day before. But the child was a girl.

Ashe rose, as if electrified. 'Pay him the reward, he said to the officer, 'and order a victoria with a good horse. I never thought of this. The boy was disguised.'

He would say nothing more till he was out in the country and had roused the monks of the convent. Dusk was falling and stars beginning to scintillate in the wonderful Italian sky.

'She shall not have another sleepless night of agony,' Ashe thought. 'They have hidden him there, and the nurse has gone off to the Campagna. It would be easily done. But, please God, he is not dead yet!'

The monks shook their heads when questioned. It was a mad notion.

Yes, yesterday there had been tourists—it was a saint's day, and Mass had been celebrated in the little chapel; but there had been no nurse and little boy. They were quite sure. There had been ladies; yes, and one little girl, a peasant child. She with her mother had of course gone up with the others after Mass.

Could they swear this?

No, they could not swear.

'Bring lights!' Ashe said imperatively; 'many lights, and come. Bring your best guides. A large reward is offered—many lire. I am an American, and I mean to find the child. It will all go to the convent.'

The monks looked at each other. They were

old men, not very keen of sight and hearing; but they knew Americans. There would be no sleep that night unless the boy was found.

. . . . . .

Ashe had not yet visited any of the catacombs; but he had no thought for the sacred and tragic associations which hung round those dark earth-tunnellings, those stone shelves in which the Christian dead had lain, as he followed the shuffling steps of the monks, and looked before him eagerly, his candle held high. Was it really only a wild idea on his part? And even if it were correct, would they ever find the lad? The story of the band of schoolboys haunted him; legend said they were never found! The child would perish of hunger and terror. At least the air was mild and dry. He would have to go back and tell her—his poor broken-hearted Faith, with her lily face and her mournful eyes.

'These are all the passages that are opened, signor,' one monk said at last; 'and no stranger would venture farther. It is not possible. The woman would not dare. She'——

'What is that?'

He was on the earth examining something. The fathers could see nothing. They peered forward.

'What is it?'

'Confetti—pink and white confetti,' Ashe said, 'such as I gave the boy in a little cornucopia yesterday. There! I see more. Down this passage! Bend. Please follow me.'

They did so, and Ashe shouted. They went on and on, led by the little white snow. At last he held his taper high with a cry of joy. 'What is that there? Look! Look!'

He pointed and strode on. A little heap on the ground stirred. A child's face, sleep-bewildered, looked up; they could see a flaxen head. They found him, half-awake; he clung to them with sobbing breath. He told them all, in broken sobs and tears: How Theresa had dressed him up 'for fun' as a girl. And they came here to see the place in the dark where the good saints slept. They left the others, and ran off 'for fun.' And Theresa bade him stay here, and she would return. She filled his hands with cakes; and he had kept his confetti, and spilled it all the way. But when Theresa had gone, and did not come back (she took the taper, and said she was going to call the Holy Father), he got frightened, and cried and cried! And he could not find her in the dark. And he had knelt and said his prayers, and at last fell asleep. He had told himself fairy stories. And, oh! where was his mother?

Ashe took him up in his powerful arms, and the boy clung close to the kind stranger.

'Come back to her with me,' Ashe said.

. . . . . .

They were married in May, at the American church, and they sailed for the States in early summer. Rome was panting then under a fierce sun. The tourists were flying; the city was emptying. Rome was left with her myriad churches and her myriad treasures, her broken arches, her palaces and pillars, her tragedy and her history, the birthplace of the world's history. 'A cross everywhere,' as Hawthorne says, 'the Niobe of nations;' now, alas! the show-place of the world.

These two would never return.

'I think of what might have been but for you!' Faith said to her husband. 'I think of that awful night—of the moment you put him into my arms! I think my soul had gone down into the dark. I was ready to curse God; and then you brought him back, and raised my soul from hell! You were an angel opening my prison door.'

'I was only a friend in need,' her husband said, in his quiet voice; his arm was round her on the moonlit deck. The great ship cleft the waves—leapt forward like a bird, with glad, tireless wings, 'to that new world which is the old.'

'A friend indeed!' Faith whispered. And they smiled in each other's face.

THE LITTLE FISHES.

We glide along
To the river-song,
In gleaming flood,
In silver sudd;
We meet, we greet,
We part, we dart.
So merrily
We while away
Our every day.
Sometimes we try
Like birds to fly;
But, see our wings!
Such tiny things!
Ofttimes a bird
Has got a whim—
Quite, quite absurd—
He too can swim.
He dives, but finds our air so thick
That up he comes to the surface quick.

And if by any chance we strike
Against the wicked, hungry pike,
With gleaming, gloating, cruel eyes,
Right in the midst of us he'll rise.
And, scattering to left and right,
Our only safety lies in flight.
But then, again, quite low we lie
To pounce upon the fluttering fly,
Or hide behind a boulder-stone,
And sulk if left too long alone.

Back to the waters brisk
We frolic and we frisk;
We splash, we dash,
Our tails we lash,
And thus in artless play,
We haste the flowing day,
With no other wish,
Save just to be fish,
Alive—oh, alive!—in the watery swish.

M. P. D.

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RUNDLE'S DOING.

By ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. — CHAPTER I.

IT was a bitterly cold winter night in the lower reaches of the Thames. Patches of fog were drifting slowly across the Kentish marshes, and on the northern bank the hard-frozen high-road from Gravesend stretched lonely and desolate. The rising tide was surging darkly through the icy chill of the river, and hoary particles of whiteness covered the grimy stones of Grunters Wharf, and settled undisturbed on the deserted deck of the steamer *Kenilworth*, transforming its rust with the dazzling purity of the hoar-frost. Save for the dull plash of the running water, the scene was very still.

The days of the business of Grunters Wharf are past; this the big docks have settled. Its activity is over, its commerce a memory of bygone interest. Never a particularly cheerful spot, its natural gloom is now heightened by a general air of desolation and neglect—so much so that it seems to desire to tell strangers of the prosperous years it once knew. Occasionally some old tramp-steamer, whose freight-earning capacities are the despair of her owners, is laid up there in the stream to avoid the iniquitous dock-dues of modern dividend-desirous times.

The *Kenilworth* had long since seen her best days. Trade was bad—never worse, averred the ancient wiseacres of the shore—and she lay there unemployed and useless, a source of small profit to her watchman alone and an encumbrance to everybody else. The forsaken surroundings of Grunters harmonised exactly with the melancholy solitude of the worn-out vessel.

What had induced Bernard Carr to carry me off late at night to so unattractive a locality I had yet to learn. I had just come back from a lengthy stay abroad, and immediately on my return he had wired to know if I was ready to come out with him. Since he is my one great friend, of course I had answered that I was. Therefore I sat in the *Kenilworth's* cabin and speculated as to what was going to happen. Carr was an uncommunicative fellow, and to-night he struck me as being in a particularly sober mood. He had introduced the watchman to me as Mr Rundle, an old acquaintance of great resource in times of emergency. This quality was amply demonstrated later. Meanwhile I decided that the conversation was distinctly personal.

'"Appiness,' said my new acquaintance, ramming the tobacco more firmly into his pipe and frowning at the third ineffectual match, 'is a-doin' wot you please. Consequently, some folks 'as it easy an' some 'asn't a chance. Yet by the look on you, Mr Carr, you ain't 'appy with all your advantages. Will the trouble be a girl, now?'

Bernard winced, and sat up with sudden stiffness.

'Women,' pursued the watchman, apparently considering this was equivalent to assent on the part of his hearer—'women is on'y human, like as men is, but in gen'ral speakin' a long sight worse. Now, when you went a-courtin', sir, did you wear a red necktie—one on 'em sparklin' sort o' starers?'

'No,' laughed my companion a little forlornly. 'I'm afraid I never thought of it, Rundle.'

'"Cos wi' them feminines gay feathers is everythink,' nodded the oracle, with infinite wisdom. And during the pause that ensued we all three partook simultaneously of the liquid refreshment before us on the cabin-table. The said refreshment was hot and sugared.

'The more a woman cares for you, the more she treats you the same as the cook treats the fo'c'sle boy,' continued our philosopher, wiping his grizzled moustache appreciatively as he set down his glass. '"Tis real satisfaction as they takes in a-seein' 'ow much they can put a man to. You act on my tip, sir—try the diplomatics. An' by diplomatics wi' women I means knowin' when to stand off. The girl will like you all the better for it. That's the way wi' the 'ole sex.'

'Have you ever been married yourself, Mr Rundle?' I inquired with interest.

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'No, sir, I 'ain't'—the speaker's eyes gleamed reminiscently—'but I was well-nigh cotched once. My own cousin wot was donkeyman on the King Line o' cattle-boats, 'e 'eard I was arter a girl years since, an' 'e comes along an' speaks to me solemn-like. "'Er features is 'omely beyond all tellin'," 'e says, "an' 'er complexion is the dyspeptic species." "'Ave you seen 'er, then?" says I. "Yus," 'e says, "ahind the bar at the 'Roarin' Lion' in the Commercial Road—'ain't that the one?" 'e says; which 'twas, an' I told 'im so. "Don't you go for to do it, my boy," 'e says, a-waggin' of 'is 'ead, "not for to call the chairman o' the P. an' O. your uncle. She's the sort as will lay 'erself out for to make life a burden to you, as any wife can do to any 'usband if she pleases. Look afore you leaps—but why leap at all?—that's my motter."'

'And what happened?' asked Carr, as the narrator paused with the air of a man who has enunciated a great and unexpected truth.

'We quarrelled,' said the watchman slowly; 'I don't mind me 'xactly wot 'twas about. 'Tis true, I don't. 'Er brother come over to see me nasty-tempered, lookin' as if 'e'd been doin' a murder an' the corpse 'ad wisited 'im in the night. Called 'isself a champion 'eavyweight, 'e did. There's too many o' them champions a-knockin' round. I wasn't so bad wi' my fists neither, an' 'is conscience wasn't clear or else 'is wind was cheap that mornin', for I left 'im stuck fast like a barge on a mud-flat out by Bechton Gas-Works. 'Is profanity were awful; interested even them stokers, it did, as takes a deal o' learnin' that way. But I 'ave been shut on matrimony ever since; 'tis a fact, sir, I assure you.'

There was another pause. Something in the cosy gloom of the smoke-ridden little cabin appeared to affect us all rather strangely. We three men seemed very much alone. I pondered as I watched Carr's face half-hidden in shadow.

Bad women often ruin men's lives; good women can ruin them too. I had known for some time of his love for Clare Durand. He had failed with her, and the look that had settled across his face was not good to see. I knew how devoted he had been to the girl, and from what I had heard, she had merely taken notice of his love without appreciating its value. Rich and beautiful as she was, it was probably not more to her to receive fresh homage, I considered, than to put on a new pair of gloves; and Carr was not the man to share her smiles contentedly with every comer in a train of would-be suitors. She had seemingly done her best to break his heart by her indifference, and still she was the one girl in the whole world to him. Sometimes to such in after years there comes a reckoning, and the dark corners of the woman's mind where she has hidden from her own self are revealed to her in the glaring colours of disappointment. But not always; and, if at all, the realisation is generally too late.

'If I might be so bold, sir, bein' an old shipmate in a manner o' speakin',' said the watchman bluntly, 'wot was it went wrong atween you an' your young lady?'

Carr shot a half-exasperated glance at the speaker and hesitated. It was a question which even I had not cared to ask him. The answer, when it came very gravely, astounded me.

'It was my brother,' he said simply.

In his surprise Rundle swallowed the smoke from his pipe and choked. Then he gasped, 'Bless my stars!' with immense emphasis, and surveyed us both, aghast. I, too, looked at my friend in consternation; his square, handsome face was smileless as a stone.

'My brother is younger than I am,' said Bernard Carr in a peculiarly quiet tone. 'Also, to a woman he is, I suppose, more attractive. He can talk amusingly about nothing in particular, and he tells stories and makes jokes in a way I cannot do.'

'Them chaps as can jabber an' spin rummy yarns for to amuse the women is mostly flashy,' interposed Mr Rundle with matter-of-factness.

'I trusted my brother completely,' went on Carr, unheeding; 'and I never dreamed he could interfere between me and the woman I loved. I think he fascinated her. At first I laughed at her, then I reasoned with her more seriously, scolded her playfully. All these courses failed. Then I discovered she had gone out with him secretly, though she would never make the least effort to meet me, but only seemed to endure my presence passively when I called. At last I asked her plainly if he was preferred. She refused to answer my question, and—we parted. That was two months ago. I have not seen Miss Durand since.'

I believe it is possible to tell when a person is loved by the sound of the lover's voice when he mentions her name. It was in quite a different tone that Carr suddenly changed the subject.

'What about these mysterious barges, Rundle? Aren't they due now?'

He glanced at his watch; it was nearly ten o'clock.

The watchman stroked his jaw, and accepted the hint tactfully. Then he nodded with furrowed brow, rose abruptly to his feet, and began to struggle violently into a huge greatcoat. It was a garment which had passed its prime—passed it a long way. This effort on his part was accompanied by a few appropriate words condemning the outside cold which are entirely unnecessary to record. He led up the companion-way on to the deck, and I skirmished guardedly after him round all manner of nautical obstacles with an affectation of ease I was far from feeling. I made several mental resolutions, as I met a fender, some planks, and a bollard unexpectedly, to speak very firmly to Carr afterwards concerning the dangers of a steamer's deck in the dark. Proud with the consciousness of manœuvres skilfully executed, I groped into the dense shadow of the chart-house, and bent down to soothe an injured shin with tenderness. The lee of the chart-house was, from our point of view, a

spectacular position, which possessed the advantage that we were completely concealed from any one on the river. Nevertheless, in the biting frost it had its drawbacks.

'Reg'lar pats you on the nose with a brick, this 'ere weather,' opined Mr Rundle in husky discontent behind me. ''Old up, sir,' he added with warning, as I moved incautiously. I grasped with haste at the black, icy rail, to prevent myself from rolling on the slippery deck. ''Tis a cruel, hard night!'

I assented, and waited for some further deliverance on the subject of what we were supposed to be doing. Presently it came:

'Rundle has an idea'—it was Carr who was speaking—'that there is some extensive gun-running going on hereabouts just now. Secret shipments of arms and ammunition are being loaded, probably for Russia. They are brought up the river in barges, and transferred to some steamer which is waiting to receive them. The darker and foggier the night the greater the security with which it can be done. Both Scotland Yard and the Foreign Office would interfere if they got wind of it; it is illegal, and it is probably a breach of neutrality on our part as a friendly nation. The cases are, of course, described as general merchandise, and no doubt the manifest of the cargo lodged with the Custom-House is innocent enough, so that the steamer can clear from the port without trouble. It is wonderful how lucrative the trade in those packages marked pianos, hardware, and agricultural machinery must be to their owners.' He spoke dryly.

'Hallo! What's that?'

'Hist!' Rundle clutched my arm excitedly and besought me to keep cool. This, considering the weather, was not difficult. I peered across the stretch of lonely river.

A small boat, dim and indefinite, was drifting past on the sweep of the tide. Three men sat in her, motionless. I could just distinguish their forms, cloaked and hooded in foreign fashion, merging with the background of gloom. Something resembling a small barrel was stowed in peculiar fashion over her stern.

'Have you seen any Japanese about?' asked Carr in a quick whisper.

Rundle shook his head.

'Those were Japanese, surely,' Carr muttered. 'Now, *what* is the little game afoot, I wonder?'

The fog was thickening. Silent and clammy it rolled in eerie patches through the pasty darkness. In the distance it shut down over three little lights of green, red, and yellow, where some fog-bound vessel was being nursed into an anchorage in the fairway. The sound of the rattle of a chain-cable through the hawse-pipe was borne on the silence. A steamer had brought up not far away. We heard her letting off steam.

There was a *plish-plash* on the water, and a ghostly sailing-barge stole softly past us, her sweeps cutting noiselessly into the running water, and her long forked wake sending a steady muffled ripple against the wharf. Rundle pointed significantly, as if he could say a good deal about her if he chose. But as she vanished indistinctly into the mist, a new sound broke the stillness from on shore. It was the unmistakable whir of a fast-travelling motor-car on the high-road from London.

'A buzzer, by gum!' ejaculated the watchman. 'An' it's stopped—here!'

The noise ceased with a jerk. The vehicle had undoubtedly pulled up at Grunters. This was a new development in the evening's entertainment.

For some ever-unexplained reason we three men beat a very swift and silent retreat to the cabin; a zigzag process trying to my temper, as I encountered the corner of the shore-gangway, of disconcerting hardness, *en route*. We gazed at each other solemnly in the breathless silence of expectation. There followed the noise of light approaching footsteps on the wharf. Next they ceased uncertainly. Then apparently their owner perceived the shaft of light from the cabin window, for the footfalls rang on the iron deck above us, and descended the companion stairs with slowness. Then a girl stood suddenly in the doorway, a dainty vision in a long cloak and round fur cap. The cabin light fell on a pair of wide blue eyes, and glittered on soft fair hair escaping round the delicate pink ears. The oval cheeks above the tiny curving chin were white with cold. One small gloved hand caught nervously at the edge of the table. I saw how beautiful she was. And I saw Carr spring forward with a quick cry. It was Clare Durand.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS ON BOARD THE 'THISTLE,' 1905.

By POULTNEY BIGELOW.

ONE of the big ocean liners could carry half-a-dozen yachts like the *Thistle* on her deck and as many below hatches; and this helps to make us wonder why so tiny a craft not only gets across the seas in safety, but on the whole furnishes a comfortable time for all hands. The Vikings of old sailed the ocean in smaller boats than the *Thistle*, and so did the Pilgrim Fathers of 1620, to say nothing of Columbus in 1492.

This I am writing on our fourteenth day from Sandy Hook, after several days of gales and high seas, after passing through a field of floating ice, several days of fog and sleet, after having our topsail frozen stiff, and water in our bath-tub at thirty-four degrees Fahrenheit. The danger of ocean travel

in a small boat commences when the master takes unnecessary risks, sometimes in crowding on too much canvas, sometimes in carrying too much cargo, most often from defective material in rig and construction.

A few days out from New York, on the Newfoundland Banks, we passed a three-master hove-to while we were scudding along past her at the rate of twelve knots an hour in a heavy sea with half a gale from the North Pole. In our case we knew that everything in the make-up of the *Thistle* was sound; and, more than that, we had on board enough hands to work her to the greatest advantage.

The voyages which our ancestors made in vessels which strike us as diminutive were successful mainly, I imagine, by reason of the large crews they carried, enabling them to use oars as auxiliary power, and to bail out the breaking seas expeditiously. Nowadays many a thousand-ton three-master will start round the capes with a smaller ship's company than went to man a galley carrying grain from Alexandria to the mouth of the Tiber.

The *Thistle*, while only one hundred and ten feet long on the water-line, nevertheless gave us a dry deck throughout the stormiest days, and we had plenty of them. On a run to Bermuda and back which I took in her in the spring of 1903 (her maiden deep-sea cruise) we had dry decks all the time, although the Gulf Stream was in its usual lumpy vein, and we had to shorten sail to the extent of substituting a trysail for reefed mainsail. As we raced across the Flemish Cap a few days ago, we saw there a fishing-schooner at anchor. The heavy ocean sea was running; it was blowing half a gale out of the north; yet she rode there serenely with nothing up but a small trysail on the mainsail. We err in thinking a boat unsafe because it is small. True, there are many fishermen and coasters lost every year; but when we inspect their gear in port, to say nothing of the hulls, we marvel, not at the large number lost, but that so many ever get home at all.

A yacht-race is bound to be uncomfortable, and we had frequent occasion to congratulate our gallant skipper that his wife had been persuaded to remain behind. Although the start was on 17th May, and at a time of year when Nature wears her most smiling aspect, it was thirteen days before we could sit on deck comfortably. Each day was, if possible, more raw, wet, and cold than the day previous. The main saloon, which in port was a thing bearing witness to the magic of woman's touch, little by little took on the appearance of a hold for the stowage of everything not otherwise located.

When the big stansails and topmast staysails came down dripping with half-frozen water they were dumped down in the middle of the saloon, and soon our dining-room was stacked high with sails emanating a damp chill which compelled us to dress more warmly for our meals than even for the deck.

As the ship rolled in the heavy seas the mass of sail commenced to move like an Alpine avalanche, and to threaten the swinging table on the starboard side of the cabin; so all hands had to be called down to shift this sliding cargo—a difficult task. And not until the twelfth day out could this mass of sail be taken out to dry, so stormy had the journey been—mainly north and westerly gales. Now, this would not have been the weather for ladies unless they had already been broken-in to the work.

Then, too, the skylights had to be covered with tarpaulin most of the time; the port-holes were also covered over as precaution against an extra heavy sea; men crept about by the aid of life-lines; the cabins were raw and clammy like vaults; towels, sheets, pillow-cases, all took on a dampish flavour; there was no means of drying things save by one or two little oil-stoves, around which we hung rubber boots, under-garments, socks, coats, as often as we could. The organ, which is a grand ornament to the main saloon, soon became wheezy, and when it was completely banked in with damp sails, ceased to minister to our spiritual needs. Of course these minor discomforts would fall away were we crossing the Atlantic with no reference to a race. But at present everything is sacrificed to the matter of crowding one more knot out of the yacht. All hands are on the jump; even the chief steward climbs aloft and lies out on the yard with the rest, and when he comes to serve at table he needs no apology for appearing in his sea-boots or answering a call on deck between the courses.

There are plenty of risks in crossing the ocean, no matter in what craft you go: there are icebergs; there are derelicts; there is the possibility of fire or spontaneous explosion, and of course the danger of going ashore in a fog. But comparing risk with risk, a well-found sailing-craft like the *Thistle* is to me as safe as the biggest liner afloat; and this I say having crossed seventy times under steam and four times under sail.

There can be no dull moment on a sailing-craft, while on the steamer of to-day the interest is about equal to what you can create for yourself on a sea-side-hotel veranda. On the sailing-craft nothing is concealed from those on board. From the captain to the cabin-boy, each movement of the wind and sea awakens interest. All hands can help whenever a sail has to be shifted; and as no two opinions ever agree as to the exact set of a sail, it is obvious that conversation on a sailing-ship can never flag.

On account of racing exigencies, the *Thistle* left her library ashore; but it was not missed—we were all too busy about real things.

As to the master of this craft, Robert E. Tod, he was the only owner who commanded and navigated his own craft. Never once in the whole passage across did he lie down on his bed; his rest, such as it was, he snatched as opportunity offered in a long chair close to the chart-room. He took no meals with his guests, but had a sandwich or biscuit or cup of soup wherever the steward happened to find him. There is a rumour of the steward's having

climbed up on to the cross-trees with a plate of beans and a cup of coffee—in search of Captain Tod. The story rests on hearsay, but is very probable.

Whether this boat or that wins the great Atlantic yacht-race is immaterial compared with the great object which Mr Tod had in view when he originally proposed the race on 15th September 1903. His action is a protest against races which produce a type of boat known as 'racing machines.' This race is one calculated to encourage seaworthy craft, and above all real seamanship.

The eleven competing yachts parted off Sandy Hook at noon of 17th May, and here we are, after a fortnight of sailing, and have never seen a single one of them since, have not been near enough to a single passenger-steamer to exchange signals, have not had a scrap of information since leaving New York. Yet at dinner the evening before sailing one of my friends congratulated me upon the pleasant times we should have in exchanging visits during the race, rowing over from yacht to yacht!

It is a subject for regret that the entries this year were so few—notably that New England yachting was not more adequately represented. Mr Tod, who was Commodore of the Atlantic Yacht Club in 1903, originated the movement and was prepared to carry it out. Let us recall that this is the only yacht club in America which has in recent years encouraged ocean yachting. The New York Yacht Club, on the contrary, identified itself rather with the America Cup and its 'racing machines.'

Mr Tod's programme was simplicity itself: merely an announcement that there would be a race from New York across the Atlantic on a certain date under the usual conditions, involving no more detail than a starter and a timekeeper at both ends. But this simple plan became one of great intricacy when it came to be mixed up with other plans represented by Sir Thomas Lipton, Lord Lonsdale, and the German Emperor. Sir Thomas first offered a cup to the Atlantic Yacht Club, then withdrew it without having secured the consent of Mr Tod or his club. The German Emperor offered a cup for the same race, and assumed the presidency or patronage of it without having been elected or selected either by Mr Tod or by the Atlantic Yacht Club. Lord Lonsdale offered the presidency of this Atlantic race to the German Emperor without having any authority for so doing either from Mr Tod or from the Atlantic Yacht Club.

The German Emperor, who is a gentleman and a sportsman, will be very much surprised when he learns, if he ever does, how zealously the Earl of Lonsdale has served him in matters of Transatlantic yachting. Had Sir Thomas Lipton left his cup, as originally intended, in the keeping of the Atlantic Yacht Club, instead of withdrawing it without cause, there would have been no complications of any kind. The German Emperor had no thought of an ocean yacht-race until Lord Lonsdale cabled him from New York (October 8, 1903), urging him to take charge of it, and thus eliminate both the Atlantic Cup and the Atlantic Yacht Club.

Mr Tod, with characteristic modesty, and with a mind intent only upon a good race, allowed these things to happen without remark; but now that the race is over we may as well have some of the truth. It is terribly hard work being an emperor—particularly when it comes to protecting yourself from your friends. I have never been an emperor; but that is what they tell me in the best-informed quarters. Next time let us have an ocean race from Boston to Gibraltar, with a stop at the Azores. Let the United States Navy detail a man or so to note the start, and I am quite sure that the British Navy would do corresponding service at Gibraltar. Such a yacht-race needs no 'patronage' in the conventional sense; and if 'patronage' there must be, let us have a patronage that may be useful no less than ornamental.

Theodore Roosevelt and King Edward are both yachtsmen; they are not likely to discourage a request for timekeepers in such a contest. To this contest all would be welcome—not merely Germans and Russians, but Frenchmen, Danes, Dutchmen, Belgians.

The race of 1905 is a glorious epoch in ocean yachting—the most glorious since the *Henrietta* race of 1866. It is glorious because of the yachtsmen who ventured. Let us have more of this manly venture.

THE AUTOCRAT.

CHAPTER XII.

SPENCER, too, shifted in his chair.

'What is that?' he said.

Mr Jenkins came out of meditation with a start.

'I didn't hear anything,' he said.

'Guess it must have been a musk-rat,' the fat man said. 'Those dogs are making an infernal racket.'

He lay back again and went on smoking. He was feeling slack but complacent, jaded in the reaction from a prolonged strain, and he had the weariness with which middle-aged men usually see the goal in sight. He had concentrated all his energies upon the treaty, and lo! it was done; and nothing remained for them but the enterprise of this last morning, in which it had seemed expedient to take an extreme course with as little risk as need be. That was the only obstacle left in the path. Spencer thought of the pit that had been dug—so easy to design in a land of intrigue—and he

scratched his chin, and reflected that there was every reason for Ahmed Madrali to tumble headlong into it. The *Golden Eagle* was carrying away a few well-fed, well-satisfied, triumphant people to communication with their eager colleagues, and to a cable that would link them up with an exalted personage who was more eager even than they. There was finish to the bullying and squeezing, the many lean years, the slow dribble of ready money, the perpetual drain upon it from over seas; end to life in a stagnant exile. Spencer heaved a sigh of relief, able to sit still and look from him again. He was lucky to be out of it before Kerisali fever made an end of him. He began to turn over investments in his mind; he could see himself handling his plump commission. He would go back to the States and buy a mansion on the finest street of his native city; he would sit on his piazza, and put his thumbs in his arm-holes, and have all the honour that is dollars' due. Jani Mata, he presumed, would take up his lion's share of the spoils, and make things hum in an effete civilisation until it was all gone, for that was Jani Mata's way. Uncle Elias looked quite compassionately at the lean, lounging figure, and shook his head. It was too bad; but it was pretty sure to happen.

'The bazaar is unusually quiet,' Mr Jenkins said presently, tossing the butt of his cheroot into a bed of stephanotis.

'Reckon it 's got the hump.'

'Dietrich told me that there was nothing doing in the town this afternoon, but that, on the other hand, there had been an abnormal amount of traffic on the river-road during the last few days. Quite unprecedented, he said. Did he report that to you?'

'He did, sir. I guess it isn't any use trying to blink the fact that it is hopping mad, and badly frightened too—has been ever since we hanged the pick of the rioters. The worst-scared folk have gone to the forest for a change of air; that's a Kerisali custom, ain't it? The rest are waiting to see. That doesn't concern you and me, because they've waited just too long, and the next thing they'll know will be the gentle persuasion of our Continental friends. We shall be making tracks in the little *Star* when that happens; and we know what they'll feel like if they knock up against the big guns, Jani.'

'I suppose so,' said the king, and went into a brown study again, his eyes on the shifting boundary of shadows as they drove the moonlight back across the garden. He stuck out his lower lip. He too was within sight of the end; and he eyed it sourly, but still with the sense of nearing a landmark, a stage upon an arid and unprofitable journey. All things hitherto had been ashes in the mouth: it was not likely that this belated revenge and prosperity, coming hand in hand, would prove any sweeter than the rest. But for all that, he was feeling glad that he had attained them. His hatred had parched his mouth for twenty years; now he would quench it at a draught, even though he despised himself for his drunkard's craving.

He rose, nodded 'good-night' to Spencer, and strolled away. At last he would be free of Kerisal. He walked over to the gate and stood looking at the raffish sentry lolling sleepily on his rifle, and at the lamplight glowing from the guard-house windows. A king in the middle of his people! He gave his wry smile. Then he turned his back and wandered away again, restless to-night, and with old, bitter memories, implacable regrets, gnawing at his soul.

The sentry, who was Miguel, shook himself awake at the passing footsteps, but not in time to see who had come and gone. The sound, however, had roused him; he yawned, leaned his rifle against the wall, and stretched himself, head back, eyes blinking at the sky. He rolled a cigarette in his dirty fingers and lighted it, and envied somebody who was snoring hard inside the guard-house. He had his midnight reflections as well as kings; they took shape, and a Spanish village, a very pleasant place for exiles returned, came into his mind's eye. There were reasons why Miguel was not likely to see it, at least while memories were fresh. He wondered if they had succeeded in scouring the blood-stain out of the wine-shop floor, and whether the police still kept his knife, and if José's widow had stopped shrieking yet. How the woman shrieked, her cries pursuing him as he ran—and ran—and ran! His reverie came to an abrupt end; he stood stock-still, gazing over the bamboos. What was the glow above them? Fire? He lounged to the gate, unbolted the postern, and stepped outside it, with a peasant's loutishness, to see.

The fire was, of course, the prince's signal, starting up as he and Rex left the roof. Miguel was not able to make this out from the narrow byway, and so it was that he strayed up it a little farther, and still a little farther, gaping inquisitively, until the first tide of the watchers bubbled out of an alley and swept up to him.

He had not forgotten the riot; and Dunne and the Portuguese being brought painfully into hospital, silent and bandage-swathed, furnished a recent object-lesson. He had the countryman's incredible carelessness and stupidity; but here, tardily, quite a lively apprehension pierced them. His rifle was leaning against the guard-house, and he had nothing but his bayonet. He drew it—which was exactly what a keener-witted man would not have done—and immediately the mob was groaning about his ears. Akasa had curbed itself, with superhuman exertion, for days, waiting upon almost certain ruin and very possible massacre; one soldier unsheathing his sword in the face of it could be nothing but the forerunner of the great catastrophe.

Miguel swung about, showing his teeth in sheer panic; a Spaniard in a tight place has all a cornered rat's viciousness. He struck out blindly, snarling, at the first man between him and safety. The Kerisali struck back, without doing damage; Miguel

was already on the wing. He ran, just as he had run that night, ages before, when the wine at his head had shown him how to kill José; and with that the stream of natives surged after him, its hard-held savagery out of bounds at last.

He dashed through the gate, hare before the hounds, and half-a-dozen yellow men tumbled in at his heels. Miguel pitched forward, fell, and—rose no more; some one had shot him between the shoulders on the very threshold of safety. The guard buzzed out hastily, armed and wholly bewildered, and the full flood of the invasion met and rolled over it. The corporal fired point-blank into the van, raced back to the alarm-bell, and was stabbed as his hand grasped the rope. That was a futile death, because the enclosure was already roused, and more than roused, by the shots and the scuffle. Another soldier turned his thoughts to the Maxim, but the fight was hand-to-hand by this time, and the Kerisalis were still streaming in; he dragged the canvas hood half off, and then he fell to fisticuffs, mad and desperate, with an insurgent who only wanted room to run him through with a fallen man's bayonet, and who, as a matter of fact, found it in the end. The first assault was, except for those two shots, almost noiseless, because of its swiftness and its wild success; it was not until the Kerisalis paused, on the crest of undreamed-of victory, to draw breath and eye each other, and see the joy of fighting running high between man and man, that the palaces woke into outcry.

Mr Jenkins was passing Spencer's bungalow on his way to bed when the first sharp report of a rifle came to his ears. He stopped to listen, and he caught the note of disturbance, mellowed by the intervening buildings and space into a mere murmur, but none the less perceptible to his alert hearing. He ran up the veranda steps just as Spencer, rotund and grotesque in striped pyjamas, darted to a doorway. The soldier on guard stepped aside, deep into the heavy shadows, and the two men met.

'There is some mischief at work in the town to-night, uncle,' Jani Mata said, breathing quickly, but without raising his monotonous voice. 'It is close up under our walls, and I shouldn't wonder if we are its objective. I wonder if Ahmed Madrali has got wind of our affairs. It looks like it. Where's your 'phone? Ring up the captain of your scaramouches and turn them out. No, it isn't just fireworks; and you may take it from me they will be wanted.'

Spencer vanished into his office without a word, his bare feet slapping the matting. It was not the time to argue the question: there had been the shot; and the things that might happen if the Kerisalis ran amuck before the warships came did not bear thinking about. His heart thumped unevenly, but he kept his head. He was in telephonic communication with the barrack, while the king, on the veranda again, was giving a further command to the sentry.

'Go to the guard-house, double-quick time, and support the defence of the gate. No; never mind us. You will be better wanted there.'

The man hurried to the steps, rattled down them, and receded. They heard him running heavily over the grass, and then his footfall was swallowed up in the low murmuring, the crack of a second shot, and the faint, distant scuffle of enemies who were hand-to-hand at last. A body of eager men pressed through the shrubs fifty yards away: it was the main strength of the Legion, quick to answer its summons, flinging itself at the seat of disturbance.

Spencer dropped the telephone, drenched with cold misgivings and anger, and came pattering to the outer air. He looked at his nephew with an odd, sick spasm of helplessness. He had directed affairs for half a lifetime, and he was no coward; but in the present crisis he seemed to be a spectator, and no longer the moving spirit. They were fighting over there, and they would probably have to fight it out; and there was no getting over the fact that things were all wrong, had miscarried somehow, and that the trouble had come to him and Jani instead of to the new masters of the country. To miss complete success by a few hours! He wondered who had given them away, and—with a nip of fright—what it would cost them. It came to him with a curious shock that he was nothing but a stout man in pyjamas, quite middle-aged, and muscularly flabby. They were isolated here, left, rulers of men though they were, in a side-eddy, while the ruled solved their problem for them; and what its solution might be the ugly din said only too plainly.

(To be continued.)

COCOA IN TRINIDAD.

AN OPENING FOR ENTERPRISE.

THE following description of cocoa, still rightly named cacao, taken from the *London Gazette* (1694), should prove of interest as showing the manner in which the 'golden bean' was advertised to the British public at that date:

'CACAO-TREE, CACAO.—*Place.*—In the West Indies, in hot and shady places. *Temperature.*—As soon as it is touched by the sun it withereth. *Name.*—Cacaoate; the confection thereof chocolate. *Kind.*—As the common and broader.'

To the traveller from northern climes there are few views more picturesque than, and certainly none so interesting (if it comes to a question of dollars to be turned over) as a cacao-plantation district, especially between the months of November and Feb-

ruary when the trees are laden with fruit in different stages of ripeness. Whether you take the undulating lands of Montserrat, Sangre Grande, and Poole, or the crystalline-streamed valleys of Santa Cruz, Maracas, and Caura, their beauty is alike indisputable: the cool morning air laden with the singularly pleasant scent that pertains to the vegetation of a cacao-plantation; the dark-green foliage of the cacao-trees, with their branches and trunks crowded with pods—pink, green, yellow, orange, and cream—with here and there the great pod of all, the blood-red *sangre toro;* the glossy green of the coffee-trees (which are often planted on the outside edges of the plantation), perchance with their fragrant white blossoms or, later on, scarlet berries. Here and there an orange-tree laden with golden globes, or that most perfectly shaped of all trees, the nutmeg, catches the eye which can enjoy to satiety the real beauties of tropical vegetation. Towering above these, the *bois immortel* or *madre del cacao* with its blossoms of flame caps a picture hard to describe by mere words. The *bois immortel* is the tree almost universally used in Trinidad for shade purposes in the cacao-plantations. With its conservation of dew it affords moisture to the cacao, and shelters it from the heat and the midday sun, and the flowers it sheds have valuable manurial properties.

Now to come to the interesting side of a cacao-plantation. It can be confidently asserted that for the past twenty years there has been no agricultural industry in the world as profitable as cacao-planting; nor is there likely to be in the near future. Alarmists say that when the West African plantations are established and the Panamá Canal is cut through, the home markets will be swamped, and then good-bye to the Trinidad cacaoist. 'Tis a far cry to Loch Awe,' and the great-grandchildren of the present Trinidad cacao-planter need fear no headaches on that account. Cacao can be grown profitably only on certain soils and situations between the fifth and twelfth degrees north or south of the equator. There are cacao estates in sixteen degrees north on the island of San Domingo, over twenty years old, in fair cultivation; but they average only seven bags to the thousand trees, against the fifteen on a good Trinidad plantation. If the outside capitalist, large or small, only knew the possibilities of this agricultural industry, within the next decade there would be no available Crown lands for purchase in the colony. It is astonishing to the well-informed, travelled colonial how the Briton absolutely throws away his money on South American republics and other wild-cat stocks and shares, neglecting the chances in his own colonies because British money has been lost there (through the supineness and ignorance of his own Government) in sugar, fibre, and other products. Why, there is not only Trinidad. Take the 'Magnificent Province' (British Guiana), the most neglected of all. She, unfortunately, has not had, like Trinidad, the steady support of the cacao industry. Look at her possibilities: immense tracts of lands, beautifully timbered and watered, teeming with mineral wealth, only longing for a proportion of the capital which for many years has been cast away to unpractical foreigners.

Roughly speaking, on a good established plantation, unencumbered, it costs thirty shillings to grow, reap, cure, and put on board ship a bag of cacao-beans weighing one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. As the value of that bag will be between four and five pounds, varying according to quality and the market value, some idea may be gathered as to the desirability and profit of cacao cultivation as an agricultural industry. A good average plantation should yield from twelve to fifteen bags per thousand trees annually (four or five bags to the acre). But there is no reason why this yield should not be substantially increased, as the cultivation in most places, from various causes, is comparatively crude. There are at present in the colony two plantations with a record of six bags to the acre, and a small one in Grenada with seven. Much improvement can be effected with a proper conservation and application of natural manure, while the system of pruning or trimming in most places is antiquated and very much rule of thumb. Proper mulching round the trees with brushed weeds, leaves, flowers of the immortelle, and shells of the cacao-pods is much in abeyance. There is no intention to inflict on the reader a long thesis on the cultivation, &c., of the cacao-tree; but in the interest of young men who have to work out their own salvation with a small capital of two to three thousand pounds (a start in a tropical country with a smaller capital than this is not recommended for one who is new to the climate and changed conditions of life), a short description of the cultivation, reaping, and curing of cacao may prove serviceable.

The cacao-tree grows to an average height of fifteen to twenty-five feet, and requires a deep, rich vegetable soil and plenty of moisture. The foliage is dark green and abundant, the leaves large, glossy, elliptical, oblong, and acuminate. The flowers or *chirrerros* grow in clusters both on the branches and on the trunk. The fruit or pod is elliptical in form, seven to twelve inches in length, and four and a half to eight inches in diameter. Each pod contains from twenty to forty seeds or beans, which lie embedded in a delicately pink, sour-sweet pulp. These are the cacao-beans or raw cacao of commerce. Trinidad boasts of several varieties of cacao, the principal being the Criollo and Forastero, the former producing the more delicately flavoured bean, while the latter is more robust and prolific. There are also the Calabacillo, yellow Griollo, and Cayenne varieties. The Calabacillo variety can easily be distinguished, as it has a round shell. It produces, however, an inferior cacao. Crown lands can be purchased at an upset price of thirty shillings per acre, including survey fees and those for registration under the real property ordinance.

In order to lay out his lands to advantage, the purchaser cannot do better than observe the

following rules, which were originally published some years ago by the Agricultural Society of Tobago: 'In planting cacao the following ten points should be observed: (1) choose porous land with west aspect; (2) leave all trees and bushes on the ridges for seventy feet each side; (3) clear and dig everywhere else; (4) stake out at fourteen feet distance; (5) turn up the soil to a depth of one foot for three feet around each stake; (6) plant permanent shade-trees in each third hole; (7) in June plant cacao in the holes that are left; (8) plant bananas at seven feet from each cacao, and tanias between the plantains; (9) fork for three feet around each tree in December, and mulch the same in January; (10) in June following dig in the mulch.'

The following will be found the reasons why:

'(1) Choose porous land with west aspect.' Suitable land will generally be found on the lower and more gentle slopes of the ridges, where the soil is usually loose, open, and sufficiently deep and well drained. On the deeper slopes of the ridges the soil is generally deep and poor, whilst the absolutely level lands at the bottom of some of the larger valleys are often too damp and heavy for cacao unless means are taken to secure proper drainage. With regard to aspect: any aspect will do, provided the land is absolutely sheltered from the prevailing easterly winds, either by belts of timber or by higher ridges to the eastward. Land which is not thus protected is utterly unfit to grow cacao, because wind breaks off the blossoms and snaps the leaf-stalks.

'(2) Leave all trees and bushes on the ridges for seventy feet each side.' As ridge-tops are as a rule unfit for the growth of cacao, it is better to leave the natural forest about these ridges for the following reasons: (*a*) these belts of timber protect the cacao-trees on lower ground from wind; (*b*) they keep the ridge-tops cool and moist, attract rain, and cause dews at night-time; (*c*) they shed annually large quantities of leaves upon the cacao-lands below, which are useful for mulching and for manure; (*d*) during heavy rains they prevent the rain from running off the hillsides in streams so quickly and violently as to wash away the soil in the cacao-lands below.

'(3) Clean and dig everywhere else.' Such portion of the land as is intended for cacao cultivation should be absolutely stripped of every trace of vegetation. Some persons might like to leave a few trees standing as permanent shade-trees; but this is a mistake, for the following reasons: (*a*) the trees thus left standing on the ground will very rarely be in their proper places, and if not exactly in the right position they cannot serve as shade-trees; (*b*) having grown amongst a mass of other high trees, they will be tall and weak, and consequently liable to be blown down; (*c*) they will prevent the cacao from being planted symmetrically, a point which it is absolutely necessary to observe. Their living roots will prevent any real cultivation of the ground. With regard to 'digging everywhere else,' this is most important. The whole surface of the ground should be thoroughly well turned over and exposed to the atmosphere in order that the soil may be sweetened by atmospheric influences. Raw forest-land is not in a fit state to support the growth of tender plants. In carrying out this operation there is no waste of labour, as the whole surface of the land between the young cacao-trees can be planted in plantains, tanias, bananas, &c.

'(4) Stake out at fourteen feet distance.' If the land is extremely rich, fifteen feet is a good distance to observe; if somewhat poor, thirteen feet might perhaps be safer; but as an average it will be found better, perhaps, to keep to one uniform distance of fourteen feet. Let the line be run perfectly straight, parallel with the surveyor's boundary-lines, and let fourteen-feet horizontal distances be accurately observed throughout—east and west, north and south. Trees planted too closely together will choke each other; if planted too far apart, they will fail to give the requisite support and shade to each other. Again, when trees are planted in rows it is a comparatively simple matter to walk through the whole cacao-field, row after row, in systematic order, and thus examine at regular intervals every single plant.

'(5) Dig up the soil to a depth of one foot for three feet round each stake.' This is best done with the pickaxe some few months before planting. Let the earth be thoroughly turned upside down and afterwards mixed with wood ashes.

'(6) Plant permanent shade-trees in each third hole.' The *bois immortel* is used for this purpose in Trinidad. The 'sandbox' and the *pois doux*, with a seed-pod about five inches long, have also been suggested. The bread-fruit, bread-nut, orange, and sapodilla might also answer well and yield a crop themselves of some economic importance. The great object of these permanent shade-trees is to temper the heat of the sun by keeping the rays off the cacao-trees during part of the day. If shade-trees are planted in each third hole, as suggested, they will be forty-two feet apart—probably at the exact distance to afford sufficient shade without giving too much. If planted in any other position than in a 'cacao-hole' they must stand less than fourteen feet from a cacao-tree, and when they stand so close that particular cacao-tree will have too much shade—it will be almost always under cover. Now, however luxuriantly trees may put forth leaves, when perfectly shaded they never produce a large crop of fruit. Direct sunlight is absolutely necessary to any tree which bears a crop. In every tree there is a circulation of sap like the blood in an animal. When the sap reaches the upper surface of the leaves it is acted on chemically by the sunlight. Sap which has not been thus exposed to the direct sunlight cannot nourish cacao-pods—sunlight alone can convert the sap which rises from the roots into cacao-pod food. Again, if the shade-tree is too near one cacao-tree it must be

too far away from some others, and these latter cacao-trees will suffer from having too little shade. An objection to this plan of using a cacao-hole is made by some on the ground that you lose one cacao-tree out of nine. This is perfectly true, but there is no possible remedy; and if the cacao-planter is unwilling to make this sacrifice, he will undoubtedly lose more than one-ninth of his crop, for the nine improperly shaded trees will yield less than the eight well-shaded ones.

'(7) In June plant in the cacao-holes that are left.' There are two ways of doing this. First, you can plant a cacao-seed on the very spot where the tree is to remain permanently—this is called 'planting at the stake;' or, secondly, you can plant in April a cacao-seed in a bamboo, sprinkle it with water, and in June split open the bamboo, take out the plant carefully, and plant it in the hole. In either case the cacao-seed, when freshly placed in the ground, must be covered with only one inch of finely pulverised soil. June is the best month for this, because the heavy rains have just set in, and thus six or seven months of rainy weather may be expected, at the end of which time the plant is able to endure the dry weather of February to April. Method No. 2 allows the plant to have two more months' growth before the dry season sets in, and also guards against the possibility of the seed being devoured by insects. 'Plant the very best seed that money can buy;' all other seeds are comparatively worthless.

'(8) Plant bananas at seven feet from each cacao, and tanias between the plantains.' This means that half-way between every two cacao-trees there is to be a banana, and half-way between every banana and cacao-tree there is to be a tania. These plants will afford a most excellent shade to the young cacao-trees, and the value of the crop will repay the total cost of cultivating the cacao. It may be noted that, should there be no means of sending these foods to a market, they may be converted into pork. The cultivator will naturally weed his garden whenever he sees a weed in it; no particular time can therefore be laid down for weeding.

'(9) Fork for three feet around each tree in December, and mulch the same in January.' To take each point separately, well-worked soil is better turned up by a fork than with a hoe. In the first years of growth the ground should be well turned up for three feet around every cacao-tree half-yearly, afterwards yearly, until the ground is full of cacao-tree roots. The soil, having been well turned up in December, will be acted on by rain and air for a month, until the dry weather has commenced to set in. Then, say at the end of January, place a quantity of dried grass and leaves, unfairly called 'trash,' six or nine inches deep for a distance of three feet all round each tree, leaving a space of six inches clear just around the stem. A few heavy stones may be placed on the 'trash' if necessary. This 'trash' or mulch will keep the ground perfectly moist during the dry weather, and the cacao-plant will pass safely through the critical and dangerous 'dry season.' It should be noted that a small circle six inches in radius is left clear to prevent any 'trash' from touching the cacao-stem. This 'trash,' if moist, would then rot the stem.

'(10) In June following dig in the mulch.' The time has now come for the soil to be loosened; and as the wet weather has returned, the 'trash' can be dug into the earth all around the tree. This 'trash' fertilises the soil and tends to render it porous. No other manure is necessary at first. The operation of mulching and digging in mulch should be repeated until the tree is strong enough to do without special protection in dry weather, probably when three years old.

Pruning.—With regard to pruning, three general rules may be observed: (*a*) let the primary branches grow until the trees meet each other; (*b*) let the secondaries grow until they are ten feet in perpendicular height from the ground; (*c*) cut down without mercy every 'thief'—that is to say, a shoot growing upright. In pruning always use a sharp knife, cut upwards, and in such a way that water can never penetrate the wound. In gathering the fruit observe these rules: Never pick it. Always cut the pod-stem with a sharp knife as close to the pod as you can; cut upwards, and so that the water can never penetrate the wound. Lastly, for the first two years that the plant bears blossoms, cut off any tiny pods while still in the infant stage; thus they are prevented from hindering the proper growth of the tree.

The cacao-tree begins to bear at four years, matures at ten, and lives sometimes a hundred years. Fruit is produced all the year round, but there are nevertheless distinct periods for the gathering or harvest, dependent on situation and weather. When the season for picking arrives, the ripe pods are cut by means of a knife or prong fixed on a long pole called a *golette*, and piled in heaps at suitable spots under the cacao-trees. After remaining there some twenty hours or more, the shells of the pods are split open with a cutlass, and the seeds with their coating of pulp, called *bava*, are carried in trays to the fermenting or 'sweat' boxes, where they are subjected to a process of fermentation for periods varying from five to ten days. These fermenting-tanks, three in number, are generally made of concrete, and built in a row, each being from eight to ten feet wide, four to five feet deep, and about twenty feet long altogether. They are covered by a galvanised-iron roof, but the shed is not boarded up from the level of the tanks to the roof (about six feet). There is a vent below for the escape of the liquor. The first compartment is filled up with the pulpy beans, and then covered over with plantain-leaves. As the temperature in these boxes should at no time exceed from one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, cold air can be admitted when necessary through bamboo tubes, the ends of which protrude through holes in the tank-walls. The men engaged in attending to these tanks know, from long practice and sense of

smell, when the psychologic moment has arrived for transferring the contents of No. 1 tank to No. 2; and this is effected by means of wooden shovels, the whole mass being rubbed together and disintegrated before being passed over to No. 2. After remaining there some time it is again carefully sorted, no beans being allowed to stick together, and shovelled over to No. 3, where it is left for a while, and is then conveyed to the drying-house. Particular care is taken at all times, after the transfer is made from one tank to another, that the vacant one should be thoroughly cleaned out before it is refilled with green cacao. What is required, chemically speaking, at the curing stage is to complete the process of fermentation and the metamorphosis of suppressed germination.

The next stage is the drying process. The beans are now taken to what is generally called the cacao-house, which consists of a large wooden platform substantially built from ten to fifteen feet above the ground, the lower portion being generally subdivided into store-rooms, and in some cases living-rooms for the manager or overseer. This platform, which constitutes the drying-place, is protected by a sliding roof covered with galvanised iron and run on rails. A thin layer of beans is then spread on the platform, exposed to the sun's rays, and occasionally turned over with rakes by the attendants, who also 'dance' or tread out the beans with their feet. This process removes everything but the husks, gives them a polish, and renders them fit for putting into bags, one hundred and sixty-eight pounds being the average weight of a bag. Of course, at the approach of rain the alarm is given, and the sliding roof is run over the beans until the shower ceases. In continual wet weather the planters were often threatened with loss from 'weathered' cacao through their inability to sun-dry it, so they have had to resort to artificial means. The appliances in use are many and various. Two artificial driers which have been erected, one in Sangre Grande and the other in Montserrat, by Messrs John Gordon & Co. of New Broad Street, London, have given very satisfactory results. This machine is called the *guardiola*.

By these data the intending cacao-planter can mark how very simple the whole process is, and what a small outlay for the output is required in buildings, labour, and mechanical contrivances.

Exposure to the tropical sun is very exhausting to the man of Northern blood; but this is not the case with cacao-planting, as most of the supervision and labour is performed in the shade. The neighbouring island of Tobago, now under the jurisdiction of Trinidad, affords a good illustration in point. Within the past decade some twenty young men have cast their fortunes there with comparatively small capital. They are all doing well, and the majority of them are as physically fit as they ever were. The life of a cacao-planter, while interesting, is not too laborious, and, best of all, is not encumbered with the carking care and constant anxiety that embitters so many other walks in life. The fact that his lines have fallen in pleasant places has naturally affected the character and disposition of this son of Agricola, and the lucky traveller who enters with an introduction, let us say, for example, the flourishing district of Montserrat, Trinidad, will find a genial welcome and refined society second to none in the world.

THE EFFECT OF TRAFALGAR IN EUROPE.

By Colonel C. E. SOUPER.

ON the 20th of October 1805 the fortress and city of Ulm, on the borders of Würtemberg and Bavaria, surrendered to Napoleon. For five hours thirty thousand Austrians defiled before the mighty Emperor and laid down their arms. Five Austrian generals renowned in war were amongst the prisoners, and sixty guns became trophies of the victorious French. All this was the result of Sir Robert Calder's action with the French and Spanish fleets off Cape Finisterre in the preceding July. It was that boldly fought battle between inferior forces of the English and forces of the enemy much superior that made Villeneuve and the Spaniards retire into Ferrol, and persuaded Napoleon that his chance of a successful invasion of England was gravely imperilled. It was then that this wonderful soldier and commander drew up, with remarkable celerity and precision, the orders which a few days later he issued to the 'Grand Army of England,' and which brought it into Bavaria in rear of the surprised and astounded Mack and the Austrians.

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The sight of the combined fleets of Admiral Cornwallis from before Brest, and of Sir Robert Calder, was too much for Villeneuve, who turned his ships round and made for Cadiz; whence, on the day following the splendid victory of Napoleon at Ulm, he sailed forth, only to fall into the hands of immortal Nelson; to lose his fleet and that of the Spaniards; to lose, together with all his other Admirals, his liberty; and in the following year to take his own life in despair.

That terrible battle of Trafalgar, so fatal to Villeneuve, also cost the priceless life of Nelson; but, in its far-reaching results, cost Napoleon his throne, his power, and all that France had gained through his many and tremendous victories.

The capture of Ulm, of Mack and his army, with his generals, rang throughout Europe and the world. The fame of Trafalgar was hardly heard except in

Britain, nor were its consequences clearly foreseen; and probably the majority of thinking men were of the opinion of Pitt, who, on hearing of the subsequent crushing defeat of the Austrians and Russians at Austerlitz on 2nd December of the same year, exclaimed, 'We may close the map [of Europe] for half a century,' and died with a last despairing exclamation, 'Alas, my country!' so firmly convinced was he that the last hopes of freedom had been destroyed by Napoleon's victory. Pitt, of course, knew of and rejoiced in the destruction of the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar; but for him it was no salvation. Austerlitz reversed all. The French trumpet sounded the glory of Napoleon and the near approach of slavery for Europe and all the world!

And, indeed, the subsequent years seemed to echo that fanfare! Napoleon had all Europe outside of Britain at his feet, and the will of the French was law.

Yet, though the victory of Trafalgar had not been followed—like those of Austerlitz, of Jena, and Auerstadt—by the instantaneous prostration of whole countries and nations, it had one immediate consequence. Britain had by it won the complete command of the sea. No more French fleets remained to venture outside the ports in which they were shut in by the blockading British; and when, later, the war in Spain began, this command made itself felt.

Sir John Moore could never have made his remarkable and successful attack on the French communications in Spain had there been a chance of a Villeneuve combining his fleet with those of a Gantheaume and a Missiessy to dispute the road of the sea; Wellington could not have carried his expedition to Portugal, or have maintained himself in the lines of Torres Vedras, had not his base been the sea, and the sea secure. Napoleon might go on conquering; he might hurl down kings from their thrones; he might enforce tribute from vanquished nations; but he could *not* shake off the hold of Britain on Spain, and he himself described that country as an 'ulcer' that was draining the life-blood of France. But for Trafalgar he might have reasonably hoped to harass the British in the Peninsula; but with the sea safe for them for the conveyance of troops, arms, and stores, the British gradually but surely got such a command of the country that finally they expelled Napoleon's armies, and only closed their forward march when they garrisoned Paris. Trafalgar had done this. The effect, the consequence, of Trafalgar remained. Napoleon, France, not only lost all that had been gained by the most splendid victories, but became, the one an exiled prisoner, the other the victim of conquered countries now conquerors in their turn.

Napoleon, if he did not grasp the full significance of the control of the sea, had some idea of what it meant. It was at Ulm, to the down-fallen, grief-stricken Austrians, that he said in his hour of triumph, 'I want nothing on the Continent: it is ships, colonies, and commerce which I desire.' The very next day the guns of Trafalgar roared forth, 'And *never* shall you have them! Go on! Conquer, win glorious victories, enslave nations; but what you win you shall lose. Your slaves shall be free! For this day Britain has grasped the Empire of the Sea!'

That Empire Britain has never lost; and may she ever, for the sake of freedom and the world, keep it secure in her hands!

DISCOVERY OF THE 'POORMAN' MINE.

WHEN John Marshall found a few specks of yellow metal in the tail-race of a sawmill he was building in California he little dreamed of the ultimate results of his lucky prospect. That was in 1848. He showed the tiny scales to his employer, General Sutter, who, after a careful test, informed him that they were gold. The General was a shrewd old fellow, a native of Switzerland, and he owned several square miles of land in the country. The hills and valleys were covered by his sheep and cattle; and fancying that his little principality would be destroyed by a rush of gold-diggers, he enjoined strict secrecy on Marshall. It was in vain, however, for many men were employed by the General, and they also found some coarse pieces and a large nugget which they knew to be gold, and within a few days all his sheep-herders and cowboys had left him and were prospecting the streams for the precious metal. The news spread like a prairie fire to all the neighbouring cattle-ranches, and within a year there were thirty thousand bold adventurers from the States and every country in Europe scattered over the mountains and cañons of California in quest of gold.

The stay-at-home Englishman can form but a very poor idea of the results of a great gold discovery; it is generally made in some hitherto unknown land, far from all ordinary routes of travel, difficult of access, and frequently inhabited by roving tribes of hostile Indians. California, with her glorious climate and fertile soil, had a great advantage over such inhospitable regions as Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Arizona, or Alaska; so we can hardly feel astonished at the sudden growth of the beautiful city of San Francisco, the 'Queen City of the Pacific,' as old Californians have fondly named it. Had it not been for John Marshall's 'strike,' the place might have remained as Charles Dana described it a few years before in *Two Years before the Mast*: about a dozen large sheds for storing green hides and tallow, and a wharf to which ships' boats might

be secured. To-day, the 'Queen City,' enthroned on the shores of one of the finest harbours in the world, excites the admiration of the traveller.

For the first year or two the capitalist fought shy of investing money in the 'placer' mines, as the river and gulch claims were termed (from the old Mexican phrase); but when the great quartz-lodes were found, extending in some cases for several miles in length, the moneyed men of the States and Europe were only too anxious to purchase such properties. English companies drew some of the richest prizes in the mining lottery, and some of our ablest mining engineers were sent out as managers. The 'Uncle Sam,' 'North Star,' 'Eureka,' 'Sierra Buttes,' and others, under such managers as Captain Sam James, William Henry Rodda, Melville Attwood, and Captain Johns, paid several millions sterling to the lucky shareholders. If my memory is not at fault, the 'Uncle Sam' under Captain James paid over three millions. Captain Rodda, a splendid miner, died only last year in Kalgoorlie. Those were the palmy days of California quartz-mining.

In 1859 some prospectors pushed over the Sierra Nevada mountains and found the great 'Comstock' silver-lode, the discovery of which caused, if possible, greater excitement than that made by Marshall ten years previously. It would be impossible to approximate the yield of the 'Comstock' from 1859 to the present day; but some idea may be formed from the fact that the 'Bonanza' firm (Messrs Fair, Mackay, Flood, & O'Brien) paid their shareholders some twenty millions sterling from a strip of ground about twelve hundred feet in length. It must not be supposed, however, that the whole lode for its three miles was as rich as those two claims, and we must recollect that silver was then worth over five shillings an ounce.

From Nevada the mining pioneers again pushed north to Idaho, a territory extending up to the Canadian boundary-line, where many gold placers and extremely rich silver-bearing veins were found. Silver City, Owyhee County, was the headquarters for the 'white metal' mines in the early sixties. The little town was situated in a narrow valley through which Jordan Creek flowed. In those days prospecting in the Owyhee mountains was no picnic: one man at work, while his partner stood guard on some elevated peak with his 'Henry' rifle; and it was no uncommon sight to find an Indian scalp nailed outside the miners' log cabins. It made 'honours divided' with the white man's scalp hanging from the tent-poles of the Indian 'rancherie.' Towering fifteen hundred feet above the valley loomed the War Eagle Mountain in solitary grandeur, a huge granite core covered by an overflow of trachyte. Several very rich silver-lodes had been located on the mountain; and as there were six quartz-mills on Jordan Creek, where the rock could be worked at a cost to the owners of twenty dollars per ton, it made lively times in the camp, as everybody was making money.

By far the richest of all the mines was the famous 'Poorman,' and the strange story of its discovery may now be told.

Early in 1865 there arrived in Silver City a stolid old German named John Ebner. He had crossed the plains from one of the middle States with a party of immigrants, travelling to Boise City, the capital of Idaho, by ox-team; it was about sixty miles from Silver City. For a few months he found employment in the mining-camp chopping wood, when he took a notion to try his luck prospecting. So one fine morning in September 1865 found him, with pick and shovel on shoulder and dinner-bucket in hand, slowly climbing the mountain in quest of a silver-mine. About half-way to the summit he thought he would take a rest and boil his coffee; so, collecting a few sticks of mountain mahogany, and knocking off some pieces of rock on which to rest his can, he soon had a good fire burning. After disposing of a pannikin of coffee, he noticed as he sat enjoying his pipe several little globules of white metal trickling down into the ashes of his camp-fire. The pieces of rock which he had broken down with his pick to support the bucket were pure chloride of silver, an ore of the metal which melts at a very low heat, and they came from an outcrop of the 'Poorman' vein. The old German, who knew nothing about mining or the 75 per cent. ore he was smelting, carried a few of the globules and bits of burnt rock to some men who were sinking a shaft a little distance away, who of course recognised the value of the find. In less than an hour four of them had measured off a claim of twelve hundred feet along the supposed course of the lode, driven their boundary-stakes, and posted their notice of location, as the mining law requires to be done; Ebner, as discoverer, being allowed a double claim of four hundred feet. The richness of the specimens brought to town in the evening caused great excitement in camp, and within twenty-four hours probably a couple of miles of ground were staked off as north and south extensions on the 'Poorman.' The mine had been so named from the fact that all the locators were very poor men, and they had to borrow the money to pay the necessary fees for recording the claim. They had no difficulty, however, in obtaining all the tools, provisions, &c. they required for opening up the property, and within a short time they had eighty tons of wonderfully rich ore extracted and ready for the mill. Then their troubles began.

For some few months a man named Collier Robbins had resided in Silver City; he was agent for a syndicate of New York capitalists who had invested considerable money in the camp. He had made a previous visit to Owyhee, and collected a number of rich specimens from different mines, which he took to New York, representing them as coming from mines in which he held large interests. The Civil War was nearly at an end, and paper money was at a discount in New York, so Robbins had no difficulty in securing sufficient funds to put

a splendid quartz-mill on Jordan Creek; and as it was ready for work when the 'Poorman' was discovered, Robbins was on the alert to secure a good mine. He was not popular with the miners, as he had been detected in one or two very shady attempts to dispossess men of their claims by setting up some bogus title on behalf of fellows who were merely hired tools, and therefore his overtures to the 'Poormen' for a lease or sale of their mine were rejected with scorn by these embryo millionaires. Robbins was tenacious, however, and he laid his plans to steal the mine if he could not get a foothold in it by fair means. In the neighbourhood of John Ebner's discovery there were scores of little prospect-holes, as in portions of the western slope of the mountain there was a perfect network of small seams of quartz, some of them not more than a few inches in width. Even these little streaks paid working expenses, as the ore was very high grade, and if a man broke out only fifty pounds in his day's work he made big wages, as an ounce of silver to the pound of ore was frequently obtained.

About seven hundred feet south from where the 'Poorman' shaft was being sunk, Robbins found a stake and notice claiming from that point sixteen hundred feet in a *northerly* direction; it was called the 'Hays and Ray' mine, and was located about six weeks prior to the 'Poorman' discovery. This gave Robbins his chance. A small vein of barren, flinty quartz had been uncovered by this company, who had abandoned the prospect after a couple of days' work. Robbins hunted these men up, and told them that if they would deed over to him three-fourths of their claim he would run an open cut or trench from their southern boundary-stake and follow a continuous vein of quartz the whole distance up to the 'Poorman' discovery hole. Of course, had he been able to do so it would have given them that claim by right of prior location. The 'Hays and Ray' men were only too well pleased to make such an agreement, so Robbins prepared for work.

Judge Milton Kelly had just arrived in town from Boise City, and was about to open the District Court, when Robbins thought it would be as well to have the official on his side. After considerable negotiation, a bargain was at length struck between these two worthies. 'For and in consideration of' the sum of seven thousand dollars cash and a fractional interest in the mine, this just (?) judge engaged, when formal application was made in court, to place an injunction on the 'Poorman' Company, and prevent them from taking out any ore. Thus commenced the famous suit; lawyers were engaged on both sides, and an action for ejectment was brought—'Hays and Ray' Mining Company *versus* 'Poorman' Company. The case excited intense interest among the miners, as it was such a palpable attempt to rob the defendants. Robbins had a large force of men at work digging the trench seven hundred and sixty feet running straight up to the point of Ebner's discovery; small pieces of float quartz from the surface were broken up and tamped into the fissures and seams in the bottom bedrock when necessary, and thus he built the 'Hays and Ray' quartz-vein as he advanced over the 'Poorman' boundary-line. When the case came before the Court an affidavit was read stating that a continuous vein of quartz had been followed the whole distance; it was signed by two or three of the Robbins faction. The injunction was granted, and was extended to prevent the eighty tons of ore extracted the first week from being worked until the suit should be heard at the next term of court to finally decide the rightful ownership. That would not be for six months. Great indignation was expressed by miners and business men when the infamous ruling of the Court became known; threats of lynching the judge, Robbins, and the fellows whom he had hired to sign the affidavit were heard on all sides.

A few of the town desperadoes finally got together, and after a little discussion, decided that Judge Kelly was a 'bad man,' and should either be killed or run out of camp. A vote was taken, and the latter course decided on by a small majority. Now, a District Judge is a big gun in the Western states and territories; he is appointed by the President, and is generally an able lawyer, well known in his state. But Judge Kelly was undoubtedly an exception. It was determined that no time should be lost, so on the following day about a dozen of the 'boys' and a few miners proceeded to the rough wooden building in which court was being held. There was a total lack of ceremony at this novel court presentation; they did not even uncover out of respect to the majesty of the law, but each man had his gun ready for action in his belt. A few attorneys who were present were pushed aside, and a big Texan cattle-thief, acting as spokesman, mounted a chair in front of the judicial seat, and yelled with a voice like a fog-horn, 'Order, order, in thes yere court; no fine law-p'ints will be allowed, an' any gentleman raisin' objections will be a funeral quicker'n wink.' He then explained to the judge the wishes of himself and partners. Before the judge could express his surprise, three or four men caught him in their arms, and lifting him from his chair, carried him out to the street, where an old, broken-down Indian pony stood, with saddle and bridle, all ready for the road. Kelly, a big, portly man, was hoisted into the dilapidated old saddle, and the reins placed in his hands. At a signal three or four cuts from as many raw-hide whips descended on the flanks of the wretched animal, which started off at a shambling trot down the road to the river, followed by a *feu de joie* from the miners' revolvers as a parting salute. There were 'hot times in the old town' that night, for Silver City was a tough camp in the early sixties. It may be remarked that Judge Kelly never returned, as he sent in his resignation to President Johnson shortly after his arrival in Boise City.

John Ebner and another of the 'Poormen,' frightened at the prospect of a lawsuit with a rich New York company, sold out their interests to a Mr Putnam Bradford, agent for the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, a wealthy syndicate in Portland, Oregon, who had built a quartz-mill on the edge of the Snake River desert, about four miles from Silver City. The eighty tons of rich ore had been put in sacks and transported on mules to that mill. Two gangs of mill-hands were engaged with engineers for night and day work, and all the necessary chemicals and quicksilver for extracting the precious metal obtained. The services of Captain Kelly, a metallurgist who had recently arrived from the 'Comstock,' Nevada, were secured to superintend operations, and all was ready to drop the stamps, when down rode the sheriff of the county to serve a copy of the injunction on the captain. It was a sad blow, as the 'Poormen' had calculated on getting out enough money not only to pay all their legal expenses, but to leave many thousands to be divided up. The sheriff, who had been an old Californian miner, sympathised with Kelly at the wrong done by his namesake the judge; but he had his duty to perform, and he told him that either he or one of his deputies would ride down every day to see that the sacks of ore were not disturbed. They had all been laid down in rows on a piece of level ground just outside the mill. As luck would have it, there were several tons of low-grade ore piled up both inside and outside the building. The ore had been sorted out from previous crushings as too poor to pay the twenty dollars mill-charges and leave any profit for the owners. The sheriff, looking over some of these ore-piles, remarked to Kelly, 'Look here, cap., some of this rock doesn't look so bad; it would more than pay for the wear and tear of the stamps; and as you have your men here and all your supplies on hand, if I were in your place I'd shove it through.' A happy thought struck Kelly: 'Why not work the rich ore in the sacks during his absence, and he will think I am crushing the waste stuff on his suggestion?' So, 'with a smile that was child-like and bland,' tapping the sheriff on the shoulder, he said, 'Old man, you know more in five minutes than the average fellow does in a lifetime; if I had your brains I'd be in the United States Senate. I'll tell the engineer to fire up, and put the day-shift to work right away; then we'll go in to lunch.' After a hearty meal, and with replenished whisky-flask, the sheriff, whose horse had been fed, rode away with a cheery, 'So long, cap.; I'll be down to lunch to-morrow; and I'm glad you have taken my advice.'

The stamps were dropping ninety to the minute as the officer of the law disappeared round a bend in the road. Then the first row of 'Poorman' sacks were brought into the mill, and the ore dumped out in front of the battery; and when the sacks had been refilled with the refuse rock they were carefully put back in their proper place. This was continued, row by row, until the last of the eighty tons was worked, which, on account of stoppages at visiting-time, took six days to accomplish. To guard against a surprise visit, Kelly posted a sentry near the summit of the mountain to warn him of the enemy's approach. There was a tall pine-tree showing well against the sky-line close to the trail leading down the cañon to the mill. A trusty man was hired at five dollars a day, and sent up to his post every morning. A cord was passed over a low branch of the tree, and a large piece of red blanket with which he was furnished would be hoisted as a danger-signal after the sheriff or his deputy had ridden past. This could be seen from the mill-door, and it would give Kelly a good half-hour to prepare to receive his visitor, who in all probability would dismount and lead his horse down the steep incline. It would not have done to shut down the mill, as the clatter of the stamps could be plainly heard on the summit of War Eagle Mountain, and the smoke from the funnel seen. The boldest way was the safest, and when the sheriff rode up, the battery-feeder (no automatic feeders in those days) was gravely shovelling waste rock under the stamps for dear life. A careful glance at the 'Poorman' ore showed every sack, with its lacing at the mouth drawn tight, in proper position, and the canvas or rawhide sacks stood as stiff when filled with ten-dollar ore as they did when filled with ten-thousand-dollar horn silver. Besides, the piles of refuse were gradually disappearing. What further proof could a man require? Kelly made it a point to be very polite to the sheriff. He always had a nice lunch for him, and was liberal with some choice whisky. He would even press him to stay over-night, well knowing that the sheriff could not accept the invitation; and so it went on for nearly a week until the last shovelful was put through.

The final clean-up showed an enormous lot of bullion to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars, probably the richest batch of silver ore ever worked in the United States. It had been carefully sorted before being placed in the sacks, and much of it was rich enough to throw into a crucible with a little flux and smelt into ingots. It carried but little gold, and would only assay two dollars an ounce; silver in those days being worth a dollar and thirty cents. The disposal of such a quantity of crude metal was no easy matter; there was no melting-furnace at the mill, so it had not been possible to run it into bars or ingots. It would have been too dangerous to ship it up to town, and send it on to California by Wells Fargo's stages, as it would have been attached by the officials acting for the Robbins faction, so some other plan had to be adopted. A man named Hill Beachey had recently started a line of stages from Silver City to Boise City; he was an old Nevada friend of Captain Kelly's, and he helped him out of the difficulty. His route passed along the desert to the ferry on Snake River, a point about twenty miles distant from the mill. He equipped a light wagon and

a pair of fast horses, and one of his men would drive across every day, receive a load of bullion, and return to the ferry in time to meet his employer's stage. The bullion was taken on board and carried thirty miles on to Boise City; from that point it was shipped *viâ* the Columbia River to the bank in Portland, all safe and beyond the reach of the enemy. Nothing like strategy.

It has been mentioned that the injunction held good until the next term of court, six months off, and the 'Poormen' were naturally anxious to get to work. The question with them was: how will it be possible to get the injunction raised? To accomplish this an excellent scheme was evolved, and it would have been successfully carried out had it not been for the folly and treachery of 'Put' Bradford. The seat vacated by Judge Kelly had not yet been filled, and a petition to President Johnson was got up and signed by nearly all the leading business men in Silver City asking him to appoint Judge Miller to the vacancy; he had been on the bench in California, and was then practising in Idaho. The judge was favourable to the 'Poormen,' and had he been appointed, would have quashed the injunction. Bradford, on account of his political influence in New York and Washington, was chosen to be the bearer of the petition, and he promised his partners that it should be laid before the President by one of his own Cabinet Ministers; and without loss of a day he started east on the overland stage.

Collier Robbins, ever on the alert, realised how fatal it would be to all his plans if Judge Miller were to be appointed; and as he was fully cognisant of Bradford's programme, he left for New York himself to try and checkmate his opponent. On arriving he laid all the facts before the directors of his company, who promptly decided that Bradford must be bought off. It was an easy matter to obtain an introduction to the young man from Portland, and then an invitation to a grand banquet at Delmonico's was issued. It is the old story of the spider and the fly. Bradford was amazed at hearing his entertainers talk of millions as people 'out West' did of hundreds of dollars; and when, after dinner, the president of the New York and Owyhee Mining Company, a great Wall Street financier, addressing him, remarked that New York was his proper sphere, Bradford, who felt himself every inch a millionaire after all the champagne he had drank, completely lost his head. Continuing his discourse, the president said his company wanted the mine, and was willing to pay for it. Handing Bradford an envelope, he said, 'Here, my friend, is a little starter of a hundred thousand dollars. Come on Wall Street, and make my office your headquarters. I will post you what to buy and when to sell; and don't waste your time bothering about any mines out in Idaho. My solicitor will take your deed for any interest you hold in the "Poorman" to-morrow. In less than six months you will be worth a million, and can settle down; so just let those fellows out there take care of themselves.' It was a great temptation, and Bradford had not the moral courage to resist. He made a feeble attempt to thank his *benefactor*, and said that he would attend at that gentleman's office in the morning to sign the deed, and then put the envelope in his pocket.

Bradford did go on Wall Street, and religiously bought and sold shares, as his *friend* advised him. The result may be guessed. In less than twelve months he did not have a dollar. The 'other fellow' had not only taken back the hundred thousand but his share of the eighty-ton clean-up as well. During the silver boom of 1872 he managed to get back to San Francisco, and meeting one of the old 'Poormen' on the street, he asked for a loan of five dollars to buy a pair of shoes. He told him the story of his temptation and fall. The other listened patiently, and as he handed him the coin, said, 'Bradford, don't waste that money on shoes. Go and buy a lot of the poorest Chinatown whisky you can get; that will give you courage. Save twenty-five cents, and buy a rope; you can hang yourself under the wharf.'

The New York people, however, placed no confidence in Robbins, who had done their dirty work. He was dismissed from their employment, being replaced by a gentleman named Wallbridge, who in the spring of 1866 came out to Silver City and bought up the remaining 'Poormen's' interests for a mere trifle.

The eastern company, having now obtained peaceable possession, erected steam hoisting machinery, and worked the property for five years to a depth of six hundred feet. It paid large dividends during those years, and was only closed down when the vein was completely pinched out by the hard enclosing walls.

The 'Poorman,' having been closed down for years, finally passed into the hands of an English company, who spent a good deal of money in search of pay-ore without any success. And thus ends the history of the richest *little* silver-vein ever found in the United States.

THE WHEEL OF LIFE.

Born in the dawn, the dewdrop on the rose
  Shone rainbow-hued, a tiny sparkling world,
  Sun-kissed a moment, then by breezes hurled
To Mother-Earth, and in her lap kept close;
Till fellow-prisoners babbled merrily
  Of fuller life of rill and rippling stream,
  Rush-garlanded, where myriad drops may dream
Of fair great rivers rolling to the sea.

One dewdrop in the mighty waters cast,
  Salt-seasoned, tossed in spray, its being merged
In Ocean's life, it dies: but from the vast
  It mounts to Heaven, where, sun-distilled and purged,
In wind-driven clouds it doth its life renew,
And seeks again the rose it erstwhile knew.

Francis Annesley.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE POPULARITY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON captured readers everywhere by the spell of a brave and loving heart, albeit enshrined in a frail body. His best biography is just everything he wrote, for all he wrote is more or less autobiographical; he throws himself into his works, and particularly into his essays, which show his inward and outward life from childhood to middle age. He had the gift, too, of recalling childhood's atmosphere and feelings, and later of looking at himself and his work as of a person apart. 'The whole tale of my life,' he says, 'is better than any poem;' while it was an object-lesson of being happy and sticking to his work with true courage in every condition of good and bad health or fortune. The art of writing was the main concern of his life, for which he served a varied apprenticeship, travel playing a large part; and when master of his craft, and in the fullness of his powers, death struck him down at forty-five, with many of his life's purposes unfulfilled.

The gownkeeper of Parliament House, Edinburgh, used to show Stevenson's advocate's gown, and say, 'Here is the gown o' a laddie that does nae wark—that daft laddie Stevenson.' The list printed in the bibliography of Colonel W. F. Prideaux gives this the lie. As a result of seventeen years of authorship from 1878 till 1894 he published four volumes of essays, seven of romance, five of a collection of fantastic tales, two of South Sea yarns, three of poetry, five volumes of travels and topography, one of political history, with material for several posthumous works. Three volumes made up of this last material have just been issued by Messrs Chatto and Windus, and give us an opportunity for an inquiry into the reason of his popularity, and of presenting an array of facts in support of the conclusion that he long ago found his public, and that he continues to hold the same. This was evident by the reception of the Edinburgh Edition, which ran to eight thousand pages, nine-tenths of which was written in less than twenty years, or four hundred pages a year for twenty years. The twenty-eight volumes cost sixteen pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence; in a few years sets were selling at over thirty pounds. The three volumes just issued by Chatto & Windus give readers much material hitherto only accessible in this edition. Their names are *Essays of Travel*, *Tales and Fantasies*, and *The Art of Writing*.

The spell still holds, although a Philistine once wagered that in all Edinburgh there were not fifty people capable of writing off-hand a list of any six of his works. We saw eight or nine maidens the other day who did not mind trespassing and wetting their feet in order to get a glimpse over the six-foot dike which surrounds Swanston Cottage, associated with a formative period of his life. All of them had read something by Stevenson. A monument and fountain have been erected to his memory in San Francisco; a fountain at least might be erected to his memory at Swanston, now quite a place of pilgrimage. There is the monument by Mr St Gaudens in St Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, which is only all too suggestive of the invalid writer. A tablet, even, has been placed over the lodgings he occupied in Anstruther in 1868. There is also the sarcophagus on Vaea Mountain, Apia, Samoa, which holds his dust. Several times within our knowledge, Swanston Farm has been photographed by mistake for Swanston Cottage, the summer-home of the Stevensons (1867–80). Here, in a cottage at the entrance-gate, we first had a talk with Miss Cunningham, Stevenson's nurse and the 'Cummy' of the *Child's Garden of Verses*. Her brother had then charge of the water-filters in front of Swanston Cottage. Since his death she has resided in the Morningside district of Edinburgh. The other localities identified with Stevenson are 8 Howard Place, where he was born, 13th November 1850; 17 Heriot Row, where he resided as a boy and in young manhood; and Colinton Manse, the residence of his maternal grandfather, Dr Balfour. Colinton Manse is mentioned and described in *Memories and Portraits*, and Swanston in this book also, as well as in *Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes*, *St Ives*, and in many letters which seem to end in a longing sigh

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when any of his old haunts are alluded to, as in some of the last lines he wrote:

> I gang nae mair where ance I gaed,
> By Brunston, Fairmilehead, or Braid,
> But far frae Kirk and Tron.
> Oh, still, ayont the muckle sea,
> Still are ye dear, and dear to me,
> Auld Reekie, still and on.

Mrs Ochiltree, who kept the little shop in Swanston, remembered when her husband lay ill at the tollhouse, Fairmilehead, how the carriage of Thomas Stevenson halted at the door, and the old gentleman showed his interest by inquiring for him and leaving many a bottle of wine. Young R. L. S. was always a polite boy to her, and lifted his cap as he passed. 'Cummy' confirmed what Stevenson has written as to her teaching him M'Cheyne's hymns, of her reading the Bible and much Covenanting literature to him, which is believed to have had a distinct influence on his style. On Miss Cunningham's bookshelves were first editions with autograph inscriptions of many of Stevenson's works. On *An Inland Voyage* (1878) there was this inscription:

'My dear Cummy, if you had not taken so much trouble with me all the years of my childhood this little work would never have been written. Many a long night you sat up with me when I was ill. I wish I could hope, by way of return, to amuse a single evening for you with my little books! But whatever you may think of it, I know you will continue to think kindly of THE AUTHOR.'

And so she does. Sir John Skelton mentions having walked over from Hermitage of Braid to Swanston Cottage with Principal Tulloch, to dine with the Stevensons. R. L. S., then only a lad, was absent; but his mother, who treasured every scrap of his writing, gave the two visitors away some juvenile contributions to local journals. Both agreed that here was a fresh voice, with a note delicate and unborrowed as the lark's. Skelton was not sure if he ever did anything better than some of these early trifles. The fancy and imagination of R. L. Stevenson continued to hover over well-remembered scenes in Edinburgh, Swanston, and the Pentlands to the very last. 'It is a singular thing,' he writes, 'that I should live here in the South Seas, under conditions so new and so striking, and yet my imagination so continually inhabit the cold old huddle of gray hills from which we came.' We were present once when Mr S. R. Crockett read from the manuscript the three fine verses he had recently received in acknowledgment of the dedication of the *Stickit Minister* to the Exile of Samoa, which are quoted in *Chambers's Cyclopædia of Literature*, and which breathe the same feeling. And from far Samoa he wrote:

> The tropics vanish; and meseems that I—
> From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir,
> Or steep Caerketton—dreaming, gaze again.
> Far, set in fields and woods, the town I see
> Spring gallant from the shadows of her smoke,
> Cragged, spired, and turreted, her virgin fort
> Beflagged.
> . . . . . .
> There in the silence of remembered time
> Sounds yet the innocent laughter of a child,
> Sound yet the unresting footsteps of a youth
> Now dead for ever, and whose grave I am.
> There on the sunny frontage of a hill,
> Hard by the house of kings, repose the dead—
> My dead, the ready and the strong of word.

This last has reference to the family burying-ground at the Calton Hill, where his father, Thomas Stevenson, lighthouse engineer, was laid in 1887, and his mother in 1897.

R. L. Stevenson's constitutional weakness of chest and susceptibility to cold may have been rendered more pronounced by his sleeping out of doors in the Cevennes (a journey which is altogether delightful to the reader in *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*) and by his Bohemian life in the neighbourhood of Paris, where he first met his future wife, Mrs Osbourne. Happiness came to him chiefly in the country. No journey he ever took was so deadly, so nearly fatal, as that one related in the *Essays of Travel* just published by Chatto & Windus, entitled *The Amateur Emigrant*, which runs to ninety-two pages, and along with its continuation, first published in *Across the Plains*, contains some of the best and most characteristic things he ever wrote. Stevenson had arranged for the publication of the *Amateur Emigrant;* but at his father's request it was withdrawn from publication, and the money received for it was refunded. Without the consent of his parents, and against the wishes of his friends, Stevenson embarked, at the beginning of August 1879, in the emigrant ship *Devonia*, from the Clyde to New York, second cabin. The train journey from New York to San Francisco completely floored him. He had overtaxed his strength, completely broke down; and for two nights he lay under a tree, beyond Monterey, in a sort of stupor. If two frontiersmen in charge of a goat-ranche had not taken him and tended him, 'Finis' might then have been written over against his career. Although he developed pleurisy, his gaiety and courage never flagged. He came to a hired lodging in San Francisco, lived on seventy cents a day, and worked more industriously than ever. How hard-up he was may be guessed from the fact that he wrote to his friend Charles Baxter, in Edinburgh, to sell his books and send on the proceeds. A letter from his father containing a twenty-pound note never reached him. Yet, as his biographer tells us, lonely, ill, poor, estranged from his people, unsuccessful in his attempt to maintain himself, he never lost heart, and kept to his resolution to succeed in literature. He was threatened with galloping consumption. Mrs Osbourne nursed him until so far convalescent; and in the house of Rev. Dr Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson married Fanny Van de Grift, who had now obtained a divorce from her husband. Sidney Colvin says of Mrs Stevenson that she had

a character as strong, interesting, and romantic almost as his own; she shared his thoughts, and proved an open-hearted, shrewd critic.

The literary fruitage of R. L. Stevenson's life before he became a fixture at Vailima, Samoa, was shed at all sorts of places. He had also seen all kinds of life. In the days of what he calls his green-sickness, in the sanded kitchen of an Edinburgh public-house, he had met seamen, chimney-sweeps, and thieves. Once he wrote to his mother: 'I must be a bit of a vagabond; it's your own fault after all, isn't it? You shouldn't have had a tramp for a son.' By 1886 he had slept in forty-six English towns, fifty in Scotland, seventy-four in France, and forty in the rest of Europe. Nine of his papers (1871–76) deal with travel, as well as his first three books: *An Inland Voyage*, *Picturesque Edinburgh*, and *Travels with a Donkey*. No reader ever grumbles at this. In a fragment of 1871, in the *Essays of Travel*, entitled 'Cockermouth and Keswick,' he tells us that he allowed a considerable time to elapse between any of his journeys and an attempt to chronicle them. 'I must allow my recollections to get thoroughly strained free from all chaff till nothing be left except the pure gold, allow my memory to choose out what is truly memorable by a process of natural selection; and I piously believe that in this way I ensure the survival of the fittest.' In a letter to an American friend he explained how and where his books and articles, up till 1887, had been begun and finished. There was this by way of introduction: 'I was educated for a civil engineer on my father's design, and was at the building of harbours and lighthouses, and worked in a carpenter's shop and a brassfoundry, and hung about woodyards and the like. Then it came out that I was learning nothing; and on being tightly cross-questioned during a dreadful evening walk, I owned I cared for nothing but literature. My father said that was no profession, but I might be called to the Bar if I chose; so at the age of twenty-one I began to study law. Two years after I met Sidney Colvin, who took me up and introduced my work. My first paper appeared, just after I was twenty-three, in the *Portfolio*, under the harmless anagram of "L. S. Stoneven;" it was called "Roads." My second, written that same winter in Mentone, came out in *Macmillan*. It has been reprinted *Ordered South*. It took me pretty near three months to write. I imagine no one ever had such pains to learn a trade as I had; but I slogged at it day in day out, and I frankly believe (thanks to my dire industry) I have done more with smaller gifts than almost any man of letters in the world.' Stevenson's first story in print was *Will o' the Mill*, written in France, the setting of which was derived from the Murgthal in Baden and the Brenner Pass in the Tyrol, through which he had travelled with his parents at twelve. The first *New Arabian Nights* was begun at Burford Bridge Inn, where he had gone to be near George Meredith. These were continued in London, Edinburgh, Paris, and finished at Le Monastier. *Treasure Island* was begun at Braemar, and completed at Davos in two bursts of about fifteen days each. *Kidnapped*, which up till 1887 Stevenson considered his best story, was all written at Bournemouth inside a year, with about five months of actual writing. *Thrawn Janet* was written at Kincaid, near Pitlochry. *Travels with a Donkey* and *Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes* were written in Edinburgh, and *An Inland Voyage* in Edinburgh and Dieppe.

Stevenson's sixpenny editions have been amongst the best selling books of their class. At the time of his death *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* had sold eighty-one thousand copies in this country alone; in America its vogue was greater, being over a quarter of a million copies. The good edition of *Treasure Island* was in its fifty-second thousand, *Kidnapped* in its thirty-ninth, *Wrecker* in the twenty-seventh, *The Master of Ballantrae* in the twenty-fourth, and *Catriona* in the twentieth thousand. Although his parents were in easy circumstances, in youth and young manhood he often felt that 'eternal want of pence' which vexes many public and private men. He regretted his father had passed away ere he was able to offer one hundred pounds to his mother. He seems to have been restricted to two shillings and sixpence or five shillings a week in pocket-money until he was twenty-three. The golden age dawned upon him when he began to earn a little money by writing. For his first book, *An Inland Voyage*, he received twenty pounds. He had made but fifty pounds by writing up till 1878, when twenty-eight years of age. He had possessed eight hundred pounds in the previous year; but owing to the misfortunes of his friends, in none of which was he called to interfere, in less than two years it was all gone. He was shipwrecked in both health and fortune when in California; after his marriage his father settled two hundred and fifty pounds a year upon him. Besides the payment for serial use of *Treasure Island* in *Young Folks* from James Henderson, Messrs Cassell offered one hundred pounds for the book-rights, at which he was delighted. By February 1883 he could write thus to his mother: 'My six books (since 1878) have brought me in upwards of six hundred pounds, about four hundred pounds of which came from magazines.' His professional income was less than four hundred pounds in 1885. When the American market became open to him there was a rapid rise in his literary earnings; after 1887 Scribner offered him seven hundred pounds for twelve articles; this was followed by the offer of one thousand six hundred pounds from another firm for the serial rights of a story. The *New York World* offered two thousand pounds for an article every week for a year. This he refused, having promised Messrs Scribner the control of all his work which might appear in America. He soon after arranged with Messrs M'Clure for his next story. This got him into difficulties at once; these were removed when he asked his friends Charles Baxter and Sidney

Colvin to act as literary agents. For a year or two before he died his literary earnings might be about four thousand pounds a year, which his biographer says was 'no more than enough to meet the cost of living in Samoa and the needs of his generosity.' He had received six thousand pounds under terms of his father's marriage contracts; his first trip to the Pacific made a hole in this to the extent of about two thousand pounds. He complained, in 1893, the year before he died, that he had 'overworked,' bitterly; he broke down at every paragraph, would lie down and sweat till he could get one sentence wrung out after another. At another time he alleges he could not face life without his work; there seems no reason to doubt that, although he died of suffusion of blood upon the brain, that his pen kept him living. 'The one eternal burden,' he wrote from Samoa, 'to go on making an income. If I could find a place where I could lie down and give up for (say) two years, and allow the sainted public to support me, if it were a lunatic asylum, wouldn't I just?' Again, 'I only wish somebody would pay me ten pounds a day for taking care of cacao, and I would leave literature to others.' Brave and cheerful as we know he was, and could be, this is the language of a man who was steadily overworked. As a corrective to these 'groans,' his friend Charles Baxter cabled the news of the success of the Edinburgh Edition. This had no effect; he was working at high pressure at *St Ives* and at what is his masterpiece of story-telling, *Weir of Hermiston*, when he dropped down in the presence of his wife, December 3, 1894. He left personal estate in the United Kingdom of the value of fifteen thousand five hundred and twenty-five pounds. Two-fourths of his father's estate and his own property, real and personal, including books, royalties, and manuscripts, he gave for life to his wife, Fanny Matilda Van de Grift Stevenson, and in fee after her death to her son Samuel Lloyd Osbourne. His stepdaughter, Isobel Stewart Osbourne, received one-fourth and the estate near Apia, Samoa. Three cousins also benefited under the terms of his will.

Stevenson in 1883 said that 'the theatre is the gold-mine, and on that I must keep my eye;' but, unlike J. M. Barrie, he neither had the opportunity nor the practical training to make his plays a success. The success of a play goes far beyond, in pecuniary value, the sale of a book. He collaborated with W. E. Henley over *Deacon Brodie* for the stage. As an excuse for the analysis and exhibition of shady characters, Stevenson said, 'We were both young when we did that, and I think we had an idea that *bad-heartedness was strength*.' Dr Japp is rather of the opinion that Henley's influence helped to confirm him in this view of life. When asked why he wrote wild tales of pirates and murderers with no women to soften them, he answered: 'I suppose it's the contrast. I have always admired great strength, even in a pirate. Courage has interested me more than anything else.' In the new collection of *Tales and Fantasies*, especially in the *Body-Snatcher*, a morbid and unhealthy strain is evident.

R. L. Stevenson is, therefore, popular from other causes than such writers as Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, mainly because of his winsome gifts as essayist and story-teller, and the romance of his own personal career. It is quite possible that far too much has been written about him in the way of gossip and criticism; but this only shows the hold he has taken of an intellectual and literary public. He says: 'It was a very little dose of inspiration, and a pretty little trick of style, long lost, improved by the most heroic industry; so far I have managed to please the journalists. But I am a fictitious article, and have long known it. I am read by journalists, by my fellow-novelists, and by boys.' Besides the host of newspaper and magazine articles upon Stevenson and his works, there is the excellent authorised biography by his cousin Graham Balfour. Sidney Colvin's edition of the *Vailima Letters* is autobiographical and charming, and it is said he is busy with a fresh biography. The following have also written books upon Stevenson: Mr H. B. Baildon, Miss Moyes Black, Professor Raleigh, Miss E. B. Simpson, Rev. John Kelman, Miss Laura Stubbs, Mr J. A. Hammerton, Dr A. H. Japp, and Mr Arthur Johnstone.

Of his many gifts, that side of his nature as friend and talker is eulogised by Sidney Colvin: 'A slender, boyish presence, with a graceful, somewhat fantastic bearing, and a singular power and attraction in the eyes and smile, were the signs that first impressed you; and the impression was quickly confirmed and deepened by the charm of his talk, which was irresistibly sympathetic and inspiring, and not less full of matter than of mirth. I have known no man in whom the poet's heart and imagination were combined with such a brilliant strain of humour and such an unsleeping alertness and adroitness of the critical intelligence.' His wife, in one of the Prefaces to a new edition of his works, says: 'He looked as though he would naturally be clad in something picturesque and unusual, having a gallant bearing, with an alert grace of movement that is seldom seen except in half-civilised countries. He used many gestures in speaking, was of a dark, ruddy complexion, and quick and fiery temper.'

Ian Maclaren has said that *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* was to him the most awful and solemn book he ever read outside the Bible, and that if Stevenson died before he wrote his masterpiece he did not die before he made them all love him. We might add that he taught by example and precept the great task of happiness, as he said:

> The world is so full of a number of things,
> I am sure we might all be as happy as kings.

THE AUTOCRAT.

CHAPTER XIII.

'WHAT do you make of it?'

'They're in, of course,' Mr Jenkins said, without apparent emotion. He stood listening, his attention acute, for a long-drawn minute; then he turned his head to the other man again.

'Your fellows are going under, I perceive. That means—— Eh? Oh, don't ask me how I can tell it; the noise is rising, it is plain enough. You and I have made a mistake in our calculations, uncle, and it looks as if we were going to pay for it. *You* never knew the Kerisalis, and I—forgot them. We must take our valuable persons out of risks, and put off to the *Star*. Let them fight it out between them while we get to sea; there's an argument there, made in—Europe, that will recall even Akasa to its senses to-morrow.' His face darkened, and he made a gesture of brutal scorn towards the town. 'Gad, I thought they would come to a bombardment in the end! They will know in the morning, every mother's son of them, what it means to see hopes laid in ashes, what it means to be *must* with ships of war within hail. Eh, uncle? The new government! I hope it has made up its mind to begin its duties promptly.'

Spencer had dived indoors again, and was hurrying into his clothes. He peered out through his haste, and saw a strange light silhouetting the king's figure. He struggled with his boots, perspiring heavily.

'What's burning?'

'The guardhouse. H'm! *Now* they will spread, and they will remember us very soon. Where is the *Star?*'

'The gig lies off the jetty, ready for use any time of day and night,' Spencer said, emerging, and turning an apprehensive gaze to where sparks and red flame were puffing up behind the trees. The crash of sudden musketry split the night, and after it tumbled the hubbub of active murder. 'Say, it's pandemonium over there! We haven't any time to waste in star-gazing; it's as much as we shall do to save our skins. Right through here to the jetty, 'way back of the barracks. I guess I'm going to take sprinting exercise for my health,' he said humorously, covering his chilly soul with words. 'Not *that* way, Jani!' He paused with a foot on the ground, his face a study of consternation. 'You're going left instead of right; you'll get into the mess. Oh, come *on!*' He forged forward, on to the grass over which Rex had fled, stooping low, a few hours before; the southern stretch of the enclosure lay beyond him, lapped by a sea that trees and buildings hid from them, and that was no more than a few hundred yards away, no farther than the blazing thatch. 'Come on!' he called again feverishly, with a side-glance at the area of the fight.

It was characteristic of their attitude to the country they had exploited that the idea of plunging into the defence of their own domain urged neither of them. They had lived so long by the fruit of other men's actions that they found nothing inhuman in abandoning their guard to its fate. The enclosure, and the Legion, and the sea, and the craft upon it, existed for them, and only for them; these things were nothing but the tools with which they carved their plan of life. Here a tool had snapped, was dangerous to handle; they left its handling to the paid mechanic, and turned to other businesses. It was knowledge of this tenet, too thoroughly accepted to need a word of discussion between them, that caused Spencer's utter amazement when he saw that the king was not following him. Their own co-operation was another matter; they had always been rogues in company, standing by each other; he honestly thought his nephew had taken leave of his senses, and he ran back to jeopardy with a courage that cost him much, and urged him.

'See now, Jani'——

Mr Jenkins did not move. He looked, suddenly, unnaturally yellow and drawn, and the zest of retreat had gone out of him. He thrust the Yankee aside so roughly that he staggered.

'That's Buck,' he said, as if he had not heard his appeal.

The chequer of light and shade across the gardens had been suddenly spotted with a figure, running, and falling, and running again, in and out of the web of moonlight, towards the palaces. The king leaped out to meet him; and a reeling soldier lurched to the steps. Spencer still hung upon his heel, pallid and short in the wind; he held back to see the man's face, and he uttered an oath as he recognised it. It was Buck indeed, mortally wounded, so far as he could perceive in his hurried observation; he fell again at their feet, and Jani Mata bent over him and turned him on his side. If he came to bring a message, he delivered none; he was past speaking. Peter Buck had come a long way to find a living; in the end it was he who made the ample payment, his cheerfulness dimmed in a fight of which the rights and wrongs were nothing to him, and he the archetype of the adventurer of all ages, the dogged, blunt-witted instrument of other men's devices. His silence, perhaps, delivered the warning his tongue had failed to utter. The king raised his eyes from him to Spencer.

'Shot, you see; and he meant to tell us of Rex! He doesn't come; he must be there—in danger from those devils. I must go to him.' He stood upright

again, and narrowed his eyes at the spreading glare. '*I* could get him to the jetty; there is a way.' He turned fiercely to Spencer. 'Go on—you! Get away there, and tell them to lie off and look for us.'

The fat man actually sobbed. He looked from the unconscious soldier to the king, and back again. His ironical leer at life had gone; he was seeing the naked consequences of things done in obscurity, and for once realities appalled him.

'Jani, don't you see how it is? It isn't any good. Lord, I forgot the boy! He's done for; he *must* be; it's just sick foolishness for you to try to pick him up. We ought to have thought of him earlier—oh, I'll give you that. He can't be got at now. I'm real sorry, Jani; but you can see the reason why, plain as me. I reckon he's helped all he can be. You must quit this with me, right now.'

He had retraced his steps; he tugged at the king's sleeve.

Jenkins, with a furious contempt, struck his hand away.

'Do what you are bid,' he said very low; and Spencer, for the first time in his impudent career, shrank away from him. They had left the fallen man where he lay, and had turned their backs upon him; they were out upon the grass. The clamour about the guardhouse seemed to lick at them, threatening their solitude with an eager note.

Spencer drew off despairingly.

'They'll kill you at sight, Jani, and that won't help anybody. Oh, I know it's your son! But see here—you don't *know*, and maybe he's safer n you are. You've got to trust to luck for him; that isn't any other way.'

He could have wrung his hands at the fatal obstinacy. There was no time for further appeal. Jani Mata would not hear him; and death, with its first-fruit before them on the ground, had loomed very close. He broke into a jog-trot towards safety, and was soon in the narrow mazes behind his house. The sweat gathered on his brow as he ran; there might be an ambush anywhere. And, besides, he had left a doomed man to his fate, and every shadow of the night cried it after him as he fled.

The king turned, drawing in a hard breath, and faced the growing area of tumult. The thatch of Rex's bungalow was visible now by that significant, leaping light; he burst into speed. The night was still mute to seaward, in the direction to which Spencer had vanished; but here, in the core of the enclosure, there were flitting figures emerging, the backwash—or was it the conquering crest?—of the fight. He dashed into the open, behind the pampas and out again, straight as an arrow to the bungalow.

Buck lay still behind him—Buck, whose duty it had been to guard the boy. What was it that he would have told him? His feet devoured the yards, to find the answer to that question. The shadows mocked him, too, their derision piercing deep—deep into his heart.

(To be continued.)

THE EMPIRE'S WORK IN MAKRAN.

By R. T. HALLIDAY, M.B., Author of *Guerilla Warfare on the Indian Frontier*, *Christmas on the Afghan Frontier*, &c.

IN a previous article, dealing with the general characteristics of the north-west frontier of India (*Chambers's Journal*, January 1902), the present writer briefly sketched that boundary-line from the Pamir tableland, where three empires meet, to the shores of the Indian Ocean. The four main districts into which, for convenience, the frontier-line may be divided were there indicated—namely, (1) the borderland of Kashmir from the Mustagh Range to the Khyber Pass; (2) the Afridi and Waziri territories, which are sandwiched between the Khyber and the Gumal River; (3) the Zhob and Kundar valleys, and British Baluchistan from the Gumal to Quetta and the Khojak tunnel; (4) the arid desert of Baluchistan from the Quetta boundary to Persia and the Arabian Sea.

Owing in great measure to our political relations with Afghanistan and its amirs, and primarily to our desire to checkmate the steady advance of Russia through Central Asia towards our Indian Empire, the first three districts, which march with the most prosperous part of Afghanistan, have been from time to time brought prominently and forcibly under the public notice. Each in turn has been the scene of punitive expeditions on a more or less extensive scale, which have had to do the Empire's work in the border regions, dealing at great expenditure of men, munitions, and money with recalcitrant tribes both within and beyond our jurisdiction. The Khyber and Khojak routes, leading as they do respectively to the Afghan capitals Kabul and Kandahar, are each inseparably connected with frontier history and policy, and have thereby commanded a foremost place in the public view. But the fourth and most southern division, that vast territory of Baluchistan, whose six hundred miles of coast-line is washed by the Indian Ocean, and whose western boundary is the land of the Shah, has remained a region comparatively unknown. It seems destined to assume a considerably enhanced importance in the near future, partly owing to the check to Russian aims and aspirations in the Far East, which may cause a renewed activity in Persia, and partly owing to the dream of the

late Amir of Afghanistan for a strip of territory through Baluchistan to an Afghan port on the Arabian Sea.

Southern Baluchistan, between Afghanistan and the ocean, is about four hundred miles from north to south and five hundred miles from east to west. Most of it is uncultivated and uncultivable, a barren wilderness of rock and sand and scrub. The habitable spots are but oases amid the general desolation, and Sir Charles Napier is credited with the opinion that Baluchistan must have been the place where, after the creation of the universe, the spare rubbish was shot down. This vast area is divided into a number of districts which bear distinctive names. South-west from Quetta are the highlands of Khalat, from whose khan we first acquired our title to that region. Farther south, extending to the coast, is the Rajput state of Las Bela. On the north, bordering upon the Afghan desert, lie the almost waterless plains of Kharan and Sarawan, and in the south-west corner is the mountainous coast territory of Makran, so called from *Mahi Kharan*, signifying 'the land of the fish-eaters.' It is this latter region, with its fruitful valleys of Khej and Panjgur, that has been the source of most trouble to the Indian authorities. Raids by neighbouring freebooters on its fertile oases have been of frequent occurrence, and on more than one occasion a military force has had to inflict condign chastisement on such tribesmen. The largest expedition was that of 1901–02, which, with a view to protecting our own tribes and punishing some turbulent marauders, traversed a large part of Makran, destroyed a number of tribal forts, dispersed a hostile force which had defied all Persian authority within its own sphere, established the *Pax Britannica*, marched through a considerable part of Persian Baluchistan, and returned to Quetta by the Nushki-Seistan route. The record of the work accomplished by this politico-military expedition is too voluminous to deal with *in extenso*. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with a glimpse of its doings within our own territory of Makran.

The expedition consisted of a small mixed force of Indian troops, under the command of Major Tighe, D.S.O., of the Twenty-seventh (Baluchi) Regiment of Bombay Infantry. The main part of the force, two hundred and fifty men of the Twenty-seventh Baluchis, together with a score of sappers and miners, embarked at Karachi in December 1901 for the port of Gwadur, on board the B.I.S.N. Company's steamship *Henzada*. A further detachment of fifty rifles, fifty sabres of the Fifth Bombay Cavalry (Sind Horse), and two guns of the Murree Mountain Battery, marched through Khalat and joined the main body at Turbat. Accompanying the force for political purposes was Colonel C. E. Yate, C.S.I., C.M.G., agent to the Governor-General and Chief-Commissioner of Baluchistan, and his assistant, Colonel Showers, the chief political agent at Khalat. The main object to be achieved was the overthrow of several noted outlaws, deposed sirdars of the Naoshirwani tribe, who had been expelled from Baluchistan the previous year, and who, by extensive depredations, had since that time given much trouble to the peaceful inhabitants of the Khej valley and its neighbourhood. The local chief had appealed to the Sirkar for assistance in suppressing their periodical raids, and hence the employment of the British Indian troops.

The men and stores were embarked at Keamari, the harbour of Karachi, without difficulty. Not so the horses. These had first to be slung from the wharf into small native craft known as *buggalees*, and by these conveyed to the transport lying two miles off, where they were again slung on board. This process was, however, but child's play compared with the disembarking at Gwadur. Here the anchorage is three miles from the beach, and the task of landing in the darkness was rendered much more perilous by a strong adverse wind. There was also a further transhipment from the *buggalees* into still smaller and flatter 'dug-outs' for conveyance through the surf, and even then the men had to wade ashore, while the officers and stores were conveyed on the shoulders of the men.

Gwadur, which possesses one of the few roadsteads on the Makran coast, is a filthy village of sand-and-mud huts. It boasts a fort, and a telegraph station on the Indo-European line, and had at one time a British Resident. The climate proved so deadly, however, for Europeans that the Resident appointment was abolished. The port is devoid of any attempt at systematic sanitation, and what it would be without its tides and surf and frequent dust-storms can only be dimly conjectured. It belongs to Muscat, which is under British protection, and its administration was conducted by an Arab governor, a brother of the reigning Sultan of Muscat, to whom he owed allegiance. The population is a mixed one, in which Arabs and Baluchis predominate. The latter are a rough-looking set, with long, unwashed ringlets, the hair and beard being equally filthy and well streaked with rancid grease. All were more or less armed, the wealthier class with rifles or jezails, the others with swords of divers patterns and shields.

All the necessary arrangements for transport-camels having been completed before the arrival of the force, a start was made for Turbat, the principal town of the Khej district, which was the first objective. Here the various units comprising the expeditionary force were to concentrate, and here the political officers were to join. It lies about one hundred miles north-west of Gwadur, and the march thither was calculated to occupy about ten days. This may seem a slow rate of progress; but as stores and provender for four months were taken, about a thousand baggage-camels were necessary for transport, and a train of Baluchi camels five miles long traverses the rough, stony desert at a very limited pace. The extreme heat experienced during the daytime on the plains near the coast also militated against rapid progress, as it was impossible to march during the greater part of the day. The

march generally began in the small hours of the morning by moonlight and was completed by nine or ten A.M.

From Gwadur the route lay first eastward along the coast through a sandy desert some five or six miles in breadth between the mountain ridge and the sea. Very little vegetation was visible throughout this region. What does exist in the shape of clumps of date-palms or stunted mimosa-trees and low tamarisk jungle is in close proximity to the wells among the hills, and these wells are few and of poor quality. They are, moreover, very uncertain, and the water obtainable limited in quantity and very muddy and brackish. Nothing but dire necessity would tempt either man or beast to drink it.

From the coast northward barren ridges of rocky mountains alternating with equally barren valleys succeed each other across almost the entire breadth of Baluchistan, the valleys extending to bleak and arid plains. Roads there are none; the various routes are but beaten camel-tracks winding across the desert of stone and sand and sun-baked clay. Such streams as exist in the northern valleys have no outlet to the sea, but lose their waters in great sand-swamps and salt-marshes which go by the name of *hamuns*. The Khej valley is the first of these parallel valleys, and it presents with the second or Panjgur valley a striking contrast to the main characteristics of the country generally. Thanks to a fertilising deposit left by their rivers when in flood, they are veritable oases in an otherwise dry and parched land; and as no rain had fallen in Makran for over a year, the burnt-up state of the surrounding country can be imagined. This long valley behind the first mountain scarp is the most fertile, and is renowned for its date-groves from which come the finest dates in the world. At Kappar, the termination of the third day's march, the route struck northward across the ridges which lie between the coast and this more hospitable valley, and here villages with signs of fair attempts at cultivation were occasionally passed. The monotony of rock and stony waste was, however, seldom varied until on the eighth day Turbat was reached.

The native guides accompanying the force proved very unreliable, as were also the maps of the district supplied. The guides seemed to have but a vague idea of the measurement of distance, as marches of ten miles turned out to be only five or six, which was not so aggravating as when those of six extended to ten or twelve. Wells marked on the map as good were found to be absolutely empty, which meant short-commons for both man and animal, while others fortunately turned out much superior to expectations based on the map. The stages of the journey to Turbat depended upon the condition of these wells, and hence the whole distance was covered in eight days, some of the marches being twenty miles in length, to avoid camping at empty water-holes.

Turbat is one of the principal towns, as towns go in Makran, and is merely a good-sized village of scattered, irregular huts, fashioned mainly of huge date-leaves plastered together with the ubiquitous mud. It derives some importance among a certain sect from the belief that in due time the new Mahdi will arise at the hill of Kuh-i-Murad in its vicinity. It forms an excellent halting-place even for a large force, with good open camping-ground, a good water-supply, and an abundance of food and forage available without trenching on the stores which were provided against the stay in more inhospitable regions when not even stubble for a camel could be had. The village is dominated by a mud fort in which the Nazim Mirullah Khan has his quarters. These forts, with which the whole country is studded, while no doubt necessary in a measure for the protection of the local chiefs, are a great source of danger when they fall, as did that of Nodiz, into hostile hands. Some of them are very formidable, with walls of mud-bricks fifteen to eighteen feet thick, loopholed for rifle-fire, and commanded by loopholed towers in each corner of a great quadrangle. Many of these could only be successfully assaulted by a long process of sapping and mining, as small mountain guns could make no impression on their walls. The fort of Turbat was an important one, as the stronghold of the Nazim of Khej, a chief of some standing, though nominally under the Khan of Khalat, and a loyal supporter of the Sirkar.

Although the valley from Turbat to the Persian border has extensive date-plantations, well watered by numerous irrigation channels from the surrounding hills, the inhabitants are very poor, the freebooters, on whose account the expedition had been sent, having carried off in their raids all their goats and sheep and cows, and even a large percentage of their women. Goaded beyond endurance, and stiffened by the expected arrival of the Sirkar's troops, the Nazim's followers had collected round the fort of Nodiz about twenty miles from Turbat, where they held up the rebel Naoshirwani, Mahommed Ali Khan, with about a hundred of his adherents. The reduction of this fort, which they had been unable to accomplish, was one of the principal tasks set to the expeditionary force.

On the arrival of the Commissioner at Turbat the camp at once assumed a busy aspect. All sorts and conditions of local chiefs from far and near came in with their retinues to pay their respects to the representative of the Indian Government, and a durbar was held by Colonel Yate, who afterwards gave a dinner in true Baluchi fashion to the assembled throng. All sat on the ground, British officers included, and ate a little of various native dishes in turn, some of which were fearful concoctions. The tastes of the Baluchi tribesmen are peculiar. It will suffice to mention that asafœtida, which is indigenous to the country, is relished and greatly used as a flavouring agent! It is called by the natives *khush khorak*, meaning 'pleasant food,'

and is cooked in all manner of styles: boiled, roasted, stewed with butter or *ghee*, and even pickled.

The force encamped for a week at Turbat before all the arrangements had been completed for the move through the valley, and this time was profitably spent in obtaining reliable information as to the outlaws and in reconnoitring the fort at Nodiz where they were held at bay. Then, leaving all the transport and heavy baggage at Turbat, the troops moved to Kalatuk, and from thence to Nodiz, camping within a mile of the stronghold.

Nodiz village lies on the main highway from Turbat to Tump, and rather over eight miles from Kalatuk. This highway, if it can be dignified by the name, is the main route through the Khej district to Sarbaz in Persia, and is much used by the local traders in the season. The fort, which commands the highway, had been partially dismantled by a previous expedition sent to punish some sirdars of the Naoshirwani tribe who had been causing trouble in the district. The sirdars fled for safety to the hills and were duly declared outlaws, and after the departure of the punitive force they proceeded to prove the truth of the adage, 'He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day.' The ruins of the fort were reoccupied by three of the outlaws, named respectively Mahommed Ali Khan (the chief delinquent), Durd Mahommed Khan, and Sheran, and these men soon gathered round them a following of local ruffians, who rebuilt the walls and towers of the ancient stronghold. Then, having provisioned the place against any siege by the Nazim's men, they made it their headquarters for raiding the whole surrounding country. Mahommed Umra Khan, another outlawed Naoshirwani sirdar, and brother of Mahommed Ali Khan, took a similar course with the fort of Magas in Persian territory, and harried the adjoining district as thoroughly. It may be here noted that when the expedition in its course through Persian territory met the Persian army at Magas, to assist in the reduction of that place, Mahommed Umra fled northward to Seistan and took refuge with the Russian consul there. The fort at Magas was destroyed by the Indian troops.

The Nazim Mirullah Khan of Khej, after vain endeavours to put a stop to the wholesale depredations on the flocks and herds of his people, raised a force of about a thousand men and besieged Mahommed Ali in his fort. But the whole place had been so strengthened against attack that the tribesmen could only erect sangars at some distance from the walls, and sit there around it in relays by day and by night in order to hold the inmates fast. The Nazim, in sooth, was afraid to venture an attack, as owing to the terror that had been inspired among his tribesmen he could not depend upon their loyalty. Such loyalty is only given to those who can command it, and the outlaws had been so successful in their raids, and had continued so long unpunished, the Sirkar's troops were so far away, and their stay, even if they did come, so temporary, that it seemed to pay best to leave the raiders alone in fear of the summary retribution which they might subsequently exact as a penalty for interference. The siege was, therefore, a very half-hearted performance, and an attack quite out of the question.

The spot where the Twenty-seventh Baluchis pitched camp on their arrival was an open part of the plain covered with rocks and boulders. The local levies of the Nazim had been encamped on it for several weeks, and the whole place was, therefore, in a filthy, odorous condition, and simply swarming with myriads of flies and other vermin. Only those who have had an acquaintance with Makrani tribesmen at close quarters can fully appreciate the state of affairs.

The fort was a square enclosure, with walls built of mud-brick, raised on a solid plinth about ten feet high. From this the walls rose other ten or twelve feet, and were several feet in thickness. At three of its four corners was a small tower, while in the remaining corner a huge inner keep rose about fifteen feet from the ramparts. These towers and all the ramparts were elaborately loopholed for rifle-fire. The solitary gate on the eastern front was blocked up with sandbags piled as high as the wall. On three sides the fort was surrounded by an extensive date-grove; on the fourth was an open maidan. The besieged were well armed, about two-thirds of their number being provided with Martini and Snider rifles, the remainder having muzzle-loaders and jezails. There was abundance of ammunition and provisions, and a well inside the fort provided a plentiful water-supply. The place had been closely invested for fifty-one days when the Indian troops arrived.

It was hoped that on the arrival of the political agent, as representing the Sirkar, the khan would submit without fighting in order to save useless bloodshed. But the Twenty-seventh Baluchis were fired at from the fort on marching into camp, so that the outlaws had committed themselves, and only one course lay open.

On the arrival of the mountain guns, which followed the force from Turbat to Kalatuk, an immediate attack was decided upon. The two guns were assigned a position four hundred yards from the fort, from which they shelled the ramparts and towers on the south and west walls. The infantry made a wide detour through the date-grove and approached within two hundred yards of the south-west tower, when they opened fire on the loopholes from a nullah which afforded fairly good cover. While the guns were able to do considerable damage to the loopholed battlements of the towers, they could make but little impression on the main walls, which were much too thick to be demolished by such small pieces. A party of sappers, therefore, under Lieutenant Corry, rushed in to breach the wall with a charge of gun-cotton. They discovered, however, that in one part of the south wall abutting the tower a fairly large breach had been made by shells

and falling material from the wrecked tower, and into this an assaulting party charged, under Lieutenants Corry and Grant. Twenty men with the two officers got inside, and were met by a heavy fusillade from the other towers and by a counter-charge of swordsmen from the courtyard. Both officers fell badly wounded, shot from the western tower, and the men, having secured them, beat a hasty retreat to the shelter of the ruined tower.

Supports under Captain Hulseberg steadied them after this temporary check, and the guns were brought up into a new position one hundred yards from the west wall. There they soon demolished the western tower, brought down the roofs of the redoubts on the besieged occupants, and a second charge being made by the Twenty-seventh, the enemy surrendered. The whole fight lasted a little over two hours, during which time the assailants lost three men killed and two British officers and seven men wounded. Not one of the enemy escaped. Their leader was found dead in the courtyard, killed by a revolver-shot by one of the officers in the first rush. Twenty of his men were killed or buried in the fallen débris, and the remainder were taken prisoners. The wounded on both sides were attended to by Captain Stewart, I.M.S., the medical officer of the Twenty-seventh Baluchis, who accompanied the force into action. Lieutenant Grant had a close shave, being shot in the nape of the neck and in the shoulder; Lieutenant Corry had also bullets through his shoulder and wrist, and a tulwar stroke, which he guarded successfully, ran down his sword and sliced off one of his fingers which grasped it.

The interior of the fort presented a pitiable spectacle. There were three redoubts with tiers of loopholes and shell-proof shelters supported by logs of date-palms. The guns had brought down these props, burying the occupants in the ruins. The shells had set fire to much of the dry woodwork and the grass-huts inside the walls. The open courtyard was a veritable shambles, in which were piled the bodies of camels, donkeys, cows, and sheep, killed by the cross-fire. The bag of prisoners was a good one, the bulk of the fourscore captured being well-known robbers and plunderers. The cavalry had scoured the north side of the fort during the attack to prevent escapes, but only one rebel attempted this, and he was promptly shot.

The remains of Nodiz fort were blown up by the sappers, and the force returned on the following day to Turbat, after experiencing a severe dust-storm. The wounded were sent back to Gwadur by ambulance *tonga* and thence to Karachi by the mail-steamer which calls at Gwadur once each fortnight. The fight was a useful object-lesson for the whole valley, and served in its own small way to establish the prestige of the Sirkar, which means everything among Eastern nations. All the inhabitants were greatly impressed by the mountain guns, which, although sufficient for the purpose, were in reality very pop-gun affairs after all. For although bodies of troops had often visited the district as political officers' escorts, no expedition on such a scale had been attempted. Indeed, the whole of southern Baluchistan had for many years been left severely alone, and the inevitable anarchy and open defiance of order had resulted. The expedition was looked upon, therefore, as an evidence that the authority of the Indian Government was to be respected, and could not be defied with impunity.

The Martini rifles captured in the fort were all of Birmingham make, and probably had been imported through Muscat and the Gulf ports, where a brisk smuggling trade was more than suspected. Colonel Yate, the agent to the Governor-General, after holding a grand durbar at Turbat, left the force for Pasni, *en route* for Muscat, in order to investigate on the spot the source of the supply. The expedition, after a short rest, moved *viâ* Tump and Mand into Persia.

Tump was reached in four marches from Turbat through much easier country and under much pleasanter climatic conditions. The route lay parallel with the coast-line, but about one hundred miles distant, and separated from it by the ridges of barren hills already referred to. The greater altitude rendered the air considerably cooler, and marching during the day was practicable. Tump is a pretty village lying in a valley about five miles broad, with a fairly large river running through it, and therefore abundance of vegetation in the vicinity. A broad belt of cultivation extends from the river banks, where palm-trees, cotton-groves, and cornfields are watered by innumerable *karezes* and irrigation-canals. Like neighbouring villages, it also boasted a fort, which had at one time been a formidable stronghold, and had been partially razed by an escort-party of this same regiment the previous year. The local sirdar had since been on his good behaviour, having realised the futility of resistance to the long arm of the Sirkar.

After leaving Tump, where a halt of eight days was made in order to obtain fresh camels to replace those which had succumbed to the heat on the journey, the force reached Mand, the limit of Makran territory, in two easy marches. The local sirdar, Fakir Mahommed, had been aiding and abetting Mahommed Ali, and had refused to pay the customary tribute to the Khan of Khalat. A jirgah of sirdars was therefore held to try him for his contumacy, and as a result his fort at Mand was destroyed by the sappers of the force. This trial completed the work of the expedition in British territory, and the column moved the following day over the frontier into Persia. Its experiences in the land of the Shah must be left to be recorded on some future occasion.

RUNDLE'S DOING.

CHAPTER II.

THE girl's searching glance swept over the little interior. Then she turned with a swift motion of dismay and faced Carr interrogatively.

'Where is your brother?' she asked abruptly, breaking the sudden tense silence, during which we had gaped at her owlishly.

'I'm sure I do not know,' he answered, bewildered.

'I expected to find him here with you.'

The wonder died out of Carr's eyes; something harder took its place, and his voice was oddly strained.

'Then I am afraid you will be disappointed.'

'You must know where he is,' she challenged hotly.

'I haven't an idea.'

His tone seemed to sting her, and a fleeting wave of colour tinged her cheeks. Mr Rundle was contemplating the cabin ceiling with discreetness. Here, however, he interposed briskly to suggest that the young lady should sit down and take a refresher.

'Somethin' 'ot an' comfortin', miss,' he urged propitiatingly, 'as will do your pretty face real good.'

The girl's eyes dilated. She was evidently in sore distress of mind. But she mastered herself by a visible effort and sank rather wearily on to a locker. Slowly she undid the fur wrapper at her throat, displaying the slender lines of the graceful little neck and pure white skin, as she threw back her head to release the fastening. Perhaps she was seeking to gain time.

'Listen,' she said in a more formal tone. 'Your brother, Mr Tom Carr, told me that he had got a big deal on—isn't that how you call it in business? It was something to do with selling guns to the Russians for the war, and to-night he had to attend to putting them on board the steamer which was coming to fetch them. This afternoon I was at an At Home at one of the embassies, and I met there a young attaché whom I know well. I wheedled a hint out of him—never mind how—that there was considerable danger for all concerned. He would not tell me exactly what it was. I did not know in the least how to act, and I had no one to consult except—except you. Twice I sent round to your house, but you were out. At last I could stand the suspense no longer and I went myself, only to learn from your servant that you had come on here for the evening. I supposed you were helping your brother, so I followed in the motor to bring the warning. There seemed no other thing to do.'

Carr straightened himself slowly as if he had received a blow.

'I have seen very little of Tom lately, and unfortunately he did not confide in me about his—deal. I was here for quite a different purpose, to detect, not to aid in it.'

'Still, now you will stop him?' begged the girl with eagerness.

'It is very kind of you to take so much trouble on Tom's behalf,' said his brother with quiet bitterness. 'He should be very grateful.'

The colour deepened on her face, but her eyes met his defiantly.

'Then, what are you waiting for?' she demanded promptly. 'Go and find him—at once.'

'To bring him to you?'

Clare Durand paled again at the question, as if unprepared for it.

'Yes, if you like to put it in that way,' she said desperately.

'Because you love him?'

'I won't have you speak so!' cried the girl with sudden passion. 'Even if it were true that—I cared.'

'There can be no other reason.'

Bernard Carr watched her searchingly.

She did not answer. But over the fair eyes there seemed to me to come a swift veil of softness. Perhaps it was the shadow, perhaps it was fancy on my part. I could observe her closely, for she never heeded me.

However, next moment we all heeded Mr Rundle with great anxiety. He gave a violent grunt and rushed precipitately to a port-hole. He wrenched it open and peered into the outside darkness. In a penetrating aside he commanded immediate silence. What in the world was he after, I wondered.

The fog came in through the port-hole, and Mr Rundle snorted red defiance at what he was evidently contemplating. Then he turned and fronted us with information.

''Tis the perlice patrol-boat, an' she's a-comin' 'ere. 'Ow the blazes are we to explain to them greasy alligators the meanin' o' this little fam'ly gatherin'?'

None of us seemed to rise to immediate solution of the problem. The watchman scratched his head with ominous gravity in order to stimulate the working of the brain-power within.

'Now look 'e 'ere,' he said, addressing us in general with the emphasis of wisdom. 'There's nothin' them blamed perlice dislikes so much as anybody a-discoverin' anythin' 'cept themselves. If a man tries to 'elp 'em—'tis a-creatin' further burdens for the overworked an' 'ighly intelligent force. It worries 'em, an' you don't get no gratitude, no'ow. Obscurity is their merit, same as wi' firemen, as signs on articles under other folk's names. Mum's the word for us 'bout the barges, d' you see?'

We assented in subdued chorus.

'You'—Mr Rundle spun round upon me with a

violence that made me jump—'an' Mr Carr is pals a-wisitin' for the evenin', just mateys o' mine askin' after my 'ealth, so to speak. But then there's the missie!'

He paused perplexedly, till a sudden wicked little grin furrowed the wrinkles on his forehead. He chuckled.

'I 'ave it. I reckons as you'll 'ave to call yourself 'is wife,' said Mr Rundle instructively to the girl, indicating Carr as her prospective partner in matrimony with a jerk of his thumb.

Her eyes widened with a blaze of indignation. 'I shall do nothing of the kind,' she returned, with immense resolution.

'Easy all!' urged Mr Rundle with soothing sympathy. 'You don't relish 'im for 'usband, may be. But 'ow else will we account for the pleasure o' your comp'ny? They'll want for to know. Smithson, 'e'll be the inspector as is a-comin'—I've met 'im afore. A chap with a face like an injierubber doll, on'y plainer, an' a 'abit o' askin' questions as is downright disgustin'. 'Tis got to be.'

Clare Durand faced about haughtily to Carr. 'Is this farce really necessary?'

He gazed at her fascinated.

'No,' he said slowly.

The sound of a distant voice hailing angrily for something it wanted wafted down from deckwards. Mr Rundle exploded into a word I trust he would have regretted at a calmer moment.

'You are just 'usband an' wife the two on you,' he insisted fiercely. 'I'm skipper temporarily aboard this craft. That's Smithson a-bawlin' like a variegated 'arbour-master for me to show 'im a light. 'E ought to let 'isself out for a fog'orn, 'e ought—'twould scare a vessel across the Atlantic for to 'ear 'im an' 'is melodiousness.'

And before further opposition could be mooted the speaker had darted on deck with agility. We listened to the exchange of directing shouts with the river police as to the whereabouts of the ship's ladder.

'I think we are all quite mad,' said the girl unsteadily, staring after the objectionable watchman with wide eyes and parted lips. 'Quite!'

'Dear'—Carr edged a little nearer to her—'there is nothing for you to be frightened at. I will take care of you. But why are you so different?'

'Different?' she repeated, with an assumption of not understanding. 'Different from what?'

'From your own self—two months ago.'

'I'm not. Though this is enough to make me,' retorted Miss Clare sharply, out of a pure spirit of feminine contradiction. But it was at this interesting juncture that the police arrived.

'Perishin' bitter night, gentlemen,' said the first-comer politely, the obvious condition of the weather serving as the customary introduction.

We agreed.

'Seen anything moving this tide, Rundle?' asked the second man, a brown-bearded inspector in a rough, double-breasted coat—the maligned Smithson.

'A nor'-east collier,' replied the watchman, examining the whisky bottle in a non-committal way as he answered. 'You'd best have a glass o' this, sir, to keep out the cold.'

This struck both policemen as a distinct concession to prudence.

'If the missus don't object,' said one with acquiescent affability.

Carr assured them hastily she would be delighted: but she didn't look it.

'Have you heard any wagons on the road?'

'No. I takes it no 'orses could stand; 'tis like glazed ice ashore there.'

I speculated somewhat as Mr Rundle spoke as to what had become of the motor. Fortunately it was hidden behind the wharf buildings, and the report of the condition of the precincts was discouraging. Our visitors showed no desire to investigate them personally.

'Nor any folk about at all?'

'There was a brassfitter sort o' cove some time back,' said the watchman reflectively, 'a-singin' a hymn of 'is own composition to no particular tune as I learned in my weekly Sunday school. 'E minded me of a diner-out gent as 'ad forgot 'is 'ome address.'

The inspector snorted impatiently, and made some entries in a note-book; all policemen like doing this. I think he was puzzled at our presence on the *Kenilworth*—not unnaturally. He turned with sudden abruptness to me.

'You haven't noticed anything passing on the river, sir, since you've been here?'

Before I could answer, Mr Rundle kicked me violently under the table. I concluded this was a hint not to be incautious. I stifled feelings of considerable suffering, and wished cordially that watchmen did not wear such hobnailed boots. However, I denied having seen anything, unblushingly.

'Will you please give me your names and addresses?' said the inspector, still inquisitive. He was a blatant individual, with a loud, emphatic voice.

'Why?' demanded Carr.

The policeman looked suspicious at once.

'I am a barrister,' added Carr quietly, 'and a friend of the owner of this steamer. What right have you to walk aboard and cross-examine us?'

The inspector spoke more deferentially, but was quite firm.

'Every right, sir. We have word of something going on hereabouts which must be stopped. Your presence is—unusual. You will oblige me by doing as I ask.'

'Oh, very well,' said Carr carelessly; and he gave the required details. I did the same.

'Which did you say was your husband, ma'am?' inquired that muddler of an official unexpectedly of Clare. She was sitting at the far end of the cabin, erect and stiff with a most unwifelike unconcern at the proceedings. At the sudden question she lifted her head, but her face was admirably indifferent.

Only a slight tremulous movement of the fur across her breast might have betrayed her. She replied readily enough:

'I am Mrs Carr.'

The policeman jotted it down. Never was a more curious scene. To me, who knew the truth, it was a wonder that the police were so blind as not to see our embarrassment. By the dull light of the greasy little lamp in that dirty old cabin it was surely impossible to imagine a more incongruous object than Clare Durand's slender, dainty form. As I glanced across at her there was a flush on her cheeks, but her eyes were averted. What I could see of the lashes was fascinating.

'There are a deal more things happen on the lower Thames, sir, than ever get known even to the halfpenny newspapers,' the inspector was beginning in some apology, when he was cut short with violence. The truth of his remark was unexpectedly demonstrated. A terrific boom shook us all to our feet in startled alarm.

It was a deafening report; it was not far away. A second explosion followed immediately, the crash reverberating dully as it rumbled off in the distance. Panes of glass in Grunters shattered noisily, and descended to the stones beneath. The inspector's countenance was a thing to be seen, and remembered. The other policeman endeavoured to finish his drink in a single gulp, and gurgled incontinently. The *Kenilworth* rocked at her moorings as the wave of the concussion on the dark water tore devastatingly along the bank of the river. We all rushed on deck.

The police flung themselves into their boat, and cast off frantically. They disappeared with speed into the blackness of the fog. We were left hanging on to the rail, and staring into the ominous obscurity of the night. Nothing was to be seen. I shivered.

A nauseous, pungent odour smote us evilly, the product of some high explosive. Mr Rundle sniffed distaste.

'Smells as if the devil 'ad just skipped by from inside an old gasometer,' he opined caustically. He may have been right in the comparison; none of us challenged its correctness.

Carr was peering through the heavy mist which was opening and shutting weirdly in the icy cold. A boat shot past us on the water, two men using their oars with desperate energy; the third was steering. It was the craft we had noticed earlier that evening, but now there was no grim package aft. The occupants were by no means lingering on their way.

'Japanese, I'll swear!' my friend's voice asserted positively to the air beside me as they vanished downstream. Rundle was squirming with excitement, and consigning various people and things quite unnecessarily to a place that is known of solely by report.

A few more minutes dragged by, and another boat forged ahead out of the darkness making very swiftly towards us. As it drew alongside I could distinguish a man's shape huddled up in her bottom. In that want of light it was not good to look upon.

The other figure, who was pulling, flung down his oars hurriedly and seized the rope-ladder hanging over the *Kenilworth's* side. He glanced up at our dark heads lining her rail.

'Bear a hand here,' said the new-comer in a quick, low tone that seemed familiar to me. 'One of us is hurt. There's money in it for you fellows if you look lively.'

How we managed to get that limp burden up the frozen ladder-rungs and across our slippery deck I don't understand to this day. Presently I found myself administering brandy to a half-senseless Russian in the cabin, while his companion staunched the blood that oozed from a head scratched by a piece of exploded débris. Somehow it did not surprise me when I recognised the latter as Tom Carr.

'Can I help you?' asked Clare's clear tones behind me.

Tom Carr reeled from beside the injured man with a cry of consternation. He went absolutely white.

'You!' he muttered in dismay—'here!'

The eyes of the two brothers met squarely, and the younger struggled to control his wonder and alarm. 'Wherever have you sprung from?' he asked hoarsely.

'Looks like as if you'd been attendin' a rat-'unt in the part o' the rat,' commented Rundle in most unfriendly fashion. He was great at similes, was our friend the watchman. 'Who is t' other chap—a pirate escaped from jail?'

Tom Carr glowered at him savagely.

'I think it is for you to explain things,' remarked his brother pointedly. The younger man gave a reckless little laugh.

'That's simple,' he agreed. 'The Russians desire arms and ammunition. It is trade in contraband, and so must be paid for accordingly. There is two thousand pounds clean profit for me, as one of the syndicate negotiating the sale, as soon as the goods are shipped and safely away into the Channel. Our insensible friend here is sent to see the job through—Muscovites being distrustful by nature—and I'm commissioned to look after him. He is a big pot in his own land. But somehow news of the transaction must have leaked out. By all that's holy, if some cursed Japs don't go and drift a mine down upon my barge just as she is uncovering her hatches to start loading on to the steamer in the reach here! It might be Port Arthur Roads instead of the peaceable old Thames.'

I ruminated. This then was the meaning of the boat with the cask in the stern. Explosives can be stored in casks.

'I'm uncommonly sorry,' said Mr Tom with candour, 'to have been found out. And I must get this Russian chap back to London somehow without

his being nabbed. It would be awkward for him to have to disclose his identity—very!'

'There is the motor,' suggested its girl-owner coldly. She had been watching him with wide-distended eyes.

'Is your car here, Clare?' he cried delightedly. 'The count is coming round. He has generally lost his bearings a bit; but he is only half-stunned and considerably scared. Will you take us both home?'

'You can use it,' she said tersely.

'Who'll drive?'

'The chauffeur is waiting with it now.'

'It will carry four, won't it?' he asked eagerly.

She said that it would.

'That will do, then, just splendidly,' cried Tom Carr with great relief. 'You and I, the chauffeur and the Russian. Let's get him aboard at once.'

Mr Rundle indicated modestly that he would aid in this deed of charity. In truth, for all our sakes, we considered that the sooner we parted from our contraband acquaintances the better. The foreign gentleman had come to his somewhat bemuddled senses, and was assisted, with much exhortation, on to the wharf. Thence he was bundled unceremoniously into a back seat on the motor.

'Where's the girl?' asked Tom Carr with irritation, as the chauffeur stamped frigidly around his vehicle and prepared to start. 'Why doesn't she come?'

He had to retrace his steps to the cabin for the explanation. Mr Rundle coughed meaningly as we followed behind. I foresaw the most interesting episode in the whole eventful evening.

Nor was I wrong. Bernard was leaning against the side of the cabin, his hands in his pockets, looking thoughtful. Miss Durand was sitting very sedately indeed, staring with disconcerting steadiness at the fire. Her face was on her hand, so that its expression was not visible. There were no signs of preparation on her part to leave the *Kenilworth*.

'Come on, Clare!' cried Tom impatiently. 'We are all ready.'

She did not move. Something in her attitude seemed to strike him strangely. He spoke with less confidence.

'We shall be back in an hour—certain.'

She shifted uneasily on her seat. 'I am to go with you?' she queried at length.

'Of course.'

She made no comment. Only she shot a swift glance at Bernard. There was a tense pause.

It was Mr Rundle who put into curt language what I think we were all feeling.

'Now's the time to choose, missie. Which gentleman is to take you home?'

The words had a deeper meaning; the choice she had to make was that of the greatest significance that can come into a woman's life. She knew it; and she rose to her feet irresolutely. For a little her red lips were mute; but the hot colour ebbed in her cheeks. Bernard Carr questioned the girl's downcast face with wistful eyes.

Then at last she spoke to him almost humbly.

'You—you haven't offered to take charge of me—yet!'

'Clare!' he took an eager step towards her.

'In spite of the fact—it's just awful to mention—that I've been passed off as your wife,' she concluded with a sudden demure flash of fun.

Tom Carr swung round on his heel and left the cabin without another word. Heedless of our presence, Bernard had seized a small white hand, and the unguarded sweetness in the eyes that were shyly raised to his revealed that perfect love and trust which are only granted to a few men to possess from a few women in this wide, scornful world.

'Do you think it is possible,' she asked him clearly, 'for a girl to make mistakes and—be forgiven?'

Then she added with delectable inconsequence:

'It was really you I came to find. And I always meant to accept you—some day soon.'

. . . . . .

Next morning's papers related long and harrowing details concerning the mysterious explosion on a barge in the lower Thames. The intelligent editors propounded several explanations—all of them wrong. The police were said to have a clue, but had displayed lamentable reticence in communicating it to the enterprising reporters. I dropped in upon Bernard at his chambers in the Temple, but he met me with an undignified war-dance.

'This day six weeks!' he declared awesomely. 'At St George's, Hanover Square. Clare says you're to be best-man. Cheer up!'

But I shall always consider that marriage to be really Rundle's doing.

THE END.

CEMENT-MAKING IN SCOTLAND.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

ALTHOUGH cement is an article now so largely used, it is singular to find that until within the past few months there was no cement-factory in Scotland. Not that there is no suitable raw material. Few landowners but have limestone and shale on their estates, and usually it is left unworked and yielding no return; for lime-burning is not a sure source of income, as the supply is more than equal to the demand. There is, therefore, no doubt that the new establishment at Cousland near Dalkeith will be the pioneer of other works, and that, meantime, lairds and factors will watch with interest the progress of this thoroughly equipped and skilfully managed manufactory.

Cement is an article of commerce of comparatively modern introduction. Two decades ago cement was practically only coming into use in this country. Antiquated methods gave way to labour-saving appliances imported from America, the output of a kiln being trebled. Nevertheless, the superiority of British cement is recognised in America, and in the Great Park of Washington the tall obelisk to commemorate the founder of American Independence is built on masonry set entirely in cement brought from the works on the Thames! It is now estimated that the output of cement within the United Kingdom reaches the yearly total of two million five hundred thousand tons, and that over one million pounds are paid away in wages. For a time the Thames and Medway had practically the monopoly; but as years passed works were established in other parts of England, and the output is always steadily larger. The market likewise increases, and cement is coming into use for a thousand-and-one purposes undreamt of in the early days of its manufacture. Difficult it is to conceive the enormous quantities of this useful material that are required for contracts. As yet no idea can be had of the weight absorbed by the Talla water-contract to Edinburgh; but the Birmingham waterworks devoured over one hundred and twenty thousand tons of cement, and a hundred thousand tons went to the making of the great dam across the Nile. For house-building purposes it is indispensable; that large hotel at the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, has nearly six thousand tons utilised in its construction.

In the Channel works cement is made by the wet process, and that is one of the reasons why the manufactories inland have been so slow in coming into existence. Since experiments have proved that Portland cement of a high quality can be had by the proper and scientific mixing of limestone-rock and shale, the dry process has been adopted in many places. The name 'Portland,' it may be mentioned, does not indicate that the cement was made in any particular place, but that it is material of a certain quality. About 90 per cent. of the cement made in America is manufactured from a rock which exists as a calciferous slate, to which is added, as required, limestone or shale.

At Cousland the stone and shale are obtained from the same surface quarries. There is to all appearance an unlimited supply of these minerals. For a long period lime was burned at this little village, which is three miles from Dalkeith, and the old kilns are left standing although not now in use. By boring and blasting, the rock is loosened, split up, and loaded into pony trucks. Thence, along a narrow-gauge line of rails the trucks travel until the brink of the level land is reached. Down at the foot of the hill, nestling snug in a valley, is the new Cousland Cement Works. The first thing that catches the eye is the galvanised-iron buildings—walls and roofs of that durable material. Compactness has been studied in order to facilitate working, and the raw stuff passes in at one side and travels along till it arrives at the kilns at the other end. A square brick cottage, conspicuous in its newness, houses the counting-room and the laboratory—the last-named a very important part of a cement factory.

A cable having been attached to the trucks, they are quickly lowered down the incline to the door of the crushing-shed. In some works the dosing or mixing is done at this stage; in others—especially if the material is obtained in a fine condition—it is postponed until a portion of the grinding has been done. Into the large crusher the hard rock is dumped. That rotary, gyratory machine makes short work of the hardest rock, and incidentally sets the spectator's teeth on edge. Reduced to small pieces, the raw material is next passed through a drier, and has then to be ground into a fine powder before being burnt. At this stage samples are taken by the chemist, who tests the stuff scientifically to see that the proper proportions are being maintained; and on the accuracy of this test depends the quality of the cement when its time comes for actual use. In the tube-mill, then, is the fine grinding performed with certainty. It is a cylinder which rotates, and is in dimensions usually twenty-two feet in length by fifty-two inches in diameter, lined with an exceedingly hard material such as hard quartz or steel. Inside is a charge of flint pebbles imported for the purpose, ranging in size from two and a half to one and a half inches. The rolling of the mill and the consequent rubbing action of the pebbles soon brings the material into a state of fineness. In English works are also to be found

Griffin and Huntington mills which perform the same work.

From the tube-mill the material is passed along by a screw conveyer, which obviates the necessity of employing labour to handle it, and in a damped state is converted into bricks by an ordinary brick-making machine which can turn out fifteen thousand per day. These bricks having been loaded on small trollies, they are taken up by a lift to the upper part of one of the four kilns, tall conical erections. Here men speedily tumble them in at the charging-doors, and, dropping downwards through the fierce fire, they are raked out at the very bottom of the kiln in the shape of burned clinker of a decidedly uninviting appearance. Wheeled away, this clinker is put into a crusher, and finally into the tube-mill, which it leaves in the form of the cement of commerce ready to be bagged or put into casks. The storehouse at Cousland can hold several thousand tons of the manufactured product, and the railway line—a siding from the North British system, is run under shelter, so that the wagons can be loaded without the risk of the valuable contents getting wet.

About three hundred tons can be made in a week at Cousland, and there is ample room for extension. One of the features of this, the only Scottish factory, is the economical use of the space on which the buildings stand. Steam supplies the motive-power to the machinery and electricity is utilised for lighting purposes. Set down in this lonely valley, the workmen have no outside attractions to occupy their minds, nothing being seen on all sides but the farm-lands, with a ploughman or farm-lad following his vocation. Great care is exercised in submitting the finished cement to the necessary tests. A special apparatus for grading the tensile strengths is a prominent part of the laboratory. Small plugs are made of the cement, and these are deposited in water. Tests are made at three days, seven days, twenty-eight days, and three months. A sample at seven days shows usually a resistance of five hundred and ninety pounds per square inch. Cement of this quality can hold its own anywhere; and there are many other places in Scotland where works could be established with just as satisfactory results. One advantage of opening quarries and running a factory in the rural parts of the country is the obtaining of cheap labour and the healthy nature of the surroundings. Pure air is a boon to the labourer in the dust-floating atmosphere inseparable from the grinding of cement rock.

Free trade notwithstanding, it is gratifying to learn that foreigners cannot compete with the British manufacturers. Some cheap Belgian cements are offered on the Edinburgh market at nineteen and threepence per ton; but these are made from natural rock and are not nearly equal to Portland cement manufactured in a scientific way. That is the reason that the English article commands an ever-widening market at the price of thirty-three shillings per ton. Germans have done everything possible to get a share of the British trade, selling their surplus product at a cheaper price than in their own country. Yet the total quantity, for nine months ending 30th September last, of German cement landed in the United Kingdom either direct or *vid* Antwerp or Rotterdam, is estimated at only thirty thousand tons. On the other hand, last year there was cleared at our Custom-Houses for foreign and colonial ports four hundred thousand three hundred and eighty tons of cement. A proof of the superiority of British cement over German has just been furnished. The harbour commissioners of one of the leading Scottish seaports closed a contract for several thousand tons of cement, selecting, on the score of cheapness, a German maker instead of home offerers. Later on the material was rejected by the engineer as not conform to specification, and British cement is now being used. The home brand has always stood the test, and is uniform one bag with another. That is the reason why the export trade is increasing in addition to the enormous consumption in the United Kingdom; and to mention only one of the notable building achievements accomplished abroad by the aid of British cement, there are the foundations of the great bridge to span the mightiest cataract in the world, the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi.

DESIDERIUM.

THINK of it! We were all those years together,
Walking in silence, arguing deep and much,
Loving the same hard hills and steel-blue weather,
And never, never did our spirits touch.

Never the air grew frank and warm around us,
Greeting that glance that bids the barriers fall;
The chain was all of cobwebs, but it bound us:
And now—the black-edged note that rivets all!

Oh, let us love to-day! Some incompleteness
Mars the best sympathy that earth can give.
No heart is all compact of bloom and sweetness:
With faulty men and women we must live.

Yet if the Angel of the twilight pinion,
That bears the folded lily in his hand,
Beckoned our friend from homely earth's dominion
To that unanswering and misty land:

How, in a moment of revealing clearness,
His faults, his wants, with piteous hands would reach
From that unbridged and all-repelling nearness
So whitely distant from our tears and speech.

Why should we treasure up the imperfection,
The jarring hour, the thought that did him wrong,
Rather than quick response, and rich affection,
And moods as true to ours as lute to song?

Shall we our hearts to this dull charm surrender,
That holds them sluggish lakes without a wave,
Only to draw, and call, and heave in splendour,
And break with all their voices on a grave?

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

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A WINTER IN A GERMAN WAR-HARBOUR.

By J. MORIN.

THERE are at present two German war-harbours—Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. It has been my lot to spend the past winter in one of them at a time when the relations between England and Germany have not been exactly cordial. Premising that I have nothing to do with politics, I am glad to say that this made not the slightest difference to me during my stay. It is a point of honour in the German Navy to be polite, and neither by word or deed did I see the slightest evidence of a feeling which I knew to be acute; and this in spite of obvious energy in preparing the fleet after the North Sea incident, thousands of additional workmen being taken on in the dock-yards, and work being carried on all night as well as all day. The only thing that was said to me, by an officer high in command, was: 'If you go to war, we shall be against you.'

When I first decided upon my stay, a German acquaintance in England urged me not to go. 'It is bad enough in summer,' said he, 'but in the winter it is awful; and, above all, there is nothing to do, nowhere to go, and little to see. You will never stand the life.' Nevertheless I went, and when the express (?) train bumped and jolted over the dreary, flat country at the pace of a good London 'bus, and I caught sight of the town hidden among the sand-dikes, I must confess that my heart sank into my boots.

North Germany is a sullen land—particularly in winter. My first impression was one of naval officers everywhere riding (sword and all) on bicycles, in a uniform strangely English, saluting and being saluted in all directions. Indeed, before long I wore out my hat owing to the fact that a civilian is expected to raise his hat in return to a salute. Next to the uniforms came the dogs—English ones—fox-terriers and collies being predominant. I do not think I ever saw so many dogs in any town in my life. *Per contra*, cats were entirely absent. Later on came the idea of work—constant, ceaseless, and untiring work: work in building ships, barracks, docks, wharfs, and railways, and work in training officers and men into sailors; and, accompanying it, ceaseless and untiring attention to all possible details—in short, the building up of a great navy as quickly as possible.

As for the place itself: unhealthy in summer, the very cave of the winds in winter, with sand and clay for a soil; even the very harbour is scraped out of the mud, and the *Pumpenbaggers* (or, in plain English, dredges) have to be constantly at work on it.

Except for a little amusement in the shape of a travelling theatrical company and music, there are no relaxations, and there are no sports. No one seems to ride a horse; and apart from lawn tennis, which can never be played on a lawn owing to the poor soil, there are no games. Here the difference between the English and German Navy is most marked.

There are one or two bands, which play very well, and English and American music finds a large place in their repertory, probably as a contrast to the inevitable Wagner. It was rather amusing to find 'Florodora,' 'The Geisha,' and Sousa's marches so popular.

But the most surprising thing in Germany about music is that one finds so much that is bad—perhaps because one expects so much of it. In North Germany hurdy-gurdies and German bands of a type too common in England are to be met everywhere (the piano-organ is not known), and a popular festival such as a village fair is the signal for a perfectly maddening assemblage of hurdy-gurdies.

The German Navy is essentially a summer fleet, and is laid up in great part in winter; and then every one is hard at work training the recruits—conscripts all of them, for Germany has few sailors to rely upon—and an increasing number of officers and men is needed year by year as ships are built and put into commission. Promotion is, therefore, rapid, and a career open to all. Just at present the lack of trained officers is a serious

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defect, and the most striking thing about them is the youthfulness of what we call the first and second lieutenants.

From this laying up of the fleet in winter one gets the idea of its emphatic unnecessariness. True, it has its East Asian and East and West African stations, and also its American and Australian 'stations' (according to the German *Navy List*), though where on earth an American station is to be found on German ground it passes the wit of the geographer to say. But in summer the major part of it wanders about, the guest of other nations.

Month by month in winter the recruits come in and after solemn addresses by both pastor and priest are sworn in to obedience to Kaiser and Fatherland. Once a year the Kaiser himself attends this ceremony and addresses them, for it is one of many others instituted by him.

In the winter all officers must work, and (it seems paradoxical to say it) it is their only relief to a dull life. But the training of the recruits is no light task. To commence with, they have to be taught their drill and the mysteries of the German goose-step before they learn naval matters. As in the army, gymnastics form a large part of their education. Indeed, there is so much drill that one gets the impression of the military side of the Navy first. In England one thinks of the sailor first, and of the fighting man second. In Germany it is the reverse. The wise will see here the excellencies and defects of both navies.

Up at six or seven in the morning in all weathers, down to his barracks a little later—this is the officer's routine throughout the winter. Only later in the day does he get any rest, and part of that is spent in learning and being taught himself. The different ranks closely correspond to the British. One new flag-officer has been created by the Kaiser—the Grand Admiral; as yet he has appointed no one. There is not much individuality about the German naval men, they all seem to be cast in the same mould, and one rarely hears of their kicking over the traces.

A thing that strikes one as extraordinary is the universal wearing of 'Jemima' (that is, spring-sided) boots, and (*absit omen!*) goloshes. Enveloped in a lengthy and voluminous cloak, the German officer strides about on a winter's evening as silently as a London night-policeman. Another peculiarity is the wearing of the finger-nails long (often an inch) and trimmed to a point: most unpleasant this.

No one receives a high rate of pay, so fortunately rent and living are cheap. Rooms can be obtained at a very small cost. One lieutenant told me that he thought the rent he was paying (forty-five shillings a month for three furnished rooms) was very high. As for meals, dinner for a shilling is the usual rate in Germany. At both Kiel and Wilhelmshaven there is a large officers' *Kasino* or club-house, where they all dine in the middle of the day, and dinner there costs about ninepence. The following is an actual *menu*, which, though typically German, shows that pretty good fare is given for this sum:

Bouillon in cups.
Raw ham, with bread paste and chestnuts.
Fillet of veal, with olive sauce. Stewed fruit and sago.
Groats pudding.

Good cigars can be got everywhere for a penny, and naturally cigars, wine, and beer are supplied at the *Kasinos* at reduced rates. Fine large buildings and handsomely furnished inside, they have been the recipients of many presents from the Kaiser, chiefly paintings and drawings, such as the celebrated 'yellow peril' cartoon. Year by year see some painting of their ships, fleets, or admirals added, so that in time traditions will be formed.

Sunday is the great day of recreation for the men. As in Great Britain, the shops are shut, and churchgoers go to church in the morning, but the rest of the day is given up to pleasure. The Germans cannot be said to be a religious people from our standpoint—dogma being nebulous, and religion a State duty. One German Protestant cathedral that I know has as its chief pastor or dean a minister who openly doubts the existence of the Deity. On Sunday evenings there is much dancing and beer-drinking. Dancing is the rule of the day in every café of any size, and if energetic it is always orderly. The amount of beer that is consumed on these occasions is wonderful. A great favourite with the ladies is the frothy Berlin white beer, drunk out of a large bowl-shaped glass, and with a liqueur-glass of raspberry syrup added to it.

On these days, the German sailor, moustached and his beard trimmed to a point in a sort of goatee, appears resplendent in his full uniform, barechested, and many-buttoned to a perfectly surprising degree. Drunkenness is nowhere so obtrusive as in England, and any disorderliness in the street at once leads to the offending sailor being arrested by the patrol and promptly consigned to custody. Discipline is severe.

The booksellers' shops abound with picture postcards of English actresses. The German ladies and actresses in particular, are not remarkable for beauty; and so English, French, and American ladies are in a majority, Misses Marie Studholme and Edna May seeming to be the most popular, but their names never appear on the portraits. While on this subject: why do German ladies dress so badly? No self-respecting London 'slavey' would go about as many German ladies do, particularly in the country towns. It is not at all an uncommon thing to see an officer of high rank, gorgeous in dove-gray uniform with scarlet facings, accompanied by a lady whom, but for the fact that she was with him, one would never guess was his wife.

In the shops, too, one finds all the latest English books on matters naval, as well as German ones, and they are full of pamphlets on the colonies, the fleet, and collateral subjects. There is a book that one does not like to see either so universal or

so popular, and that is a work by August Niemann, which has been translated into English under the title of the *Coming Conquest of England*. One need only mention that it has been prohibited in Russia to show the sort of feeling it is calculated to stir up.

Take it all in all, I found my winter's stay interesting. The Germans are not an expansive people or (Mr Jerome K. Jerome to the contrary notwithstanding) a loveable one; but, as I said before, they have one praiseworthy characteristic, and that is a thorough belief in the efficacy of work—patient, plodding, unflagging work. And that is the strongest impression of their Navy that I have carried away with me.

THE AUTOCRAT.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR JENKINS, a lean, gray figure pursued by the red lances of the conflagration, ran lightly up the steps of Rex's veranda. The dim doors stared blankly at him; he called, and called again, and received no answer. There was tumult enough outside, but here there was nothing but silence.

He struck a match and held it up, though indeed he had almost enough light from the flaming guard-house. He saw the smooth bed, the night-clothes lying on a chair, the emptiness. He gave a groan of relief; he had been prepared for the worst, and he was not called upon to face it. Rex was gone; perhaps into the arms of the danger; certainly out of reach of such help as his father could afford him. He was not here, in Buck's evil case, at least; it was a faint comfort. He wheeled from his search through the rooms, and flung the match on the floor with an oath because it had burnt his fingers.

Their desertion of the palaces had saved him and Spencer from an imminent attack; he saw that as he turned his face to the enclosure again. The struggle for mastery at the gate was dying; the tide of success had set to the invaders, and, as he had foreseen, they had already begun to remember —him. The byways were alive with the yellow men, spreading fanwise from the gate; it was easy to guess for whom, the taste of murder in their mouths, they were searching.

Well, Spencer ought to be at the jetty by now; with nimbleness and a clear head he might still escape with him. Nevertheless he lingered, standing there in the dim room, his full lips held grimly together. The boy! It would not let him go, it seemed. Where was the boy?

The fighting under the palisade was spasmodic, seen at this distance as tangles of men swaying, breaking out and falling back, with a steady leakage of insurgents into the wider field. The Legion must have been outnumbered a hundred times over, and it was dying hard; the hoarse cries, the hand-to-hand fury went on, although the mass of the Kerisalis were already in full stream over the gardens. The moon dropped, was gone, but the fire had replaced it; the thatch puffed into an ampler blaze as he stood eying it, his chin on his breast, spell-bound and paralysed. A wave of men went forward, sweeping up to Spencer's bungalow; he heard the native ululation as it surged through the rooms. His own respite, in an indefensible position, was clearly only a matter of minutes. Why was it that the hotel sitting-room, garish and commonplace, flashed into a mind already lurid with perceptions? He had spoken of risks, and Rex had been glad to hear of them. He had brought him here for a cynical whim, a contemptuous resolution—contempt, too, of his own softness in keeping him in cotton-wool; it was another of the malicious gusts of intolerance that played such havoc with that other man, the Mr Jenkins who was a cool citizen of the world. Rex! He harped on the quivering string again. He had let him come to this.

A matter of minutes. He made a forward stride, and checked it. It was not possible that the boy could have escaped; reason insisted upon that, tugging at his own understanding. They had been surprised, and had fled in opposite directions: Buck, who knew his way even in the night, to carry his riddled body to the king's feet; Rex to be chivied, to be driven—anywhere out of hope of help or possibility of rescue. Ahmed Madrali, he supposed, might reserve to himself the delivery of the *coup de grâce;* so, too, Jani Mata, his Kerisali blood uppermost, would have dealt with an enemy's son—he accepted that. Rex was only an innocent, after all; in Asia he would have been a man, cunning and versed in weapons, long since. But he was not an Asiatic; he was a simple-hearted, blundering, chivalrous young Englishman, as fit for this stew of devilry as a little child. He had flung him into it wilfully, wrecking his own work with his own hands. And now there was nothing to do for him in the one place in which Mr Jenkins, who had known so little of the inner ways of Europe that he had been forced to put his upbringing into other hands, was indispensable.

He went to the reed-curtain and lifted it. As he did so a shaft of light struck his face, and he withdrew it instantly. It was not soon enough; somebody gave a cry of recognition from the bushes, and he heard a hubbub reply to it.

There was a pause, a lull of action that was quite perceptible to some sense outside mere sight and hearing. Mr Jenkins took his revolver from his pocket and handled it; and drew a little deeper into the room. Onslaught, the inevitable assault, was de-

layed; and he guessed the reason. They hated him, and they had thrown their allegiance to the winds at the culminating provocation, which meant, in tradition-fettered Akasa, enormous revolution. But, for all that, they thought before they killed the king. They meant to kill him; but they hesitated, even in hot blood and in the flush of victory. He could have laughed at the thing: he had belittled and despised his inheritance, and it seemed that these fools had still a ragged remnant of their faith in it.

A score of bold spirits leaped suddenly into view, splitting with the apparent intention of rushing the verandas. Mr Jenkins raised the curtain and steadied the revolver, and they shrank back again, stealing aside to left and right for subtler attack. There was an unbroken ring of them round the house now, closing steadily upon it. He looked from door to door, from the faint sparkle of the sea on one hand to the violated garden on the other. It was impossible to defend the two points at once—as impossible as it was to break through the cordon. They had him at the mercy of their strategy; he might shoot down the leaders, but it was not hazard of death that would keep them at distance to-night; there were enough of them to end him when they chose. His delay had cost him dear indeed.

He threw his head back and stood thinking. There, with the dregs of life on his tongue, it occurred to him once more how little he would care to drink his measure again. He had spent his childhood on this very spot, a little boy whom hangers-on had been eager to corrupt, who had learned evil at an age when his own son had hardly known the meaning of the word. Rex, if he had already preceded him into the shadows, had encompassed in his brief life a wholesome enjoyment that his father had never known. He put the scanty years of his marriage out of his mind. He had loved with all the intensity of his fierce nature; but he had carried incessantly the knowledge that he was never fit to tie her shoe-string, and she had died—died, and his love had turned to poison in him. He could only count a valueless life, embittered by his loss and by his repulsion for those who had caused it; it was the impotent, chafing rage of the autocrat who sees the limits of his power, the waters of Fate which no king's command can check. He had stamped on his people, killed them, sold them like sheep; but a greater Master than he had dealt with him and measured his impotence drop by drop before his eyes. He had tried to take refuge in a far-off—how far away it seemed now!—alien world; he had dug deep for pleasure, but he had never turned up happiness. More—he had blotted out even its shadow with his own warped personality: he had loved his boy; he had builded his life as well as he knew, blindly groping for the standard the lost wife and mother would have held to him; and then at the end he had brought him to his death.

And the coalfields? The treaty? He laughed shortly, and the untimely sound echoed in the room. The Power that had tempted him had its task before it: he wished it joy of its bargain. He wondered if it would pay Spencer. After all, he was relieved not to have the dreary handling of the price that had been paid. He had lived his life, according to the paradoxical British phrase that describes a man who has merely existed.

He swayed slightly on his feet. He was recalling the summits of his cosmopolitan experience, and they were strangely trivial things. He saw Piccadilly on a May morning, the Bois in a mellow October, the stream of humanity under the windows of his club. He moistened his lips; he was tasting the savour of springy turf at Longchamps, reviewing the pomp and show of the Opera at Vienna, the high heads of the Western women, the callous gaiety of the Paris that he knew. Poor things to a man at the point of death? No; they had been his pleasures, and he had never known happiness.

A shadow fell across a curtain. Mr Jenkins stirred, and it flickered away. He heard the shuffle of creeping feet, the breathing of men, a whisper. Then the suspense became intolerable, and the old tigerish contempt flared up for the last time.

He sprang at the door, tore the reeds aside, and exposed himself on the veranda. For a second he stood there, looking to right and left, within hand's touch of the yellow men. Had he an impulse towards expiation here, when attack on his part could only spill others' lives without saving his own? He carried the clue to the action with him; but he tossed the loaded revolver, unused, on to the veranda floor, and came to the head of the steps and waited, folding his arms.

It was thus that Ahmed Madrali and Rex discovered him as they burst across the enclosure at the head of the relief-party. They had burrowed their way through the packed street desperately, wedged in the heaving swarm of rebels, while the destruction they hurried to avert blazed out a stone's-throw away from them. They flung themselves forward; but they were not in time.

Perhaps Mr Jenkins saw his son, and seeing, understood, by his strange and piercing comprehension, the fashion of his security; but if that were so, no grace of recognition crossed his face. He was alone, solitary in the middle of his enemies, and Akasa had put his kingship out of reckoning at last as relentlessly as he had done in the profitless, spendthrift years. But, for all that, he was a king, and he held his head high as a score of rifles fired, and he fell face forwards and carried his scornful smile to the ground. Rex saw him at the moment of passive, superb defiance; but he did not see the manner of his downfall, for his own endurance had found its limit. He dropped insensible at the prince's feet, and Ahmed Madrali stooped and gathered him into his arms.

. . . . . .

He came to slowly, to see the dawn breaking through an open door, crimson flecks on a violet

sky, with a little lukewarm breeze piping out of the half-light. For a moment he remembered that other awakening a fortnight since, and he looked round him, half-thinking to see the arches of the prince's room. Here, however, were more familiar things: the Europeanised atmosphere of the Middle Palace, the blackwood writing-table his father had used, the costly rugs upon the matting. He sat up. He was lying on a camp-bed under the punkah, and some one, coughing feebly, was propped in an arm-chair opposite. He had some difficulty in recognising Peter Buck.

There was an acrid reek of burning; but the place was quiet—so quiet that Rex lay still for a few minutes before he recollected the night's work. 'Buck,' he said half-aloud; and Buck's lids lifted over dull eyes and dropped languidly again.

A footstep stirred behind him. He turned his head and saw Ahmed Madrali, alert and earnest, with a knot of armed Kerisalis at his heels. His followers gave the two sick men no friendly glances; their victorious ill-favour brought Rex to some convictions. A lean, eager-fingered native was gathering papers and letters into a basket; drawers stood open, and the prince held keys in his hand.

'Where is my father?' Rex said, rising to his feet. The room spun and danced before him, and the other men appeared to recede to an immense distance; but he stood firm, and presently his senses cleared.

Ahmed Madrali came over to him and looked him between the eyes. Buck's hand twitched, no more; he seemed barely alive.

'The king is dead,' the Kerisali said. 'Can you stand now? Can you walk? Come with me.'

He supported him to the veranda, beckoned to a servant, and guided him down the steps. Rex tottered, helped by the supporting shoulder, and drank in the significance of the scene.

The garden was a hideous wreck, the flowering shrubs broken and battered, the turf trampled, beds unrecognisable. Spencer's bungalow, on his left hand, had been on fire, and the flames had been extinguished, or had burnt themselves out; its piles were hacked and blackened, and a couple of cane chairs, incongruously prominent, lay overturned, but otherwise unharmed, midway between the buildings. Farther away, a thin smoke behind trees trailed on the morning wind, rising from where the guardhouse had stood overnight. People seemed to have shed clothes and weapons in a dozen places; here, again, a couple of Kerisalis were gathering up the jetsam. Rex braced himself to see the dead to whom these things had belonged; but they were not visible. Then his heart beat painfully at the explanation.

A posse of coolies, with their queer, primitive method—one man to dig, and one to pull on a rope attached to the spade—were replacing the earth from a newly raised heap, and spreading and patting it level with the ground. They had worked hard and long, for they were visibly fatigued, and a man with a rifle, stalking to and fro and exhorting them, kept them at their task with difficulty.

Ahmed Madrali, walking slowly, moved forward to a little mound apart from the rest. A pepper-tree raised its head above it, and the general disorder had been evaded; a scarlet shrub, one of the few untouched, shut it away from the greater, common grave the men had digged.

'He is here, in his own ground,' the prince said, his yellow hand outstretched and pointing. 'He has been buried in haste, because our time is very short; he has had no honours, but we have laid him into the earth as the Europeans are laid, which is what he would have chosen.'

He drew the young man away. Rex perhaps would have broken down there; but the grip on his arm seemed to compel him to self-control, to thrust the tragedy into a bypath, to bid him concentrate himself, for all that his father lay dead with ruin piled about him, on the exigencies of the living. He gazed about him. They were taking the way to the barracks, and the emptiness of the place cried after them.

'Let me go back,' he said once; and 'Believe me that you must go on,' Ahmed Madrali replied, without checking his grave advance.

He guided him, and the little day-breeze chased them through forlorn, deserted quarters, and the crows uttered their hoarse cries as they passed them. There was hardly a soul to be seen in the more distant parts of the enclosure; the servants' houses stood staring and empty; a bevy of Kerisalis were buzzing about the stables, saddling the king's horses; but Rex saw no faces that he knew, and nothing but those oblique, threatening glances that told him how hardly the prince's favour protected him.

Ahmed Madrali called out one of the men, and had a pony brought and set him on it, and then they went forward again, and the first rays of the sun began to strike across their heads at the thatches and the feathery heads of the bamboos.

The king was dead, and the morning was burdened with calamity; but it was still a new day, and not even the terrible night could overshadow it. Kerisal, sluggish with fevered airs, was yet the East, and the East seldom draws a gray sky across the face of tragedy. Rex held himself in the saddle as a man who dreams; dazed, light-headed, supine in the hands of his guide. The thought that was most insistent just then was that it was Ahmed Madrali who was to have died at dawn. He shut his eyes, and he saw the scarlet shrub flaming above his father's grave.

(To be continued.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND ONE OF HIS REVIEWERS.

'A POEM,' says Horace, 'is like a picture. There will be one that if you stand nearer at hand to it will please you more, and another that will please you better if you stand farther away.'

In those early days of the twentieth century we stand 'far away' from the time when the poems of Sir Walter Scott were written. We have seen them rise to the zenith of popular favour, only to decline afterwards into their rightful place among the minor classics of the English language; but to those of us, and there are many, to whom they have given the pleasure which comes of long acquaintance, it may be interesting to dwell for a few moments on a hitherto unpublished criticism by a contemporary writer, one of those who stood 'nearer at hand.' The article in question is a manuscript critique on the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, seemingly intended for publication in the *Edinburgh Review*, of April 1805, and bearing marginal notes in the handwriting of Scott himself. The author of the criticism, which however was destined never to appear, was Mr Robert Sym, W.S., one of the best-known characters in the group of literati who adorned the Edinburgh of that day, a man of wide culture and extensive reading, and a valued contributor to the pages of such periodicals as then existed.

Later on in the nineteenth century he was immortalised in *Blackwood's Magazine* by his nephew, John Wilson, 'Christopher North,' under the name of 'Timothy Tickler' in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. In those witty dialogues his erudite, pompous, and somewhat verbose style of conversation is doubtless exaggerated in order to bring into sharper relief the keen, spontaneous humour of the Ettrick Shepherd and the sapient utterances of North himself.

When the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, at this period Mr Francis Jeffrey, sent the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* to Mr Sym for criticism, Mr Walter Scott was already personally well known to that worthy as a member of the Scottish Bar, although now for the first time brought seriously before his notice as a rising poet. Mr Scott had, it is true, published his *Border Minstrelsy* before this; but in his Introduction to the edition of the *Lay* issued in 1830, he himself states this poem to have been 'the first work in which the writer, who has since been so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original author.' Originality, however, was an attribute with which Mr Sym, after his first perusal of the poem, did not feel at all inclined to credit Mr Scott. Many ideas and even lines in the *Lay* struck him as familiar and appeared to him to be stolen by the new author from some previous poet. But before charging Scott with plagiarism in the pages of the *Review*, he forwarded the notes for his forthcoming critique to the poet in order to see what he might have to say in self-defence. So well did Mr Scott make answer to the different charges brought against him that 'Timothy Tickler' decided to make no further use of the material he had prepared for his article; and when the first criticism on the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* appeared in print it was not from his pen, but from that of Mr Jeffrey himself, and gave to the poem a very high meed of appreciation and a quite inconsiderable portion of censure. It is not, however, necessary to more than allude to the printed review. The first manuscript and the notes thereon made by Sir Walter when he was unknown to fame and possessed a literary influence vastly inferior to that of Mr Robert Sym, must claim all our attention. This paper, endorsed by the author, 'Critique on the *Lay of the Last Minstrel:* Mr Scott's Remarks in his own handwriting attached,' has lain forgotten for nearly a hundred years, and now, to the best of the writer's knowledge, is seeing the light for the first time since it was penned. Round its torn and yellow pages and its faded ink still clings the magic touch of the great magician, more potent to us, perhaps, than was that of Michael Scott to the Monk of St Mary's Aisle.

The criticism is written in Mr Sym's clear and scholarly handwriting on large sheets of foolscap, and Mr Scott's notes, carelessly jotted down on odd scraps of paper, are pinned to the manuscript opposite the passages to which they refer. From a letter, addressed by the poet to Mr Sym, found together with the critique, we must infer that the whole correspondence was conducted through the medium of the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and that at the time he received the article Mr Scott was entirely ignorant of the personality of his critic. We are led to conclude that Mr Sym's literary conscience, tenderer perhaps than that of some reviewers of the present day, had awakened, though somewhat tardily, to the fact that some of his observations on the *Lay* had been misplaced and perhaps calculated to give offence to the poet. With characteristic frankness he would seem to have written to Mr Scott to this effect, owning himself the author of the manuscript review, and to a certain extent apologising for some of the opinions therein expressed.

It is unfortunate that no record of his letter, as far as we have been able to discover, has been preserved. We can only deduce its contents from Scott's reply, which is dated December 2nd, 1806, nearly two years after the publication of the *Lay*, and which, in view of the phenomenal success of that poem, could well afford to be magnanimous. It is interesting, as it marks the great change which, in the intervening period, had taken place in the relative positions of the reviewer and the reviewed. Scott writes:

'My dear Sir,—I beg you to believe that it would have been the last thing in my thoughts to have taken offence at your observations on the *Lay* when anonymous, much more when avowed for yours. I would rather have a much more moderate portion of applause than you have thought fit to honour the *Lay* with, when accompanied with the flattering assurance, which the critique infers, of your having considered it with critical accuracy, than the indiscriminate and inappropriate applause of most general readers. The little remarks I made on the criticism are most heartily at your service. I only designed them for a Friendly Critic, but am much gratified at their falling into the hands of a Critical Friend.—Believe me, sir, with great regard, your very humble servant,

Walter Scott.

'Castle Street, *Dec. 2nd*, 1806.'

The critique is headed by the well-known quotation from Martial, '*Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas, Ipse ego quam dixi;*' and has for sub-title, 'A Prolusion,' a word which Dr Johnson interprets as 'an entertainment or performance of diversion.' These two circumstances cause us to suppose that Mr Sym, who was possessed of a keen and well-developed sense of humour, did not intend Mr Scott to take his observations on the new poem too seriously. After dating the manuscript April 10th, 1805, and stating that it is 'for the next number of the *Edinburgh Review*,' the critic leads us to the contemplation of the new work by a short and rather flowery introduction, which begins thus:

'To a well-cultivated mind nothing can be more delightful than the labours of the Sons of Song; and although the age of chivalry is gone, we are still charmed to converse with the courteous knight clad in steel, to listen to the distant fancied bugle-horn by which the ferocious chief summoned his retainers to the field, and in a night of tempest and of thick darkness to imagine we descry on some cairn of the visionary horizon the blaze that denoted the sudden irruption and havoc of the Border enemy.'

Having thus put before us the subject which we may expect to find treated in the poem, the reviewer brings us to the actual work itself; a work which he acknowledges to be 'of considerable merit, and although there are many feeble and prosaic lines, as might be expected from a minstrel, there are several beautiful and spirited passages.' He is particularly pleased with the journey of William of Deloraine from Branksome to Melrose Abbey, but feels that had such a description been in the hands of Burns it had been better treated. Strange to relate, the only fault he has to find with the passage is that it is too commonplace, and that Scott has not made enough of his opportunity to introduce an element of the supernatural. The ordinary reader would suppose that the thrilling events which take place after William's arrival at Melrose would be sufficient even for the hardy constitution of a Border knight of that epoch; but not so Mr Sym. He says: 'In the whole of William's quick march on this occasion he meets with neither wraith, nor brownie, nor kelpie, nor howlet, nor old woman, nor even with a solitary bat nor raven on his left. It is merely the hard ride of a savage mosstrooper through a country certainly well-described, in ordinary but by no means poetical weather. In *Tam o' Shanter* all is tempest and terror and uproar with an elemental strife screwed up to the highest pitch. We are sorry, therefore, that Mr Scott did not, on so favourable an opportunity, avail himself of his knowledge of the popular superstitions of that quarter of the country with which he seems to be so well-acquainted.'

He then proceeds to point out a passage which he accuses Mr Scott of having purloined from the German ballad of *Lenore:*

> In Hawick twinkled many a light,
> Behind him soon they set in night.—Scott.
>
> And all that in the moonshine lay
> Behind them travelled far,
> And backward scudded overhead
> The sky and every star.—Burger's *Lenore.*

The comparison is interesting, and leads us to wonder whether Mr Sym knew Mr Scott to be a devoted student of German poetry, and if he were aware of the fact that he had, before this date, published a translation of the ballad in question. This translation was indeed anonymous, but its authorship was no secret to Scott's intimate friends.

The reviewer next taxes the poet with two anachronisms. The first is a mention of the aurora borealis in 1490, whereas Mr Sym asserts that it was unknown in Europe before the eighteenth century:

> And red and bright the streamers light
> Were dancing in the glowing north.—II. 8.

The second is the poet's allusion to bayonets in 1550, when they were only introduced by the French so late as 1693:

> For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
> Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing.—V. 21.

We now come to a refutation of this charge in the first of Mr Scott's notes, which is affixed to this page. He says: 'I think the opinion concerning the aurora borealis is at least dubious. We have repeated mention of battles in the air, which as described can only be referred to this phenomenon. Dryden describes something very like it as appearing at the battle of Sedgemoor in his *Hind and Panther*. As for bayonets, they are nowhere mentioned in the principal story. The Minstrel indeed says that he himself saw them, probably at the battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715, although I believe some of King William's troops used them at Killiecrankie.'

The critic next gives to Mr Scott a high tribute of praise for the extreme beauty of his apostrophe to the Teviot in the fourth canto:

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring balefires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore.
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they rolled their way to Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed
Nor started at the bugle horn!

He also much admires the description of 'the ancient warriors celebrated by Mr Scott' (IV. 4); but thinks that more might have been made of the character of Gilpin Horner, and remarks: 'We do not much like him, and Mr Scott himself appears to have been sometimes at a loss what to make of him. He somewhere mentions that Gilpin had never once been ta'en or slain.'

Mr Scott has thought this passage worthy a reply. His note is as follows: 'Gilpin Horner is certainly mismanaged. But the tale was undertaken to please a lady who had procured for the author a copy of that legend; and as the poem was composed a good deal at random, the page at length became a kind of excrescence instead of the principal figure as at first intended. But if the friendly critic honours it with another perusal he will find that the supposed absurdity nowhere occurs. It is somewhere stated that the page might not be slain, and elsewhere that Lord Cranstoun would have been ta'en or slain if it had not been for the page's ministry. One of these passages read hastily may have misled the critic.'

That part of the poem which appears to please the reviewer least is the ballad of Albert Graeme, 'The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall.' He remarks with some bitterness that 'any man might at no great expense of thought continue such verses without end,' and exemplifies his statement by some lines of his own composition as follows:

So shall each gentle maid be blessed
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall)
And in her true love's arms be pressed,
For Love shall still be lord of all.

And if perchance in distant time
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
Some Scott shall tell in plaintive rhime
That Love shall still be lord of all.

Mr Scott replies that 'the only vindication of the extreme simplicity of "Carlisle Wall" is that it was intended to convey some idea of the lowest order of minstrel poetry, in which an interesting tale was generally all that the author attempted to produce.'

The next portion of the review we must reproduce in full even at the risk of tiring the patience of the reader, as unless it is given verbatim Sir Walter's reply must of necessity lose much of its point. The critic writes: 'Mr Scott's mind like that of Warton appears tinged with no inconsiderable degree of feudal imagery. His Border thieves, at the head of whom Buccleuch is here at least somewhat awkwardly placed, seem mostly to live in armour. His villains, like those of Milton's "melancholy, cheerful man" are all in the Border costume. Wherever he casts his eye,

Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees.

Yet he has not, we think, made any express allusion or at least acknowledgment either to Milton or to Warton, and if we recollect well, has only once slightly mentioned Gray.

'We are not sure if we thoroughly understand the meaning of an "oriel window." The fifth college of the University of Oxford has this name, which is said to have been given to it in consequence of the founder Edward III. endowing it with a messuage called "Oriele." The word, and apparently in Mr Scott's sense of it, frequently occurs, if we recollect well, in Mrs Radcliffe's popular novel of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. This fair writer, like Mr Scott, is no enemy to the terrible. Both certainly paint more in the style of Rosa than in that of Lorraine.'

After making the, to our mind, somewhat meaningless statement that he 'likes the poem better than the notes,' which he finds 'full of a kind of learning sometimes idle enough,' the reviewer brings his article to a close with the following lines, almost the only ones in which he accords the new author a few words of unstinted praise: 'We cannot, however, take our leave of Mr Scott without thanking him for the pleasure we have received in the perusal of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, of whom we should be happy to hear more "last words." Most assuredly this poem is very different from the greater part of those numerous modern productions which it is the fate of reviewers to toil through, and which we say, with a sigh, cover our table

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa.'

To this concluding page is affixed Mr Scott's longest and most interesting reply to his unknown reviewer. Couched in a tone of gentle irony, it begins as follows: 'The critic has probably tired of the Notes before he came to an indenture by which two English Borderers agree to fight a single combat "in compleat armour." But to prove that armour was in general use, and especially upon the Borders, where wars might be said to be constant, seemed to the author unnecessary, otherwise a thousand instances might have been quoted. One occurs to his memory from the old ballad of "Dickie o' the Cow," in which the armour of a Border thief is thus described:

He 's ta'en his steel cap on his head,
His twa'-handed sword to hang laigh by his thigh,
He 's ta'en a steel jack on his back,
And galloped on to follow Dickie.

Defensive armour continued to be used till near the conclusion of the seventeenth century, and is still retained by the foreign Cuirassiers. Mr Scott had no occasion to borrow, either from Milton or Warton, the array and manners of his own country at no very distant date and by no means a forgotten period. The author is not conscious of having in-

tentionally suppressed any assistance which he had derived from his predecessors. It is impossible but what a reader and admirer of poetry must often mistake the operations of recollection for those of memory, and give the words and ideas of others when he really means to give his own; and when such coincidences are pointed out, and the author doubts not that there are many, he will at all times be happy to restore them to the great and ancient bards from whom they may be borrowed. But had Mr Scott thought it necessary to number at large the authors who may have contributed to lead him into the crime of poetry the catalogue would have been a long one.

'As to the oriel window, the word as so used is of great antiquity. The derivation seems to be from the Oriental colours with which the illuminations were executed. All the contracts for painting the windows of King's College, &c. which have been preserved, stipulate that the work shall be done in Oriental colouring. Hence perhaps the word oriel, which, though the derivation be doubtful, the critic may rely upon it to signify a large Gothic window at least four centuries before the birth of either Mrs Radcliffe or Mr Scott. The word is used, I believe by Warton, I am sure by Penrose. Tyrwhitt thinks that Oriel College took its name from some distinguished window of this kind. See his notes on the "Reeve's Tale."

'Concerning Buccleuch's being the leader of the Border freebooters, all that the author can say is that history and tradition have alike assigned him this post; that Angus exclaimed, when he saw him advancing with his Border cavalry, "that yonder was Buccleuch with his thieves of Annandale and Liddesdale;" that Queen Margaret complains "he toke parte with thieves and murdiaris and was chieftain of all the misguided and broken men in the south;" that Jonson calls him and his followers "*Tribulium fortissimos et latrones omnium ferocissimos.*"

'It was neither the poet's object nor wish to make them better than he found them, as indeed a lively description of true Border manners so far as they yet floated upon tradition and were occasionally marked by the historian, was the principal object of his little poem.

'The critic will be pleased to accept of Mr Scott's best thanks for his liberal and candid review, and the best expression of how highly he esteems even his censure may perhaps be those few notes in which he has attempted to obviate some of his objections, although unconscious of meriting the extent of his approbation.'

We cannot help thinking that Mr Scott must have intended the last phrase to be entirely ironical, as the extent of his critic's approbation was insufficient to merit any very great gratitude. We know from his own statement in the Introduction of 1830 that he fully expected his work to take a high place in the public favour, although the result by far exceeded his expectations. Lockhart tells us that nothing in the history of British poetry had ever equalled the demand for the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and that forty thousand copies had been disposed of in this country alone before Sir Walter superintended the publication of the edition referred to, to which his biographical introductions were prefixed. Several of the great men of the time signified their approval of the new author, and if 'Timothy Tickler' ever dared to vent in conversation the opinions expressed in his critique, it is certain that he cannot have found many to share them among his auditors.

Mr Sym died in 1845, at the age of ninety-three, having lived to see Scott's fame as a poet almost entirely eclipsed by the unprecedented success of his Waverley Novels, those wonderful studies of men and manners which prove Sir Walter one of the greatest prose-writers of his generation, and which must ever be the pride of our Scottish literature.

M. B. W.

BY THE UNFAILING HAND.

By Edward Vivian.

CHAPTER I.

'HURRAH!' The shout went up and our horses leapt to the trot and then to the gallop beneath us. On the right rode Cardigan, grim of face and cool; in front, waving his sword, led Nolan—the harebrained and gallant Nolan, who only a minute later the deadly Russian shell made the first victim of his own mad folly.

On we swept, our ranks continually scourged by the Russian gun-fire, and with many a riderless horse, fearless as the master he had just lost, keeping his place in our lines. Onwards between the heights we rode, blasted by a fearful fire that left behind us an ever-increasing trail of dead and wounded.

Had we had time and mind to have looked behind us we might perhaps have seen Raglan, who from the plateau of Sebastopol watched us with anxious and troubled face; perchance even seen, on the heights beyond, Bosquet amid that staff to whom he was uttering his immortal dictum.

But we of the Light Brigade galloped madly, heedless of all things save our goal. We brushed a squadron of Russian Lancers aside as a whiff of smoke is puffed by a breath of wind. Then in the midst of it, as my very fingers were tingling upon my sabre-hilt, a shot from the Russian batteries

struck my charger, I was flung prostrate to earth, half-senseless and paralysed by the concussion. The horses of the succeeding lines, as is their way, jumped me nimbly as they passed, and the thunder of their hoofs deafened me as, ear to ground, I lay there.

When I had recovered myself a little I dazedly sat up, discovering painfully in the process that my left upper-arm was broken. There I sat for a few minutes straining my sight after my comrades. At a little distance lay my horse, already dead, and farther off a tiny group lay—corpses and maimed men who a minute or two before had been full with overflowing vigour of life.

With difficulty I struggled to my feet and took a few steps, staggering. I went to my horse, and, kneeling down, fondled his nozzle, wet with blood although it was; that was the last time I should ever caress him, poor fellow! Then I rose and turned my face back in the direction of the British lines. I was dizzy with pain and shock, and, as might be imagined, it did not take ten steps to render my simple fracture of the humerus a compound one. Very slowly, however, I made my way onward, picking my path carefully over the shot-torn ground.

Then all at once I fancied that I heard, mingling with the bellowing of the guns, a voice faintly calling not far off. Pausing to listen, I heard the cry repeated; then it came again: 'Monsieur!'

To the left of me lay two forms—men, one asprawl and motionless; the other, propped upon an elbow, beckoning me. I went over, the beckoning figure speaking to me meanwhile in French, and I wondered vacuously how a Frenchman could have taken part in our great charge. The language, fortunately, I am fairly well acquainted with, for my aunt was a Frenchwoman, and had taught me.

'Monsieur,' he cried, 'give me water! Just a little water. I thirst.'

He was, I saw, without doubt a Russian, and an officer of no subaltern rank, as the richness of his uniform told. His brow was beaded with the sweat of pain the while that his eyes still shone with the fire of battle. For his fortitude alone I liked him at once, as, leaning heavily upon his elbow, he calmly requested water as one gentleman might have asked another to pass the carafe at the dining-table.

'Are you badly injured?' I inquired.

'Mortally, I fear,' he answered coolly. 'I am unable to rise. One of your men gave me a sword-thrust here.' He placed his hand low on his side. 'But I bear him no malice. There he lies as dead as I shall be by evening. Is there no water near? I thirst.'

'I have none here; but I will go back to my horse and fetch my water-bottle,' I said.

Though in considerable pain myself, I fetched it, and the officer thanked me very gracefully as he received it. I was leaving him when he again called: 'Stay!'

'What is it?' I said impatiently.

'But a moment, monsieur. But a moment.'

'Well?' I said, halting.

'You have some Russian prisoners?'

'Yes; what of them?'

'Will you do me a further service?'

'Go on,' I said wearily.

'Among them there is one, a major of the Cossacks of the Dnieper, taken prisoner in the skirmishes of the day before yesterday. Would you take a message to him for me?'

'If I can,' I said, thinking it a relative, a brother even, or perhaps a friend, to whom he wished tidings of his plight taken. 'Make haste,' I urged; 'I cannot wait.'

His strength was ebbing, his voice failing; but, gathering his energy, he said distinctly, 'He is Dombrovski—Major Boris Dombrovski of the Cossacks. See him and tell him'——

'Yes; go on.'

With tremendous exertion he almost sat up. For a brief space he seemed to labour with uncontrollable fury.

'See him,' he cried. 'Say to him these words as I say them now: Traitor! the Brotherhood knows all. Not even by desertion can the betrayer escape its long arm and its vengeance.'

The Russian, uttering the menacing message in a strong, even loud voice, fell back exhausted with the effort. I went to his side, but he faintly motioned me away, and I painfully stumbled back to the British lines.

CHAPTER II.

MY arm was set, bandaged, and strapped to my side by the surgeon of the Eighth Hussars, and well he did the business for all that he was frantic with work. In those times any patient able to move was not often interfered with—doctors were only too glad to get them off their hands; and next day I got up and was allowed out unmolested.

I had decided that I would, if possible, deliver the Russian's message. His words had been uttered with such startling emphasis, and coming as they did from one almost on the point of death, I felt them to be more than an idle threat. The tone of the message, warning and denunciatory, made me all the more anxious to convey it to the prisoner. Even on the face it savoured of things that are dark—of Nihilists, of Brotherhoods, of foul assassinations. As I repeated the phrases over to myself to keep them in memory I strove vainly to discover in them some ulterior meaning.

It took me a long time to find the prisoners, and even then it was no easy matter to ascertain of which particular one of them I was in search.

'An officer of Cossacks you wanted?' said the orderly reflectively.

'Yes.'

'I don't know, I'm sure. But we have a major of the Preobrajanski Regiment—perhaps he's your man?'

'It was a major of Cossacks I wanted. His name was Dombrovski. I think that was it—Dombrovski.'

'Oh! I don't know all their names; my tongue is blistered now with my trying to say them. But, there, I'll inquire for him.'

'There's a Cossack officer at the Guards' camp of the First Division,' said the orderly, returning, 'and another out on parole with Captain Bastable of the Thirty-third Regiment. I don't know if either of them is your man. You must go and see.'

I did go and see, half-inclined to abandon my wild-goose chase, and heartily wishing all Cossack officers at the bottom of the Black Sea. Of course the one I first sought was not the right man, and on going to the camp of the Thirty-third found that Captain Bastable had been sent by General Codrington over with intelligence to Lord Raglan's headquarters. I went to his tent, however, to await his return, and there, sure enough, was a Russian—apparently, so far as I could judge by his uniform, an officer of Cossacks.

'Sir,' I said, accosting him in French, which numbers of the Russian officers know, 'have I the pleasure of speaking to Major Dombrovski?'

'I am so named,' he said. 'Do you come from your General?'

'No, not from my General. The message I bear is from a wounded officer—your own countryman—whom I encountered on the battlefield yesterday. But there must be no mistake as to the person I deliver it to.'

'I am Major Boris Dombrovski of the Tenth Regiment of the Cossacks of the Dnieper,' he said, eying me with hauteur that was perceptibly tinged with curiosity.

'This is the message, then, exactly as it was given to me to deliver.'

I paused. The words were not polite, to say the least. Their reception might have a dubious and uncomfortable warmth.

'Yes—go on.'

I repeated my message slowly:

'Traitor! the Brotherhood knows all. Not even by desertion can the betrayer escape its long arm and its vengeance.'

The Russian started up, his face aghast with inexpressible horror; his voice thin, toneless, full of the deepest fear.

'Oh my God!' he cried. 'These wolves, then, have found me.'

Never have I seen so complete a transformation in the expression of a face. Drowsy indolence was in a moment's space changed into abject terror. The man's limbs shook as with sudden disease, his eyes became frightfully protuberant. He stared at me as though I were transparent and he could read through me symbols of immediate and irrevocable doom.

'Let me hear your message again?' he said in a faint voice.

I repeated it with reluctance, ill liking to.

'The Society has already found me and passed judgment,' he slowly said, speaking rather to himself than to me.

I edged away, intending to leave him; but the prisoner detained me.

'Who was it, you say, made you his messenger to me?' He scrutinised me with suspicion whilst he questioned.

To the best of my ability I circumstantially detailed to him the occurrence of the previous day, and his thoughts of my complicity vanished.

'It is my death-sentence,' said the Russian gloomily. 'Though they may be at the point of death, these assassins think but of vengeance.' And then continuing, after a pause: 'I may as well tell you a little of my story; you are perhaps the last to whom I shall have the opportunity of telling it. I am—or rather, I have been in the past—what you call a Nihilist; never a very warm one, but still an official member of a powerful secret Brotherhood. But my views altered; I grew tired of the detestable thraldom of the association, and tried to escape quietly and gently from the bondage I was in. Notwithstanding all my care, I was sensible that I was suspected by my confederates. Then I was surprised in attempting to warn a fellow-officer, whom it was intended to assassinate as a tyrant, of the fate that was impending for him. Alarmed, I resolved on flight. A skirmish with the English troops afforded me the opportunity to desert, of which I took advantage. I was taken prisoner and hoped that by this ruse their pursuit would be baffled for a time, and that I should defeat their abominable machinations. I underestimated the reach of their long arm and the implacable rancour of their revenge. I fancied that their subtle brains and the deadly stroke of their unfailing hand could not reach me within the English lines. Now I have lost hope. I fled to the English camp as a haven of refuge; here I fancied myself secure.'

'So you are, sir; depend upon it,' I said.

'Are you not a friend of the Brotherhood yourself?' queried he suddenly, giving me a piercing glance.

'Certainly not. You may consider yourself absolutely safe from all attempts at murder where you are now.'

'Safe! Yes. For how long? For how many hours am I secure? My death-warrant is already signed, my doom now as certain as if the deed of my punishment were already accomplished,' he cried despondently.

That night I slept badly. Perhaps it was thinking of the Cossack officer, perhaps through having over-exerted myself after my injury. My rest was troubled and broken, and the next morning I felt disinclined to move at all. About ten, Carmichael, a convalescent trooper who assisted our surgeon, came to me.

'No one's told you the news, I expect?' he said cheerfully.

'No,' I answered; 'what is it?'

'There's been high times at the camp of the Thirty-third last night.'

'What?'

'A man stabbed in his tent in the night by some fellow—they don't know who, because he got clear away.'

'One of the officers?'

'A Russian officer who had been taken three days ago.'

'Was he an officer of the Cossacks named Dombrovski?'

'Yes, that was the name. Did you know him, then?'

'Is he dead?' I exclaimed.

'Dead! To be sure he's dead. Do you think there would be all this fuss if he wasn't?'

'Then his talk of the Brotherhood was fact after all,' I said, half to myself. 'He knew better than I their unfailing hand and their long arm. He read aright when he saw his fixed doom in that message of menace.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE PROTECTION OF SEA-BIRDS.

IN a short pamphlet issued by the National Association of Audubon Societies of America, readers are reminded that vast herds of buffalo until quite recently ranged the western plains of America, and that owing to the greed of a comparatively few men the buffalo is now merely a part of history. About the same time millions of wild pigeons were being destroyed in the same manner to enrich a limited number of men who cared nothing for the future. The gulls and terns on the coasts of the New World came perilously near to extinction some few years ago when the fashion in millinery made their snow-white plumage desirable. The president of the association calls upon the people to save the sea-birds from extinction, and suggests the means by which this desirable work can be accomplished. During the recent breeding-season the association has had forty faithful wardens employed to guard the birds and their eggs, but that number is totally inadequate. There should be at least three hundred of these men in order to protect the remnants of the huge colonies which once existed, and the association is prepared to so administer the funds which may be placed at its disposal that the remaining colonies may be safeguarded against all depredations. It is hoped that these small remnants of the once vast colonies of sea-birds may form the nuclei from which the depleted hosts may be gradually replenished.

EXPLOSIVE HAIR-ORNAMENTS.

Considering the terribly inflammable nature of celluloid, it is wonderful that there is not a greater number of serious accidents resulting from the use of this material in the manufacture of hair-combs and similar articles of adornment. As everybody knows, celluloid is virtually an explosive, for in combustion it supplies its own oxygen and burns furiously although deprived of air. In other words, the combustion once started cannot be smothered, and even the plentiful application of water does not always suffice to extinguish the flame. Ivory and tortoiseshell and many other expensive natural products can be very successfully imitated in celluloid, and a great many people wear buttons, combs, buckles, and other things made of this material without being at all aware of the fact. A lady in West Hampstead recently recovered fifty pounds damages from a firm of drapers who had sold her a hair-comb, which, catching fire when she was bending over a stove, had destroyed the greater part of her hair. It is time that a law were passed making it illegal to sell articles made of celluloid without clearly indicating the nature of the material.

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY AGAIN.

Another addition has been made to the already long list of processes for producing naturally coloured photographs by means of the three-colour system. In this process, as in that of Dr Joly, only one plate is used; but instead of the three colour impressions lying side by side in finely ruled lines depending upon diffusion in the eye for their blending, the three colours lie one above the other in the thickness of the film. The plate is a multiple one, coated with three coloured gelatino-bromide films separated by a layer of plain gelatine. For instance, the top coating may be coloured yellow and sensitised for the violet rays; the middle one blue and sensitised for red; and the bottom one red, sensitised for yellow-green. In exposure each film absorbs and records rays of its own particular colour, rejecting the others. After development and fixation, the plate is immersed in a weak solution of hydrogen-peroxide in water. Wherever there is metallic silver—that is to say, the black deposit constituting the photographic image—the peroxide of hydrogen is decomposed and free oxygen liberated. Now, it will be seen that if the dyes with which the films were severally stained were of such a nature as to be bleached by oxygen, they will all be rendered colourless where the photographic image is present, and the effect in each of the different coatings will be prevented from spreading to its neighbours by the partition of clear gelatine. This process, which has had its

origin in Germany, will probably be accepted with some reserve until it is clearly demonstrated that it is of a practicable character, for it is easier to imagine the difficulties which its working will present than to suggest satisfactory means of overcoming them.

CHICKENS HATCHED BY BEES.

An ingenious and original American, while tending his bees in an ordinary bee-hive, noticed one day while handling a swarm that the temperature within the hive appeared to be similar to that in his incubator. He thereupon put the matter to the test by means of the thermometer, and found that his senses had guided him aright. It then occurred to him that he might combine the industries of honey-making and egg-hatching, and make the superfluous warmth from the one provide the necessary temperature for the other. According to the *Scientific American*, he placed twenty eggs in the upper portion of the hive and separated them from the working apartments of the bees by means of a cotton cloth. The eggs were further protected by cushions made from a quilt and left in their unique position for the requisite number of days. Eighteen of the twenty eggs were satisfactorily hatched. The sensations of the young chickens on realising the nature and occupations of their foster-mothers are not recorded.

THE COMPTOMETER.

Multiplication, which is proverbially vexatious, and division, which is as bad, have been robbed of all their terrors by a machine which hails from Chicago. The instrument has been designed to do most of the mental work of accountants and clerks who have to deal with figures. By its aid a page in a ledger can be correctly totalled in a few seconds, and long sums in division or multiplication are accomplished without mental effort, and accomplished correctly. A few keys have to be depressed a certain number of times and the answer appears simultaneously on a dial. It is said that the operator quickly learns to finger the machine so that he can depress the keys corresponding to the various numbers almost as quickly as he can read the figures. Any number of keys can be put down at once, and no difficulties are introduced, therefore, by mechanical interference. Suppose the number 2451 is to be multiplied by 346; the keys corresponding to the top line are all depressed at once three times, a simple movement and then they are depressed four times, then again six times, and then the answer appears.

A HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS.

The protection of dumb animals against avoidable suffering is coming to be regarded as a prime duty in all civilised countries. An animals' hospital has now been started in London, under the auspices of Our Dumb Friends' League, whose offices are at 118 Victoria Street, Westminster. The objects of the institution are to provide veterinary advice and nursing for animals whose owners cannot afford to pay for them, to do the same for animals brought in injured from the street, and also to undertake nursing upon payment for animals whose owners can afford to pay. The chief endeavour of the institution is to take under its care the animals of the poor, and it is pointed out that there are in London hundreds of poor people whose living largely, or entirely, depends upon one horse or donkey. The street hawker, whose hard-working beast is most necessary to him; a man owning one horse and cart who engages himself to some builder or contractor, receiving a wage inclusive of services of himself and his horse—to these, indeed, as much as to the poor animals themselves, the new hospital should prove an inestimable boon. It will be, perhaps, even more gladly welcomed by the poor owners of a favourite dog or cat, which being ailing must needs be killed to save it from suffering, for the expenses of medical advice and help may not be contemplated. Like other hospitals, this most deserving institution is dependent upon charitable contributions, for which the secretary earnestly appeals to all who are interested in the welfare of animals.

STAMMERING.

Stammering is a minor complaint compared to some of the ills which human flesh is heir to, but it is a most distressing one alike to the sufferer and to all with whom he comes in contact. Yet it appears that with really careful teaching and work the distressing impediment may be overcome in the course of a week or two, and with reasonable care a cure is quite permanent. In Edinburgh there is a lady named Mrs Caldwell—herself a one-time stammerer, now happily cured—who has specialised in the art of curing this painful complaint, and having thoroughly mastered the difficulties of dealing with persons afflicted with stuttering, she has opened a school for stammerers. In a large number of cases she has effected a most remarkable cure in a fortnight. Her treatment consists of what she has happily named 'vocal gymnastics,' whereby all the organs of respiration and speech are carefully and systematically exercised, while at the same time she inspires the patient with confidence in his own ability to speak well. Judging by the number of testimonials she has received from stammerers of many years' suffering who have been permanently cured by her method, she is certainly very successful in her treatment.

AN INTERESTING THEORY.

For those who are addicted to alcoholic beverages a new and interesting theory which has been propounded by Mr Geoffrey Martin in a recent number of *Knowledge* will be specially comforting. The author of this new doctrine starts with the supposition that life has existed on this globe of ours not merely for the comparatively short time during which the temperature has been such as to make life as we know it possible, but ever since the earth was a white-hot mass of molten rock. Living

organisms at that time would not, of course, be built up of any of the few elements which now compose our bodies and those of all other living things. He believes that some of the other elements were utilised in the making of organisms suitable to the climatic conditions then prevailing. For instance, silica might have replaced the carbon which now enters so largely into the structure of organic matter. Water, of course, could have had no place therein. Through all the countless ages during which the earth was cooling to its present condition, these elements are supposed to have been very gradually replaced by others which would enter into combination little by little until the present conditions were reached. Mr Martin then goes on to speculate as to the changes which, according to his theory, must be even now taking place in organic nature in order to fit it for continued existence on the still-cooling planet. As he points out, the mean temperature of the earth is now very little above that at which water—a most important constituent in all living things—renounces the liquid for the solid state and ceases to be useful in this connection. In these circumstances—and the time when they must prevail is, comparatively speaking, near at hand—what liquid is most likely to take the place of water to preserve that condition of semi-fluidity which appears to be essential to the existence of life? The choice falls upon alcohol—a liquid which seems to answer the requirements of the case. It has a chemical composition not greatly unlike that of water; it freezes at −130° C. (water freezes at 0° C.) and it is already associated with some forms of living matter. The suggestion at once arises that possibly the almost universal desire for alcohol may mark the beginning of the change. Man may perhaps take more and more alcohol and less and less water until in time he drinks nothing else, bathes in alcohol, and indeed consists of it very largely. Mr Martin does not mention the other animals, though presumably they must do the same. One wonders where they will find the alcohol, however.

WELDING ALUMINIUM.

The Cowper-Coles machine for welding aluminium rods and tubes is of very simple construction, and, according to the published figures of the tests made with it, it yields remarkably satisfactory results. The two pieces of metal to be welded are faced off square and placed opposite one another in a pair of clamps which are capable of being approached together by means of levers. An ordinary benzine lamp heats the ends to the point of melting, when they are pressed together by the levers until the molten metal, held encased in a film or pipe of its own oxide, is squeezed out in a collar-like ring around the joint. The hot metal is then suddenly quenched by a stream of cold water directed upon it, while the flame of the lamp is deflected by a screen. After filing off the projecting collar the weld is found to be perfect; and in a number of consecutive tests where the metal was subjected to breaking strain not one fracture occurred at the weld or sufficiently near it to suggest that the metal around it had been in any way deteriorated. It will be seen that this process requires no flux, and no hammering of the joint while in the semi-fluid state is necessary.

WALKING IN THE WATER.

Mr M'Evoy, a tailor of Soho, has given rein to his fancy and cut out a suit of distinctly novel sort. In appearance it would seem to be all that an honest tailor should abhor, for the coat bulges frightfully about the pockets, and the lower extremities finish in a pair of appalling box-like gaiters. But the distended coat-tails conceal an air-belt encircling the wearer's waist, by virtue of which he is enabled to float in an upright position in water with his head and shoulders projecting well above the surface. The gaiters are fitted with brass wings or valves which open and shut like the foot of a swan as the legs are moved to and fro in the water, and are sufficiently heavy to maintain the wearer's vertical position. Dressed in this curious garb Mr M'Evoy is able to take a walk through the river whenever he feels disposed, and to do so requires no knowledge whatever of the art of swimming, for the movement is simply that of walking.

AN IMMENSE METAL-MIXER.

The Ebbw Vale Steel Company has recently installed a metal-mixer capable of dealing with seven hundred and fifty tons of metal at a time. The huge boat-shaped contrivance is set on massive steel rollers, and a couple of hydraulic rams mounted on trunnions provide the tilting motion and keep the immense boat rocking from side to side. Ports are provided for gas-firing so as to maintain the temperature of the contents of the vessel. This is the largest metal-mixer of its type ever constructed.

A SAFETY DEVICE FOR MINES.

An interesting experiment has recently been tried in a coal-mine in Pennsylvania with very satisfactory results. In each of the various galleries of the mine was placed an apparatus for measuring the amount of methane (fire-damp) present in the air and automatically transmitting the results every hour to a central office, whence orders for the necessary precautions could be issued should the indications reveal a dangerous proportion at any point. The apparatus, which is controlled by clockwork, depends for its action upon the decomposition of methane by an incandescent wire and the consequent displacement of a column of mercury with which the combustion chamber is in connection. Air from the mine gallery is automatically sucked in by the apparatus and subjected to the high temperature produced by an electrically heated wire. The variation in the height of the mercury column produced by the decomposition of the methane is electrically signalled to the central office, and then a fresh supply of mine air is ad-

mitted so that the mercury resumes its normal level until the time of the next test. Should the proportion of fire-damp reach the danger-point a continuous alarm is set ringing to call attention to the fact and to the necessity for proper ventilation at the threatened point. In collieries where this device is adopted it should be impossible for the dreaded fire-damp to form those accumulations which occasionally result in the dire disaster with which the world is only too familiar.

THE DECEPTIVE TABLESPOON.

'One tablespoonful to be taken every four hours.' What a familiar formula is this to the wearied invalid who hopes so much from a due compliance with its terms! The faculty adopted the tablespoon as the convenient measure known to all when tablespoons were always made of silver, when silver was worth double what it is to-day, and when silversmiths worked more carefully to standard sizes than is the case now. With the advent of electro-plate, where a base metal underlies the thin coating of silver, there came a tendency to increase the size of the spoons so as to make them more attractive to the purchaser, and many modern tablespoons, instead of containing half-an-ounce of liquid, will hold just double that quantity. A case recently came under our notice in which a patient, measuring his medicine in a modern tablespoon, ran a narrow risk of losing his life. The safest plan of all is that adopted by many doctors. The medicine is contained in a graduated bottle, with the directions that one division is to be taken at stated intervals. All reference to such uncertain quantities as the tablespoon and the teaspoon should be dropped—they are not only misleading but highly dangerous.

A CHEAP POTASS-MANURE.

By George S. Keith, M.D., LL.D.

I was much interested in a paper in a recent number of *Chambers's Journal* (March 1905) on a clever method of using crushed granite.

I have for the last four years been experimenting on the effects of crushed granite and other Plutonic rocks (as trap-rock or basalt) upon the produce of the farm and garden. All these rocks contain a certain proportion of potass, which is the most essential ingredient of all manures for the soil.

The great, and almost only, chemical potass-manure in use up till now is a natural mineral named kainite, which comes from the neighbourhood of the Hartz Mountains, in Germany. The use of this mineral has been increasing remarkably for several years, both in this country, in all continental countries, and in America. Comparatively little comes to Great Britain as yet, though Scotland takes a fair proportion. The value of kainite is well known, but the cost is a great hinderance to its general use. The farmer nearest to me gets it by the ton, and it costs him two pounds two shillings and sixpence. The two shillings and sixpence is, I suppose, the cost of railway carriage from Leith (six miles). Notwithstanding the cost, he finds it well worth while to use it.

In a pamphlet entitled *Potass Salts: their Production and Use*, for which I am indebted to the German Consul at Leith, there is a full account of the effects of kainite on all vegetable products, and of the geology of the country where it is found. It contains a somewhat larger percentage of potass than does granite. The greater part of its cost, however, before it reaches the farmer, is the cost of carriage. It is put up in bags of one hundredweight each, while the crushed stone is carried in trucks like sand or any other earthy matter. When kainite is put on the soil, as it has a great attraction for moisture, it may be washed into the drains or into the gravelly subsoil by rain, while the crushed rock forms part of the soil, and remains there permanently.

Taking these matters into consideration, I have every reason to believe that the cost of crushed rock is less than one-tenth of that of kainite, and the effect on the soil is at least as good as that of kainite. The pamphlet mentioned may be had from Carter and Pratt, Glasgow (price, one shilling).

THE STORY OF A PICTURE.

A correspondent writes: Upon reading the article 'Pictures with Romantic Histories' in the July number of *Chambers's Journal*, I was reminded of the following incident. More than twenty-five years ago I was staying for a few days with a friend, a bachelor clergyman, at his charming parsonage in one of the most delightful parts of South Devon. When I say it is situated in the Tamar Valley, and that the glebe-land belonging to the parson adjoins the Endsleigh estate of the Duke of Bedford, one of the most beautiful of rural retreats that can be imagined, the reader will have some idea of the natural attractions of the place. The parsonage was a good old-fashioned house, far too large for my single friend. The study was crowded with old and valuable books, foreign curios, and objects illustrative of the Bible history—for my friend had travelled from the Red Sea through the desert in the track of the Israelites, past Mount Sinai, and on through Palestine up to the Lake of Galilee and in sight of snow-crowned Hermon. He possessed a valuable collection of old Bibles, including such rarities as Matthew's Bible (1537) and a fine copy of the Great Bishops' Bible (1574). My host had originally been a chaplain in the Navy, and had visited Japan and China in the old days before Japan had felt the touch of Western inspiration. Being a capital and tireless *raconteur*, the time flew swiftly by, and what with the beauties of nature outside, and the hospitality, the books, the curios, and the endless stories indoors, I passed a brief but delightful and never-to-be-forgotten holiday, such as I never before and never again can hope to experience. Hanging in the study over the fireplace was a picture, apparently by an old master, of an angel protecting and guiding a beautiful boy.

My attention was drawn to it by the skilful delineation of the two figures—the dignity and the grace of the angel and the simple charm of the little child. 'Ah,' said my host one evening as we drew our chairs to the fire for a chat after tea, 'there is a singular story connected with that picture. Many years ago, when I served on board H.M.S. —— in Chinese waters, I one day saw a sailor rubbing the brasswork with a piece of canvas which appeared to be painted on one side. On examining it minutely, for which purpose I straightened it out on the deck, I was surprised to find that though covered with dirt there was evidence that the canvas had once been a picture by a master-hand. It is needless to say I became the possessor of it, brought it home with me, and had it carefully and skilfully cleaned, mounted, and framed, and there it hangs! What story has it to tell? Well, that is not very difficult, though very curious. How did this fine painting come to be where I found it? Upon making inquiry among the sailors I discovered that, a short time before, a boat's crew had been sent up the river, as there were reports about the Tai-ping rebels having been seen in the neighbourhood; and that while the officer and some of the men had gone a short distance up the country the man left in charge of the boat had found this canvas lying in a ditch, and had brought it back to the ship with him. Shortly prior to that it was known that a party of the rebel Tai-pings had passed that way, and were returning from the sack of the Catholic Cathedral of Amoy. A priest whom I happened to meet told me the picture had hung in the Cathedral, it having been originally brought from the Vatican at Rome after receiving the blessing of the Pope, who dedicated it to the work of the evangelisation of the Chinese.' Thus from Vatican and Cathedral it had strangely passed to adorn the walls of this out-of-the-way country parsonage.

AN AUTO COTTON-PICKER.

It is a noteworthy fact that labour problems have in the past stimulated invention to an extraordinary degree. Many of the most important labour-saving appliances now in use first found their reason for existence in a scarcity of labour; and now dearth of 'hands' in the cotton-harvest has led to the production of the auto cotton-picker, which, as is claimed by its describer in the *World's Work*, will save the Cotton States of America the sum of fifteen million pounds sterling annually. Its inventor, Mr George A. Lowry, was born in Ireland, but settled in America in 1875. He has numerous inventions to his credit, but none probably will shed more glory on its originator than the auto cotton-picker. As the cotton pods do not come to maturity all at one time, it was found necessary to mount operatives on the 'picker' to direct its operations to those of the bolls which had burst and whose contents were ready for gathering. A four-horse-power gasolene engine supplies the necessary power for the locomotion of the machine, and is tended by a 'motorman.' Four youths are also mounted on the machine, and each has under his control two aluminium 'arms' four feet in length, along which run endless bands of rubber and cloth at the rate of sixty feet per second. On these bands are fixed hooks at short intervals which sweep the contents of an opened cotton boll into a receiver placed on the machine; and so delicate is the poise of these 'arms' that it is said to require but a slight effort to direct their operations. Not only will the process of picking the cotton be gone through with much greater expedition than formerly, but the quality of the machine-picked cotton is claimed to be two grades better than that picked by hand from the same field at the same time.

THE OLD SONG.

'Awake, awake!' That echo from the past
Rings with sweet insistence gently beating on my ear;
I think I hear it as I heard it last,
Ringing, singing; but the faces, voices are not here.

Where are they now, those faces of my dream,
Eyes that once so softly in their love looked back to mine?
Where are they now, those voices that still seem
Crying, whispering, stealing from afar in life's decline!

Sweet song that touches chords within my breast,
Notes of hidden music set to tales of long ago,
Are those I cannot see who are at rest
Calling, speaking somewhere, that I seem to hear them so?

Say, are they with me now about my home,
Guardian angels sent to watch me from their grassy graves?
Is this their meeting-place when thus they roam
Fleeting, sighing like the distant breaking of the waves!

I know not. Echoes only fill the air,
Bringing back to memory dear the forms my love would seek.
Oh, can it be that presences are there
Moving, passing—spirits of my lost ones brush my cheek?

'Awake, awake!' the earthly strain grows faint,
Mocks no longer hopes by fleeting fancies vainly fed;
I'll hear it better when the veil is rent,
Ringing, pealing, blast of trumpets summoning the dead!

A. R. Howell

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HERMIT OF THE IRATI.

By CAPTAIN CECIL NORTH, Author of *The Moorish Treasure*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 188— a certain robbery took place in London which created no small amount of interest at the time, not only on account of the social position of some of the persons who, in one way or another, were connected with the affair, but chiefly because of its sudden and surprising dénouement, which was as tragic as it was totally unexpected.

Mr Oxobic, a well-known and somewhat eccentric millionaire of South American origin, had, it appears, called one morning upon his solicitor, one John Robster, head of the great Lincoln's Inn firm of Robster, Stayett, & Pake, on business connected with some of the remarkable speculative pies into which he still loved—not, I regret to say, always to the shareholders' advantage—to dip his stumpy and ring-bedecked fingers.

The eminent financier was passing through town on his way south to spend a pleasant month at Monte Carlo, and carried with him a large leather case containing some twenty-five thousand pounds in Bank of England notes.

This was the millionaire's somewhat reckless custom when embarking on one of the gambling expeditions his soul so dearly loved; he took just as much ready-money with him as the mood of the moment dictated, and left his cheque-book at home. Though a bold gambler, he played for amusement only, and when he had got rid of all his money—which was by no means always the case before the expiration of his visits; he had been known, indeed, to return richer than when he started—he would take his departure in a perfectly contented frame of mind although he might not have twenty pounds left in his pocket. 'If I take my cheque-a-book, p'r'aps I not know where I land himself,' he used knowingly to remark to his friends, in his queer throaty English, and the toadies would clap him on the back and call him 'a deuced sensible fellow;' but, knowing how little the loss of even half his huge fortune would affect him, 'a pompous little cad' directly he was out of earshot.

As was to be expected, this note-case would be at times most unwieldily bulky, and so Mr Oxobic found it on this occasion as he struggled to extract from his inner breast-pocket wherein it was safely bestowed some rather voluminous documents he desired to submit to his lawyer, with which it appeared to have got itself inextricably mixed up. To simplify matters he pulled everything out in a heap, sorted out his papers, and placing the case beside him on the big table whereat he and the solicitor sat facing each other, clean forgot all about it when he took his leave half-an-hour afterwards.

Some time elapsed before he discovered his loss and hurried back to Lincoln's Inn from the other side of London. As he had expected, he found the precious case all right lying where he had left it, but to his, and especially to Mr Robster's, amazement, it was discovered to be quite empty.

Now, the lawyer had seen but one person that morning between Mr Oxobic's departure and the moment when he (the lawyer) had quitted the office and gone out to his luncheon. This was his only son, John Robster, junior, a smart young lieutenant in that well-known and crack cavalry regiment, 'The Royal Pink Plungers,' who, of course, was quite above suspicion. But during the luncheon-hour a solitary clerk had, according to the rules of the firm, remained in charge of the senior partner's portion of the establishment; and as he had free access everywhere, and nobody to spy upon his actions, it was quite clear to every one, from Mr Robster down to the lazy office-boy, that here was the audacious thief. The police had no doubt about it whatever; and though the culprit vehemently protested his innocence, and even had the hardihood to confess to having gone out for five minutes to get a drink—to get rid of the notes said everybody—during which time, he declared, the robber must

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have made his way into the place, nobody of course paid any attention to such a ridiculous story, and he was promptly marched off to Bow Street, where he was eventually remanded without bail.

But the third day brought a surprising development of the case. The police received a letter from young Robster, dated from the seaside town of Littlehampton. In this communication the lieutenant stated that during his father's absence at luncheon he had returned to the office to get something that he had forgotten there; that he had remarked the bulky note-case lying on the table, and being in a most serious scrape which a large sum of money could alone relieve, he had given way to the temptation of the moment and appropriated its entire contents. Now, horrified at what he had done, and unable to restore the money, which he had at once used for the purpose for which he had stolen it, and which was thus gone beyond recall, he had resolved upon clearing the innocent clerk at all costs. But the shame and disgrace being impossible to bear, he had decided upon rowing out to sea alone and jumping overboard, taking other steps at the same time to secure the complete fulfilment of his purpose.

Inquiries at Aldershot and Littlehampton showed that the young officer was indeed not with his regiment, and that a gentleman corresponding to his description in every particular had engaged a boat at the Sussex watering-place, and had not been seen again. The subsequent discovery of the little craft stranded on the coast some miles away, empty save for a small bottle which was proved to have contained poison, put the matter beyond doubt. The clerk was released—the police stating that they had all along felt that he was the wrong man; Mr Robster broke down completely and was obliged to take a long rest from business worries; and Mr Oxobic, who laughingly remarked to his sympathisers that he had only lost his money a little sooner than he expected, filled up the unlucky case afresh and made his way as cheerily as ever to the sunny shores of the Riviera.

As for tracing the notes, which Mr Robster urged upon the authorities to attempt, this was found to be hopeless, for the excellent reason that their numbers were quite unknown. Their eccentric owner was in the habit of keeping a safe full of them—his 'petty cash-box' he loved to call it—which he filled and emptied and played about with in an extraordinary manner, keeping its contents quite separate from his banking account, and not bothering his head about any details and precautions such as he always most scrupulously observed in the conduct of his regular financial business. 'When money go in or out of dat box,' he used to say, 'I not want to know or remember anyt'ink about it.'

Such were the particulars of the Oxobic affair, and the sensational ending to what at first appeared to be merely an ordinary case of theft by an underpaid employé. With the exception of those connected with it, especially the aggrieved clerk—who ought to have felt himself indemnified for his sufferings, but, strange to say, did not, by the usual inimitable benediction pronounced upon him by the magistrate 'that he left the court without a stain upon his character'—and the officers of the culprit's regiment, it is doubtful whether anybody gave the matter another thought twenty-four hours after the suicide's death and confession had been made known to the public. Young Robster's name was completely erased from the records of the 'Pinks.'

'Aw, we don't remember ever having heard of such a fellah,' drawled the gallant souls as they fixed with vacant stares those unfortunate ones who were tactless enough to mention it in their presence; and thus the scandalous behaviour of their late brother-in-arms was speedily buried in oblivion, where it remains, and is likely to remain, as far as they are concerned, unto the present day.

. . . . . .

Twenty years after these events (that is to say, in the month of May 190–) two men sat at a small table in the restaurant of the Grand Hotel at Cambo, that pleasant Basque village perched on the cliffs above the Nive, where that historic river bursts fussily from a gorge in the lower slopes of the western Pyrenees to find its way at a more sober pace through the flat and uninteresting country lying at the back of Bayonne. There, in the very heart of this ancient and semi-Spanish town, it meets its big and muddy brother the Adour, to roll with it in one long, last, sullen embrace down to a never-ending death in the restless Biscayan Sea.

A dish of fine trout had just been placed before the diners, and both of them were keenly scrutinising its contents with the critical eye of the fisherman.

'I don't believe that they come from this part of the river a bit,' exclaimed the elder of the two men, a serious-faced, clean-shaven individual of about five-and-forty. 'It's all very well for the landlord to swear that they do; but if so, how is it, then, that neither of us can catch a single fish, except ugly chub, no matter what flies we try, and we are neither of us duffers at the game by any means?'

'No; I fancy our fat friend is somewhat of a humbug, like all the rest of his trade,' replied the other and younger man, whose sun-tanned face and lean, soldierly figure plainly betrayed his calling, speaking eloquently of hard service and scanty food under the fierce African sky. 'It is only natural,' he continued as he helped himself, 'that he should do his best to keep us here; but I think that under the circumstances a careful study of the things that arrive for the hotel by the early and late trains would be quite justifiable and might be of some use. The evening train from the mountains is due in an hour: suppose we stroll down to the station after dinner and see if we can do a little of the Sherlock Holmes business.'

'Oh, I'll leave that to you, the great intelligence

officer,' laughed the first speaker. 'I 'll do Watson; he was a doctor, you remember, so the character will just suit me. But, joking apart, Paul, I dare say your idea may have something in it, so we 'll go down after our coffee and see what discoveries you can make.'

There were not a great many packages hurled from the luggage-van in that reckless way which is indulged in by railway people all the world over, and the brothers—for such the two men were—at once noticed a long rush-woven basket which not only spelt fish in most unmistakable fashion to the eye accustomed to such things, but smelt it to the accustomed nose as well. It bore a conspicuous label stating, as is the sensible French way, the name and address of the sender of the goods, as well as that of the person to whom they were consigned. The latter was that of the proprietor of their hotel, while big red letters informed all who cared to read, and our gratified friends in particular, that the basket was 'Expedié par Jean Etchepare, St Jean Pied-de-Port, Basses Pyrénées.'

They had hardly made this interesting discovery when the 'boots' of the 'Grand' arrived upon the scene, and seizing upon the basket, dispelled any lingering doubts as to its contents by civilly answering, in response to an apparently careless question put to him by the soldier, '*Truite, monsieur, pour l'hôtel.*'

'I told you so,' triumphantly cried the doctor; 'that proves pretty conclusively that there is no fishing in this part of the river whatever. We will go by train to-morrow morning to St Jean Pied-de-Port and see if we cannot interview the sender of trout, this Jean Etche something or other.'

The old walled town wherein they found themselves the next day is situated, as its name implies, near the (French) end or foot of the famous pass of Roncesvalles, the scene of homeric fighting between the armies of Wellington and Soult, when the latter attempted to force his way through it into Spain in the vain hope of raising the siege of Pamplona, then closely invested by the English.

The little train that winds its laboured way upward from Bayonne, through rugged gorges alternating with emerald-breasted valleys, follows the course of the Nive past Cambo, Bidarray, Osses, and other red-roofed, white-walled villages until it stops for good and all at St Jean Pied-de-Port itself. Here, if you wish to continue your journey into sunny Spain, you must take the ramshackle old coach that daily creeps over the magnificent pass. To the right, and more especially to the left, the great mountains tower in rugged and shaggy majesty. They are quite uninhabited save for a brief period in the summer, when a few shepherds guarding the flocks of lean blackfaced little sheep brought up from the lowlands to gather what sustenance they may from the scorched and wind-swept slopes, camp in rough stone shelters in the glens. The numerous rivulets that go to make the sources of the Nive vein the foothills of this wild country, some parts of which are five thousand feet above the level of the sea; and the scream of the eagle and grunt of the bear and wild-boar are still to be heard on the bald peaks and in the densely wooded gorges of this little-visited region, which it is hard to realise was soaked with the blood and rang with the defiant shouts of Gaul and Briton less than a hundred years ago.

For the brothers to reach the town lying on the skirts of the mountains was an easy enough matter; to find the man they wanted quite another pair of shoes. Etchepares abounded; the name appeared the commonest one in the place, and with that strange perversity which is one of the characteristics of the Basques, the strangers were directed to every one of them except the right individual in spite of their emphatic statements that it was Etchepare the *marchand de poisson* that they sought, and no other.

'Etchepare the fish-merchant? Yes, of course, everybody knew Etchepare the fish merchant. The gentlemen have but to go'—— And here would follow a complicated string of directions which, having been laboriously followed out, would result in the discovery of a gentleman of that name, truly, but Etchepare the butcher or the baker or the candlestick-maker—anybody but Etchepare the seller of speckled trout.

But all things, even Etchepares, must come to an end, and at about the twentieth time of asking the man addressed, to their intense astonishment, replied, with many smirks and bows, 'I am the person you require. What can I have the pleasure of doing for *ces messieurs?*' But when 'these gentlemen' explained the nature of their quest Monsieur Etchepare's politeness evaporated in most alarming fashion. His face assumed a sullen expression, and he demonstrated in a perfectly plain fashion that he was not going to divulge anything about trout-fishing to these two inquisitive members of the hereditary race of enemies, who questioned him in such an exasperatingly cool, superior manner. But the brothers knew what they were about, and that there are two ways to the human heart—flattery and money. Thus an offer of two shining louis d'or for the desired information, together with much praise of France, St Jean Pied-de-Port, Basques, and even Monsieur Etchepare himself, had a most wonderful effect; and an adjournment to an adjacent café having been made, where an excellent bottle of wine was speedily opened, smiles once more wreathed the sallow face of their guest, who vouchsafed the following particulars as he rolled a rank cigarette:

'There is no rod-fishing in the Nive worth speaking of,' he said. 'Netting, night-lining, and poison have years ago—since the making of the railway, in fact—completely ruined the river. If you want to fish where my trout come from you must drive into the mountains—not into the pass, but eastward of it—to the village of Esterencuby ['My goodness, what a name!' ejaculated Paul], which is as far as

there is a practicable road. You must take with you provisions and a tent, I suppose, for you will require to have shelter of some sort, and hire donkeys at the village to carry them. Then you must climb up into the mountains by rough, not to say dangerous tracks, I have been told, until you come to what is called the Forest of Irati, which lies on the crest of the range on the frontier line, which of course is more or less undefined up at those altitudes. Somewhere about there you will discover a stream called by the same name as the forest. It flows down into Navarre, and is full of fish, I believe. At all events, I have had all I want from there for several years now.'

'Quite so,' blandly remarked the elder of the brothers, the doctor; 'but how do you get them down from such an inaccessible place as you describe, and who catches them for you up there?'

Monsieur Etchepare grinned. 'I don't remember promising to tell you that,' he answered slyly; 'but as I imagine that you won't think it worth while embarking on such a difficult trip now that you know the details, or do any harm to my trade if you do, I'll tell you how it is managed. There is a man—the villagers think him a little touched in his head—who lives up there—nobody knows the exact spot, but it is somewhere in the forest or the fastnesses of the mountains—who makes his living by fishing, though what he does during the winter I don't know. He lives quite alone, I believe, save for a dog and a donkey. He comes down to Esterencuby about once a week, sometimes more, sometimes less, in August when the season is in full swing at Cambo and Biarritz oftenest of all. On these occasions he brings his donkey with him, loaded with trout, which he sends on to me at once by the post-cart, and which I immediately pack in ice and forward by train to the hotelkeepers who are my chief customers, advising them of their despatch by telegram. I pay this man one franc per pound for his fish, and—well, the rest is my business, gentlemen.'

'What sort of fellow is this fisherman?' asked the soldier. 'Couldn't he put us up, don't you think, and save us the bother of taking up a tent?'

'I really know nothing about him except by hearsay,' replied Etchepare. 'I have never seen him. I send his money once a month to the village by the post-cart; and even there they know next to nothing of him. He is a mystery. I have been told that he is tall and dark, and very silent, has nothing to do with the villagers, does not go to the café, and nobody knows what he is, where he came from, or when he first took up his abode in such an outlandish part. The shepherds call him the Hermit of the Irati, but nobody bothers his head about him now. For my part, I expect he is a rascally Spaniard, and came up from the other side. As for lodging with him,' he went on, with a shrug of his shoulders, 'I don't suppose you will catch a glimpse of the man, much less of his lair; but if you do—well, I fancy you will not get a very friendly welcome.'

'By Jove!' cried Paul, 'that settles it, eh brother Bill? We'll make a regular camp in the forest and exploit this prolific river, and see if we cannot put this dog-in-the-manger of a hermit's nose out of joint into the bargain. We can get all we want and have a rough tent made in Bayonne. I'll give them the pattern; and it will be perfectly glorious under canvas now in this climate, and a splendid change for you after your stuffy life in London.'

'There is nothing in the world that I should like better, though I should have thought that you had had your fill of tent-life,' answered the doctor, smiling at his brother's enthusiasm. And having thus quickly arranged matters to their satisfaction they bade adieu to the worthy Etchepare and took their departure, busily discussing plans for obtaining the requisite outfit.

But the tent was not so easily procured as the optimistic Paul had imagined. The Bayonne sail-maker who at last undertook to make it was slow, pig-headed, and stupid; and it was nearly three weeks after their conversation with Monsieur Etchepare before they once again found themselves within the walls of the fish-merchant's picturesque and evil-smelling little town. Driving from thence to Esterencuby, they there succeeded in hiring a mule and a donkey, together with a lanky youth, the son of the owner of the animals, to act as driver and guide as far as the beginning of the forest; and with their clothes, provisions, rods, &c. securely packed on the bigger animal, and the tent, blankets, and cooking-pots on the smaller, they made an imposing and early start in the fresh, dew-laden morning, after having slept the sleep of the flea-fooder at the grimy village inn.

The road, which at first was fairly good, after a while deteriorated into a mere track, rough and narrow in the extreme. It wound ever upwards, now skirting a bare and blazing shoulder, now twisting about in the sombre and chilly depths of some boulder-strewn and dripping gorge. For the most part it was a hot and laborious climb, of which little more than two-thirds had been safely accomplished when a most unlooked-for catastrophe happened which completely upset all their arrangements.

(To be continued.)

ADVENTURES AMONG BOOKS.

ADVENTURES are for the adventurous; and has not Mr Andrew Lang, in publishing a volume of collected essays under the title of *Adventures among Books*,* only beguiled the reader into many pleasant literary bypaths where he may be soothed, amused, and instructed in turn without anything sensational or adventurous happening from cover to cover? It is the writer and not the reader who has had the adventures; he has been making excursions during a long career of authorship into the dark places of history, unravelling knotty problems, writing essays, poetry, and stories, some of which come from fairyland. There is a sense, also, in which the reader has more wonderful adventures in the realm of fancy and imagination, helped by a good library, than could ever happen in daily life. He may go round the world or explore strange regions with the traveller, mount from earth to heaven with the poet, or watch the workings of the human heart with the novelist. Thus he may sound life's heights and depths without stirring from his own room. Adventures enow, without damage to life or limb, and with mental and moral exhilaration added thereto!

Andrew Lang returns from *his* adventures among books like a bee laden with honey, which he stores for the use of all who will. The most versatile, able, and brilliant of modern literary men, he has been called the Admirable Crichton of modern letters. This Scotsman tinctured by Oxford has humour, and a style fluid like water, which sometimes sings as it flows like the Border streams he loves so well. It is possible that he is strongest in writing books on special subjects, although his countrymen may not accept, on the whole, his views of John Knox, the Covenanters, or Claverhouse. He is sometimes whimsical, and shows prejudice; but no one ever complains that his books are less than very readable and entertaining.

Our author was happy in that he was cradled where the breeze blows freshly from the hills that guard Ettrick and Yarrow, and within a few miles of Scott's romance in stone and lime—Abbotsford. Poetry, song, fairy lore, and romance were round him like an atmosphere. The son of John Lang and Jane Plenderleath Sellar, he was born at Selkirk, 31st March 1844, and was educated at Edinburgh Academy, St Andrews University, and Balliol College, Oxford. The Langs are an old Selkirk family, first mentioned in the records of the craft of 'Taylors.' John Lang was a freeman in 1650, officer in 1656, and Deacon in 1680. Andrew Lang's grandfather, of the same name, was sheriff-clerk to Sir Walter Scott, who admitted that he was as qualified to be sheriff as himself; John Lang, father of our author, was also sheriff-clerk, as was also his son Patrick Sellar before he went to Australia. With or without reason, young Andrew had the nickname of Weng amongst his companions. At nine years of age Lang and other boys used to meet in the summer twilight to tell stories. One boy he remembers, not an educated boy, was quite a treasure-house of popular tales which he did not get from books. Fond of cricket, Lang was a fairly good batsman, and as a bowler had a peculiar delivery which seemed to puzzle batsmen considerably. He fell in love with cricket even in his sixth year, and he has said that if 'the players of to-day enjoy themselves as much, with better ground and instruction, as we did in the mud, or on such a fiendish wicket as Galashiels used to provide, then they have a happy time.' He must have been by far the most literary of his companions; although when he read first about 'Watershed' in *Hughes' Geography* he thought of 'cartshed;' and little remembrance of his early English literary studies remained. He seems to have had an early liking for the unearthing of old documents, and loved to read Scott's 'interlocutors' written when sheriff of Selkirkshire, or Scott's letter complaining of the treatment he received from a political mob at Jedburgh, kept in the law-office of Messrs Lang & Steedman. There is a legend that when the news of one of his university successes reached Selkirk, a local manufacturer called to congratulate his father, and ventured to ask what profession his talented son was to follow. With lawyer-like wisdom, the father replied, 'Oh, we're just going to make him a philosopher, if he's not that already.' He was that already, if all he tells us be true about a Border boyhood in his *Angling Sketches* beside the Tweed, where life is always 'the boy.' He forgot his salmon-flies on the very day the fish were taking in that fine bend of the Tweed at Caddonfoot; had forgotten even his whisky-flask, but not his cigarettes. Nature, that made him fond of angling, gave him, he thinks, thumbs for fingers, short-sighted eyes, indolence, carelessness, and a temper, which, usually sweet and angelic, can be goaded to madness by the laws of matter and gravitation.

Andrew Lang, throwing a now long backward glance, finds that from the first he was born to be a dweller in the cloister of a library. The fairies gave him nothing but a love of books. The *Elegy of Cock Robin*, at the age of four, taught him to read, although *Robinson Crusoe* had been read to him even earlier. The books which most vividly impressed him were fairy tales, and chap-books about Robert Bruce, William Wallace, and Rob Roy. The 'fightingist' bits of the Bible and the Apocrypha, and stories like the Witch of Endor, were for Sunday consumption. Surely this was a prophecy of his future employment: to arrange six open books on six chairs, and go from one to the other,

* Longmans & Co.

perusing them in turn! Then came the world of Shakespeare and the *Arabian Nights;* and, like Scott, there is no doubt that Lang would disapprove of watering literature down for children. 'People,' he says, 'forbid children to read this or that. I am sure they need not, and that even in our infancy the magician Shakespeare brings us nothing worse than a world of beautiful visions half-realised. In the Egyptian wizard's little pool of ink only the pure can see the visions, and in Shakespeare's magic children see only what is pure.' Scott became his friend, and peopled for him the rivers and burnsides with his reivers; the Fairy Queen came out of the neighbouring Eildon Hill and haunted Carterhaugh. On the Yarrow road, at Foulshiels, stood the roofless cottage whence Mungo Park went forth to trace the waters of the Niger, never to return; and at Oakwood, at the entrance to Ettrick, was the tower of the wizard Michael Scott. At nine Lang read *Jane Eyre;* then came Dickens, who caused him to neglect everything printed in Latin; and the Waverley Novels found in the house of a relative proved a treasure. A conscientious tutor and a leather strap urged him towards the acquirement of some elementary erudition; but for a year he was a young hermit, living with Scott in the Waverleys and the *Border Minstrelsy;* with Pope and Prior, and a translation of *Ariosto;* with Lever and Dickens, Longfellow, Mayne Reid, Dumas, and Carlyle. Some one said that it seemed no use preventing him from reading novels, as he just fell upon *Don Juan* instead. Poe, he thinks, is unsuitable for children. He does not believe in lists of the best books, for people who 'really care for books read all of them,' and 'one's English education was all got out of school.' Homer marked the real beginning of study, and the Greek historians he liked, although he says that his application was far too desultory to make a serious and accurate scholar. 'I confess having learned the classical languages, as it were, by accident, for the sake of what is in them, and with a provokingly imperfect accuracy. Cricket and trout occupied far too much of my mind and my time; Christopher North, and Walton, and Thomas Tod Stoddart, and *The Moor and the Loch* were my holiday reading, and I do not regret it.' Neither may the reader, for Lang was making himself, and assimilating those elements in his reading and study which were to develop the many-sided littérateur. Poetry came to him with Walter Scott; after Scott came Longfellow. In Tennyson 'a light of poetry dawned, a new music was audible, a new god came into my medley of a Pantheon, a god never to be dethroned.' To Lang, Tennyson remains 'the most various, the sweetest, the most exquisite, the most learned, the most Virgilian of all English poets, and we may pity the lovers of poetry who died before Tennyson came.' Lang is doubtless right regarding Browning's *Men and Women*, that there we find 'the heart of his genius beating most strenuously and with an immortal vitality; and perhaps this, for its compass, is the collection of poetry the most various and rich of modern English times, almost of any English times.' Like FitzGerald, with Tennyson after 1842, Lang has never been able to care for Browning's poetry after this epoch-making volume. And so the education of a literary man progressed by means of what he read and wrote, by contact with thinkers such as J. F. M'Lennan; and later he read and was influenced by Macaulay, Swinburne, Arnold, and Balzac. And, like all workers, he learned much as he moved forward from one thing accomplished to another well begun!

After these autobiographical touches in *Adventures among Books* come the recollections of R. L. Stevenson, and a paper on Dr John Brown, the wise, kindly, cultured Edinburgh doctor who collected his scattered papers, every one of which repays perusal again and again, under the title of *Horæ Subsecivæ*. Lang tells us of Stevenson that the man he knew was always a boy, and when first met at Mentone, in 1873, looked more like a lass than a lad, with a rather long, smooth, oval face, hair grown at greater length than is common, and with large, lucid, brown eyes. His colour was a trifle hectic, and the big blue cloak sheltered a slender yet agile form. He was like nobody else Lang had ever met, this youth who showed such uncommon celerity in changing expression in thought and speech. Stevenson had just written his essay *Ordered South*, on reading which Lang saw at once that here was a new writer, one who could do what none of the clan might approach. Lang recalls how Mr Charles Longman sent him the manuscript of *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, which he began to read at 10.30 P.M., and on coming to the part where Utterson the lawyer and the butler wait outside the doctor's room, he threw down the story and fled in a hurry. He had ceased to have a taste for solitude. Its moral, and terribly lucid visionary power, made *Dr Jekyll* the success it was. Lang felt that here was a Bohemian, a wild singing-bird; while he was like a punctual, domesticated barn-door fowl, 'laying its daily article for the breakfast-table of the citizens' in one of the London newspapers. Stevenson took no interest in angling, golf, or cricket, but was fond of boating and sailing; for his measure of strength he was a good pedestrian, fond of the open air and of all who live and work therein. He liked Dickens, Thackeray less, and Meredith. Lang confesses he is no hand at portraiture, and yet he tells us that he 'faintly seems to see the eager face, the light, nervous figure, the fingers busy with rolling cigarettes; Mr Stevenson talking, listening, often rising from his seat, walking to and fro, always full of vivid intelligence, wearing a mysterious smile.' In conversation he was as good to hear as to read. 'I have known no man in whom the pre-eminently manly virtue of kindness, courage, sympathy, generosity, hopefulness, were more beautifully conspicuous; no man so much loved by so many and various people. He was as

unique in character as in literary genius.' This testimony bears the stamp of truth!

Turning to Stevenson's own pen-portrait of Lang in *Underwoods*, we find in a few masterly and convincing lines the ingenuous friend and ingenious littérateur:

> Dear Andrew, with the brindled hair,
> Who glory to have thrown in air,
> High over arm, the trembling reed
> By Ale and Kail, by Till and Tweed;
> An equal craft of hand you show
> The pen to guide, the fly to throw.
> . . . . . .
> Garrulous like a brook you go,
> With sound of happy mirth and sheen
> Of daylight, whether by the green
> You fare that moment, or the gray;
> Whether you dwell in March or May;
> Or whether treat of reels and rods,
> Or of the old unhappy gods;
> Still like a brook your page has shone,
> And your ink sings of Helicon.

R. L. Stevenson once wrote that Lang was the lightest and (when he chooses) the tenderest singer of his generation. Mr Lang won fame by his share in the translation, with Professor Butcher, of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

All that Lang writes of Dr John Brown is eminently true and well expressed. Some of the finest passages Dr Brown ever penned are those about his father in a *Letter to John Cairns, D.D.* He had imagination, humour, pathos, Lang tells us, and was always studying and observing life. His *Rab* and *Our Dogs* are classics; his knowledge of art and artists was wide and deep, while he was a friend of Ruskin and Thackeray. It might have been mentioned that he welcomed the dawning genius of Ruskin, while that writer was entirely unknown, by writing a masterly paper on the anonymous two first volumes of *Modern Painters* in the *North British Review* for 1847. This review contains some fine critical passages. Lang thinks he wrote best on passages and characters of humour and pathos which he encountered in his life and profession: upon children, dogs, Border scenery, and fellow-workers in life and science. *Rab* is a study of the stoicism and tenderness of the Lowland character which Lang thinks worthy of Scott; *Our Dogs* comes next; *Pet Marjorie* shines as a sketch of children, and *Minchmoor* for its delightful sketches of Border scenery done 'to the quick' with a loving, understanding touch. After all the biographies of John Brown and the articles about him, the reader only divines the manner of man he was by reading the papers he has left us, his own literary legacy. There are other papers in this volume, *Adventures among Books*, all of which are equally interesting, and which we recommend to the reader. The fine frontispiece portrait is after a painting by Sir William Richmond, R.A.

It is now a good many years since Mr C. Kegan Paul expressed regret, a regret which he said was shared by many others, that the brilliancy of the fugitive work of Mr Andrew Lang interfered with the production of some exhaustive treatise on one of the many subjects in which he is a master and worthy of a place in the permanent literature of the time. His output in one year, besides journalistic papers, included *Magic and Religion*, *Mary Stuart*, and a monograph on Tennyson which since has achieved the honour of being reprinted in a sixpenny volume in paper covers. It may be that Lang's *History of Scotland* in progress fills the place hinted at by Mr Kegan Paul. The *Times* remarked regarding his second volume of the history that he had illuminated many dark places, and acknowledged the width and accuracy of his knowledge, the subtlety of his reasoning, his insight, sympathy, and the charm of his style. His gleanings on the highways and byways of life and literature are many and varied, including historical mysteries; he is an authority on folklore, and he was happily inspired when he fell to collecting at home and abroad those fairy stories which bear his name as editor, in the blue, green, red, and yellow series. Mrs Craik once wrote a Border fairy story, *Alice Learmonth*, based on incidents in the life of Thomas the Rhymer. Lang could never have been guilty of such uncommon Border Scotch as this authoress gives her readers. *The Gold of Fairnilee*, one of his own fairy stories of Tweedside, has this dedication to his niece, Jeanie Lang, in Australia: 'For you, far away on the other side of the world, I made this little tale of our own country. Your father and I have dug for treasure in the camp at Rink with our knives when we were boys. We did not find it; the story will tell you why. Are there fairies as well as bunyips in Australia? I hope so.' As with Stevenson, some think his essays will be remembered when his stories are forgotten, his great charm being his allusive manner. In a literary lecture Lang dropped many hints for toilers in the literary field. He said the lowest thing a human being could sink to was the making of books out of other people's books. Is Mr Lang not himself just a little guilty? Literature, he further said, requires an original gift, with practice, knowledge, and training: knowledge of life and the world, and a knowledge of books. Both application and a strong natural bent were needed. To acquire a large and profitable knowledge of books could only be done by people who had the natural gift. Every man should make his work as good as it could be made, and to do it with pleasure was to rise from the mechanic to the artist. There was a great art even in scribbling a page of gossip. Whether writing ballads, lyrics, letters to dead authors, historical mysteries, or history, Lang manages to be interesting, and has shown that he possesses those indispensable gifts which he recommended to his audience.

Since the issue of *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France* in 1872, the industry of Mr Andrew Lang has been unwearied. Even as a youth he had contributed to *St Andrews Magazine* and *St Leonard's Magazine*. Mr C. M. Falconer, Dundee, to whom *Adventures among Books* is dedicated, printed privately in 1898

twenty-five copies of his *Catalogue of a Library chiefly the Writings of Andrew Lang.* The printed list enumerated four hundred and ninety-five titles, embracing six hundred and fifty-eight volumes; a written list since then brings the total up to over eight hundred volumes of a 'Lang Library.' In 1901 the British Museum Reading-Room Catalogue had ten pages occupied with his works, there being over one hundred and sixty entries. There are bibliographies more or less complete in *Literature* for 1902 and in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for 1904 by Mr W. L. Courtney. Lang has edited or written Introductions to the works of Scott, Dickens, Burns, Lamb, Poe, and other authors. He has written a monograph on Scott, and a memoir of J. G. Lockhart, which was noticed in *Chambers's* for 1896. As one of his critics has said, he has been interested in golf and Homer, in cricket and mythology; has brought the patience and acumen of a literary detective to the study of Mary Stuart and various historical mysteries; and has written of folklore as it shows 'the origins of life and civilisation; all the curious circulation of early stories; the meaning of ancient religious formulæ and practice; the slowly acquired apparatus of thought by which men lift themselves from an animal existence into a mental life; and the beginnings of the alphabet.' And at sixty he has chosen to grapple with the problem of a History of his own country!

A suggestion which he once made for the Border country was carried out elsewhere for the Bodleian Library, at Golspie. This was to encourage children to write out their little stories of games, rhymes, legends, and tales. Legend was the culture of the people before newspapers began, and we know, he remarks, what we owe to Scott, Leyden, and Hogg in this direction. The Border country is not yet worked out as a field of tradition. With the fear of the inspector before his eyes, the schoolmaster can do little to encourage such a proposal. Yet maybe Andrew Lang, when listening to such stories from unlettered school companions, was receiving a valuable part of his literary education, which has been going on ever since.

THE AUTOCRAT.

By MAYNE LINDSAY, Author of *The Whirligig*, &c.

CHAPTER XV.

A TWIST of the sandy alley between storehouses brought them to the lip of the sea, the foreshore that backed the enclosure, and from which the wall beside the nullah ran back to roofs. A crazy wooden stage, rotten, like so many things in the state of Kerisal, jutted out on piles into the water, and a forlorn company was herded between armed natives upon it. The pony tripped delicately over the sand, and Rex recognised the remnant of the Legion, and a couple of draggled Europeans who had been disgorged by the town. Most of them were blood-stained, and some severely wounded; the rippling, placid water, shot with mother-of-pearl in the early light, accentuated their dejection.

The shipping in the harbour, scared by the night's work, had scattered seawards, where some of the sails could be seen vanishing to the horizon. The only craft that remained were a few deserted fishing-boats, tide-bound, and the *Star of the East*, which was lying a quarter of a mile away, with steam up and the gig under her counter.

The prince lifted Rex off the saddle, and steadied him on his feet. Some fishermen, pressed into service, were poling a flat-bottomed boat alongside the stage. When it was made fast, the Kerisalis began to drive their prisoners into it.

Rex looked at the *Star*, and his brain began to clear. Was Fernandez, too, among the insurgents? It was not until later that he grasped Spencer's position: at the moment he believed him dead with the king. The fat man and his Portuguese had remained helpless through the massacre, too apprehensive of the disaffection of their crew to put off to the shore in the darkness, barred from steaming in at daybreak by the turn of the tide, a prey to a thousand anxieties. Spencer, to do him justice, had hung long, in a heroic perspiration, at the water-side, until he could no longer hold hope of the king's escape. He had escaped with a whole skin, but not easily, the water round the gig spattered with bullets, eyes and ears straining to the havoc left behind him.

The refugees huddled into the boat. The first arrow-like rays of the sun followed them, flashing into their eyes, searching out the exhaustion in their faces. Rex, his head hanging, his shoulders rounded, was moving after them, when the prince caught his arm again and held him back. He turned him slowly, and they stood before each other, the elder man full of a masterful virility, the younger oppressed by the intricacy of the meshes into which his feet, straying so far from the placid paths of home, had been entangled.

'We shall not meet any more,' Ahmed Madrali said, boring into him with his magnetic eyes. 'Our ways part—now.'

Rex glanced aside at the smoking ruins behind the barrack.

'The price will have to be paid,' he said. Then the *Star* drew his gaze—the little *Star*, which knew all the secret dealings with the warships.

'We have chosen,' the prince said. His gaze, too,

wandered to the sea, and returned with a gleam of triumph looking through its gravity.

'Spencer is there, but do you think we shall wait for him to bring his—friends' (his contempt pierced the words) 'to punish us? My witness is Allah that if I could have prevented this I would have done it; but the spirit of Kerisal, that waits and forbears but does not change, has been stronger than I. Perhaps it is just; certainly these men outraged it, and it has requited them. If it could have been done without bloodshed I would have been glad of it; but you see it was not to be. This is Asia; and our life is a lesser thing than our honour.'

He paused, and he took the young man's hands in his, and dropped them again.

'When *they* come,' he said, and his gesture went to the sea, 'we shall be far on the road to the forest. We came from it, and we go to it, because the greed of these white men gives us no security outside it. They will destroy Akasa, perhaps—it is likely; but they will be crushing an empty shell. I lead the rearguard away when I leave you; the last of the townsfolk, my own men, whom you saw last night, and who have already watched the rest turn their backs upon their homes. They will not dare to follow us into the jungle, the white robbers; and if they do, the swamps and the fever will fight better for us than their machine-guns for them.'

'That is going back to savagery,' Rex said—'to barbarism!' He dragged the word out, searching the prince's face.

The man's genius rose to its height before him. It staggered him to forecast the retrogression to which this leader of a people, equal, and more than equal, for all his yellow skin, to the best men the West could show, was condemning his splendid personality. A guerilla, a fugitive among swamps and jungles! Yet the choice was made. Better the harsh freedom of the forest, to the Kerisali prince and the folk who followed him, than the alternative that Spencer and the king had prepared for them. And if they died, life, as Ahmed Madrali had said, was a lesser thing than honour.

The shuffle of feet in the sand broke upon them. It was bearers carrying the wounded Buck through the alleys to the landing-stage. The sun was well above the horizon now; it was beginning to beat fiercely on to the sea.

'Barbarism, if it pleases you to think it that,' the prince said. 'Liberty, to us. You will take your liberty too, and return to your own place. If you can persuade those great people, over there in England, sometimes to remember us a little. . . . Well! I shall not forget you, kinsman; and I carry your trust in me, and your courage, henceforward in my heart.'

He drew back, with his Oriental salute. They were laying the soldier into the boat, and as they put him down he groaned, and Rex, forgetting his own weakness at the sight of some one weaker, stepped aside to him. This time Ahmed Madrali did not pause; he came forward instead, and helped him to embark. He gave an order in the native tongue as the young fellow bent over the wounded man. Rex started and raised his head, and found that the boat was moving, and that his Kerisali kinsman, with the firm advance of a man who clasps his purpose, was retracing his steps from the shore.

He had said no formal good-bye; and a pang pierced him as the byways engulfed the lithe figure. To have a mission, and so to accomplish it, was to live in the Golden Age. He too had his ideals, and he was returning to them; he had his English love, a professional career, not too strenuously ambitious, to look forward to; but for a moment his whole soul went out to the desperate exile in the forest. This was madness, of course; he had been bred to peace and order and uneventfulness in England, where national suicide was inconceivable. The shock of his father's end still hung painfully over him; he was giddy; he was appalled by his encounter with tragedy. It would take many months before he could close his eyes without seeing the violated garden, the wrecked, charred bungalows. He was going home to Olive; to stand upon his own feet, and work until he made a place for her. Therein lay his escape from tragic memories and vain regrets.

The boat laboured out, and the *Star* began to loom large at them. Heads became visible; Spencer—ah, Spencer had escaped, then!—Fernandez, the nose of the machine-gun ready to repel attack. The ex-minister had field-glasses to his eyes; his elbows were squared on the bulwarks, and presently they drew near enough to see his greasy jowl, the plump hands holding up the glasses. The concentration of his stare attracted Rex's attention; in spite of the possibilities the boat-load might be bringing, it was not at them that he was looking. Rex turned, and saw what he saw.

The sea had bitten the core out of the desert strip, and was licking at the rising ground by the nullah. There was no longer a burnt, barren stretch between Akasa and the dike; there was no dike, no dance of heat-haze over the inner sweep of cultivation. So far as the eye could see, where the Dutchman's wall had sheltered the crops, and far inland across them, was a waste of waters. The sea had done its work; it would take years of reclamation, millions of money, to pen it back behind a new barrier. There were no rice-fields for Kerisal, but there was no coal for the great Power: the two essentials lay submerged together, out of reach alike of greed and of necessity.

Rex gazed until his eye ached at the heaving water. It seemed illimitable. Perhaps it touched the edge of the forest, creeping in and out of new-made lagoons; there were less likely things, from what he had seen of the country. What was certain, and matter for tense reflection, was that the seaboard strip of Kerisal was gone, and in its place a great expanse of shallows rippled, with not

even an eddy to show where dike or rice-fields had been.

He looked out to sea. A trail of smoke, still a very long way off, was beginning to show; while he looked he saw the first fleck of another—the *Golden Eagle* and her friends, the vultures, winging in for the feast. Well, they would have to go elsewhere for their coveted coaling-base; to-day they were to go away empty, with all their schemes awry. He was English, and, by reaction, never more so than now; he exulted at the spectacle of their defeat.

The sun was overpowering. Buck moaned for water. Rex had none to give him, but he saw, thankfully, that they were close under the *Star*. The little vessel was ready for sea. . . . The open sea. The faint breath of the tropics pursued them; it clung in his nostrils, reminding him of things that were better forgotten, and the strangeness of his adventure into an alien existence. He would leave it behind him soon; not far in the future he could see home, and Olive, and work, and all the order of the life which a man lying silent below a blood-red shrub had, in his heart of hearts, so earnestly desired for him.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF NORTH BORNEO.

By A. CAVENDISH.

IT is not necessary, for the purposes of this article, to enter into any long preliminary dissertation on the status of North Borneo from a political, economic, or other standpoint. Let it suffice to mention that the territory is a British Protectorate under the administration of one of the few remaining chartered companies. For the rest, let us accept that distant tropical island as the 'man in the street' is willing to accept it—merely as 'Borneo, where the head-hunters come from.'

Moreover, it is not to be supposed that head-hunters are the sole inhabitants of the country. A new arrival who landed a few years ago at the principal port, armed to the teeth with two loaded revolvers and a large bowie-knife, and ready to fight for his head at any moment, was disarmed by a courteous Customs official, and directed to a comfortable hotel, from the veranda of which he was able to see English ladies amusing themselves at lawn-tennis and European children taking their afternoon airing under the charge of their Chinese nurses. It probably would not have conduced to the greenhorn's peace of mind had he known that the dapper little Dyak policeman doing street duty in the road below, with no more deadly weapon than a truncheon, cherished lovingly in his box at the barracks a long, keen knife, whose handle bore a little row of notches. It was merely a valued relic of the policeman's younger days before he left his far-away jungle village to enlist in the white man's service; but each notch could have told its tale of the swift and deadly blow that added yet one more to the number of jungle tragedies and one more to the grim line of trophies hanging in the village long-house.

Head-hunting, as a tribal custom, is rapidly dying out as the 'sphere of influence' of the Government slowly but steadily extends farther and farther into the interior. As each tribe comes into contact with the British political officers, picked men who have spent years dwelling alone in distant jungle stations, often carrying their lives in their hands, sometimes even sacrificing them, but always watching and studying the wild folk among whom their lot is cast, village by village, chief by chief, 'come in' and acknowledge the sway of the white man's rule.

The principal reasons for which heads are taken may be summed up into a few words: firstly, as a sign of valour and token of manhood; and, secondly, as a ready method of keeping the score in a blood-feud. Some of my readers may be surprised that I stop short at two reasons, for it is a common belief in England that the wild Dyak of Borneo is in the habit of prowling around with a large knife like the lion of Scripture, 'seeking whom he may devour,' and also that he collects heads in much the same way as his white brother collects postage-stamps or butterflies. This, however, is far from being the case, and the native of the far interior is in reality a very mild savage, whose principal vice is the habit of becoming extremely intoxicated on a fermented drink which he makes from a far too large portion of his rice-crop.

We will briefly analyse the first of the two reasons given above for which the young 'buck' sallies forth on a head-hunt. Undoubtedly in days gone by the possession of a head implied that the owner, or rather the new owner, had successfully met and conquered an enemy. The young brave swaggered home with his newly acquired trophy, feeling that he had at last donned the *toga virilis* and was entitled to marry a wife and join in the councils of the men. Festivities were held, large quantities of *tapai* (rice-wine) were consumed, and the hero of the hour, having taken possession of a room in the 'married' portion of the long-house that shelters the whole of a Dyak village, and found a damsel to share it, would proceed to hang up his head as proudly as his English brother hangs up his first sporting trophy.

Times have deteriorated since these good old days, and to find the reason *il faut chercher la femme*. The young matron whose husband had three heads

hanging before his room would sneer at the woman whose spouse could boast but two, and the latter was probably nagged at and badgered (for women are alike the world over) till he went out and procured another. And so by slow degrees the first question asked by a prospective father-in-law of a suitor for his daughter's hand came to be, not 'How much brassware have you?' but 'How many heads have you?' and no self-respecting girl would look at a man who could not boast his two or three. Well knowing this, the ardent lover would take good care to provide himself with the necessary number. As time went on successive generations became less particular as to the way the heads were procured, till at the present day a head is merely a head, no matter what the age or sex of the original owner! *Verb. sap.*

To pass on from this somewhat gruesome theme. Were some of our political officers in Borneo to write the histories of all the blood-feuds with which they have dealt they would fill many and large volumes, for never a tribe but has its two or three. Some of these are of fairly modern origin, and their story, as told over the camp-fire at night by the 'old man' of the tribe, takes but a few minutes to relate, every head lost or gained being carefully ticked off on the fingers, the teller being conscious of a score of younger men squatting round, each of whom would consider the omission of his share in the matter as a personal insult. Others again are of such long standing that their origin is lost in the mists of time, and no man of Telocusan can tell why his village is at feud with the people of Panawan.

Various causes contribute to give rise to these blood-feuds. Perhaps during a cattle-reiving expedition by the young bloods of village A., a man of village B. will be killed and his head taken to adorn the long-house at A. The villagers of B., biding their time (for these are jungle-folk, and not courageous), will take a party of A. people at a disadvantage, and the roof-beam of the long-house of B. has a heavier weight to carry. Then a blood-feud is declared, and it becomes the bounden duty of every B. *man* (note the italics) to collect the head of every A. *person* that he can manage to fall upon without much risk to himself; and *vice versâ*. Each village keeps count of its score by the simple expedient of hanging up the tangible evidence of every point in the ghastly contest so as to be constantly before its eyes.

And so the game goes on from year to year, and the row of skulls in each village grows longer and longer till there comes a day when the political officer, having felt his way for months, quietly suggests to the chief of A. that it might be an advantage to settle matters and make friends with B. The chief laughs at the idea; but all the same it sinks in, and the old man finds himself thinking how good it would be to be able to trade and search for gutta and rotan in the rich country round his rival's village. No more is said; but the white man finds himself shortly in village B., and the process is repeated. The next step is a meeting between the two tribes, a step only gained by almost superhuman patience and tireless diplomacy on the part of the political officer. First A. will turn up in full force; but the omens are bad for B., and the meeting falls through. Next time it is B. who comes up to the scratch, and A. finds an objection. Finally, after lengthy negotiations they meet, both sides fully armed and equally suspicious, and the white man, sitting cool and collected, opens the palaver.

First the score is counted up on both sides, and his heart sinks as he hears that there is a difference of opinion. A. claims that B. owes three heads; B. admits only two. Voices are raised, and the 'political' anxiously watches the shades of expression playing like ripples on water over the faces of the men. He detects little signs of feeling invisible to the eye of the inexperienced onlooker, and keeps the peace with a joke here, a proverb there, and rarely, very rarely, with a few words of stern rebuke. At last the score is settled: B. owes A. two heads, and A. will be content to square matters with two slaves. It is explained gently that the Government (in Malay *parentah*, an expressive word) will not countenance the barter of slaves, and the suggestion that the value of the heads should be paid over in buffaloes, gongs, or cloth is received somewhat dubiously by both sides. Now the weakness of the Oriental for a bargain asserts itself, and more heated argument ensues; finally the price is settled, and all that remains is to formally seal the contract. A buffalo is killed, a stone planted by each tribe, and the blood of the beast poured over the stones, fearsome oaths being sworn the while. The ceremony over, the beast is cooked, *tapai* is produced, and the tired 'political,' leaving the newly made friends to make merry together, goes off to his hut conscious of a day's work done, and with the prospect of a good dinner before him; for was not his orderly very prominent at the killing, hovering round to get a tender joint for his master, and incidentally for himself? And good buffalo-meat is not to be despised in the jungle, as a rare change from the everlasting native fowl.

It may not be out of place to mention here that at a recent settling of a blood-feud, the compensation for two heads, paid in brassware and cloth, amounted, according to the valuation of a coast native who was present, to the sum of thirty dollars, or three pounds. In other words, the value of a human life in that part of Borneo was estimated at exactly thirty shillings!

Thus are feuds settled, and the day is not far distant when head-hunting in Borneo will be a thing of the past. Even now, under the civilising influence of one white man in their midst, tribes are burying their heads who in recent years hailed with a week's festivities each addition to their collection; and the 'political' notes with quiet pride that the roof-beams of houses long accustomed to bear their ghastly fruit are bared, anyhow temporarily, at his coming.

An incident, amusing, although with its serious side, occurred recently when one of these political officers, into whose life-work we have been taking a glimpse, was down at the coast on a short holiday. He was relating at the dinner-table the story of two prisoners who had escaped from the primitive lock-up of his jungle station. They were two Chinese coolies who had absconded from a neighbouring tobacco-estate, and the 'political' had lost sight of them. 'But,' said he, 'I have sent out my Dyaks [police] and offered a reward of five dollars a head for the two.' Now it happened that there was at the table a globe-trotter, saying little but keeping his ears open, and gathering material for his book on Borneo, the said book to be written, apparently, from his experience of the country as seen from the deck of a coasting-steamer; but this is beside the point. A fortnight later a newspaper in one of the great cities of the East contained a long article, the writer of which waxed eloquent and righteously indignant at the brutal callousness of the British officer who let loose his savage head-hunters to track to a cruel death two harmless Chinamen, paying as a reward for each gory head the sum of five dollars. Then the writer's imagination broke loose, and there followed a far from pretty description of the return of the head-hunters, bringing the proofs of their success to the officer's house, and receiving praise and dollars. As a matter of fact, a week before the article appeared in print, the 'savage head-hunters,' neatly dressed in khaki uniforms and saluting smartly, had returned to the officer's bungalow bringing the Chinamen's heads, and receiving praise and dollars. Unfortunately for the truth of the globe-trotter's story, the bodies of the Chinamen were still attached to their heads, and the savage head-hunters held each his prisoner firmly by the pigtail. The Chinamen, having been duly tried and punished, were sent back to the estate to complete their contracts, and in all probability are still planting tobacco, sadder and wiser men.

WITH COLERIDGE AT SAMUEL ROGERS'.

A LITERARY SYMPOSIUM.

Edited by ROBERT M'CLURE.

'TALKING of Interviews,' said Van Winkle, the veteran correspondent of the *Daily Autophone*, 'if you young fellows would care to hear something worth listening to about the literary and artistic "lions" of the Victorian era, I could tell you of my famous visit to Sam Rogers the banker-poet.'

'Hear! hear!' said young Chesterfield of the *New Century*. 'I heartily second the motion. The Ayes have it.'

'Whilst on a visit to some friends in London, I spent a day with COLERIDGE, who then resided with a Mr Gilman at Highgate. On that day the poet received a note from Mr Rogers the banker, inviting him to breakfast in St James's Place on the following morning.

'Coleridge, knowing that it would gratify me, very kindly asked me to accompany him, saying that he could take the liberty of introducing a friend; and I agreed to go.

'On the following morning Coleridge called for me (for a wonder) at the time he had appointed, and we proceeded together in a hack-carriage to St James's Place. ROGERS himself received us; and, as none of the other invited guests had yet arrived, I had a favourable opportunity of observing the venerable poet.

'I had anticipated seeing what is termed a plain face, but I had not pictured to myself one so unpoetical as Rogers'. Byron's lines on it, ill-natured and uncalled for as they were, were *pictorially* true to nature. Shortly afterwards was published, in the *Illustrated London News*, I think, a sketch of him, taken at the National Gallery, in the act of examining a painting.

'That likeness was correct in every respect. The sunken eye, shrivelled nose, toothless jaws, and retracted lips are to the life. But though time had been busy with the poet's mortal part, he had not interfered with the jewel it contained.

'The poet was of middle stature and unbowed by age, but as "brisk as a bee." Nothing on earth is more delightful, I think, than a cheerful, intelligent old man. And such was Samuel Rogers. His conversation was lively and piquant, but did not exhibit any of those sallies of wit so often attributed to him in the newspapers of the day, under the head of "Sam Rogers' last." Rogers received me very kindly, *without* an introduction, for Coleridge, with his usual absence of mind, neglected to present me, until Mr Rogers looked very hard at me and I reminded Coleridge he had a companion.

'What a magnificent room was that library of Rogers'! On its walls were paintings or sketches by Raphael, by Rubens, by Titian, by Gainsborough, by Rembrandt, and by Reynolds, all in gorgeous frames. Portfolios of the choicest and rarest prints, water-colour drawings by every artist of celebrity of past and present times, rare articles of vertu which would have thrown the proprietor of Strawberry Hill into a very flutter of excitement. Busts, some brown with age and others in all the brilliant modern whiteness of Carrara marble; examples of Canova and Thorwaldsen; costly gems and priceless intaglios; books, curious in their old *oaken boards* with ancient silver clasps; and venerable letters, manuscripts so precious from time that they were

enshrined in crystal cases. One curiosity was a large piece of amber in which was visible a fly enclosed, perfect and unmutilated. Sydney Smith once took it up and said, "Perhaps it buzzed in Adam's ear." On a pedestal was a bust of Pope (by Roubillac, I think), and there were vases of exquisite form and workmanship, relics from Pompeii and far-away India, all so tastefully disposed that no one object so obtruded itself as to detract from the apparent value or impression produced by another.

'But there were two objects in the room which, more than any others, engrossed my attention. These articles were simply two small pieces of paper in gold frames. One represented the enormous wealth of its possessor, and the other indicated his keen appreciation of the value of Mind. The first was a Bank of England note for *one million pounds* sterling, and the other the original receipt of John Milton for *five pounds* (the sum he received from Simmonds the bookseller for the copyright of *Paradise Lost*). The bank-note was one of only four which were ever struck from a plate (afterwards destroyed). The Rothschilds had one, Mr Coutts the banker another, the Bank of England the third, and, as we have seen, Rogers decorated his parlour with the remaining one. There it hung, within any one's reach, a fortune, but of value to none except the owner.

'With a far different class of feeling I gazed upon the handwriting of "The blind seer of the Barbican." Yes, that very paper had been touched by Milton! His own hand had traced these almost illegible characters! Milton's calamity may be justly viewed as a providential infliction, for out of the darkness came forth a light, the immortal epic *Paradise Lost*. He

> Rode sublime on the seraph wings of Ecstasy,
> The secret of the abyss to espy.

'One after another the breakfasting-party dropped in. I knew most of them by sight and all by repute. LEIGH HUNT was amongst the earliest arrivals. He was about the average height, and looked somewhat older than I should have supposed; but anxiety and adversity had done their work on his frame. Unlike Rogers', his life had been one of privation and endurance. There was a slight stoop of his shoulders—that bend which is almost a characteristic of studious men—and his dress was ill-fitted and hung ungracefully about a spare and somewhat attenuated figure. So much for the author of *Rimini*, who, as soon as he had greeted the host, strolled towards the bookshelves.

'There is a quick footfall, or rather a series of them, on the stairs—and THEODORE HOOK enters. Hook at this time was beginning to "break," as it was called. He was not so elastic in his movements as he had been even about a year before, when I had met him at one of the Literary Fund dinners. At that time he was editing the *John Bull*, and occasionally contributed to some of the magazines. The work of the paper was by no means heavy; but his time was so taken up in visiting his noble friends and admirers that he too often neglected the necessary work of the journal until the latter end of the week, when he was compelled to write with railway speed, and often carelessly, to the great peril of his brilliant reputation. It was no uncommon thing at this time for Hook to leave a pleasant party at the house of one of his patrons far in the country on Friday evening, post rapidly some score of miles to London, write off his articles in the *John Bull* office during the night, and return to the house of his host by breakfast-time the next morning. During all this period of hard work—for his necessities compelled his pen to be incessantly going—he appeared the same dashing, light-hearted, care-for-naught, reckless man of the world as ever. Scarcely a day passed without his appearing in some party as its most attractive star, and certain circles were deemed incomplete unless they were graced by his fascinating presence. Perhaps there never existed a more general favourite in a certain class of society than Theodore Hook. He was always delightful and never coarse. His wit played around and lighted up every subject which engaged his attention, and so varied were his acquirements that he seemed the very "Admirable Crichton" of his day.

'A good deal has been said of Hook's power of extemporaneous song-making. It was indeed wonderful. I was once present at a party which included Hook. There were upwards of fifty present, all of them connected with literature; it was at the house of a gentleman at Brompton who was then the editor of one of the leading weekly critical journals. Late in the evening, after the bottle had circulated pretty freely, toasts and songs were the order of the night, and Theodore was called upon to contribute his quota to the evening's amusement. He rattled off an extemporaneous song, the third line of each stanza ending with the name of some individual of the party; in the fourth line he brought in a rhyme to the name, and often so unexpectedly ludicrous were the allusions made that each sally was received with bursts of obstreperous mirth. There was not a single person in the room who escaped his running fire; the very servants were included, and trifling incidents which occurred during the singing of the song were seized hold of and turned to account. It certainly was a wonderful effort of genius, for in many of the verses great poetic power was exhibited. Some one has said that had Hook's productions of this kind only been committed to paper just as they fell from his lips, and published without alteration, they would have exceeded in quantity and quality his published works, and secured to him a brilliant reputation. Thus, however, was much of his genius frittered away.

'Disraeli in his novel *Coningsby* has admirably hit off the character of Hook, under the assumed name of Lucian Gay, and to that work I would refer any one who may be anxious to learn more of the author of *Jack Brag*.

'Poor Hook! Not many years after the time to which I am specially referring, while the world was yet ringing with his praises, he lay hopelessly on a sick-bed, with poverty staring him in the face. To the last degree careless about money matters, he had of course made no provision for the evil day; and, as is generally the case, his butterfly-friends, who had enjoyed his society while it was worth having, left the dying wit to pass alone through the weary hours of sickness.

'CROFTON CROKER, author of the *Fairy Legends of Ireland*, came into the room arm-in-arm with WILLIAM JERDAN, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*. Croker and Jerdan presented a striking contrast, the fairy chronicler being little of stature—some four feet nothing—and Jerdan standing over six feet in his stockings. Little Croker had a shining bald head, a round, good-humoured face; and Jerdan a physiognomy of hard Scotch character, that looked as if "it had been washed in vinegar and rubbed dry with a nutmeg grater." The rich brogue of the Irishman and the broad twang of the Scotchman were conspicuous enough; but the faces of these gentlemen were hardly indices of their respective dispositions, for it was well known that Croker was by no means indulgent to others; whereas Jerdan was a merciful critic, a kind-hearted man, and a fosterer of struggling men of genius, such as, for instance, THOMAS MILLER the basket-maker.

'And there was Miller amongst the guests. He had just then made a sensation in London, and was one among the lions of the day. His history, which I had from his own lips at a subsequent interview, was somewhat singular.

'I had read with great interest a work entitled *A Day in the Woods*, by Thomas Miller, basket-maker, and felt not a little delighted with his vivid and graphic descriptions of rural and forest scenery. Nothing so natural and fresh had appeared in our literature. Even Bloomfield failed to convey so happy an idea of country life as Miller. One morning I inquired his address, and determined to call on him, trusting to the frankness and amiability which pervaded every page of his book for his excuse of my introducing myself to him. I had a long walk down St George's Road, Southwark, on a dismal, drizzling November day; and that was no joke, as any one familiar with a foggy day in London at that time of the year can testify. After much inquiry, I found out Elliot's Row; and when I had ascertained the group of houses in one of which the poet resided, I had great difficulty in finding out the exact dwelling.

'At length, on inquiring at a humble but neat-looking domicile, I was told by a nice little girl that her father (the poet) resided there. I entered, asked to see him, and presently he came downstairs. I introduced myself, told him I had read his works, which had delighted me by their truthfulness, and much desired to see him before I left town. He very kindly shook me by the hand, and after some agreeable chat we made an appointment to dine with each other at a chop-house in the Strand the next day. He was born on the borders of Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood and his merry men flourished in times of old. From childhood (he was now about twenty-six) he had loved to wander in the green woods and lanes, and unconsciously his poetic sensibilities were thus fostered. His station in life was very humble, and at an early age he learnt basket-making, by which he earned a bare subsistence. He married early, and the increasing wants of a family led him to try the experiment of publishing some poems and sketches, but owing to lack of patronage no benefit resulted to him.

'He at last determined to go to London—that fancied paradise of young authors, that great reservoir of talent—too often the grave of genius. Hither he went, leaving for the present his family behind, and alighting from the stage-coach, found himself in the Strand with just seven shillings and sixpence in his pocket. He soon made the melancholy discovery that a stranger in London, however great may be his talents, stands but a poor chance of getting on without the assistance of some helping hand; so, to keep body and soul together, he set to work making baskets. In this occupation he continued some time, occasionally sending little contributions to the periodicals. At length Fortune smiled on her patient lover. One day he was surprised by a visit from Mr W. H. Harrison, editor of the *Friendship's Offering*, one of the annuals. That gentleman had seen one or two pieces of Miller's and been struck with their originality. He found him out after much difficulty, and asked him to write a poem for the forthcoming volume of the *Offering*.

'Miller told me that he was then so poor that he had not pen, ink, or paper; so he got some whity-brown paper in which sugar had been wrapped, mixed up some soot with water for his ink, found an old quill, and then sat down, the back of a bellows serving for a desk, and wrote his lines on "An Old Fountain." These beautiful verses being completed, he sealed his letter with some moistened bread for a wafer, and sent them, with many hopes and fears, to the editor. They were immediately accepted, and Mr Harrison forwarded the poet two guineas for them. "I never had been so rich before," said the basket-maker to me. "I fancied some one would hear of my fortune, and try to rob me of it; so at night I barred the door and went to bed, but, from delight and fear, did not sleep all that night." Miller still, to his honour, continued the certain occupation of basket-making, but he was noticed by many, including Lady Blessington, who sent for him, recommended his book, and did him substantial service. "Often," said Miller to me, "have I been sitting in the morning in Lady Blessington's splendid drawing-room, talking and laughing as familiarly as in the old house at home, and on the same evening I might have been seen standing on Westminster Bridge between an

apple-vender and a baked-potato man, vending my baskets."

'Miller now tried his hand at a novel, *Royston Gower*, which succeeded well; and then another, *Fair Rosamond*. He read diligently at the British Museum, and was perseveringly industrious. Jerdan took him in hand, and he contributed a good deal to the *Literary Gazette*. Next to William and Mary Howitt, Miller was the best writer on rural subjects in England. He afterwards became a publisher in Newgate Street.

'But to return to Rogers and his breakfast. Among the guests was a gentleman who created a new school of literature by making the *Newgate Calendar* his text-book; for HARRISON AINSWORTH seems to have taken especial delight in dishing up for his readers chronicles of crime and records of rascality.

'AINSWORTH and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, appropriately enough, entered the room together. I say appropriately enough because at that time they were so intimately associated with each other as author and artist. Ainsworth was strikingly handsome—his profile was well cut, and the upper-lip had much of that regular curve which we see in some of the Byron portraits. His eye was very dark and piercing, rather than brilliant. It was evident that he took great pains with his hair, which was of jet black, and fell in little ringlets, not altogether natural, I suspect, down his neck. His dress was in the very height of fashion—so much so as to appear somewhat foppish—and he sported an abundance of trinkets. Ainsworth's manners were by no means easy, and formed quite a contrast to those of Hook, which were marked with peculiar grace.

'Who has not heard of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK—the humorous, ever-toiling, indefatigable George? A sketch of this inimitable caricaturist appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, where he was represented seated on a cask and sketching on a piece of paper placed on the crown of his hat. It was much like him; but as many of my hearers may not have seen the drawing, I will try to describe him as he appeared that morning at Rogers'.

'Cruikshank was tall and rather lanky in person; his head was well shaped, and his face was very expressive, but pale and thin. His gray eyes were piercing and ever moving, or when they did rest on any object, seemed at once to look *through* it. He had lightish-coloured hair, which he wore carefully combed back, so as to leave his right temple (which was high and well developed) exposed; also, enormous whiskers. He sported moustachios of a very peculiar cut, which gave to his visage a half-martial appearance. People would have supposed that he whose comic sketches had so often moved their risible muscles would have something of the humorous in his physiognomical aspect. Such was not the case—he looked more like a cynic than a comic illustrator.

'For years past he had illustrated the best comic works which had appeared; and not only had he surpassed all others in his own peculiar line, but he has shown that in serious and even tragic subjects he was a master of his art. In proof of this I need only refer to some of his illustrations in *Oliver Twist*, especially that striking one of Fagin in the condemned cell.

'Whilst I was looking at Cruikshank a gentleman of sombre mien entered the room. He was clad in a suit of plain black, and seemed diffident even to shyness. Nevertheless, there was a certain something attractive about him which engaged my attention, and made me anxious to know who he was.

'Observing Leigh Hunt with his elbow on the mantelpiece, I crossed the room and learnt from him that the gentleman who had so excited my curiosity was BRYAN WALLER PROCTER the poet, better know by his *nom de plume* of "Barry Cornwall."

'Procter was a member of the legal profession, and occupied chambers in one of the Inns of Court, where he practised in the unpoetical vocation of a conveyancer. Hunt kindly introduced me to him, and I was as much charmed with his urbanity and affability as I had previously been with his poetry. He told me that he was a "stay-at-home" man, and asked me to call on him at his chambers; an invitation which I accepted before I left London, and to which I may hereafter refer.

'THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY the celebrated reviewer (afterwards Lord Macaulay the historian) made one of the party. He was about the middle-age, with a countenance fully indicative of the great powers which were universally ascribed to him. I saw but little of him, for he joined a group who were turning over a portfolio of water-colour drawings, and unnoticed by me he left immediately after breakfast.

'There was a good sprinkling of painters present, for Rogers was a munificent patron of the Fine Arts. Unlike many who have wealth at their disposal, he possessed an exquisite taste—was, indeed, fastidious almost to a fault. When he resolved, a few years before this, on publishing a new edition of his poems, he determined on having them illustrated in a style which should be superior to anything of the kind which had ever appeared before. He therefore commissioned Turner, Corbould, Creswick, Stothard, and others to make a series of designs for the work. These celebrated painters sent in each a number of choice water-colour drawings; but so particular was Rogers that from twenty or thirty by an artist he would select perhaps but one, although, to do him justice, he paid liberally for the whole. Money was no object, and he was determined that his verses should go down to posterity associated with all that was beautiful and refined in art. This work, it was said, cost Rogers about fifteen thousand pounds. It still remains (to the lucky possessors of the original edition) a memento of his wealth, genius, and taste.

'One of the most distinguished painters present was SIR DAVID WILKIE. He was rather tall, and his face indicated his Scottish origin. There was the sedateness and shrewdness in his light-gray eye of the painter of the "Blind Fiddler." His dress was remarkably unpretending in its style, and he looked more like a substantial tradesman than a man of such fine and original genius. He had little to say, and in this respect was the opposite of CHANTREY the sculptor, who sat near him chatting familiarly with each and every one.

'ALLAN CUNNINGHAM accompanied Chantrey. You all know that "Honest Allan," as Sir Walter Scott called him, was Chantrey's assistant. He was a tall, stout Scot, and looked more like a bluff farmer fresh from the Cheviots than a poet. I never saw one more devoid of affectation than he. When I was first presented to him in Chantrey's studio he gripped my hand in his monstrous bony fist, and squeezed it till I thought it had got into a vice, but it was a grasp of the right earnest sort.

'Chantrey was often indebted to Cunningham for advice with respect to his statues, and the great sculptor freely acknowledged this; but Allan, with a fine generosity, would never admit it. Poor Cunningham! he did not long survive his friend and patron.

'"Who is that very thoughtful-looking personage talking with Serjeant Talfourd?" I asked of Thomas Miller.

'"That," he replied, "is SAMUEL WARREN, the author of the *Diary of a Late Physician*, which appeared in *Blackwood* some time since."

'Warren was anything but brilliant-looking; indeed he had that sort of face which may be called "heavy." Still, it was of a thoughtful cast, and the high and broad forehead indicated powers of a very supreme order. He seemed to be remarkably shy and retiring. Warren was the son of a Wesleyan minister of Manchester, who afterwards became a clergyman of the Church of England. He was originally intended for the medical profession, and studied in the hospitals, a circumstance which accounts for his intimate knowledge of professional matters which is evinced in his *Diary*. It is a curious circumstance connected with these papers that they were offered to and successively rejected by the editors of nearly all the leading magazines, and in consequence thrown aside by Warren as useless. A friend, however, persuaded him to offer them to the editor of *Blackwood;* and he sent them anonymously. They were accepted, and at once became popular. But it was not until many papers of the series had been before the public that the editor knew his correspondent.

'At this distance of time I cannot recall half of the noticeable people who thronged Rogers' *salons* that morning. There was a continual incoming and outgoing of men of mark.

'THEODORE HOOK and a group of laughing companions got together, as usual, in one of the anterooms, and the popping of champagne corks mingling with short and merry laughter proclaimed that the was in full fire. I longed to be near them to listen to some of the good things which were doubtless flying about; but Coleridge, who was somewhat feeble, was leaning on my arm, and I had no opportunity of leaving his side.

'Among the artists present were MARTIN, TURNER, ETTY, and MACLISE, and also a young artist named MÜLLER attracting some notice at this time. Martin was a little, commonplace-looking man, and would not seem to a casual observer to have an atom of poetry in his composition, and yet what magnificent designs he has produced! I was told he was in the habit of laying on his canvas *masses* of paint of different colours, and then producing from *chance* effects some of his wonderful pictures. I know not how true this might have been; but his paintings are far inferior in effect to the engravings from them which he himself executed.

'DANIEL MACLISE, another R.A., was a smart-looking fellow and seemed quite young. His face was handsome and his manners refined. He was strolling about the room with a stout, plain-looking man, the most poetical of our painters, J. M. W. TURNER. Perhaps I should say *had been* the most poetical; for I regret to add that latterly Turner's imagination had run riot. His later productions were, many of them, positive absurdities, and would not be tolerated if they had been the work of another hand.

'The party began to break up about twelve o'clock, and Mr Rogers invited several, Coleridge among the rest, to return to a late dinner; but, somewhat to my mortification, the "Ancient Mariner" declined, and so we departed; and long, very long, will the events of that morning be classed among *my* "pleasures of memory."'

LINES ON A SUNDIAL.

WITHIN a cloistered garden's hallowed ground,
I rest where dreams and fancies light abound,
And on me pencils Time the passing day,
From opening bloom till sunset sleeps away.

Full many have gazed upon me and have gone
Away in silence o'er the tesselled lawn,
And then have turned again with eye to eye,
And faces lit with Love's divinity.

But be they grave or be they bright or gay,
Yet each pass on and mark their jocund day,
But still I stand with finger pointing high,
Telling the fleeting hours to passers-by.

The white blown clouds are looming o'er the wood,
The sweet wind moaning in a sombre mood,
The shadows marking time and flying by
Quiet and quickly as the sunbeams die.

And you who linger here to read the time,
Think of the changing hours and days sublime,
The sun at dawn, the twilight gray and white,
The dreaming stars, the darkness, and the night.

WALTER SMITH.

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A GLASS OF MADEIRA.

By F. G. Aflalo.

THE experienced traveller respects a well-worn maxim that he should, where possible, drink the wine of the country, extending, in fact, to his potations, moderate or otherwise, the excellent principle of doing when in Rome as Rome does. Very insular Britons resent such excursions into the unknown, and prefer, when conning the wine-list at their hotel, to halt at the familiar landmarks, ordering the usual pint of French claret or German hock for lunch, the usual pint of goodness-knows-what champagne for dinner, and the usual glass of alcohol and mineral water between whiles. To this category belongs also the healthy and patriotic type of islander who, spending the inside of a month in an interesting foreign country, forthwith seeks out his compatriots and in their company passes his days at cricket and his nights at bridge.

The more seasoned wanderer, on the other hand, indulges in the hitherto untasted products of the country. Should his travels lead him to the ocean paradise called Madeira, the very name points out the clear way. If he takes a furnished *quinta*, he must consult a wine-merchant in his quest of a light and inexpensive madeira ready for table use; if, on the other hand, he entrusts his comfort to the Palace Hotel, the very first page of the wine-list gives him a round dozen for choice. He need go no farther; he need not seek out the Moët or Pommery; for the Pommard and Chambertin he will spare a friendly nod of recognition and no more; he will cold-shoulder the Liebfraumilch and Marcobrunner; the Lafite and Margaux he will, with the rest, leave for the fullness of his days at home. For the moment let him dally with the madeiras, most of them worth sampling, yet none, perhaps, inviting lifelong devotion to the exclusion of other wines. Other Portuguese, but not island, wines are given on a later page: Bucellas and Collares, excellent light table-wines for hot weather, mixing well with mineral waters, and making an admirable ground-work for 'hock-cup.' The madeiras proper range in price from eighteenpence to two lawyer's fees the bottle, and frankness compels the admission that there is one of them in whose company I would rather sit for half-an-hour and pay, than enjoy gratis a week of that of either my own lawyer or the Solicitor-General.

Other skies, other habits. Madeira never appealed to me at home. Like sherry, its place in the well-ordered life seemed as an adjunct to turtle-soup or to purées of humbler antecedents. To drink a couple of glasses between meals would, in hot weather or cold, have struck me as cold-blooded, wanton tippling. Never again shall I look askance at the man who welcomes a glass of madeira after a hot ride. Outside the island itself I know not whether even now such preference would appeal; but at the English rooms in Funchal, in a certain cool wine-cellar in the presence of venerable butts and octaves, and in a lovely *quinta*, its garden ablaze with flowers and aquiver with the bubbling music of rare captive birds, the juice of the local grape has many times attuned mind and body to a mood of perfect peace.

There is of course madeira and madeira. Memory recalls a glass of very thin brand, swallowed hastily (else it had never been swallowed at all) during a hot ride through Cama de Lobos, the centre of a busy wine district. Quaffed in the saddle on a sunny afternoon of May, it pleased despite its faint bouquet and meagre body. Memory recalls also a glass, several glasses, taken with more fitting deliberation in a cellar in Funchal, a '68 wine of beautiful character, a wine just two years older than the throat down which it trickled like a liquid poem. Madeira is not a wine to take quite seriously, like port. All these Atlantic archipelagoes produce wines with which to trifle soberly. Six or seven years ago, when staying at Orotava, in the Canaries, a friend and myself started at either end of a long list of native wines. These were without exception inexpensive; also, we took no more than a wine-glass of each, and tasted only such as were quoted in half-bottles. My friend climbed up, and I

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climbed down, until each had struck something to his taste and stubbornly refused to move farther, so that the middle dozen went untasted.

The hotel at Funchal does not offer so wide a range in madeiras. Half-a-dozen malmseys (one dated 1790, and a second the year of Waterloo), a couple of tintas, a sercial, and a bastardinho are among the most interesting, though not all will suit the same palate. The season of the vintage is August and September, a little earlier on the south side of the island, a little later in the shadier north, and the overladen vines are then relieved of their great bunches of red and white grapes, which are trodden in the press and crushed by the beam, the must, collected under the supervision of an employé of the exporter, going straight to the store in skins. These have to be borne thither on men's shoulders over steep and narrow mountain-tracks that allow of no other portage. Fortunately, the very stiffest of these goat-paths are outside the route of the wine-carriers, for the vine is no plant of the peaks, flourishing only to a reasonable height above sea-level, so that it clothes only the feet of the sublime Pico Ruivo, the summit of the island, Madeira's closest intimacy with the empyrean. Some of the finest vineyards are situated on the high ground west of Cama de Lobos, one of the most picturesque fishing-ports on the south coast; and both red and white grapes are used in making madeira, the only other native wines being a little muscatel and a rough red claret from the northern districts.

The age of fast steamers has not been without its influence on Madeira's wine industry. In olden times, when a sailing-ship took months to cover the distance between Falmouth and Funchal, the wine was shipped in a crude state, and the heat of the hold was, on so long a voyage, sufficient to bring it to maturity, though this system entailed a wastage of anything up to 10 per cent. Some of the finest wine cruised east to Calcutta or west to Jamaica before reaching the merchants in Leadenhall Street. To-day, however, when Union Castle steamers exchange the mud of Southampton for the crystal water of the Funchal anchorage in little more than three days, and when even cargo-steamers link the vine-clad island with the cold lands of the North in twice that time, the wine is brought to perfection in the land of its being, and shipped thence ready for use. The exporter, that is to say, keeps it in the wood for several years, heating it artificially during its early stages, clarifying, fortifying, and otherwise improving until in a fit state to despatch to its dwindling admirers abroad. Some of the cargo-boats take it *viâ* Lisbon; others voyage direct to the Baltic ports—for Russia, even in her time of stress, is among its warmest supporters. The bulk goes away in wood, in hogsheads or octaves, or even in smaller measure, but a few private orders may go in bottle. Having been laid down in wood for three or four years, it may be kept in bottle for as long as the term of its owner's patience, steadily improving in quality and not deteriorating like many wines of other character. Decanting should be done by one who knows how, and a uniform temperature should be ensured between bottle and decanter if the delicate liquor is not to suffer by the change of quarters. This is the day of the large shipper, and a couple of English firms, one established at Funchal so long ago as the time of the Forty-five, probably share about two-thirds of the entire export trade.

That this is what it was no one pretends. It has lasted at any rate for four centuries, and the vine, originally introduced from Crete, has in that period made itself thoroughly at home on the lower slopes of these volcanic hills. Yet a wine cannot lose its vogue in so wealthy a land as Britain without suffering, and the United Kingdom no longer counts seriously among its customers. Edinburgh, once a strong supporter, knows it no longer. Time was when a maiden aunt brought out a glass of rare madeira for her favourite nephew, and old sea-dogs who basked out the sunshine of their day in trim cottages on the Devon coast would keep a dozen bottles over from their last voyage and bring one out on state occasions for their cronies. To-day all this is changed, and champagne and port will soon be the only wines found in the average English country house. Here and there, however, a conservative tradition keeps madeira in its place of honour; and there is at any rate one hospitable mess where every evening the port and sherry go round the dinner-table untouched.

To essay any explanation of these changes of fashion is hopeless. The fault is not in the wine, for there is as good in cask to-day as ever went across the ocean. It is simply out of vogue. And since even in our cups we are sheep, it would quickly regain its popularity with us if only patronised by those whom lady-novelists love to describe as 'very august personages.' France, Denmark, Russia, and the United States are still good customers.

The report for 1904 by Mr Vicars, the British Consul, bears this out, and shows a considerable decrease in the export of wine from Madeira from the previous year. From one cause or another, he says, Madeira wine has gone completely out of fashion at home, partly, no doubt, by reason of the ever-increasing favour of lighter wines, but also in great measure for no other reason than that it is no longer a fashionable wine. He mentions a case of a private importer who invariably passed off his madeira as brown sherry, under which name it was exceedingly popular with his guests, who, he maintained, would not have touched it had the decanter been labelled madeira.

THE AUTOCRAT.

CHAPTER XVI. AND LAST.

'THE train is due now, mother.'

Mrs Millingham, who was making a pretence at turning the heel of a sock, looked anxiously at the time.

'Yes; they will be here very soon.' She laid her hands in her lap and gazed at her daughter. 'Olive! I think father is satisfied. I *know* he is; the first letters were too indefinite, and the later one from Singapore too strange, to allow us to decide. But—I can tell you now—when he went to Dover to meet Rex and go with him to London, he made me promise that if it were not to be, and he telegraphed to me, I would—would prepare you for his refusal. He could not have met your expectation, my dear, if he meant to stand against it. It has gone well; he has heard the story verbally, and he understands, and he—we—are going to throw no obstacles, dear child, in the way of your engagement.' The needles clicked feverishly for a moment. She spoke under her breath as her fingers moved. 'Yes, indeed, I liked the young man; I took to him at the outset for his manliness and his honesty; he will make her happy—yes.' Then aloud: 'Dear Rex reminded me so much of what your father was at his age. Something in his manner'——

Olive went restlessly from the fireside, where the logs were glowing and crackling with a briskness that made them doubly cheerful to the windows and the November outlook. There had been a hoar-frost, and now the sun was shining on it; the garden, dropping into its winter sleep, looked very orderly and peaceful. A thrush was foraging in and out through the shrubbery; he was perhaps the reprieved robber to whom liberty had descended out of the blue on a certain summer afternoon. Olive's mind turned very thirstily, very vividly, to her storehouse of memories. That day had its niche, its perfumed place, among her treasures. Then she wheeled and stood looking indoors instead, at her mother's gentle presence, the fire, the quiet English room with its unobtrusive, well-worn comfort, and she threw her head back with an odd gesture that, if it were not impatience, was certainly not the meekest filial submission.

'Of course father is satisfied,' she said; and at the catch in her voice Mrs Millingham glanced up, and glanced down again. Olive in earnest had an eager way, a proud little manner that assumed your confidence; there it was at the moment. 'Rex has come back to us, and he has come safely out of all manner of terrible dangers, and he has told us why he went through them. It will be very interesting to hear it all again by word of mouth; but we know by knowing *him* that he is just one person in a thousand, and true—oh! true as he can be, however antipathetic to us the father he was born to might have seemed. He is not a stranger; he is one of ourselves; he comes back to us because this is home, and because he has been in trouble, and we are going to make it up to him. And there—there is the carriage.'

She darted to the door, and was out at the porch in an instant. Wheels had ground frostily to the gate; they stopped, and in between the holly-hedges walked Rex Jenkins and the vicar.

Mr Millingham took his guest by the arm. Olive did not see very clearly what had happened, eyes being intent upon one face only, and heart too high for matter-of-fact perceptions; but when the dining-room door had opened and shut, she and Rex were alone on the inside of it, and her father and mother appeared to have withdrawn themselves, suddenly and without warning, from the conduct of affairs.

As a matter of fact, Mrs Millingham had given the boy a motherly kiss, and had plenty of time to see that he looked ill, and to reflect that port-wine and nourishing food must be called into requisition, and to notice the vicar's expression as all that it should be even after a long, cold railway journey, before her effacement. She began to comment upon these things all at once as she recovered breath in the depths of the study.

Mr Millingham took his pipe from the rack and sat down wearily, but with great contentment. He was an elderly gentleman, and it was wintry weather; and he had unravelled an awkward tangle, and slept in hotel beds, and now he was home and at peace again.

'Ill? Yes, he has been ill,' he said. 'He was set upon in a riot—so I dragged out of him; but he would talk less of himself than of the affairs of this unhappy Kerisal, which his father had neglected for so long. It is an open country no longer; it is submerged, and little left but a deserted town and the forest. The papers have a garbled account of the story, brought by a merchantman that tried to make Akasa roadstead recently and found itself navigating over what was dry land on the chart. But there is nothing to put an international aspect to the matter, and not a whisper of any hoisting of a foreign flag. I suppose it will never be known what happened after the gunboat left. Rex trusts that his prince, of whom he speaks so enthusiastically, will come out again some day to lead the people back, beyond what they were before, into a new civilisation.'

His wife looked at him with astonishment.

'You are telling me about the country! It is all very dreadful and extremely interesting, Edward; but now I am very anxious to hear about Rex, and the rest will keep, no doubt, until afterwards.'

The vicar smiled, rather sadly.

'Ay, and so I began about the place itself, did I? That is Rex's fault; he has suppressed the personal element to some purpose, you see. It matters less to us that thousands of poor people are homeless than that Olive has a bright future. Yes, we are too self-centred here; we are too happy; we have not the imagination that can reconstruct tragedies.'

Mrs Millingham sat patiently, touched by the reproof, visibly conscience-pricked.

'Eh, well!' he went on once more. 'That is in the hands of God, beyond our intervention or our understanding. Honestly, I confess I shall pray for the heathen with a better perception in the future, and that, I suppose, will be all I can do. Olive's affairs concern us here, don't they? I don't think we need repine over them, mother. The young man may be a bad man's son; but he is in himself a fine young honest fellow, and I cannot see that the strain of Asiatic blood has lowered his mind any more than it militates against his appearance, and you know *that* has always been in his favour.'

'Ah, I thought you would say that,' his wife responded. She brightened again. 'He is himself, which I think is very much as Olive put it. And —and the means, Edward?'

'The means are as before, you mercenary mother-bird. No fortune will arise to him from Kerisal; his connection with it is severed once and for all. He has, however, this capital laid by in the bank in London, to bring him in a few hundreds, and he sets to work to read for the Bar as soon as he gets through his convalescence. Aunt Jane will be useful—eh?—when he begins to practise; there's influence there, and she will see he is a creditable person for whom to employ it. We sha'n't lose Olive just yet, thank Heaven! But I've promised him he shall have her when his professional income gets into three figures.'

He rose and went to the table for his letters.

'It is a strange story: I never heard a stranger,' he mused. 'Rex has hopes that he may know some day who his mother's people were, or are. What *she* was, the son shows us; personally, I can let it rest at that.'

Olive, beyond a party-wall, had come to a similar conclusion far earlier. She had attained the summit of her hope; she and Rex had passed the thrill of meeting, the sheer delight of seeing, touching, hearing; they sat hand-in-hand before the fire, amply fed, for the time being, with their recovered happiness. Yet she looked gravely sideways at him. This was not quite the Rex who had left her; it was less of a boy and more of a man; a weightier person, if her thought was able to cast itself with any clearness. He had passed through crises, and they had left their mark on him; they had banked the current of his nature, and set it running more swiftly, more strongly, never to slide carelessly through green pleasaunces again. Also, he looked white and ill; and, woman-like, she fell first upon the obvious, physical transformation.

'You are as thin as a lath, you poor boy! You only hinted vaguely at fever and an accident; but it has pulled you down terribly. Look at your fingers—I can almost see through them.'

She had them in her own, and stroked them with a pitying touch. They shook a little. Rex had counted upon this, day and night, for weeks; and now it had come it mastered him, a reward too near and dear to sit quiet under. Still, he found a sane answer.

'Oh, I shall pick up in a day or two; I am wiry enough to stand a little rough handling. I think Buck will do, too, though it has been a very near shave for him. We left him in a London hospital; but they promise us he will be out in a week; and then he is to come here. He is going to valet me as soon as he is stronger. I suppose he will develop into the Jenkins family butler by-and-by. You'll like him, Olive. I hope the other fellows are doing well; they were left under the charge of their respective consuls at Singapore, and no doubt they will drift off to fresh hunting-grounds.'

'I should think you never want to see any more of them.'

'I? No, I won't say that. They had all something in them, and I believe they made a splendid fight, and did their duty like men. Oh no, if this has shown me anything, it has taught me that good things will crop up in the most unlikely places. Even Spencer'——

'Spencer!'

'Yes, my dear girl.' Rex was authoritative here, in spite of the traitorous fingers. 'I saw the best side of old Spencer on that return journey. He was awfully good to us when we came on board the *Star*, and, you know, he couldn't have been best pleased to get a ship-load of sick men. He waddled off to the Straits with us and dumped us down, and then he put out to sea again on his own business, and I doubt if we'll ever hear how he fared over it, or where the *Star* came to its final anchorage. He extracted something from the other signatories, no doubt, even if it were only hush-money; but he sailed past them with his invalids first, and left them to find out what had happened for themselves. Ah! and he was terribly grieved about—about my father. The night had aged him; he looked quite old in the morning.'

He stopped; and presently he turned, very quietly, to a nearer matter.

'My father, too, Olive—I don't want to speak of it again just yet; it is best left alone, I think—but —he died because he went back to save me. That is enough to say, surely.'

He drew her to him. With his arm about her, with her dearness gained and held, with the English hearth whispering its welcome to him, what he suffered was still, before the love of woman steadied itself in its sovereign place, the face of the King of Kerisal as he tossed an unused weapon from him and died—because he had not chosen to live—with his face to his people.

THE END.

THE DECREASE OF THE SWALLOW.

By Captain J. H. Baldwin.

THE swallow is perhaps, before all other birds, the greatest favourite with the British public. We delight to see it return to us each spring, for it tells us that the dreary days of winter are past and that summer is near at hand. Its graceful flight, twittering note, and social habits endear it to all. Moreover, the swallow is not only the most harmless of birds, but it is also among the most useful, destroying myriads of flying insects of all kinds, including many of those most injurious to the crops of the agriculturist. It is therefore as a matter of deep regret that we notice a steady falling off in the numbers of swallows coming to us in the spring, and this decrease has been most marked during the last few years—more especially in the south of England.

It is the habit of the common swallow and house-martin—the two most common species of the tribe—on arriving in Britain from the south of Europe, to make for some old resort under the eaves of a house, the dark corner of some old barn or cottage, sometimes even inside an outhouse or shed, and if left undisturbed they will year after year return to and reoccupy their old quarters in preference to seeking out a new spot for their nest.

The birds still come to us at the usual time of year, about the middle of April, but in lesser numbers as compared with times gone by. I am alluding more especially to the south of England, and to the county of Kent in particular; but from reports I have gathered from other parts of the kingdom, I fear that the same state of things prevails everywhere. In Kent and Sussex, our two great hop-growing counties, the matter is each year becoming more marked and serious, for we know that the swallow does immense good to hop-gardens by clearing off thousands of the destructive aphis fly, perhaps the greatest enemy the hop-grower has to contend against.

We notice throughout the county of Kent many old haunts of the swallow now left tenantless and deserted by the birds. We see fewer swallows and martins hawking after flies in the neighbourhood of rivers, ponds, canals, and other sheets of open water, till at length the matter has become so serious as to attract the attention of our Board of Agriculture, who in a leaflet published on the swallow express great regret at their decrease in recent years. In this leaflet two reasons are given for this sad state of things. First and foremost, we read that the unfortunate birds are caught and killed in large numbers, chiefly by means of nets, so I am informed, while making their migratory travels to and from southern Europe and Great Britain. No particular country is mentioned where this deplorable work is carried on, but we believe it to be chiefly in the south of France. Our leaflet tells us that the birds are caught and killed by our Continental neighbours 'for *food* and purposes of fashion,' and that foreign experts readily admit the above cruel practice to be in force at the present time.

We will first briefly consider the 'food' question. At first sight it seems almost ludicrous, if not impossible to believe, that a poor swallow could be treated as a bird for the table by our Continental friends; but unfortunately it is the truth, not only as regards swallows, so I believe, but as regards many other little birds; and I may mention that in certain parts of France, owing to the persistent persecution of birds of all kinds, many species have become almost extinct, with the inevitable result that vines, fruit-trees, and crops in general constantly suffer from a plague of flies, caterpillars without number, and other creeping things innumerable. The birds are missing, and with nothing to check these noxious insects, they now carry on their ravages with impunity.

But to revert to our subject. Our leaflet further tells us that swallows, when abroad, are caught not only for food, but also for '*purposes of fashion*,' or, in other words, they are destroyed—'slaughtered' is the word made use of in the leaflet—in order to obtain plumes and feathers from off their poor little bodies to adorn the hats of fashionable women. This hateful practice—which has been a sore point against the ladies for a long time past—is, I venture to assert, the chief cause of this mischief we so much deplore. On inquiry it will be found that most of these feathers and plumes from the swallow tribe displayed in London shops come from abroad. The social habits of the birds, building around our homes, safeguard them in a great measure from prowling gunners and vagabond bird-catchers; but I venture to suggest that our authorities should still further look after the swallow than they do at present, for our leaflet informs us that the Wild Birds Protection Act only applies as regards the swallow to certain particular counties. Surely this most useful law should be extended to every part of the kingdom.

But can nothing be done to stay this trade in swallow-plumes? I fear not. That is to say, so long as there is a demand for these particular feathers the destruction of these birds will continue.

I venture to draw attention to the fact that throughout the autumn and winter months our poulterers' shops are filled with every description of game-bird and wild-fowl—some bright and resplendent, others dark and glossy, while others again—especially among the plovers and waders—offer a choice of plumes and feathers quite as delicate as, and certainly more varied than, the best of swallow-plumes.

We will now pass on to a second and equally important reason given in our leaflet to further account for the decrease of swallows. The wording is as follows: 'The other reason for the paucity of swallows in this country is that they are sorely tormented by the ubiquitous sparrow, whose numbers have largely increased in late years. The places where swallows have been accustomed to build are all occupied by sparrows, whose pugnacity and overbearing spirit will not allow any other birds to come near them.'

Here we have a very severe indictment brought against the sparrow; but I believe it to be the truth, and nothing but the truth. I have carefully watched many house-martins' nests, and from personal observation I can positively state that I have repeatedly known the sparrow attack and oust the swallow from its nest.

I regret also to feel compelled to add that in other respects I consider the sparrow to be the most mischievous of all British birds. He is a plague to the gardener, as also to the agriculturist in general, and his redeeming qualities are few and far between. It is also a fact that sparrows in recent years have greatly increased in numbers; of that there can be no doubt, and I venture to say that the reason for this growth in numbers is to be chiefly attributed to the too active exertions of the gamekeeper, who with trap and gun has killed down hawks and birds of prey in general to the verge of extermination. The natural result ensues. Formerly the sparrow-hawk and his brethren were constantly to be seen about harvest-time pursuing and pouncing on the flocks of sparrows thronging the hedgerows; but hawks are now—at any rate, in the south of England—conspicuous by their absence, and the consequence is sparrows have increased amazingly, and carry on their depredations with impunity.

Again, the natural question arises: can nothing be done to put down the aggressive sparrow and thus help the unfortunate swallow? In reply, I venture to say that there is only one way—which may appear cruel to some, but is a paramount necessity—and that is to encourage the increase of sparrow-clubs among farmers and others throughout the kingdom. Let larger rewards be offered for every hundred sparrows' heads brought in and counted, and let boys be encouraged to destroy every sparrow's nest they can lay hands on.

In conclusion, I may mention that this charge against the sparrow of gross tyranny against other and more peaceful birds is not made for the first time. A friend in the Royal Navy, formerly quartered at Bermuda, informs me that the sparrows of these islands have nearly exterminated two favourite and beautiful birds named the Red and Blue Bird, and that now, when almost too late, the authorities at Bermuda are making every possible endeavour to protect and reintroduce the birds they so much value.

THE HERMIT OF THE IRATI.

CHAPTER II.

THEY had come to a part of the road where it lay poised as it were along the very edge of a ravine which was so deep and precipitous as to suggest rather a gash cut in the mountain by some titanic sword than the prosaic work of nature in the guise of a fierce torrent which, whirling along at the bottom, bit ever deeper and deeper into its rocky bed. On the other side of the path the mountains sloped steeply upward, their rugged sides covered with a dense growth of box and stunted oaks.

The brothers were leading, having with them the mule, the lazy donkey being some way behind, with the still lazier guide—save the mark!—lagging yet farther down. Suddenly the sound of some large body crashing through the scrub smote on the still, hot air. It appeared to come from behind the men, somewhere between them and the donkey, and instinctively they both halted, and, turning round, gazed down the path with curiosity. In a few minutes the cause of the disturbance came into view. With a kind of shambling rush, a large brown bear broke into the track almost directly under the plodding donkey's nose! The uncouth beast seemed as much astonished as any of the party, and with a disgusted *wouff*, instantly retreated into the bushes again; but that short visit was quite long enough to lead to a dire disaster. With a violent start the donkey backed away from the sight—and what is far more terrifying to animals, the smell—of its unwelcome neighbour, but it forgot the narrowness of the path! In a moment its hind-legs had slipped over the edge, the heavy load upon its back prevented it from recovering itself, and before the horrified men could make the slightest effort to aid it, the poor brute, tent, blankets, and all, had disappeared down the precipice—a dull thud that floated up almost immediately from the depths below announcing its terrible arrival at the bottom. With exclamations of dismay, the brothers craned over the fatal edge, but a few pots lodged in between the rocks that choked the bed of the stream were all that could be seen of their belongings. Of the donkey and the tent not a trace could be discovered, and the men stared at each other with gloomy countenances, while the youth wept long and loudly.

'Bears?' exclaimed the doctor in a tone of incredulity, as if their late ungainly visitor had been the creation of a disordered brain.

'Yes, bears,' echoed the soldier fiercely. 'I knew that there were still plenty of the brutes to be found in the higher and more remote parts of the Pyrenees; but I had no idea that there was the slightest chance of coming across one anywhere near here. I wish now that I had brought a rifle.'

'Which would be lying at this moment smashed to atoms at the bottom of the gorge,' grunted his brother, 'for it would have been with the tent, to a dead certainty. It's no good discussing the might-have-beens,' he went on savagely; 'the question is, what are we going to do now? We might find some way down to the bottom by going a long way back, but I doubt its being of much use trying. The donkey must have rolled into the water, I think, or else we should see something of it; and in that case, by the time we discovered its body—if we ever did—there would be little left of the tent and the rest of the kit to be of any use to us.'

'That's right enough,' said Paul. 'I've seen the same sort of thing happen in the hills in India. I suppose that there is no help for it, then,' he continued sadly; 'we must just go back again with our tails between our legs, not only having lost half our baggage, but with the wretched moke to pay for into the bargain. We can't stay up here without shelter or blankets and things; and though we can make another start by-and-by, to tell you the truth, old fellow, I hardly think that the trout in the Irati are worth all that trouble.'

'I'm quite of your opinion,' shortly answered the other; and without further words the mule's head was turned towards his home, and the defeated sportsmen proceeded to retrace their steps.

They had not got far on their downward way, however, before they became aware of a man coming rapidly up towards them. He was a tall and rather uncouth-looking individual, loosely dressed in gray clothes of rough, country-made material. His black hair hung down nearly to his shoulders, and a long beard of the same colour, plentifully streaked with gray, completed the strangeness of his appearance. A weather-beaten blue *béret*—as the Basque national bonnet is called—was pulled down over his eyes, which were fixed upon the ground as he strode along, and he carried in his hand a heavy steel-pointed staff, which was slung on his wrist by a thin leather loop.

'Hallo!' cried Paul as he caught sight of the advancing figure, 'here's a native, by all that's lucky. He may know of some quick way down into this infernal hole, perhaps, by which we may yet get down to the stream in time to salve some of our kit. It is worth trying, anyhow.—*Bonjour*, my friend,' he began when the man's long strides had brought him within a few feet of them. 'Our pack-donkey has just gone over the edge a little distance above. Can you show us a way down and give us a hand in the search?' But, to his astonishment, the stranger took not the least notice of this address. With eyes still obstinately fixed upon the ground, and his dark face devoid of any sign of having heard, he strode rudely past the little party as if quite unaware of their presence.

'Hi, you, sir!' shouted the doctor angrily, 'are you deaf? We want a word with you, please;' and then the boy tried his hand, yelling out something in the barbarous Basque language; but the dark man answered never a word, and calmly continued his upward way.

'You ill-mannered brute!' sang out the irate soldier in good Anglo-Saxon after the retreating figure. 'I wish I could have the handling of you for a few months in the Pink Plungers, my lad; I'd soon put you to rights. Ah! you nearly went after the other donkey that time,' he ejaculated, as the objured stranger, startled, no doubt, by Paul's stentorian voice, made a sharp slip, but, quickly recovering himself, turned abruptly to his right and plunged into the thick scrub. 'Well, of all the ill-conditioned savages that it has been my lot to come across, commend me to a sulky Basque.—Come along, Bill,' he continued wrathfully; 'that settles it. We must be off, or else we shall be stuck up here all night, which wouldn't be particularly pleasant. Hallo! what's the matter now? Here's our polite friend back again,' he exclaimed, as the figure of the silent one appeared once more in the path above, but this time coming quickly down towards them with head erect and brilliantly flashing eyes. 'He looks rather mad. Is he going for us, I wonder? Better be ready, Bill.'

But the man's first words dispelled any idea of a row.

'I am sorry,' he said in a pleasant voice quite at variance with his looks, 'that I passed you as I did just now. I am subject to odd moods at times, and am not always alive to what is going on around me. Pray excuse me. I see that you are foreigners; what can I do for you?' He spoke in a queer mixture of French and Spanish.

Suppressing their astonishment at his words, the brothers briefly explained the object of their expedition and their present unfortunate predicament; but the Basque's verdict was disheartening.

'The torrent,' he said, 'which from up here looks so small and harmless, is in reality a succession of very deep and rocky pools in which the water churns unceasingly. The way down to it is long; we should have to make an immense detour; and by the time we came to the place we wanted to reach, your donkey and tent would be in shreds; the stream would have finished what the fall on the rocks began. There is nothing for it but for you to retrace your steps as quickly as possible—back to civilisation,' he added, with a faint smile.

'So that's the end of our fishing trip,' growled Paul. 'It's too bad, after all the trouble we took in its preparation.—Well, monsieur,' he continued, turning towards the Basque, 'we are obliged to you for your information, which decides one thing, at

all events. We shall not now be always fancying that we *might* have recovered our kit if we had made our way down below. Good-day to you, and many thanks.—Come along, Bill;' and for the second time that day the little party turned their faces homeward.

The stranger watched them irresolutely. A desire to say something which prudence forbade appeared to possess him, and his face reflected the struggle that was taking place in his mind. Presently prudence, as is generally the case, went to the wall, and he hastened after the disconsolate travellers, whom he soon overtook.

'If you are really so very keen on fishing the Irati,' he said nervously, 'and would like to spend a few days with me in my hut, I can put you up. It is rough but clean, and I can make you fairly comfortable, I think.'

'Why, you must be the Hermit of the Irati!' exclaimed the brothers simultaneously.

'Yes,' said the man simply, 'they do call me that.'

'This is a wonderful bit of luck,' cried Paul. 'You are the very man we hoped, but scarcely expected, to see. Of course your invitation suits us down to the ground. We have plenty of stores on the mule, and'—he hesitated for a second, as if not quite sure of something, but finally made up his mind—'we shall arrange, of course, about payment.'

The other laughed bitterly, but said no more, and at once began the ascent. The brothers followed a short distance behind him, marvelling at the unexpected and happy turn in their fortunes which so completely altered the aspect of affairs.

'This is a most mysterious fellow,' remarked the doctor *sotto voce* to his brother. 'Did you notice his hands and nails, how well kept they are? I believe he is a gentleman; his voice is cultivated, and not like that of a common man.'

'Oh, bother his voice and hands!' answered the soldier joyously. 'If he can give us a roof and blankets, and show us some good sport, that's all that concerns us. He may be a belted earl in disguise for aught I care. Every Frenchman is a gentleman nowadays: equality, fraternity, and all the rest of the humbug, you know; but whatever he may be, it is clear that he wishes us to think him just an ordinary peasant, and it wouldn't be good form to let him suspect that we imagine him to be anything but what his appearance suggests.'

'Of course; I know that as well as you do. I don't require you to teach me manners, you young cock-sparrow,' tartly replied the doctor.

'Oh, I beg your pardon, old chap; I didn't mean it that way. I wasn't thinking of what I was saying. What an idiot I am!' cried the younger man apologetically—which speech immediately mollified the other, and the conversation turned upon other subjects.

The ascent got steeper and steeper with every kilomètre of their progress, and they were calculating that they must be nearing the very top of the range when their leader suddenly halted as he reached a spot where the path formed a small species of plateau a few yards square, and addressed them for the first time since taking them in charge.

'You must unload the mule now, please,' he said, 'and send it and the boy back. Settle the day and hour that you want him back here to meet you, and tell him that you will pay him when you get back again to the village. If you do this he will come up to time; if you do not, but give him his money now, he will leave you in the lurch, you may take my word for it. I know their slack ways.'

But the boy had something to say to this. To begin with, he vehemently protested it would be next to impossible for him to reach his home that day, and in any case he must at least take back the value of the lost donkey—two hundred and fifty francs—or he would not dare face his father.

The brothers were rather at a loss how to act. There was a certain amount of justice in the youth's tirade, which was rather disconcerting in view of the Basque's advice; and the latter's request—which sounded more like an order—to unload the mule before reaching their destination was somewhat mysterious, to say the least of it. Noticing their hesitation, their host took matters into his own hands, and having asked them the day on which they intended leaving, turned fiercely upon the boy, and, with much violent gesticulation, showered such an avalanche of harsh Basque words on to his devoted head that he hastily began to unload his animal, and, the operation completed, swinging himself up into the cumbrous pack-saddle, started off downhill as if the 'old gentleman' himself was behind him.

The stranger chuckled grimly. 'I am afraid that I shall have to ask you to carry your things a little way,' he said; 'but I will help you, and you must not mind what I can see you think my rather strange behaviour. But I live quite alone up here, you see, and have no more to do with the good folk down below than is entailed in getting my supplies and sending off my trout to St Jean. You are the first strangers that I have ever asked to my hut. I do not want its exact whereabouts to become the common property of the villagers. They call me the Hermit as it is, and, owing to my solitary life, have invested me with a sort of halo of mystery, if not of evil, which I assure you that I do not merit. All I ask is to be let alone. Nevertheless, the people of St Jean Pied-de-Port would, I believe, if they knew where to find me, be quite capable of organising parties of summer excursionists to ride up here and look at me. Now you will understand why I sent that boy off in such a hurry, and asked you to unload his mule before reaching my hut. So, if you will each take what you can easily carry,' he concluded, 'you shall soon see your new quarters.'

Picking up the heaviest of the cases himself, he

swung it easily on to his shoulder, and the others following his example with such packages as they could comfortably manage, the trio once more continued their journey, laboriously mounting the difficult path until they reached a point where a huge mass of rock jutting out from the side of the mountain appeared to bar their farther progress in the most absolute manner. As they approached it, however, the track did wind round the obstruction—a mere ledge on its outer edge—but their guide, to the brothers' relief, did not attempt to follow it. Turning short to his right, he forced his way into the thick scrub, ten or twelve feet in height, that marked the base of the rock; the others struggling behind him in much discomfort, the branches swishing in their faces and catching in their loads at every step they took. But happily their troubles were not of long duration. They soon found themselves in a well-defined path through the bushes, and a little later emerged into a small grass-grown dell, at one end of which, under the shelter of a beetling cliff, lay a long, low cottage built of some dark-red stone and roofed with slabs of the same picturesque material. A strong oak door, flanked by two closely shuttered windows, and a short chimney at one end of the roof, together with a small adjoining outhouse and a neat patch of garden, distinguished the habitation from the ordinary shepherds' shelters which are to be seen scattered about here and there on the lower slopes of the Pyrenees, while a sparkling jet of water gushed from the rock behind the house and splashed musically into a long trough hollowed out of the trunk of a big tree. An immense white Pyrenean wolf-hound, as big as a small calf, which had been lying before the door of the hut, rose at the party's approach, and, walking with much dignity towards his master, wagged his bushy tail in silent welcome, though at the same time eying the two strangers with looks of a not too friendly nature, plainly expressive of mingled astonishment and distrust.

Putting down his burden and unlocking the door with a key which he drew forth from its hiding-place under a certain slab of roof, the hermit courteously invited his guests to enter the hut. Gladly dropping their loads, they did so, and found themselves in a low but good-sized room lit by a window, which their host forthwith proceeded to unshutter. A large open fireplace, in which a log was smouldering on a heap of ashes, filled up one end of this apartment, which was roughly furnished with a cupboard, a deal table, and a few rush-bottomed but substantial-looking chairs. Cooking utensils, crockery, and such-like objects filled several broad shelves, while bamboo fishing-rods, nets, and baskets of all shapes and sizes, together with a miscellaneous crowd of other articles, hung from pegs driven into the walls or lay along the heavy black rafters of the roof, from which depended a goodly store of hams, each cased in its coarse white linen bag.

In the wall opposite the fireplace was set another door, apparently leading into the room to which the second window belonged; but this their host did not open. On the contrary, the doctor noticed that he quietly turned the key in the lock when he thought that neither of them was looking—an act which once more set him wondering. Evidently this hermit had something in there to conceal.

'We will get the other things up now,' said the latter, 'and then I dare say that some food would not be amiss; but I hope that you have brought something to drink for yourselves, for though not a teetotaler, I can only offer you water.'

'That's all right,' laughed Paul. 'The great box you carried so carefully has plenty of liquid refreshment in it for us all—something, too, that I don't suppose you have ever tasted, called whisky, which I can guarantee will warm the cockles of your heart if I can only persuade you to try it.' He little thought as he uttered his light words how prophetic they were presently to prove.

'I think,' said the doctor after they had finished transporting the remainder of their kit, 'that we had better introduce ourselves. I am Doctor William Oxobic, of London, and this is my brother Paul, a captain in the English cavalry, the Pink Plungers; though that will not convey anything to you, monsieur,' he added, with a smile.

The Frenchman bowed—bowed so elaborately that it almost seemed as if he never intended regaining an upright position. When he did lift his head his face had assumed such a deathly pallor that the doctor involuntarily started forward with a sharp exclamation, as if he feared that the man was going to collapse. But the latter warned him away abruptly, and staggering to a chair, flung himself into it, muttering, 'It is nothing; do not be alarmed. I suffer from my heart; it will pass in a moment.'

'Did you say Oxobic?' he asked after a pause. 'Surely that is not an English name?'

'No, it's not,' answered the doctor rather shortly—he did not like being rebuffed—'it's Chilian. Our father was South American, though our mother was English: and so are we, having been born, educated, and naturalised British subjects;' and he looked keenly at his interlocutor.

'Pardon my curiosity,' murmured the other as he rose from his chair, the heart-attack having apparently passed off. 'My name is Jean: Jean the fisherman—or "the hermit," if you like it better—whose hut is at your disposal. The accommodation is rough, as you see, but you will have this room to yourselves to sleep in. Dried bracken, of which I have plenty, will make you soft and sweet beds, and I can give you a couple of blankets apiece and a new ham-bag filled with wool, which will make you capital pillows. The other room is mine. It has a door opening into the garden at the other end of the house, so I shall not disturb you here in my comings and goings, for I am out both early and late when fishing. And now, let us see what we can find for supper.'

(To be continued.)

PEARLING IN TORRES STRAIT.

PEARLING is now almost entirely a British industry; for, if we except the fisheries in the Persian Gulf, there is hardly a shell-bearing shoal on the map not coloured red. In the past the shallow seas round Ceylon were the most lucrative pearl-patches; and although more pearls—of a kind—may be found there still than elsewhere, the Australian pearling-grounds are now easily first in importance. This is because it is not the gem which is now the mainstay of the industry, but the shell; and as it fetches about a hundred pounds sterling per ton, and is fairly plentiful, it will probably continue to be the chief object of the pearler's desire for some time.

Pearl-shell is found in all the sheltered bays and inlets of the Australian coast north of the twenty-seventh parallel; but the real pearl-oyster is a creature of the warm waters, and consequently little profitable fishing is carried on south of the tropic of Capricorn, the chief centres of the industry being at Thursday Island in Torres Strait, and at Broome on Roebuck Bay in Western Australia.

Thursday Island is probably the greatest pearl-fishing centre ever known; but Broome is now attracting many of the Strait's oldest skippers by reason of the better shell found there, and the fact that enormous beds are known to exist just beyond the twenty fathoms level. That twenty fathoms level, however, is the deepest that can be worked at present in either place; but the master-pearler lives in daily hopes of a suitable dress being invented which will enable him to reap the treasure of the greater depths. Port Kennedy is the name of the township on Thursday Island, and it is remarkable in more ways than one, as the chance passenger by any of the Oriental mail steamers that pass that way soon discovers. There is probably no race without a representative here; but the majority are composed of Polynesians, aborigines, and Malays, who form the crews of the pearling-luggers, while all sorts of Europeans and others run hotels, stores, and gaming-saloons, and generally do their best to sell a liquor labelled Scotch whisky, but commonly known as 'stagger juice.'

I never could estimate the number of pearling-luggers in this quarter, because they were never all in port at the same time, and many were registered at places down the Queensland coast of which I had never heard; but I should say there were about five hundred craft and about three thousand men.

When a pearler—if he is his own master—decides on going out, he ships a crew from some of the liquor dens and proceeds to sea before they are in a condition to object. He then acquaints the diver with his plans, and, leaving him in charge, makes himself as comfortable as a tropical sun, an evil-smelling atmosphere, and other discomforts will permit. The diver is usually a very intelligent person, and is nearly always a native of Japan or a Manila man, although of late some white men have also taken this part of the work in hand.

When the pearling-lugger arrives at the intended scene of operations, off the Banks Islands, or perhaps near one of the Week Islands—there are islands in the Strait named after every day in the week—the deck is cleared for action, and the diver is encased in his cumbersome dress and dropped overboard. There are two men appointed to work the air-pump, and the others have all got some duty to perform, chiefly to prevent them from fighting with each other. The skipper, or the mate if he has one, sometimes comes among them and expresses his opinion of things in general and the crew in particular with a fluency of language both edifying and instructive on account of the remarkable nature of his vocabulary. Usually, however, there is only one white man on board, and he sleeps; but if by chance there are two, they play cribbage.

Meanwhile, the diver is groping his way among the beautiful submarine entanglements as far as his life-line and the drifting lugger overhead will allow. If he finds any shells he sends them aloft in a net he carries for that purpose, and if the 'patch' is barren he signals to that effect, and the lugger sails away and hauls him along like a huge piece of bait. The sharks seem to think that he is something of that nature at any rate, and many a tale is told by divers of desperate fights on the twenty fathoms level. If the diver gets safely through the entwining coral-trees to a sandy patch he again signals aloft, and the lugger's progress is arrested until he has proved the value of the bed or is unable to stay down longer. He is then hauled to the surface and left hanging over the gunwale until he recuperates, when he goes down again.

I was recently a guest on one of these luggers, and although the trip was not very comfortable on account of the number of cockroaches on board, it was enjoyable. It came about in this way. I had been prospecting in New Guinea, and was now en *route* to Australia, but had to wait at Thursday Island for the Japanese mail steamer to take me thither. While standing on the hotel veranda one day a man stepped up to me and said, 'Hallo, boy! How is the world using you?'

'Indifferently,' I answered, surveying my questioner. 'But I don't think I know you.'

'I'll bet you drinks you do,' he said. 'Don't you remember the purser on the P. & O. *H.*?'

'Great Scott! Yes. But you have changed considerably, and you don't look as if you had come off best in the big game. What are you doing now?'

'Pearling; and if I don't scintillate with brass buttons and a brand-new uniform with "*Quis Separabit?*" all over it, I've got plenty of gold in my pocket. Come and have an appetiser, and I'll show

you good reason why you should come a trip with me in my lugger.'

He did. He hadn't a mate, and he knew nothing about pearls or pearl-shell except the prices; he had not had a game of cribbage for a month, and bet me the profits of the trip he could beat me at chess.

Of course I went with him, and we sailed out for the Banks the next day with the most wicked-looking specimens of humanity I have ever seen in my life for a crew. We duly arrived at our destination, and fortune favoured us to such an extent that our diver dropped straight on to a bed of shell the first trial, and soon we had quite a quantity of gaping oysters on board. Meanwhile King—that was not his name exactly, but it will serve—had started the awful cribbage, and certainly he did not look up except to swear at some one until the diver came on deck for the third time.

'Have you only one diver on board?' I ventured to ask after a time. 'That fellow seems to be fairly exhausted.'

'Oh, he'll come round all right,' answered King; 'and, anyhow, two divers could never live on one lugger. They'd kill each other.'

'Is it a simple matter going down?'

'As easy as going to dinner.'

'Then I should like to have a try just for the experience of the thing.'

'Wait till we finish this game, then—fifteen two—fifteen four—and a pair is six'——

When the game was concluded we rose and walked over to the diver, who was still sitting astride the gunwale with his helmet unscrewed. 'Here is a mate for you,' said King. 'He wants to see what the bottom of Torres Strait is like. Help him into the dress.'

'No, no!' cried the diver. 'Bottom too deep. White man no live down there.'

'Get out!' cried King, and I laughed. If the little Manila man could live, I rather fancied I could.

Without more ado, the diver was helped out of his rubber suit, and I was assisted in. It did not seem to fit; but King said that that did not matter. At the time I believed him, but when the big weighted boots were fixed over my legs I began to have a different opinion. 'Look here, King,' I said, noticing the playful nature of the evil-eyed pumps-men, 'you'll see to the pumps yourself?'

'Oh, of course,' he replied. 'I'll shoot them if they stop pumping.'

I was just about to remark that that would not assist me much; but at that moment I was lifted over the gunwale and left hanging, while the crew adjusted the tackle and clamped the helmet over my head. 'Keep an even keel now, boy,' cried King, as the helmet, closing tight, shut me off from the outer world. I hung helplessly for a few seconds, half-suffocated by the rubber-tainted air which I was now breathing; and before I had become accustomed to it the crew must have slipped the catch from the tackle, for I splashed heavily into the sea. I had not time to think; but I was conscious of an impression that some accident had occurred, and that I was doomed to feed the water-snakes. I seemed to be dropping at terrific speed; a blurred mist came over my eyes, my ears buzzed, and my head seemed bursting, and I took no further interest in anything. It must have been only a few seconds which elapsed from the time of my being dropped overboard until something struck me on the head, and I became aware that I was lying on a bed of coral.

The regular pulsations of the pumps overhead now sounded plainly through the tubing, and my senses came back to me. But I could not rise to my feet; I seemed to have lost control of my movements, and my head bobbed like a football on the coral bottom for some time before I accidentally assumed a perpendicular position. Then I could scarcely believe my eyes. I stood in a forest of graceful, twining coral which swayed gently as if moved by a breeze. Long tendrils of some submarine growth floated erratically around me, and swarms of strange-looking fishes appeared from the blurred beyond, and surveyed me with much interest. Suddenly I felt myself crashing through the coral branches, and a black yawning gulf opened at my feet. I felt no supporting influence; but I sailed serenely across as if endowed with a new power which defied gravitation, and soon I struck against a white honeycombed wall, which rose vertically in front of me. I scrambled over it, and once more looked around. I saw my life-rope lying slack, and concluded that that was because I was now on a shallower level. As I looked it became taut, however, and I realised that the lugger overhead was still drifting, and that soon I would be off again on further peregrinations. But at this point my attention was attracted by the peculiar movements of some fish upon the glistening white bottom, and I stopped to watch them. There were a great number of small mounds dotted all around, and the fish were disappearing inside these as if they were houses of some sort. I kicked one, but it was stuck fast to the bottom, and a fish came to what I took to be the door, and looked out wonderingly, I thought. Suddenly myriads of the creatures flitted past me in a headlong descent from the higher regions, and in a twinkling every one had disappeared into the mounds. I did not need to remain long in doubt as to this strange movement, for a huge shark dropped from somewhere and sailed about lazily. I did not feel comfortable, and felt a strong desire to remove myself to other quarters. I did not know how to do this, however; and as my steps were so uncontrollable, I feared that if I made any movement my feet would land me straight on to the shark. The ugly monster was now investigating the mounds or houses; but soon perceiving that his prospective dinner was inside and the doors closed, he turned his attention to me, and circumnavigated my person several times,

evidently very curious to know what sort of fish I was. In various parts of the globe I have had some rather close interviews with bears, tigers, crocodiles, and snakes, but all on dry land; and, as I was out of my element now, sharks were not in my line, and I did not know what was the proper thing to do under the circumstances. Nor did the shark, for it finally came to rest in front of me, and we glared at each other; and I feel certain that, as a result of my observations during the next few seconds, I could give some rather unique information concerning sharks at home. All at once I remembered my signal-cord; and, wishing to end the interview, I jerked it three times, and next instant went spinning up through the waters like a minnow on a hook. The shark apparently thought I was something of that nature, and after his first start of surprise, followed me with business intentions; but in the commotion of the waters I lost sight of him, and I suppose he concluded, from the taste of my rubber appendages, that after all I was indigestible, and went back to dine on the water-snakes. I felt very faint now, on account, I was afterwards informed, of the internal atmospheric pressure becoming greater than the external as I neared the surface, and I have only a hazy recollection of being hauled on deck and lifted out of the unwieldy dress.

'Well, boy, where's your pearl-shell?' inquired King when I had recovered; and, to my astonishment, I remembered that it was to obtain pearl-shell I had gone down.

'I forgot all about shell,' I answered; 'but I saw some funny fishes that live in houses, and a shark that was very interesting; and here is a piece of coral I broke from a tree, and'——

'Come and have a drink; you need one,' interrupted King. 'You were down the full twenty fathoms.'

'Is that considered deep?'

'I should say it is. A man can't live at that depth many minutes. I have lost three divers already on that level.'

'Have you? How deep have you ever been down yourself?'

'Six feet, in the Kelvin, at Glasgow. I was nearly poisoned, too, before they hauled me out. I fell in, you know.'

'But in the dress?'

'Oh, I was never in the dress in my life.'

'But I thought you told me it was as easy as'——

'Instinct, my boy. I was a purser on the P. & O., you know, before I started this game, and a purser has got to know everything somehow.'

I did not think it worth while answering. I was drinking in as much of the evil-smelling but free atmosphere as my lungs could hold. The professional diver was now sending up net-loads of shells every few minutes, and it was evident to all that he had struck a patch.

'If this keeps up,' said King, well pleased with the results, 'we'll have a day's turtle-hunting on some of the islands, and then we'll discharge our cargo and go down the Gulf of Carpentaria to a place I know where some Chinese beach-combers have been doing great things; or, if you don't like that, we'll try the New Guinea mainland.'

'I don't think I will go to the latter place,' I said. 'I have just come from the goldfields of the Yodda, and I would like to hold on to life a little longer.'

'But it's shell we're going for; the bottom is paved with it right across from Australia to Cannibal-land, and I know a bank—— Hallo! there's the signal.'

The diver was now raised again, and when we unclasped his helmet he gasped out, 'No get more shell long time. Big devil-devil [octopus] down there feed on oyster.'

'Ah, well,' said King philosophically, 'we can hang about till his majesty goes away. Here's Cap. Dhu and his lugger drifting round Friday Island. I say, boy, let's go aboard and see the old fellow. He has always got some big idea on.'

The two luggers drifted alongside; and after some preliminary conversation we went on board the *Bonnie Scotland*, which was a larger lugger than ours, being forty-five feet in length and thirteen in beam, while ours was only thirty-five by twelve. Captain Dhu was an elderly man who, in his time, had played many parts, about which, however, the less said the better.

He was famous throughout the Strait for his escapades, and was, as King put it, 'always up to something.' His great idea this time was to organise a pearling expedition out to some islands he had previously prospected in the German sphere of influence, and he did his best to enlist our sympathies in his enterprise. I was much enamoured of his scheme, and King agreed to join him if the financial results of our present trip were satisfactory; and, after settling this point, we steered for a nameless island and had some turtle-hunting. When night came on we were entertained to a weird concert by the joint crews, and next day resumed our quest for pearl-shell. We were again very successful, and in a few days the luggers' heads were turned towards Port Kennedy, homeward bound.

The shells are usually deposited in what are known as opening-sheds, where they open naturally in three or four days; but King never did anything as it ought to be done, and ordered his men to open ours with their knives on the way to port.

This was done, and three days later we sailed into harbour with a load of cleansed shell on board and about twelve pearls. The usual ratio of pearls to the shell being about one to a thousand, we had no reason to be displeased with our luck. Next day the cargo was sold outright to an agent, and Dhu, King, myself, and some others began to prepare for our filibustering expedition.

A MISANTHROPE.

By Mrs ISABEL SMITH, Author of *The Romance of Mutby Workhouse, Vain Threads,* &c.

CHAPTER I.

SIR JOHN BROOKLAND turned the Kentish plough with a rattle and clash at the end of the furrow, and paused a moment to wipe his heated brow.

In his slouchy felt hat, shirt-sleeves, and corduroy, he might at a first glance have been taken for a ploughman rather than the representative of one of the oldest baronetcies in the kingdom; but a closer inspection would have revealed a look of refinement in the sunburnt countenance, while the hands which rested on the slippery plough-handles were well shaped and carefully tended. His appearance was of no consequence to Sir John now, however. About five years before, partly through the extravagance of himself and his ancestors, more perhaps through the misdeeds of his lawyers, he had lost nearly all his money and had to leave the Brooklands' family seat, The Hatch, and be content with the home-farm of little more than two hundred acres, and a lodging in his bailiff's cottage.

But the change in his fortunes had not been more striking than the change in Sir John himself. From a genial, society-loving fellow, he had become, not by slow degrees, but by abrupt transition, a gloomy misanthrope, shunning all unnecessary communication with the outside world, and seldom speaking to any one save his faithful bailiff Pantaney and his wife, who waited on him. His former friends had been ready like rats to desert a sinking ship, and he would make no new acquaintance even if he had had the opportunity.

The present owners of The Hatch had made one laudable attempt to patronise the ousted baronet; but the man who now tilled his own land, and, with a pride which affects to be above pride, drove his own cattle to market, had shown them that he was still Sir John Brookland in spite of reverses, and they had never repeated their advances. As he stood now on the breezy upland, leaning against the plough, with the smell of the newly turned earth in his nostrils, Sir John could see the white façade of The Hatch glistening in the afternoon sunshine among trees on the opposite hill. He never glanced at it without a lowering of his brow and a hardening of the lines round his cynical, clean-shaven mouth. No one knew what it had meant to him to leave the home of his forefathers, and he was determined no one ever should know.

A step on the stony hedge-path behind roused him from sombre meditations. He turned and saw his bailiff.

'Done about enough for to-day, Pantaney?' he said, with a jerk of the head towards the smooth, brown rows.

'I think I'll do another furrow or two, Sir John,' returned Pantaney, eying his master's handiwork critically. 'The rooks are terrifying the spring wheat,' he continued irrelevantly.

'Ah, I'll take my gun presently and give them a peppering,' said Sir John.

Pantaney took hold of the plough-handles and swung off with the ease and dexterity of the experienced ploughman; while Sir John, stooping to pick up his shabby velveteen jacket from the grassy bank, started homewards. The bailiff's cottage, where he lived, was an old-fashioned red brick building standing a little back from the high-road, with a garden in front enclosed in a staked fence. His tea was all ready in the front parlour, or 'bettermost room,' as Mrs Pantaney called it, which had a somewhat incongruous appearance, some of The Hatch furniture mingling with the bailiff's humbler household gods.

Mrs Pantaney, a hard-featured, honest-looking woman, brought in the teapot, and as she set it down, observed, 'They've moved into the old turnpike this afternoon, Sir John.'

'I'm sorry to hear it,' was the gruff response, and Sir John glanced through the open casement to the little one-storied cottage across the road, where the gatekeeper had lived in the old turnpike days.

It had stood empty for years, but now showed unmistakable signs of life. Smoke was rising from the chimney, and white curtains adorned the bow window, which raked the high-road fore and aft.

'Who's *they*?' inquired Sir John.

'Well, Sir John, I know no more than the dead *who*,' replied Mrs Pantaney; 'but she's a furriner, plain enough.'

'She?' repeated her master; adding discontentedly, 'I thought I was safe from neighbours here.'

'Oh, don't frape yourself, Sir John,' replied the bailiff's wife reassuringly. 'They won't interfere with us, you may be sure.' But in this confident assertion Mrs Pantaney belied the future.

. . . . . .

The very next morning, when Sir John was busy cleaning his gun, a trim young woman came out of the turnpike cottage, and marching up Sir John's garden path, knocked boldly at the front door.

Mrs Pantaney went to answer the summons in quite a fluster. It was almost unheard of for any one to come to the front door. Even the vicar, who had persisted in his efforts to drag Sir John from seclusion, seemed at last to have given up in despair.

Mrs Pantaney stared mutely at the fair vision which confronted her on the threshold.

'Is Sir John Brookland in?' asked a clear voice.

'Yes, miss—that is to say, he's in, so to speak,' stammered the bailiff's wife confusedly; 'but he never sees no one.'

'Oh, but he will see me, I think,' said the stranger. 'It is most important that I speak to him.'

'Sir John won't speak to any one,' said Mrs Pantaney. 'He's so *resident*.'

'You mean reticent,' corrected the visitor, with a smile. She produced a card as she spoke. 'Will you give Sir John this, please, and tell him that the widow of his old friend Joe Gregory (he will remember him) wishes to see him on business?'

Mrs Pantaney, offended at the correction and dreading her master's wrath, would have flatly refused the errand, but feminine curiosity got the better of her scruples, and she went.

Sir John, pipe in mouth, was gazing carefully down the barrels of his breech-loader. He took the card in his blackened fingers, and stared at it as blankly as Mrs Pantaney had stared at its owner: 'Mrs Joseph Gregory, Garryweena, near Melbourne.'

'She said she was the widow of your old friend, Sir John,' pursued Mrs Pantaney. 'She said you'd remember.'

Remember? Of course he remembered Joe Gregory and all their mad escapades together in the far-off days of his youth. His heart, which had gradually hardened towards his friend since the time that he had left England to seek his fortune in the Colonies, with a loan from Sir John as a start (which loan had never been repaid), softened at the remembrance. And his widow! Then Joe Gregory was dead. It came upon him with a shock, though it was years since he had seen or heard from him.

He took up the oily rag again and began to polish the gun-barrel mechanically, to hide the agitation which this unexpected contingency had awakened.

'What shall I tell her, Sir John?' asked Mrs Pantaney, breaking an absorbed silence.

'Tell her?' He came out of a reverie with a start. 'Why, tell her I can't see her, of course. You ought to know by this time I never see strangers,' said her master irritably.

Mrs Pantaney delivered the message, and the visitor's countenance showed her disappointment.

'Never mind,' she said cheerfully, after a moment. 'I will call again at a more convenient time.'

'It's not a bit of good your coming, ma'am,' said Mrs Pantaney conclusively, 'for Sir John will never see you.'

'*Never* is a long day,' responded Mrs Joe undauntedly, and she set off down the path between the daffodils and gooseberry-bushes with an air that was certainly not of defeat.

Sir John watched her from the safe ambush of a hideous red moreen window-curtain.

'By George! old Joe didn't show bad taste,' he muttered, with his pipe between his teeth.

He wondered if she would return to the attack. Certainly she could not have taken up her position much nearer.

CHAPTER II.

MRS GREGORY, like the importunate widow of Scripture, was not daunted by a first repulse. She called again and yet again, but without success. Sir John remained unapproachable.

Whether the siege would have ended in a capitulation eventually cannot be said. The widow appeared to have abruptly altered her tactics. At any rate she called no more.

Sir John questioned Mrs Pantaney pretty sharply as to what she had said to the lady on the occasion of her last visit. He feared that in Mrs Pantaney's efforts to protect his solitude she might have been discourteous. But Mrs Pantaney, with an injured manner, declared she had only carried out her master's orders to the letter.

One afternoon Sir John, spud in hand, was strolling over his land, followed by his Irish terrier Biddy, when he came to a little wood crowning an upward slope. He pushed open the rickety five-barred gate which guarded the entrance, and went in. He was thinking—rather compunctiously, it must be owned—of his treatment of the fair Australian. Considering she had come all that distance, he might at least have heard what she had to say. But then, he reflected, no doubt she only wanted to beg or borrow of him. It was evident she was poor, or she would not be living at the turnpike cottage and doing her own housework, as Mrs Pantaney informed him. He was suddenly roused from his reflections. Biddy gave a short bark, and at the same moment there was a faint feminine shriek, and a young woman rushed out from the underwood in evident alarm.

Sir John, with his slumbering chivalrous instincts aroused on the instant, sprang forward, and, raising his cap, demanded what was the matter.

'A snake!' said the stranger, shuddering; 'an awful, shining, yellow snake! It shot out of the dead leaves close to my feet, where I was stooping to gather some violets. Oh, it has frightened me!'

Sir John's reassuring rejoinder died on his lips, for the girl (she looked nothing more) who now stood before him, her eyes raised in piteous appeal, her hands clasped in terror, was no other than his opposite neighbour, Mrs Joe Gregory.

The enemy had surprised him indeed.

'I have such a horror of snakes,' continued the young widow tremulously, 'though, of course, I ought to be used to them as I have often seen them in Australia; but I thought I was safe here.'

'I dare say it was only a slow-worm,' he answered gruffly, 'and far more afraid of you than you of it.'

'I don't think it could have been,' she cried naïvely. Then, seeing he looked unresponsive, she added, 'Am I trespassing? Is this your land?'

He bowed. 'Yes, to both questions,' he said shortly.

'Then you are Sir John Brookland, I suppose,' she said, her colour coming back with a vivid flush.

'I am.' His sunburnt cheek took an answering glow.

'The last of the Brooklands?' she continued inquiringly.

'Yes—thank God!' he retorted with bitterness.

She looked gravely sympathetic. 'Well, I must be getting back to my little shanty,' she said the next moment, and they moved on simultaneously.

The May sunshine was sending shafts of golden light between the trees and across the moss-grown path, the birds were making melody overhead, and the warm breath of spring was in the scented air.

'It is delightful to hear the birds sing,' observed Mrs Joe Gregory, breaking an awkward silence. 'In my country, beautiful as they are to look at, the birds are mute.'

Sir John replied that he had always understood so.

'You were a great friend of my husband's years ago, weren't you?' continued the widow undauntedly. 'He often spoke of you.'

'I am sorry to hear of his death,' said Sir John stiffly.

'It was the hard times killed him, I believe,' she answered, with a sigh—'the perpetual struggle against drought, and vermin, and bush-fires, and all the odds that one has to contend with in the bush. And then he dabbled in mines a bit, and they none of them turned out well. He said luck seemed against him all along.'

'It's been against me too,' said Sir John.

'Yes, I suppose so.'

Sir John quickened his pace. It was not advisable to hold lengthened parley with his neighbour. Suppose he should happen to meet Pantaney or one of the men?

When they reached the farther gate, however, the widow paused.

'I have called to see you several times, Sir John,' she said, leaning against the gate and confronting him bravely; 'but your housekeeper refused to admit me.'

Sir John reddened. 'She was quite right,' he said awkwardly; 'I mean, I have made a rule never to see any one.'

'Excuse me, isn't that rather childish?' she asked, with a smile that might have disarmed more scathing criticism.

'It may be,' he grunted, mentally acknowledging the truth of the suggestion.

'At any rate, I do not understand why you could not grant a brief interview to the widow of your old friend,' she said, raising her eyes to his in gentle reproach.

Sir John thought he had never seen anything like those eyes; surely they were as blue as the seas, and, with the yellow of her clustering hair, made her look like a descendant of the Norse kings of old.

He could say nothing in extenuation.

'What did you imagine I wanted to see you about?' she asked.

With those honest blue eyes fixed upon him, Sir John was ashamed to recall that he had suspected their owner of mercenary designs.

Once again he was speechless.

'Well, I will tell you what I came for,' said Mrs Gregory, her colour deepening as if she had been able to read his thoughts. 'Do you recollect—but of course you must—lending my husband one thousand pounds just before he came out to the bush?'

'Oh, we won't go back to that,' said Sir John quickly; 'that is all over and done with.'

'Indeed it is not!' cried the young widow indignantly. 'Joe was never able to pay it back, though I know he always meant to; but when he died I gave up the settlement and sold everything off, and I have realised that one thousand pounds, and am come to England on purpose to restore it to you and to explain why it was not repaid before.'

She paused a moment, breathless with her vehemence. Then she concluded, 'If I had not seen you to-day I should have written to my lawyers to pay the sum into your bankers'. I meant you to have it somehow.'

Sir John breathed quickly. 'Pardon me,' he said, 'but can you afford to pay it back? Your own circumstances?'

She gave a short laugh, though her eyes were somewhat misty.

'My circumstances are not particularly flourishing,' she confessed; 'but I am young and strong; I can work. At any rate, I would rather starve than live on what does not belong to me. Besides, you are poor too, now.'

'I have enough for my wants, and you know what Emerson says, "A farm is the proper place for a man who goes thither intending to live a simple life, and annihilating the whole nonsense of living for show."'

'I know that by experience,' she replied.

'But why did you come to this out-of-the-world place?' asked Sir John.

'I came to this village because you lived here, and yours was the only name I knew in England,' she answered. 'And then I thought, as it is a picturesque spot I might set up a little store—refreshments for cyclists or something of that kind.'

'Cyclists be—I beg your pardon—I mean you might as well try to feed cormorants. They would eat you out of house and home, and pay you virtually nothing in return.'

'Then I will do needlework or school-teaching,' she continued. 'I can turn my hands to anything. My poor husband used to say he didn't know how he would have got along without me.'

'I dare say.' Sir John prodded the soft turf meditatively with his spud. 'Well, Mrs Gregory,' he said at length, 'I appreciate your integrity in wishing to repay this loan; but I beg distinctly to reply that nothing would induce me to accept it.'

'Sir John,' she cried distressedly, 'you must, if only that you may never cast reflection on poor Joe's memory. You must take your own.'

He shook his head. 'We Brooklands have always had the character of being as obstinate as the devil,' he said. 'It's no good arguing the point further, Mrs Gregory.'

'But I am obstinate too,' she said, 'and I shall have the money paid into your account, as I said before.'

'There is nothing to prevent my sending it back to you, if you do,' he replied.

She looked up at him in mute protest. Then after a pause she said, with a smile, 'It is too absurd. It reminds me of some lines my father used to quote from a poem he learnt when at school, called "The Orphans," I believe:

> A piece of bread between them lay
> Which neither seemed inclined to take.'

Sir John gave an answering smile. Then his quick ear caught approaching footsteps. 'We must discuss this matter further another time,' he said hurriedly. 'Good-bye for the present.'

'Good-bye. Thank you for coming to my rescue,' she said, holding out her hand with timid hesitation.

He took it, thrilling at the touch, unknown all these lonely years, of a woman's hand; and it was at this moment that Pantaney, armed with an old muzzle-loader and a dead rook, which he was about to suspend, wings outstretched, in the wheat-field as a warning to its fellows, came into view.

He gave one astonished glance, then, averting his head discreetly, hurried past the opening; and Sir John, shutting the gate after Mrs Gregory with an ostentatious clash, and calling to Biddy, who seemed inclined to follow the fair stranger, retraced his steps into the wood. At the spot where the widow had first appeared he turned aside to glance into the underwood. There lay the flowers, already beginning to fade, which she had dropped in alarm. He stooped and picked them up, ashamed of the momentary suspicion as to whether there had been any snake after all.

. . . . . .

'That woman seems to have given up worrying you, Sir John,' observed Mrs Pantaney as she brought in the baronet's tea that afternoon.

'Of whom are you speaking?' he demanded, with a flash of the eyes that recalled 'old Sir John' of The Hatch.

'The one from the old turnpike,' stammered the bailiff's wife confusedly.

'Then, for the future be so good as to speak of Mrs Gregory with the respect she deserves,' said Sir John sternly.

. . . . . .

'You could have knocked me down with a feather,' said Mrs Pantaney in relating the incident to her husband presently.

'Ah, what would you ha' said if you'd seen Sir John and that furriner holding hands just inside the gate of Shoulder of Mutton Wood, as I see them this very arternoon?' he rejoined dramatically.

A day or two later Sir John received the following note:

'TURNPIKE COTTAGE, WYNDHAM,
May 10th.

'DEAR SIR JOHN,—I have directed that the thousand pounds I owe you be paid into your bankers. Kindly acknowledge the same, and oblige,—Yours faithfully, SUSANNAH GREGORY.'

To which, after much cogitation and a good many false essays, Sir John replied:

'HOME-FARM, WYNDHAM.

'DEAR MRS GREGORY,—I acknowledge the receipt of the thousand pounds, of which I have been duly informed by my bankers. As, however, my views regarding repayment of loan remain unchanged, I should be much obliged if you would meet me at —— P.M. at the gate of the wood where we parted the other morning, when perhaps we may arrive at a more satisfactory solution of the difficulty.—Yours faithfully, 'JOHN BROOKLAND.'

The westering sun was glowing blood-red on a field of trifolium on the horizon, and near at hand the young wheat waved emerald-green in the viral light, when Sir John and Mrs Gregory kept their tryst that evening.

'I have come at your request, Sir John,' said the widow; 'but I do not see what more there is to be said. I have told you I am not afraid of work, and have no idea of knocking under to fate; whereas —'

'Whereas you think I have,' he suggested. 'Mrs Gregory, since I have met you, with your inspiring faith in the future and your courage and cheerfulness under difficulties, I own I regard my hermit's life with very different feelings. I see that it was a mistake to cut myself off from my fellows just because I could not hold the position I once held. However, if you will help me, I will alter all that.'

'*I* help you?' she asked, surprised.

He looked down at her, as she stood with the light breeze ruffling her hair, and the sun shining straight into her honest eyes, and his heart, which had hardened under the storms of adversity, was swept by a great wave of tenderness.

'Yes, *you*,' he answered softly. 'Mrs Gregory—Susannah—will you be my wife, and let us settle the vexed question of the loan by sharing it between us?'

JOY AND SORROW.

On Time's highway I toil, and with me twain
Go ever onward; and my cup is filled
One moment with Joy's drops all heaven-distilled,
Anon with weary Sorrow's tears and pain.
Yet are these mingled. Joy still tastes of tears,
And tears of laughter; and at times Joy's face
Wears Sorrow's semblance for a little space,
Betwixt conflicting lights of hopes and fears.

My soul asks, trembling, 'When I stand with Death
Revealing larger life, will Joy alone,
Or Sorrow, lead my footsteps to the Throne?'
A voice within me cried—the Spirit's breath—
'Not Joy nor Sorrow, at thy soul's release,
Awaits that unknown bliss: God's perfect peace.'

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

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THE STRENGTH OF LIFE.

By J. CATER, M.D.

APART from our animate existence, we possess an inner power of living, called the *strength* of life. This life-strength is a distinct force; it carries our craft over the sea of life, enabling it to brave the varied storms and their attendant hardships. It is as wind and sail to the barque of our being, the life-principle itself being comparable to the vessel's buoyancy. Those who possess life-strength in all its fullness are strong, and, like the sturdy barque, they are able to weather the tempests of existence; those in whom it is weak live feebly, exposed to manifold risks and possibly premature death.

Life-strength is not a gift or endowment, for its generation and storage are largely dependent upon ourselves. The work of accumulating a reserve of this force may be accomplished by an effort of will; yet it is best when, like the performance of our natural functions, it goes on without the conscious aid of the mind.

Everybody ought to be in possession of a large reserve of this life-strength, an abundant stock available in every kind of emergency. As invested capital provides both an income for present necessity and a fund to fall back upon in case of need, so should our storage of life-strength serve a similar dual purpose. Not only in sickness from exhausting disease, or suffering consequent on severe accident, do we stand in especial need of such a reserve of force; but possession of this kind of capital—this provident fund of energy—will enhance our happiness in health, and in a large measure extend the duration of our lives.

The strength of life is derivable from several sources.

Some men live by mind-force, some by nerve-force, others by muscular energy, and not a few exclusively by the gratification of their animal appetites.

Life is capable of being expressed in forms or trains of actions apparently widely differing in character. Hence we speak of the forms and orders of life as composing a successive series of grades, rising from the lowest conceivable spark of vitality to the full blaze of intellectual genius. Life in man energises the whole of his compound being, whether expressed in simple growth by nutrition or glowing in the living thought of poet or statesman.

The problem of individual life, when the task of living becomes difficult, is to discover in what particular direction lies the source of vital power most readily accessible and productive, and to so live that the supply of life-strength through *that* channel is adequate to the needs of the whole body.

Unconsciously we may have established a habit of living by a certain single form of vitality, and that habit is not easily changed. But if anything hampers the accustomed supply from that single source, or if the channel through which it flows is obstructed, the stream of vitality may be cut off and existence cease.

The most obvious, as well as the most perfect, exhibition of life-strength is in that life of the brain which we call mind. The brain-worker's very life depends on the energy of his intellect. He cannot surmount the difficulties of mental discomfort or feebleness, because by his mind he lives. That is the source from which he draws *strength* of life.

When an individual lives on his mental strength, he is peculiarly liable to fall ill if the exercise of his intellectual faculties becomes to any serious extent curtailed or checked. His mind, making the departments of his organism its tools, will never wear out the body, but, on the contrary, will keep it vigorous by active work. It is a beautiful ordinance of nature which makes nutrition complementary to action, and activity contributory to health; and the same ordinance ensures that orderly brain-work shall never kill the human being.

When a man actively intellectual comes to a mental standstill there is a block on the main line, and traffic throughout the entire intellectual system inevitably stops. The supply of life-strength is cut

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off because of obstruction in the channel through which he has been accustomed to draw his supplies.

Once a man has committed himself to brain-power as his special form of energy, and it has become his principal source of vitality, it is almost impossible to leave off working up to his full strength until he nears the close of his career. The amount of the work accomplished will gradually lessen as age creeps on; but, wholly deprived of intellectual exercises, the 'man of mind' first becomes unhappy, a victim possibly of melancholy, then falls ill and quickly dies. Therefore, any relief which weakness or weariness may demand should be sought for in change to some new variety of *the same kind of activity*, and not in absolute idleness, either physical or mental.

To live happily and in spite of difficulties, the brain-worker should have intellectual employment outside of his routine occupation. And, if this play-work is really pleasurable, it will be found to yield more life-force than can be consumed by the energy exerted in its indulgence. Interest in some special enterprise, or a vigorous demand for mental action, so stirs the dormant energy that the flame of vitality is rekindled, and the spring of life-strength, fed by mind-force, is completely and naturally restored.

Nerve-force is quite different from mind-force, for obviously a man may be 'nervous' without in the least degree being intellectual. A 'man of nerves' lives by the energy of his favourite pursuits. Cut him off from these, whatever may be their character, and he will soon languish, and even despair. The acts he performs are not life-giving or health-preserving in themselves, but they have become to him sources of happiness and objects of enterprise. Fashion praises field-sports and the chase as healthful; but they can only be so to the extent to which they are sources of life-strength to their devotees. The very same occupations would cause the death of some persons who do not regard them as life-giving, or for whom they really are not a source of life-strength.

Thus these principles apply to all, as we descend the scale from higher to lower manifestations of life. The strong man who finds pleasure in feats of personal skill derives life-strength from muscular exercises in pedestrianism or in athletics. He is enabled to live more vigorously by thus drawing upon his muscular energy. Unless the 'man of muscle' is active his life becomes impotent. Take him out of the sphere of his activity and he will quickly lose heart, and his spirits will droop, because the physically idle state does not call forth that particular form of energy by which he is accustomed to live. Many men who were happy and healthy while actively engaged in piling up dollars find on retiring from business that the source of their life-strength is cut off, and that the absence of bustle occasions a lowering of vital power.

Then there is the case of men who live to eat and drink, men who are animal and nothing more. If these creatures cannot indulge their appetites and fleshly instincts they become utterly miserable. Their wants may be few in number, but the demands of these few wants are voracious. Thus of such animal natures are to be found everywhere, in all places and ranks, among all classes. It is useless to talk on this subject to these vegetating beings, for they derive their life-strength from sources which were better closed than deepened and opened out.

What, then, is the moral of these observations?

We all live by some special means or mode of life which, by habit, has been incorporated with our very natures. That habit should be cultivated, so far as it is a wise one, and its method or precise form varied from time to time instead of an endeavour being made to change it altogether. Many a man has enjoyed health and happiness in one way of life, but has fallen ill when he tried another, although the second might have been the better had it been adopted in earlier days.

During the youthful period it is well to avoid a single-barrelled mode of living. The whole being is worthy of the utmost endeavour; the mind should be cultivated, the nerves developed, the muscles brought out and strengthened, and the animal appetite disciplined and controlled. Every element in the physico-mental constitution deserves its due share of consideration and training. The net result will be far greater if all the parts of our nature are developed than if one only is cultivated, whatever degree of excellence that one may reach by training.

This is a matter of practical economy, and is of special importance in the training of the young.

A time must come in the experience of every body when the prolongation of life will be a matter of this life-strength—when the continuance of life will depend upon strength itself. Then it will be found, unless special precautions have been taken, that the needed supply is only obtainable from one source and through a channel which may then be obstructed, or which it may then be too late to deepen and extend. Even in such a case it will be something to know what the source of vital energy is, where it lies, and how it can best be reached. There is no better form of *life insurance* than that represented by the *policy* of accumulative life-strength issued by the benevolent corporation of Mind, Muscle, and Nerve.

THE HERMIT OF THE IRATI.

CHAPTER III.

'I AM more than ever convinced that our friend is not the simple fisherman he pretends to be,' said the doctor to his brother that night as they lay on their fragrant beds, thoroughly tired out with the long day's climb.

'No. Of course one can see that there is a mystery somewhere, but that is not our business. All we have got to do is to take the man as we find him. I suppose that he has very good reasons for leading this isolated existence, and we should not be requiting his hospitality or playing the game if we sought to pry into his secrets,' answered Paul.

'Yes, yes, you have said all that before,' testily exclaimed the other; 'and I am sure that I don't wish to pry into his secrets, as you so elegantly put it. Nevertheless, I suppose one may have ideas without having one's head snapped off; and there are one or two things that make me wonder if by any chance—— Well, well, perhaps you are right; least said soonest mended. Good-night, my boy.' But Paul was already almost off, a sleepy 'Night' being as much as he could manage.

Early as it was when they awoke the next morning, they found that Jean had already nearly finished preparing a breakfast of coffee and fried ham, which they were glad to partake of seated round the cheerful fire; for though the sun had risen and the tops of the great mountains were all alight with gold, down in the little glen it was still gloomy and fresh.

The meal ended and a pipe smoked, they set out, under their host's guidance, on their long-anticipated visit to the river; and a half-hour's stiff climb brought them to the top of the range, where they found themselves gazing out as far as the eye could reach on to a wild and majestic stretch of mountain and ravine, where, between the rocks and brushwood that encumbered the depths of the latter, flashes of silver that betrayed the presence of running water could be everywhere detected. Not a human habitation was to be discovered; though far away in the distance, at the extremity of a valley, where faint signs of cultivation could be distinguished, a light haze rose into the still morning air that might betoken the wood-smoke from the breakfast-fires of some hidden hamlet.

'You are now standing more or less upon the frontier,' explained Jean, 'and looking down upon Navarra. The little trickles of water that you see in all directions go towards forming the Irati, which becomes a considerable stream lower down, on its way to join the Ebro at the little town of Murillo, some fifty kilomètres or more from here. Except for one or two isolated homesteads, I do not know of any houses nearer than the village whose smoke you see ever so far away, so you may judge for yourselves how little fished the river is and how small is the toll taken of its trout. There being neither fashionable hotels nor railways down there, the demand for fish is *nil*. I am really the only person who fishes, and I supply the other side, as you have cleverly found out. You are supposed to have a *licencia de pesca* in Spain, but you two need not worry your heads about that. Nobody has any right to demand to see it but the *Guarda Civile*—the Spanish gendarmes, you know—and there is little chance of your coming across any of those easy-going fellows near here. But if you should, remember that a five-franc piece will be quite as good as the license, and very much better in the eyes of the officials, who, like every other subordinate branch of the Government service in Spain, are very poorly paid indeed.'

'That is all very nice and satisfactory,' cried Paul, 'but suppose we "cut the cackle" and get to the water.'

Jean proved himself an able guide, knowing all the shortest cuts; and though these were but the merest sheep-tracks and very trying to descend owing to the loose stones which strewed them and rolled away underfoot, they hit off the main stream in a surprisingly short space of time, where the water looked almost inviting enough for the brothers to begin work. But Jean said, 'No.'

'I fish for a living,' he explained, 'and employ methods which would not commend themselves to sportsmen. But as long as you are staying with me,' he continued, 'I shall confine my operations to this upper part of the stream and its different tributaries, all of which are too rocky and overgrown with bushes to be of any use for fly-fishing. For that you must follow the river down, and very soon you will find water which I assure you will be all that your hearts could desire. Just mark that single tree standing alone on the crest above us,' he went on, 'for that is what you must make for when you return this afternoon, if you find yourselves uncertain about the path. Now I must be off. Good-luck to you both!' and, plunging into the recesses of a rocky gorge, he was soon lost to view.

Following Jean's directions, the fishermen made their way along the banks until, as their mentor had predicted, they came upon water quite suitable to the fly, and very soon they were engaged in catching the most unsophisticated trout imaginable, which, if not of any great size, gave, nevertheless, most excellent sport on the light rods and fine tackle employed by the two men, fighting as gamely as mountain-bred fish invariably do, whatever their nationality may be. Such was the quantity of

trout in the river that the brothers soon found it advisable to replace all but the very largest; and, delighted with the day's sport, they made their way homewards in good time with full baskets and without mishap, arriving tired but happy just as the sun was sinking behind the frowning Pic de Lindux. Jean, they found, had long preceded them, and they were rejoiced to discover him engaged in preparing the evening meal. He too had been successful, and his catch, already cleaned and slightly sprinkled with coarse salt, was lying on a flat rock in the cool recesses of a cave that ran back deep into the cliff behind the hut.

'If you would like to come with me to-morrow,' suggested their host that night as they smoked the pipe of peace preparatory to turning in, 'and see how I get trout for market, it may interest you; only I must warn you that the rules and regulations necessary to preserve any fish at all in your over-worked English rivers are not required out here. In these wild parts nature, uninterfered with by man, easily fills her waters with life which my puny efforts, pretty constant as they are, are quite unable to affect, for I notice no decrease in the stock of fish from year to year. But we shall have to start very early indeed, as I must take this evening's trout and those I shall catch in the morning down to the village by ten o'clock, in time to send them on by the mail-cart, to be eaten later on at *table-d'hôte* by the gourmands of Cambo and Biarritz. If that suits you, you have but to say the word.'

'A capital idea!' cried the doctor; 'there is nothing like seeing everything you can—eh, Paul?'

'No, I suppose not,' grunted the latter doubtfully; 'only it's rather awful going out with a professed poacher—isn't it?—no matter how plausible his excuses may sound.'

'Bosh!' laughed the other; 'you soldier-men are much too narrow-minded in these matters. I give way to no man in love of sport, but I cannot see what possible harm to anybody the man can do up here. Look here, Paul,' he went on, as Jean left them alone for a few minutes, 'did you notice what he said about our home rivers and their regulations? It's a most remarkable thing, and if I were you I should not say anything before him in English that you thought he might not care to hear. Who knows? he may have some knowledge of our language as well as our fishery laws.'

'Oh, rats!' scoffed the soldier; 'off on that old subject again, are you?' and the conversation was about to become animated when the return of the absentee speedily put an end to the discussion.

Next morning at break of day Jean led his guests to a ravine through which flowed a rapid and narrow stream, deep pools connected by short stretches of rippling shallow being its chief characteristic.

'Now look,' he said as they halted beside one of the latter; 'where is this shallow deepest?'

'In the run under the other bank, of course,' promptly answered Paul.

'Right. Now, do you see a leafy branch which appears to have caught up as it floated down-stream in some big stones, you remark, in the centre of the run? Well, we will go and examine it.'

Stepping into the water at his feet, which was there but an inch or two deep, and followed with curiosity by the others, Jean proceeded to wade across the deeper run. Here the stones already mentioned resolved themselves into a neat barrier built in the shape of an inverted V, but with sides of unequal length, the longer extending some way across the shallow, the other touching the opposite bank itself. The branch seemed to have caught upon the apex of this barrier, which pointed up-stream; but such was not quite the case, as this point was not closed with stones but by a long bag-shaped net kept open by means of wooden hoops placed at intervals inside it. The mouth of this contrivance was made on the same principle as that of one of those wire rat-traps where the misguided animal squeezes through an elastic kind of funnel only to emerge into a chamber from which there is no escape. It was placed exactly at the open point of the barrier, the body of the net being quite outside it, extended to its full length by means of two long sticks on each side, and kept in position against the flow of water by the aid of heavy stones attached to it by string. The branch was fixed over the net, some of its twigs being arranged so as to fall in front of the mouth.

'Trout, as you probably know,' said Jean as he pointed out the above details, 'have a reprehensible habit of going out at night and leaving the security of the deep pools, of wandering about on the shallows in search of minnows and other food. Nosing about—always against the current, you must remember—they come across my barrier, which they cannot cross, as its top is nearly level with the surface of the water, but soon find out an opening in a very convenient place where the stream flows deepest and quickest. True, a floating branch has caught up just here and rather obscures matters, but a lusty trout loves obstacles. A strong waggle of the broad tail, a rush and a wriggle, and the fish has triumphantly pushed his way through the leaves and twigs, which rather pleasantly scrape his sides, and—finds himself imprisoned in a long network tunnel from which apparently there is no way of escape. Where is that deceitful opening through which he has just come? For the life of him he cannot find it. The branch is there all right; but the treacherous meshes seem everywhere mixed up in it, and so the prisoner has to stay where he is, joined maybe by other wandering companions in misfortune, until I come along in the morning and pull off the green covering, so; remove the stones that keep the net in position, so; carry the latter to the bank, so; and, untying a string that closes one end, shake out its struggling occupants into my basket, so, and so, and so.'

'By Jove!' gasped Paul as, following the man's quick explanations and quicker actions, he saw the

three or four trout the trap contained roll ignominiously one after the other into the capacious creel, 'what a clever poaching dodge! The man ought to be shot!'

But the doctor only laughed at him. 'I was prepared for something of this sort,' he said, 'and I expect that we shall see other things equally unsportsman-like, according to our ideas, before we have finished our visit. But you need not say anything to Jean. Remember, he warned us; and, after all, we are intruders into his kingdom, for he seems to be lord of all he surveys. Besides, he does it for a living, and his methods don't appear to affect the sport at all, judging by our yesterday's experience.'

So the soldier stifled his feelings of disapproval, and as the *berteaux*, as these nets are called, were one after the other examined, emptied, and hung upon a bush to dry until the next time of setting, he almost forgave the system in the interest created by its efficacy. Each shallow had its trap, and each trap its occupants; and when the last had been taken up—Paul counted twenty of them—Jean announced that he had caught enough trout to complete the quantity he wished to send away, and that, as far as he was concerned, there was no necessity for him to go on fishing.

'Next time that you come out with me,' he remarked, 'I may not be so lucky with the *berteaux*, and then, if you like, I will show you some other ways of being pretty sure of getting fish. I have studied the habits of trout for years, and seldom use a rod now except now and again for amusement. I must be off presently to take the fish down to the village; but you will manage very well without me, and will, of course, make yourselves quite at home. Now, let us get back to breakfast.'

An hour later the occupant of the shed, a little donkey, was brought out, and the trout—carefully packed in freshly cut nettles, nature's best preservative—were loaded on to its back; then, led by its master, it disappeared through the bushes in the direction of the path; and dusk had deepened into night before the useful beast appeared again, this time laden with bread, flour, eggs, and other necessaries of life.

Jean announced that he was dead tired; but his flushed face and unusual loquacity told the experienced doctor that the wine of the village had been red. But the man was perfectly master of himself, and this story would most likely never have been written had it not been for the bottle of whisky which Paul always produced after the evening meal.

Although their host had taken a very mild taste of the spirit the night before, he had not appeared particularly to enjoy it. Judge, then, of the brothers' astonishment when on this occasion he not only helped himself liberally, but again and yet again. In spite of these libations, however, he showed little signs of having departed from his usual abstemious habits, and sat quietly rolling and smoking innumerable cigarettes, joining with wit and knowledge in the different subjects of the conversation, which was always carried on, when Jean was present, in the French language, as good manners required.

Presently the talk drifted to Paul's late experiences in South Africa, and to the doings of the gallant Plungers in particular. The soldier was a clever *raconteur*, and when he described the only occasion on which his regiment had succeeded in getting at the enemy with sword and lance (the now discredited *arme blanche*), his little audience became deeply interested. The Frenchman's eyes literally blazed with excitement. As Paul told of the mad charge, the awful turmoil, the cut and thrust met with the crack of the Mauser and thud of the swinging butt, the empty saddles, and the groans and death-screams of the stricken, Jean's dark features worked convulsively, his hands clenched and unclenched, his body swayed as if in the saddle; he seemed to be living in the very strife itself. And when the doctor, unaccountably stirred out of that calmness of demeanour which was as a second nature, raised his glass in the air and cried in English, 'Three cheers for the Pink Plungers!' their excitable host suddenly sprang to his feet and —wildly shouting, 'Ay, here's to the dear old corps; second to none in the world!' *in the same language*—drained his glass to the dregs, flung it crashing over his shoulder, and dashed out of the room, slamming the door violently behind him.

The first to break silence was the astonished soldier. 'Good heavens, Bill!' he exclaimed incredulously, staring at his brother with wide-open eyes, 'did you hear? Why, the man must be an Englishman after all. And what on earth did he mean by his allusion to the regiment? You don't seem to understand how extraordinary it is. What's the matter with you?'

The doctor wagged his head thoughtfully. 'Nothing,' he answered quietly; 'and I think I understand the thing so well that I can give a very good guess at our friend's identity. Do you remember,' he went on, 'anything about a rather queer business that happened many years ago, when our father had twenty thousand pounds, I think it was, stolen from a solicitor's office, a fellow called John Robster, who was our family lawyer at that time? Let me see, you would be about twelve years old when it happened.'

'Of course I do,' eagerly replied the other; 'at least, I don't know whether it was the actual event I recollect or only what I may have heard about it as I grew older. It was the son who stole the stuff—wasn't it?—and he committed suicide in a railway-carriage afterwards. He was in the service, too; if I remember right, a horse-soldier. By gad, Bill!' he exclaimed excitedly, a light beginning to dawn upon him, 'I see now what you are driving at! Young Robster and "The Pinks" and this fellow; but Robster committed suicide, didn't he, or was the whole business a fraud?'

'I fear so,' mused the elder man gravely. 'It

was not in the train, but from a boat that Robster was supposed to have taken his own life, and the body was never found, you know. Nor was any of the money traced; he had not paid any of his known debts with it, though in his confession to the police he mentioned some mysterious creditor or other to whom he had given the cash. Yet if that was a lie, and he took the notes away with him, what does this life mean? It 's strange, very strange indeed. I wonder where those notes went. Monte Carlo, which is the usual destination of stolen money of that kind, is too well watched for him to have used it there; he was dead, you must remember.'

'What made you connect this chap with Robster so quickly?' demanded Paul. 'I thought you didn't look as astonished as you ought to have looked when he gave himself away so badly after you had cheered for the Plungers. By Jove! perhaps that was just a dodge of yours to make him betray himself,' he went on excitedly; 'if it was, I consider it a beastly low thing to do, whatever the man is; and if I'——

But his brother only smiled indulgently. 'What a ridiculous idea to get into your quixotic head, you old goose!' he interrupted rather hurriedly. 'Don't you know that we doctors are always observing humanity and making mental notes of all sorts of apparently trivial things? Well, there were several in connection with this man that attracted my attention.

'First of all, there was that stumble he made when you shouted something rude at him in English after he had passed us in that cavalier fashion, and the unaccountable way he immediately came back and made some idiotic excuse about absent-mindedness, capped by his breaking all his rules by asking us to stay with him. Then we both agreed that he was very much more of a gentleman than his rough exterior would lead one to believe. But when I saw the extraordinary effect the mention of our name had upon him—for his heart-seizure was nothing but fright, shock, call it what you like—I began to search about to try and discover the reason why. You remember that we have never had a glimpse of the other room? Well, to-day, when I was outside, the wind blew open the shutter, which could not have been properly fastened. The neatly curtained window attracted my attention, and I did not see any reason why I should not look in. I couldn't make out very much except that the place appeared quite snugly furnished—not at all in this rough style—and amongst other things that one would not expect to see in a hermit's cell I noticed a big bookcase well filled with volumes, whose titles showed them to be mainly sporting works in English.

'Taking these minor matters—which betrayed the cultivated Englishman in hiding—in conjunction with the episode of the name, I came to the conclusion this afternoon that Jean was in reality the John Robster who was supposed to be dead, but whose body, be it remembered, was never actually discovered.

'I meant to have told you all this to-night, before we went to bed, but the whisky and your eloquence coming on top of whatever the fellow drank down in the village made him let the cat out of the bag himself and anticipate my pretty little story. The question now is,' he went on, 'what are we going to do? I think we had better sleep on it and see what line the man takes to-morrow. In any case, I suppose that we must go. We can leave the kit here and send up the mule to fetch it.'

'I see,' said Paul. 'Well, you have the brains of the family, I know. Poor chap, what an awful life to lead, especially in the winter! I pity him from the bottom of my heart. There is one thing that doesn't want sleeping on to settle, and which I am perfectly resolved upon, and that is, that whatever happens to-morrow, we must let him down gently—not rub it in, you know. He must have had a pretty bad time all these years, and the wretched money made no odds to our father, nor to us for that matter.'

'Of course,' cried the doctor indignantly. 'Do you think I am a brute? When I said that we must decide what to do, I had in my mind that perhaps we might hit upon some way of helping the poor fellow out of the slough, for I am not at all satisfied that he did—— Well, we shall know more about it to-morrow, I hope, so now let us get to bed;' and the brothers sought their bracken couches, but not to sleep—their restless movements far into the night betraying how much their equanimity had been upset by the strange events of the evening.

Next morning found them early astir, but their host had been before them; a slip of paper covered with writing having been placed upon the table in a conspicuous position where they could not fail to notice it.

'After what happened last night,' it ran, 'I suppose that you will not wish to stay any longer with a man who has pretended ignorance of your language while understanding all you say; not from any treacherous motive, he begs you to believe, but simply because he desired to hide his nationality for very good reasons of his own. Yet he would gladly see you before you go, and explain, as far as he may, what those reasons are. He will return in the evening, and if he finds you are still here, will know that you are willing to listen to him. If you decide to go, the donkey is at your disposal to take your things down to the village, where you can leave him at the inn; and the key of the door is under the roof, in its usual place.'

'You see he does not know, or at all events is not sure, that we have discovered his actual identity,' remarked the doctor after he had carefully read this communication. 'Let us see him, by all means. There is a good deal that I don't yet understand about that old business; perhaps we shall get to the bottom of it now.'

'Rather,' cried Paul; 'of course we'll stay. And now I vote for breakfast, and then we can go fishing.'

(To be continued.)

MODERN ATHENS.

By GEORGE PIGNATORRE.

ATHENS, unlike Rome, has not been merely revived and rekindled into lustier life, but has been, as it were, recreated out of the wretched, half-ruined Turkish-built town which was handed over to King Otho in the year of grace 1832, together with such portions of Greece as the Powers in their unwisdom had seen fit to declare free and place under his sceptre—speaking figuratively, for the poor king really no more possessed a sceptre or crown than he did the power which they are supposed to symbolise. Out of the crazy agglomeration of intricate, crooked lanes which crept up the north-eastern, north-western, and northern sides of the famous hill whereon had stood the citadel of Athens, and where still stand the clustered ruins of the past, a handsome new city has sprung up, has grown, and is still growing in spite of all detractors and prophets of evil, great and small.

These gentlemen had proved so conclusively, to their own satisfaction, that the choice of a capital for the new kingdom should have fallen elsewhere that they very naturally resented the erection of the chief city of the young State on one of the most arid and least defensible spots to be found in the whole country. They wondered at the folly which had led those in power to prefer the dry, dusty plain round the Acropolis to the opulent, well-watered plains of the Euretas or Pamisus, or to the fruitful region of Argolis. Yet this arid, dusty, uninviting plain of Attica, lying to the north of the famous citadel, was unquestionably, notwithstanding its barrenness and exposed position, the only spot which could logically be selected for the political and literary centre of reborn Hellas. There was no other possible name before men but that of the violet-crowned city of Athene. In truth, Athens became the capital of that portion of territory which had been liberated after seven years of ferocious warfare as naturally as Rome became the capital of United Italy.

But the rearing up, so to speak, of the new-born city amidst the most unpromising surroundings, in a country which had been ravaged by fire and sword in the merciless contest waged by the Turks against the insurgent rayas, was necessarily a slow and difficult process, especially at the outset, and its tardy progress seemed at first to warrant the gibes and sallies levelled at the shabby little town of twenty-six thousand souls of 1844, as our friend Thackeray found it. His picture of the squalor and poverty of Athens is doubtless not overdrawn; but it would have been darker still had he visited it in 1832. The task of reconstruction and repeopling out of the scant resources then available and amidst a sparse population was rendered so difficult by these untoward circumstances that when Thackeray passed through Athens on his way eastward in 1844, he found the embryo city still little better than a rickety agglomeration of large or small huts, with a few score of mansions comfortably laid out; and he adds that he had got a map of the place, with squares, fountains, theatres, public gardens, &c. marked out very distinctly on paper, but otherwise non-existent. He winds up his amusing account of what he saw in the year 1844 by instituting a parallel between Athens on one the hand and Carlow or Killarney on the other, which two renowned cities evidently embodied in his mind the extremities of dirt and squalor; so much so that he does allow that even the Athenian has one superiority at least over the citizen of Carlow or Killarney—namely, that of being usually well and decently dressed, as far at least as several yards of petticoat could make him. Ten years later, in 1854, Edmond About had his fling, and in his two entertaining volumes on Greece, ridicules the disadvantages caused by the removal of the erstwhile seat of Government from Ægina. Although his conclusions may not have been sound with regard to the future of a country he little understood, there is no doubt that his description of Athens at that time is correct enough.

However, in spite of adverse circumstances, Athens persisted in living and growing up; the tumble-down old timber townlet of 1844 has become the fine stone and marble city of 1905. The population has more than quintupled, increasing from about twenty-six thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand, and the area covered by buildings has widened in proportion. Long, handsome streets have been laid out; stately public buildings (some of white marble, like the Academy) and hundreds of substantial private mansions would have rendered Athens unrecognisable by Thackeray. The Square of the Constitution, peopled and enlivened in those far-off days by the presence of donkeys, pigs, and a few kilted, red-capped palikars lounging under the shade afforded by the five or six houses which marked out the Square, is now enclosed on three sides by rows of solid stone buildings, of which some are hotels. The fourth side is formed by a small garden which separates the Square from the esplanade before the Royal Palace. This is now thronged by a mostly well-dressed, always orderly multitude listening to the strains of the military band or seated at the numerous cafés sipping coffee and cool drinks or ices.

The town, which now extends from the lofty hill of the Lycabettus to beyond the Temple of Theseus, and from the Field of Ares to the columns of the Temple of Olympian Zeus and the Stadium where the new Olympian Games were celebrated, is roughly divided into four unequal quarters by the two streets of Hermes and Æolus, intersecting each other at

right angles in what was once the centre of the city, where the ancient church built by the Empress Irene in the eighth century still stands one of the few relics of Byzantine architecture which has survived the sieges and sacks of Frank, Venetian, and Turk. It bears now the name of Capnicarea, and is a very conspicuous landmark in the topography of the capital.

East and west, north and south, the city stretches out unequally, for the Acropolis and other historical hills, whereon rise the monument of Philopappus and the new Observatory, have checked its extension southward, whereas no obstacle has stayed its growth towards north and east. But nowhere is it disfigured by the crazy structures of 1844, save, perhaps, where a few nestle under the brows of the citadel, to delight inquiring tourists, for whom nothing is too ugly, provided it be out of the way.

Nor has the change been limited to the town, for the same agencies that have gradually transformed the city have also improved the environs beyond recognition. The arid surface of sixty years ago is now covered by pleasant corn-fields, vineyards, and silver-green olive-groves, an undulating spread of verdure extending from the Pentelicus to the Piræus. And the plain is intersected by good highways, along which King Otho's gilt coach never lumbered, but would now roll peacefully along could it be recalled into existence from the limbo of the past, together with the sandhills amidst which it was seen to wander so grotesquely by the Thackerayan eye.

These remarkable physical and material alterations have been naturally accompanied by a corresponding change in the habits and customs of the people. The laying of railways, the diffusion of education and of a greater amount of prosperity, were rendering Greece gradually but surely an unhealthy country for organised brigandage. The once numerous gangs of banditti who had roamed over Attica and Bœotia at their own sweet will, were dwindling in number and in popularity among the peasantry, like the enterprising desperadoes of some States of the American Union. Not being capable of holding up a train, they had to hold aloof, so that brigandage was already doomed before the awful tragedy of Marathon, in which three Englishmen and an Italian were cruelly murdered in the spring of the year 1870. The passionate indignation this tragic event aroused throughout the country, the energetic measures the authorities were at last compelled to take under the pressure of public opinion within and of the British Government without, dealt the death-blow to brigandage as an institution, though at a heavy cost which might have been avoided had the proper and wise course subsequently followed by the authorities under like circumstances been adopted.

The sad tale is little remembered now save by the relations and near friends of the four victims. But it made a great stir at the time, from the peculiar features of the case and the dire catastrophe which, to all who were conversant with the customs of Greek briganda, was inevitable from the moment the Government, acting under compulsion, began to drive the bandits to bay, while they still held their unreleased because unransomed captives, whom they were sure to slay on the approach of the pursuing troops. Even if certain of being slain themselves the next instant, they would willingly pay the forfeit with their own lives for the act. In consequence of the ill-advised course insisted upon by our representative, acting under instructions from the Foreign Office, the band of outlaws was vigorously pursued, and at last overtaken near Delesi, where they made a determined stand, and at last slaughtered their captives when they saw the troops closing round them and lost all hope of escape. I was in Athens at the time, and remember the thrill of horror, wrath, and shame which ran through the city when the black tidings came of the butchery of the four unfortunate gentlemen, owing to what we all deemed the unpardonable blundering of the Greek authorities. We all knew that their lives would have been safe had no premature pursuit been attempted; and had the twenty thousand pounds demanded by their captors as ransom-money been paid they would have been released, as Mr Soteropulos, ex-Minister of Finance, Miss Buduri, and others had been.

However, the atrocity of the crime, the high social standing of the victims, two of whom were Secretaries of Legation, and their popularity—notably that of Mr Herbert, who was well known for phil-Hellenic sympathies—all combined to raise such a storm of fury against the miscreants—the very masses forgetting and forswearing for the moment their traditional sympathies for the klephts—that these were mercilessly tracked down, many shot, and more captured and guillotined. And thus brigandage was stamped out, let us trust for ever.

The disappearance of the mean-looking dwellings of Turkish times and the substitution of substantial stone buildings has been a great blessing. The same may be said of the gradual disuse of the so-called national dress, which, like the famous Bloomer costume of the early fifties, can only be worn gracefully by very handsome, tall, athletic young men who can afford a large laundry bill for the weekly washing the voluminous kilt requires, and the original outlay for the purchase of gold-embroidered jacket, vest, and silver-mounted dagger and pistols. Hence those who are neither handsome, young, nor well-to-do—that is, the great majority of those who still wear the *fustanella*—always look unsavoury and sometimes grotesque.

The rooting out of the third evil of old days—namely, the extirpation of brigandage, an unquestionable benefit *per se*—has not, of course, been followed by a reign of virtue. While timber houses have given way to stone ones, and shabby white-kilted peasants or artisans to decently dressed men, the bandits have been succeeded by the more prosaic but equally objectionable up-to-date thieves and accomplished pickpockets of modern communities, who rob or steal with the adroitness of professional

English cracksmen and a deftness worthy of the renowned Mr Jobson in Bulwer's *Pelham*. This new danger seems to be completely ignored not only by romancers, who naturally take less kindly to pick-pockets than they did to brigands, but also by writers of guide-books. Nevertheless, it is a danger against which strangers should be cautioned on account of its recent appearance and perhaps unsuspected existence.

There is, however, one peril still, a survival of the past, to which unwary excursionists and pedestrians are occasionally exposed. The dingy red-capped bandits have practically disappeared; but the savage sheep-dogs, with their half-wild herdsmen or goatherds, are still numerous enough to render long excursions on foot and alone in remote districts unadvisable. These modern Molossians are apt to resent the presence of strangers, and to show their resentment so plainly that the unlucky wayfarer who has any respect for his skin or nether garments may consider himself fortunate, after having sighted them, if he has been able to retreat in time with skin and broadcloth intact; for if he ventures to defend himself and in self-defence shoots down one of these savage brutes, he will have to face the wrath of the ungentle shepherd, who will threaten reprisals and will shoot him in return unless propitiated by a huge ransom. Their long guns are usually unanswerable arguments unless one can oppose weapon to weapon. The risk of these encounters with dogs and shepherds are *nil* if you are content to keep to the more frequented paths or roads, and of course, *a fortiori*, if you keep to the high-road.

In short, a traveller or tourist of to-day in visiting Athens will visit a brand-new city, studded here and there by the white marble edifices of her past epoch of power and glory, inhabited by a quiet, orderly population, who, though in the main not only inoffensive but amiable and genially inclined to all strangers, are capable of being strangely roused when some real or fancied injury has been committed or attempted against the rites of their religion or when their national aspirations are repressed or discouraged. Both are closely connected in the mind of the people, for many cogent historical reasons which are obvious enough to those who are conversant with the history of Greece during the Middle Ages and modern times. The excitability and proneness to resentment on these points are praiseworthy in principle, as having their root in the deep-seated patriotism which is so prominent a trait of national character, and which, however misguided at times, and emotional in nature, is at any rate generally speaking as genuine as it is excitable.

Among a kindly, hospitable, intelligent people, numbering among the liberal professions many well-educated men, the stranger will be welcomed by all for whom he may have letters of introduction, and may enjoy a society which is on the whole very superior to that usually met with in other Southern countries, where the education of women is entirely neglected or at least little attended to. Foreigners will find all this in the Athenian in his private capacity and when playing the host; but he is a very different individual in his public capacity or when playing the politician. The quiet, amiable host becomes the noisy spouter, a veritable windbag of empty declamation against the Cabinet or against his opponent, whom he stigmatises in set phrases. His sole object is to drive from office all those who hold posts under the actual Government, and to secure these posts for himself and party. It matters little or nothing whether the official to be dismissed be efficient and the official to be appointed the reverse; official efficiency is a negligible quantity, and may be as such safely disregarded if expedient. Our Athenian who has become a regular frequenter of electoral meetings and a veritable Demosthenes in thundering denunciations against the hapless Ministry or Opposition, as the case may be, flies from café to café, launching high-sounded invectives, the higher-sounding the more loudly applauded, right and left. The invectives are especially profuse if the candidate belongs to the Opposition, his hopes of official preferment being correspondingly remote.

Political principle, indeed, does not and could scarcely be expected to exist in a country so downtrodden as Greece has been for over nineteen centuries under Byzantine Emperors and Turkish Sultans. As in the case of Rome or Naples, the double taint of foreign despotism and domestic tyranny added to the inborn unruliness of the race could have no other results. And the Athenian in this respect has not put off with his change of garment some old secular faults, and become the public-spirited, trained politician of Great Britain.

In a lesser degree the same observation may be made regarding their methods of conducting business, which are sometimes shifty in the extreme, and bear the impress of those evil times when no man who rose to affluence was safe from the grasping power of the Turkish pasha or aga, and when to cringe and to lie, to flatter and to bribe, was as necessary to success in life as to speculate or invest capital would be now with us in the ordinary course of business.

It has been a fortunate event for the Greeks, and therefore for the Athenians, that owing to the uncompromising nature of Turkish despotism, which excluded them from all civil employment and military service, the vanquished were enabled to preserve their faith and nationality intact by rendering all fusion between the two races impossible. Poor, ignorant, sometimes servile and double-dealing they were, but neither vicious nor lacking in family affection, nor divided by class hatred, which was impossible under the all-levelling wheels of the Turkish Juggernaut. Hence Anarchism and Socialism have never flourished in this country where all men are as practically equal as they are practically unequal in most other States, and where even the difference of wealth is less apparent and paupers are fewer than elsewhere. The few very wealthy

are newly enriched peasants or small landed proprietors who have made fortunes in trade, and who generally show themselves kind and considerate to their less fortunate kinsmen and patriotic enough to endow their native land with works of public utility, such as schools, museums, and charities. With the exception of some old Samian and Phanariot families, there are no names traceable to an earlier date than the memorable year 1821.

But the chief attraction of Athens is, after all, that subtle charm of association which connects every monument of Attic history with some illustrious name or immortal artist. Thus the Temples of Theseus and of Wingless Victory were erected under the auspices of Cimon, and recall the exploits of that great commander, the glories of the Eurymedon; and the matchless Parthenon symbolises the golden age of Athens, her greatest statesman Pericles, her unapproachable sculptor Phidias. So with the rest of those imperishable works of Grecian genius which have survived the spoiler. In this way the brief but bright career of Athens as the champion of freedom, the mother of arts and of literature, focussed as it were in her century and a half of supreme excellence in all the arts of war and peace, reflects itself on those masterpieces of marble which still adorn her, and her history has thus ever possessed a glamour to which no other city can lay claim.

Even the Eternal City, with its colossal ruins, its medieval palaces, cannot arouse the same loving interest the less vast but far more classical remains of Athens are sure to evoke. For, while the greatness of Rome was rather the work of the whole people than of her few great men, the greatness of Athens was rather the creation of her most illustrious citizens than of the people. The men who rose to pre-eminence in Rome were indeed fewer in number and lived in epochs far apart, at least relatively so, whereas those great Athenians who rendered their city so illustrious during the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ were at once far more numerous, more perfect in their mental gifts, and follow in rapid, uninterrupted succession.

Lastly, it must be remembered that most of the salient monuments of Rome belong to an epoch of moral decadence, while those of Athens were almost all erected during the blaze of her meridian power and glory. For these reasons Athens will, I think, have for certain minds an attraction which they will not feel for Rome, and will always engage their sympathies, while Rome will rather excite their wonder and awe. It is doubtless owing to this attractiveness that Athens was perhaps the only city in the whole Roman Empire which preserved a certain pride of place for centuries after her political extinction, and whose freedom or citizenship was sought for by the most illustrious Romans. During the long Olympiads of her decay she was ever respected by her victors, and preserved much of her intellectual supremacy, until the closing of her schools by Justinian in the first half of the sixth century—nearly eight centuries after the Samian war, which was her last attempt as the traditional champion of democratic freedom to preserve her complete independence. Can this be said of Rome or of any other city, ancient or modern? If not, unless this lasting survival of moral influence, outliving political and military power, be proved in the case of these, the superiority of the famed Violet-Crowned City in intellectual greatness and artistic perfection cannot be contested.

TE-BARI THE OUTLAW.

By Louis Becke.

THE island of Upolu, in the Samoan group, averages less than fifteen miles in width, and it is a delightful experience to cross from Apia or any other town on the north to the south side. The view to be obtained from the summit of the range that traverses the island from east to west is incomparably beautiful. I have never seen anything to equal it anywhere in the Pacific Isles.

A few years after the Germans had begun cotton-planting in Samoa, I brought to Apia ninety native labourers from the Solomon Islands to work on the big plantation at Mulifanua. I also brought with me something I would gladly have left behind: a very severe attack of malarial fever.

A week or so after I had reached Apia I gave myself a few days' leave, intending to walk across the island to the town of Siumu, where I had many native friends, and try and work some of the fever-poison out of my system. Starting long before sunrise, I was well past Vailima Mountain—the destined future home of Stevenson—by six o'clock. After resting for an hour at each of the bush villages of Magiagi and Tanumamanono—soon to be the scene of a bloody massacre in the civil war then raging—I began the long, gradual ascent from the littoral to the main range, inhaling deeply of the cool morning air, and listening to the melodious *croo! croo!* of the great blue pigeons, and the plaintive cry of the ring-doves, so well termed *manu-tagi* (the weeping-bird) by the imaginative Samoans.

Walking but slowly, for I was not strong enough for rapid exercise, I reached the summit of the first spur, and again halted, resting upon a thick carpet of cool, dead leaves. With me was a boy from Tanumamanono, named Suisuege-le-moni (the Seeker after Truth), who carried a basket containing some cooked food and fifty cartridges for my gun. Sui, as he was called for brevity, was an old acquaint-

ance of mine, one of the most unmitigated young imps that ever ate *taro*, 'as handsome as a picture,' and a most notorious scandalmonger and spy. He was only thirteen years of age, and was of rebel blood; and, child as he was, he knew that his head stood very insecurely upon his shoulders, and that it would be promptly removed therefrom if any of King Malietoa's troops should catch him spying *in flagrante delicto*. Two years before he had attached himself to me, and had made a voyage with me to the Caroline Islands, during which he had acquired an enormous vocabulary of sailors' bad language. This gave him great local kudos. Sui was to accompany me to the top of the range, and then return, as otherwise he would be in hostile territory.

By four o'clock in the afternoon we had gained a clear spot on the crest of the range, from where we had a most glorious view of the south coast. Three thousand feet below us were the russet-hued, thatched roofs of the houses of Siumu village; beyond, the pale-green water that lay between the barrier-reef and the mainland; then the long curving line of the reef itself, with its seething surf; and beyond that again, the deep, deep blue of the Pacific sparkling brightly in the westering sun.

Leaning my gun against one of the many buttresses of a mighty tree, I was drinking in the beauty of the scene, when we heard the shrill, cackling scream of a mountain cock, evidently quite near. Giving the boy my gun, I told him to go and shoot it; then, sitting down on the carpet of leaves, I awaited his return with the bird—half-resolved to spend the night where I was, for I was very tired and began to feel the premonitory chills of an attack of ague.

In ten minutes the sound of a gunshot reverberated through the forest aisles, and presently I heard Sui returning. He was running, and holding by its neck one of the biggest mountain cocks I ever saw. As he ran he kept glancing back over his shoulder, and when he reached me and threw down gun and bird I saw that he was trembling from head to foot.

'What is the matter?' I asked. 'Hast seen an *aitu vao* [evil spirit of the forest]?'

'Ay, truly,' he said shudderingly, 'I have seen a devil indeed, and the marrow in my bones has gone. I have seen Te-bari the Tafito.'

I sprang to my feet and seized him by the wrist.

'Where was he?' I asked.

'Quite near me. I had just shot the wild *moa vao* [mountain cock] and had picked it up, when I heard a voice say in Samoan, but thickly as foreigners speak, "It was a brave shot, boy." Then I looked up and saw Te-bari. He was standing against the bole of a *masa'oi* tree, leaning on his rifle. Round his earless head was bound a strip of *ie mumu* [red Turkey twill]; and as I stood and trembled he laughed, and his great white teeth gleamed, and my heart died within me, and'——

Then he began to sob with terror, stopping every now and then to glance round at the now darkening forest aisles of gray-barked, ghostly, and moss-covered trees.

'Sui,' I said, 'go back to your home. I have no fear of Te-bari.'

In two seconds the boy, who had faced rifle-fire time and time again, fled homewards. Te-bari the Outlaw was too much for him.

. . . . . .

Personally I had no reason to fear meeting the man. In the first place, I was an Englishman, and Te-bari was known to profess a liking for Englishmen, though he would cut the throat of a German or a Samoan if he could get his hands upon it; in the second place, although I had never seen the man, I was sure that he would have heard of me from some of his fellow-islanders on the plantations, for during my three years' 'recruiting' in the Kingsmill and Gilbert Groups I had brought many hundreds of them to Samoa, Fiji, and Tahiti.

Something of his story was known to me. He was a native of the great, square-shaped atoll of Maiana, and went to sea in a whaler when he was quite a lad, and soon rose to be boat-steerer. One day a Portuguese harpooner struck him in the face and drew blood—a deadly insult to a Line Islander. Te-bari plunged his knife into the man's heart. He was ironed and put in the sail-locker. During the night three of the Portuguese sprang in upon him and cut off his ears. A few days later, when the ship was at anchor at the Bonin Islands, Te-bari freed himself and swam ashore. Early on the following morning one of the boats was getting fresh water. She was in the charge of the fourth mate—a Portuguese black. Suddenly a nude figure leapt among the men, clove the officer's head in twain with a tomahawk, and vanished into the bush.

One day Te-bari reappeared among his people, and took service with a white trader, who always spoke of him as a quiet, hard-working young man, but with a dangerous temper when roused by a fancied wrong. In due time Te-bari took a wife—took her in a very literal sense, by killing her husband and escaping with her to the neighbouring atoll of Taputeaüea (Drummond's Island). She was a pretty, graceful creature of sixteen years of age. Then one day there came along the German labour-brig *Adolph*, seeking 'blackbirds' for Samoa, and Te-bari and his pretty wife, with fifty other Tafitos (as the Samoans call all the Line Islanders), were landed at one of the plantations in Upolu.

Young Madam Te-bari was not as good as she ought to have been, and one day the husband saw one of the German overseers give her a thick necklet of fine red beads. Te-bari tore them from her neck and threw them in the German's face. For this he received a flogging, and was mercilessly kicked into insensibility. When he recovered he was transferred to another plantation—minus the naughty Nireeungo, who became Mrs Peter Clausen. A month passed, and it was rumoured 'on the beach' that 'No-Ears,' as Te-bari was called, had escaped and taken to the bush with a brand-new

Snider carbine and as many cartridges as he could carry, and Mr Peter Clausen was advised to look out for himself. He snorted contemptuously.

Two young Samoan bucks were sent out to capture Te-bari and bring him back, dead or alive, and receive therefor one hundred bright new Chile dollars. They never returned, and when their bodies were found in a deep mountain gully it was known that the earless one was the richer by a sixteen-shot Winchester with fifty cartridges and a Swiss Vetterli rifle, together with some twist tobacco and the two long *nifa-oti*, or death-knives, with which these valorous but misguided young men intended to remove the earless head of the 'Tafito pig' from its brawny, muscular shoulders.

Te-bari made his way, encumbered as he was, along the crest of the mountain-range till he was within striking distance of his enemy Clausen and the alleged Frau Clausen—*née* Nireeungo. He hid on the outskirts of the plantation, and soon got in touch with some of his former comrades. They gave him food and much useful information.

One night, during heavy rain, when every one was asleep on the plantation, Te-bari entered the overseer's house by the window. A lamp was burning, and by its light he saw his faithless spouse sleeping alone. Clausen had been sent into Apia an hour before to get some medicine for one of the manager's children. Te-bari was keenly disappointed. He would only have half of his revenge. He crept up to the sleeper, and made one swift blow with the heavy *nifa-oti*. Then he became very busy for a few minutes, and a few hours later was back in the mountains, smoking Clausen's tobacco and drinking some of Clausen's corn schnapps.

When Clausen rode up to his house at three o'clock in the morning, he found the lamp was burning brightly. Nireeungo was lying on the bed, covered over with a quilt of navy blue. He called to her, but she made no answer, and Clausen called her a sleepy little pig. Then he turned to the side-table to take a drink of schnapps. On the edge of it was Nireeungo's head, with its two long plaits of jet-black hair hanging down and dripping an ensanguined stream upon the matted floor.

Clausen cleared out of Samoa the very next day. Te-bari had got upon his nerves.

. . . . . .

The forest was dark by the time I had lit a fire between two of the wide buttresses of the great tree, and I was shaking from head to foot with ague. The attack, however, only lasted an hour; and then came the usual delicious afterglow of warmth as the blood began to course riotously through my veins and give that temporary and fictitious strength, accompanied by hunger, that is one of the features of malarial fever.

Sitting up, I began to pluck the mountain cock, intending to grill the chest-part as soon as the fire was ready. Then I heard a footstep on the leaves, and looking up, I saw Te-bari standing before me.

'*Ti-a ka po*' ('Good-evening'), I said quietly in his own language; 'will you eat with me?'

He came over to me, still grasping his rifle, and peered into my face. Then he put out his hand to me, and sat down quietly in front of me. Except for a girdle of dracæna-leaves around his waist he was naked, but he seemed well nourished and, in fact, fat.

'Will you smoke?' I said presently, passing him a plug of tobacco and my sheath-knife, for I saw that a wooden pipe was stuck in his girdle of leaves. He accepted it eagerly.

'Do you know me, white man?' he asked abruptly, speaking in the Line Islands tongue.

I nodded.

'You are Te-bari of Maiana. The boy was frightened of you, and ran away.'

He showed his gleaming white teeth in a semi-mirthful, semi-tigerish grin.

'Yes, he was afraid. I would have shot him; but I did not because he was with you. What is your name, white man?'

I told him.

'Ah! I have heard of you. You were with Kapitan Ebba [Captain Evers] in the *Leota*.'

He filled his pipe, lit it, and then extended his hand to me for the half-plucked bird, and said he would finish it. Then he looked at me inquiringly.

'You have the shaking sickness of the western islands. It is not good for you to lie here on the leaves. Come with me. I shall give you good food to eat, and coco-nut toddy to drink.'

I asked him where he got his toddy from, as there were no coco-nut-trees growing so high up in the mountains.

He laughed.

'I have a sweetheart in Siumu. She brings it to me. You shall see her to-night. Come.'

Stooping down, he lifted me up on his right shoulder as if I were a child; and then, with his own rifle and my gun and bag, and the mountain cock tucked under his left arm, he set off at a rapid pace towards one of the higher spurs of the range. Nearly an hour later I found myself in a cave overlooking the sea. On the floor were a number of fine Samoan mats and a well-carved *aluga* (bamboo pillow).

I stretched myself out upon the mats, shivering with ague, and Te-bari covered me over with a thick *tappa* cloth. Then he lit a fire just outside the cave and came back to me.

'You are hungry?' he said, as he expanded his nostrils, mouth and grinned pleasantly. Then from the recesses of the cave he took down a basket containing cooked baked pigeons, fish, and yams.

I ate greedily, and soon after fell asleep. When I awoke it seemed to be daylight; in reality it was only a little past midnight, but a full, bright moon was shining into the cave. Seated near me were my host and a young woman—the 'sweetheart'. I recognised her at once as Laea, the widow of a man killed in the fighting a few months previously. She was about five-and-twenty years of age, very hand-

some, and quiet in her demeanour. As far as I knew, she had an excellent reputation, and I was astonished at her consorting with an outlawed murderer. She came over and shook hands, asked if I felt better, and if she should *lomi-lomi* (massage) me. I thanked her and gladly accepted her offer.

An hour before dawn she bade me good-bye, urging me to remain and rest with her earless lover for a day or two instead of coming on to Siumu, where there was an outbreak of measles.

'When I come to-morrow night,' she said, 'I will bring a piece of *kava* root, and make *kava* for you.'

The news about the measles decided me. I resolved to spend at least another day and night with my host. He was pleased.

Soon after breakfast he showed me around. His retreat was practically impregnable. One man with a supply of breech-loading ammunition could beat off a hundred foes. On the roof of the cave was a hole large enough to let a man pass through, and from the top itself there was a most glorious view. A mile away on the starboard hand, and showing through the forest green, was a curving streak of bright red—it was the road, or rather track, that led to Siumu. We filled our pipes, sat down, and talked.

How long had he lived there? I asked. Five months. He had found the cave one day when in chase of a wild-sow and her litter. Afraid of being shot by the Siumu people? No; he was on good terms with them. Very often he would shoot a wild-pig and carry it to a certain spot on the road and leave it for them. But he could not go into the village itself. It was too risky; some one might be tempted to get those hundred Chile dollars. Food? There was plenty. Hundreds of wild-pigs in the mountains, and thousands of pigeons. The pigs he shot with his Snider; the pigeons he snared, for he had no shot-gun, and would like very much to have one. Twice every week Laea brought him food. Tobacco, too, sometimes, when she could buy or beg it from the trader at Siumu. Sometimes he would cross over to the northern watershed and catch a basketful of the big speckled trout which teem in the mountain pools. Some of these he would send by Laea to the chief of Siumu, who would send him in return a piece of *kava* and some young coco-nuts as a token of goodwill. Once when he went to fish he found a young Samoan and two girls about to net a pool. The man fired at him with his pigeon-gun, and the pellets struck him in the chest. Then he (Te-bari) shot the man through the chest with his Winchester. No, he did not harm the girls—he let them run away.

Laea was a very good girl. Whenever he trapped a *manu-mea* (the rare *Didunculus*, or tooth-billed pigeon) she would take it to Apia and sell it for five dollars. He was saving this money. When he had forty dollars he and Laea were going to leave Samoa and go to Maiana. Kapitan Cameron had promised Laea to take them there when they had forty dollars. Perhaps when his schooner next came to Siumu they would have enough money, &c.

During the day I shot a number of pigeons, and when Laea appeared, soon after sunset, we had them cooked and ready. We made a delicious meal; but before eating, the lady offered up the usual evening prayer in Samoan. And Te-bari the Earless sat with closed eyes like a saint, and gave forth a sonorous *A-mene!* when his lady-love ceased.

I left my outlaw friend next morning. Laea came with me, for I had promised to buy him a pigeon-gun (costing ten dollars), a bag of shot, powder, and caps. I fulfilled my promise, and the woman bade me farewell with protestations of gratitude.

. . . . . .

A few months later Te-bari and Laea left the island in Captain Cameron's schooner, the *Manahiki*. I trust they 'lived happily ever afterwards.'

'OF NELSON AND THE NORTH.'*

By KATHARINE BURRILL.

THERE are evidently a number of people in this world with nothing to do—being in a state of easily tempted idleness, the Prince of Mischief prompts them to write futile letters to the papers. One of the most feeble of these productions appeared recently in an English newspaper, and I regret to have to say it was written by a Scot—I will not say a 'brither Scot' because my feelings towards this inspired idiot are not brotherly. Personally I think he must be either a Colonial product panting with National fervour—the home-grown North Briton, honest man! is ever well endowed with common-sense and decent reticence—or a lineal descendant of that serious-minded Caledonian who informed Charles Lamb that Burns could not be present 'because he was dead'! My Caledonian was apparently suffering from patriotism run mad—from a severe attack of 'Scots wha hae'-itis. According to him we are in a parlous state, still labouring under the disadvantages of the Union, still crushed beneath the iron heel of English rule—with a Scottish Prime Minister and a Scottish Primate, mark you, not to mention a few lesser dignitaries of Church and State who have managed to evade the iron heel—still ill-treated and misunderstood, having gained nothing from the Sister Country but a heavy share of her National Debt. I have never yet met any one who seriously 'fashed' himself about the National

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Debt, and I do not fancy many of us are kept awake o' nights worrying over it, however sleepless we may become because of our own unpaid bills! Still, even if we do find the National Debt a grievance and are conscious only of the remarkable gain it was to England to secure James VI. for a ruler, and have no belief in any slight Saxon benefits that blew Northwards—or, that we 'held South' for, and —took!—we yet have one thing to be thankful for —if we share the National Debt we have also the honour and privilege of sharing Nelson. Surely he will make up to us for some of those many injustices to Scotland that lie so heavily on the Bannockburning spirit of my Caledonian letter-writer. A pure-bred Englishman said to me the other day somewhat pitifully: 'Wherever you go, every one says he is Scotch or Irish; no one gets up and boasts of being English'—it must be a satisfaction to him to know the hero of Trafalgar was plain English! It was Stevenson who wrote: 'Don't put "N.B." on your paper; put Scotland and be done with it. Alas, that I should be thus stabbed in the home of my friends! The name of my native land is not *North Britain*, whatever may be the name of yours' —there was to be no pandering to mere Britishness— but it was also Stevenson who wrote of the English Admirals—please, observe he calls them English, not British. With all his admiration for—

> Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
> Here's to the bold and free;
> Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
> Hail to the Kings of the Sea!—

he did not attempt to annex them for his own country or try to make them partly Scotch. Well he knew they were essentially English and owed nothing to the North. Though I generally have a weakness for the word Scottish, when I think of Admirals All I consider British a truly honourable and becoming designation—when I remember Nelson, Bruce and the spider grow nebulous and that 'Wallace bled' does not seem so supremely important. During this Trafalgar Centenary I should like to be English—but only for this year—if possible English from Norfolk, a county famous for many things—from being the birthplace of the Duke of Thunder (Nelson quite appreciated the Jove-like ring of his Sicilian Title) down to Norfolk Broads and—'Norfolk biffins.' In the days of my youth when I went to school in the land of 'the proud usurper'—as I feel sure my worthy Caledonian would call it—I was greatly impressed by the fact that all my small companions—juvenile usurpers with their iron English heels on my unfortunate Scottish neck—spent their holidays at the seaside. Worthing was the most desired haven, and next to it came Redcar or Whitby. From time immemorial my days of lessonless freedom had been passed among the hills, so I then and there made a mental note as follows:—'The English love the sea, but the Scotch love the hills;' needless to remark I thought *our* point of view vastly superior. Any one could dig in the sand or wade, but it took a first-class walker to climb a hill! Could the finest shrimping-net ever made—stuffed full of shrimps—compare with the joy of carrying a grouse on the 12th of August? Would a bathing-machine successfully take the place of a gun-room? I thought very small things of the little usurpers when I realised the day of Saint Grouse was not even a name to them, that setters and pointers were animals far beyond their ken, and that the black-cock's tail in my felt hat—how remarkably ugly hats used to be!—merely raised their scorn and derision. Needless to say they were much pleased to discover my extreme ignorance on the subject of jelly-fish and star-fish; also that though they might—perhaps—have given me 'a good character,' most undoubtedly —'I could not swim'! Now I have of course with advancing years greatly modified my views. I do not imagine the mountains the exclusive property of my native land, nor the ocean the exclusive property of the English; but I am still inclined to think that the sea means more to the South Briton than it does to the Northerner, and the Southerner —the dweller in the plains—can never feel the same towards the hills as do those who have grown up beneath their shadow. To begin with, can we ever forget that since earliest childhood we have sung—

> I to the hills will lift mine eyes
> From whence doth come mine aid?

No, we do not forget; and though our feet are slippery with the mud and clay of years and we go warily with slow and saddened step, we yet instinctively turn to 'the Everlasting hills' for help and comfort, and look upward towards 'where the hills are bright.'

The English always make a rush for the sea—think of the giant trips—'our heritage the sea' may not be known to them in actual words, but they feel it in their very bones. It is much easier to find a Scot who has never gazed on what Barry Cornwall calls—

> The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
> The blue, the fresh, the ever free!

(by the way, Barry Cornwall was an unfortunate) poor sea-traveller, but—no matter) than it is to discover an English villager who has not at least once in his life journeyed to the nearest seaport. With proud memories of Sir Patrick Spens and other 'skeely skippers,' not to mention Dundonald and that redoubtable Admiral who is referred to in Gaultier: 'Gin ye meet wi' Charlie on the sea reel wish yersel' at hame'—we are not going to believe braid Scotland as a sea power, but, at the same time—well, well, Stevenson wrote *English* Admirals and most undoubtedly 'twas English he meant. Also this year we are only thinking of *one* Admiral, and with the best intentions in the world we cannot turn him into a Scotsman. On the last page of Southey's *Life of Nelson* published in 1813 are these words:—'He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring hundreds of the youth of

England: a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and strength.' Grand words! And have they not been proved gloriously true? Eighty-two years ago since they were written, and yet they are still—this year more than any other—vivid and arresting and uplifting. Nelson equipped dull Duty with golden wings, after Trafalgar—after that wonderful message—Duty—a somewhat leaden-coloured personality before—became a God clad in purple, enthroned for ever upon the restless, changeful seas. To Nelson we owe the fact that for all time Duty—duty done with a flaunt and a dash—is the proud prerogative of the Seaman. The shoreman may occasionally do his duty and do it brilliantly, the landsman who 'bides at hame' is possibly quite capable of heroic duties, but neither of them suggests to our minds the memory and message of the great Admiral. If the office boy saves the office from fire or sword and then modestly remarks, 'I only did my duty, Sir,' we are not at all impressed, but somewhat inclined to think, 'Well, after all, that's all he did'! But let the sailor say the same thing and what a difference! How we talk of Nelson and the British Tar, of 'the honour of the flag,' and what a prodigious waving of Union-Jacks do we see! Duty and Nelson belong to the sailorman, and, bless him! it is quite right they should. Nelson left all sailors a magnificent legacy, and right royally they have lived up to it. When the sailor says, 'I only did my duty,' he really means it, for the message of Trafalgar has sunk deeply into his heart and will never, never be uprooted. There is a story—though I cannot find any authenticity for it—that the message originally read 'Nelson expects,' but there was no code-word for 'Nelson,' and England was signalled instead. I hope this tale is *not* true, for though every man afloat would have done his duty to the utmost limit of his power and strength for his beloved Admiral, yet there is a magnificent ring about the '*England* expects' that even Nelson's name could not give. Clark Russell says that Nelson first used the word 'confides' and then changed it to 'expects' because of quickness and expediency. I prefer to think the great message always contained the word 'expects.' If you expect great things of people they are more likely to do them or at least to strive to come up to what is expected of them. You may 'confide' and hope, but the words do not sound the same as 'expect.' Behind the word expects lies the shadow 'grievously-disappointed-if-you-in-any-way-fall-short-of-the-expectation.' It was an inspired command, and the words echo through the years and sound from shore to shore; if they were addressed to seamen and fighters they still contain a message for the 'land-lubbers,' for the ordinary humble citizens who, wherever their lot is cast, have their duty to perform. But undoubtedly the sailor feels the words belong to him and him alone—a certain contempt for shore folk is ever a nautical characteristic. In many ways the sailor has immense advantages over the landsman. To begin with, he brings with him the glamour and fascination of the seas. We are all far more touched and affected by a sea story of heroism than we are by a land story that is quite as heroic and quite as fine. The land story misses the glamour of the waves and winds, the touch of the romantic and picturesque that clings about a ship from truck to keel. You may be very brave on dry land and show infinite pluck and perseverance, but what are they compared to the bravery and fortitude that 'euchres' the storm and 'bluffs the Eternal Sea'? No, my landsman! content yourself 'winnin' your hay.' You do not hold the hem of Nelson's mantle and no 'sweet little cherub sits up aloft' to look after you; compete with 'the gallant tar' as much as you like, you will still find him occupying the centre of the stage and appropriating all the lime-light. Ordinary folk who sleep in beds, not bunks, and think sheets are sails, do tremendously brave deeds—no one disputes it—but often their doings lack the picturesque environment, are wanting in that touch of brilliant daring—bravado call it if you like—that raises the commonplace to the dazzlingly heroic. Even to-day—a hundred years after Trafalgar—and in the peaceful Mercantile Marine, you hear of sailormen doing wonderfully brave things, and doing them with a splash of dashing colour that is positively Nelsonic. A ship—an old 'wind-jammer' carrying a very mundane cargo of tinned meats and fruits—crashed ashore in a terrific gale and threatened every moment either to go to pieces or become submerged. The seas broke over her from stem to stern, and there seemed absolutely no chance of the ship living through the night. The Captain shouted to the men to haul up the flag, and the Red Ensign fluttered and struggled upwards in the howling wind. But the men—small blame to them considering Death lay waiting for them in every wave—hoisted the flag upside down as a signal of distress. 'No, you don't,' roared the Captain—with the self-same oath that we know the Recording Angel blotted out with a tear—'no reversed flags for me; Jack on top every time'! Then when the Merchant Jack was in its right position he called for three cheers for the King and three cheers for the flag; and then the crew took to the rigging, where they clung to ropes and spars throughout the long night. Now, as it happened mercifully, the waves and winds abated—the old ship held together—when the day dawned they were all saved; but at the moment when they cheered for the King and the flag there seemed uncommonly little chance of any of them ever seeing another day break. Now this little story illustrates what I mean by the picturesque, the splash of colour that clings about the sea and ships, even about an old 'wind-jammer' that takes foods and cargoes round the world:

The Liner she's a lady, and if a war should come,
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, and 'e'd bid 'er stay at home;
But, oh, the little cargo-boats that fill with every tide!
'E'd 'ave to up and fight for them, for they are England's pride.

As I have said so much in praise of the English —Kipling also writes 'England's pride,' you will observe—perhaps it is only fair to mention that the Ship-Master who wanted no 'reversed flags' and in a time of great danger could triumphantly cheer for his King is—a Scotsman! This is comforting, and it is pleasant to think of brave seafaring Scots; but at the bottom of my heart I still look upon the Navy as an English institution! It was 'England expects,' and not either Great Britain—how clumsy it sounds!—nor England and Scotland. Of course there were plenty of gallant Scotsmen fighting at Trafalgar, but the great victory seems to lie almost entirely with the English. Nelson towers above all other Naval heroes, and Nelson was English. Still from 'Land's End to John o' Groats' we can unite in doing him honour and be proud of feeling that we of the North share him with the Southerner. Apart from the great victories and his extraordinary genius, Nelson appeals to us as being one of the most lovable of men—lovableness is a great quality, especially in a Leader. Every one loved him; as Southey says, 'Never was any commander more beloved. He governed men by their reason and their affections; and they obeyed him with alacrity and joy, because he possessed their confidence as well as their love.' If he was loved by those who came in contact with him, he was almost as greatly loved by the mass of the English people who had never seen him, never heard the sound of his voice. The British Isles—no invidious distinction *this* time—are rich in heroes, in the fragrant memories of great men; but I do not suppose there has ever been, or will be again, a hero who so endeared himself to the heart of the nation. The victory of Trafalgar was too dearly bought; the country rejoiced over the triumph of the Navy, but 'twas a poor rejoicing. What was a great naval victory when they had lost their beloved Nelson?

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead!

These lines—written in another country and for another great man who was also dearly loved—might have been written for Nelson. The prize was won, the ship had weathered the storm, but the Captain had died at his post; the crowds of loving people who would so gratefully and gladly have welcomed him with shouts of exultation could only stand bareheaded and sad-eyed to see their hero carried to his rest. To quote Southey once more; he refers to the death of Nelson 'as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and reverenced him.' That the country mourned him long and sincerely we well know, and that he has never for one moment been forgotten we also know. If this 21st of October we twine a few more laurel wreaths, fly a few more flags, it does not mean that we need a Centenary anniversary to remind us of 'Nelson's peerless name.' Every year his memory is more tenderly loved and proudly remembered. What a marvellous record and what a wonderful personality! To be the greatest of Naval commanders—to win stupendous victories—to be adored by a whole nation—to die in a blaze of glory—and through a hundred years to live in the hearts of a great people—nay, why limit it to one hundred years? What are mere years? Nelson's name will be honoured and loved 'as long as waves shall break!'

The songs, verses, and doggerel that have been written about the great commander and his victories are endless. Some of them are somewhat feeble productions, but others have the swing and rhythm of the sea—a fine salty flavour that catches your breath like the tang of a sharp sea-breeze. Some of them are gloomy, but most of them display that cheery optimism and good-humoured jollity that we invariably associate with 'ye mariners of England'—I cannot help its being *England*, a Scotsman wrote it. If we 'toll for the brave,' we are not going to toll in a depressed and doleful spirit. Our toast of the 21st of October—'to the illustrious memory'—must be drunk in respectful silence, but that does not prevent us decking our houses with streaming bunting. If we come from the North we may even insinuate our Scottish flag—with its flaming Lion Rampant—among the floating folds of the Union Jack!

Then of England and England's brave tars let us sing,
As true as the keel to the kelson!
Let's be loyal to honour, to truth, and to King,
And drink to the Navy and Nelson.

MORNING.

The sun has risen, and the earth and sky
Are radiant with th' advancing glorious light—
It is as if there never had been night;
While ruby-coloured clouds are piled on high
O'er the horizon. A sweet melody
Of bird-song from a thousand little throats
Upward to heaven and round my thrill'd soul floats;
Crows circling o'er the tree-tops hoarsely cry,
Blackbirds are whistling in the copse below,
And from the river-lavèd emerald vale
Move, sun-touched, to the hills dank vapours pale.
Forth to their varied toil my brothers go.
For I too—'tis my pride—a toiler am:
Man's glory work, and idleness his shame.

W. C.

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PERILS IN RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

OUR village by the sea lies in a district of large towns, and is steadily rising in favour as a health resort. Though quiet in winter, it is bright enough during the summer months, when the excellent sands and other holiday essentials attract large numbers of visitors. Moreover, it has some good shops, is partially paved and well lighted, and boasts a convenient railway connection with the larger county towns. These considerations have brought to the spot quite a number of people who have retired from business, and who are therefore able to arrange the economy of their lives without regarding toil for to-day or knowing care for to-morrow.

The place is homely and hospitable to a degree, and this gives the observer many opportunities of noting the methods of those lives, apparently so free from the needs that fetter and limit existence. It might be supposed that observation would result in a certain envy; but this is another of those cases in which the ideal and the real are far removed from one another. Somewhere, in more than one of these stories, a link has been missed, and the truth is grievously unlike the generally entertained conception of comfort and ease. It leads almost irresistibly to the conclusion that a favourite mark of toiling thousands—independence and timely retirement—may in many cases prove little better than a snare.

There is the ex-superintendent of police. For years he was a familiar figure in the great county town, and had friends or sycophants in every street. Gifted for his profession, he became a successful and respected officer; but all through his career he saw clearly the ultimate goal of a superintendentship, with immediate retirement upon a substantial pension and an evening of leisured years. His chance came quite early, and he was able to resign while all his faculties and much of his energy remained. After a while he came down to our village and bought one of the modest bay-windowed cottages on the West Cliff.

His time is his own, and as his needs are few, his pension accumulates steadily. When he is in good health he is an excellent companion, for he remembers many sensations, and can furnish his hearers with curious sidelights upon police life and British law, and remarkable instances in human nature. But frequently a species of indisposition comes upon him, when his face grows gloomy and his manner becomes curt; and it was this indisposition that puzzled me so much until I noticed how eagerly he looked forward every week to his *Police Review*. Afterwards I marked him standing evening after evening among the shadows of the little railway station, waiting to secure the first copy of the evening paper which comes down to us with the last train from town. At last it began to be borne in upon me that when those items stood together this man's tragedy was told. He was a plant uprooted and dying because it had lost its soil, or he was a keen player looking over a wall at the game from which he had retired too soon and for ever. Equipped only to be a gladiator, he left the arena to become a spectator, and is now slowly learning that he made a mistake. His face lights up strangely when the local constable, a lanky recruit who admires and envies the pension, deigns to salute him in passing.

Then there is the ex-manager of a factory, a stalwart man well on the hither side of sixty, with a ruddy face which seems to glow with the pleasant humours of life. Three years ago the factory was bought by a syndicate, and his position was wanted by one of the new owners. He was offered another or a superannuation, or at that time he might well have secured a place under other masters. But he had always looked forward to a timely retirement, and he was glad that it had come so soon. At our village he had spent his summer holidays once, and he came back to it now for his long vacation, his Indian summer. He has a larger pension than the ex-superintendent, and he has bought a larger house with a larger garden.

His temperament is a genial one, and he had never allowed business to become a too absorbing interest. Now he reads much, takes long walks

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across the sandhills, and is quite an enthusiastic worker for the parish church; but it cannot be denied that he seems oddly out of place in our village. Already he has begun to feel a lack. 'It wouldn't be a bad idea,' he remarked one day when we chanced to meet—'it wouldn't be a bad idea if one could take up some kind of light business, seeing that one has so much leisure. Not to fill up one's whole time, you know, but only'—— And there he halted, perhaps remembering how impossible it was to go back, and also that the present thing was the thing he had always set his heart upon. He will probably leave our village in a year or two, under the impression that it is too dull for him; but he cannot leave the new life, and no minor change will meet his necessity. Or, perhaps, some day out on the sandhills he will realise the truth, and that day will be one of the saddest in his life.

There are others here in like case, forming a little band quite distinct from those who have retired from business because of advanced age and incapacity to continue. In a large house on the parade live an ex-publican and his wife. The man is rotund and bluff, with a strident voice, and the woman is somewhat thin and keen, with alert eyes and resolute lips. After one quiet year in their new house they resolved to take in summer boarders, a course which our village folk, wrongly but not unsympathetically, attributed to desire for profit. There may have been something of this, but at most it was only one strand in a strong cord. Then there is an ex-ironmonger of little more than forty, a fair little man who was doing an excellent business in a large manufacturing town. Just as he had secured a competency by untiring diligence and tact, his wife's health gave way, and he seized the opportunity to carry out thus early the retirement which he had regarded as twenty years distant. He has taken to building now, and it may be that he will contrive to take root in the new soil; but he will never grow so well again as he did behind his busy counter. Last of the group is an ex-draper, who made himself 'independent' by selling his business at a fortunate moment. He came down here to live a life of ease and freedom, but lately he has begun to make frequent visits to the town. I have met him there twice, walking forlornly in the High Street. He will not enter the old doorway and tread the old floors again—he would not do it for worlds; but he haunts the scene at intervals in a singularly unreasonable way.

All these men are good specimens of the British worker of the saner class—the kind that cherishes an idea of life which is not concerned only with the heaping up of riches and the grosser considerations of existence. Indeed, this fact supplies much of the pathos and much of the irony of the situation, for if they had been nothing better than mere money-grubbers they would certainly have remained in their proper places. But their ideal was not built up of knowledge but rather of sentiment, and it has led them into a hard place. Day by day the fact grows upon me that they are strangers in a strange land, foreign to the staid and stagnant life of our seaside village. They had each his sphere, and a faulty conception of life persuaded him to leave it. There is no going back, and they cannot turn to other things; but they have no equipment for these changed conditions, and now their universe is empty of the one thing that made their existence a life indeed. Nature's call to retirement is plain enough when it comes; but it never really came to them, and she has no place for them outside their lost places, no room for them in her economy. It may almost be imagined that she turns away from them, impatient that they should have known life and themselves so imperfectly after living so long.

So, in a way, there is no present life for them, and their existence is akin to that which ghosts may be supposed to enjoy. I meet the ghost of a police officer on the beach, a haunting, restless, purposeless figure with a cloud upon its brows. Along the cliff comes the ghost of a manager, seeking in vain the peace which he lost finally when he first set himself to seek it; and in the main street I come upon the ghost of a tradesman who haunts in mind the busy counter which he has transferred to some one else.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the man who thinks of retiring from business may well pause to consider his prospects. After all, money cannot secure the independence of which he dreams, for much more than a pension is needed even for those quiet days of life's evening. There must be certain qualities of soul which will harmonise with the changed conditions, or instead of rest and peace there will be the misery of unrest.

There are so many to whom life is just one thing, although they may not realise it; and these will do well to hold their places until the unmistakable summons comes. Nor is it less true that he that stays too long sins less than he that goes too soon; for while the former sins against himself, the latter is a danger to his fellow-men. So many of them have no eye for things below the surface, and he and his pension encourage them to set for themselves a mark which may be their ruin. Following that example, they may close a career of honest toil with an irredeemable error.

THE HERMIT OF THE IRATI.

CHAPTER IV.

THE brothers returned in good time, and with Patou the dog, who was now their very good friend, seated themselves, towards dusk, outside the hut, with the object of giving the returning wanderer ample time to see that they had not gone away, but were ready to hear the story which he hinted in his letter he wished to tell them.

They had not long to wait, for before their pipes were empty the man they were expecting broke through the bushes at the other end of the glade, and after a moment's hesitation strode towards them, his pale and haggard face sternly set with thoughts of the coming interview.

Without any preliminaries, as he approached within earshot of the seated men he began to speak, taking no notice of Patou's welcome or of a third chair which Paul had thoughtfully placed beside them, although the latter waved his hand encouragingly towards it.

'I am sorry,' he began hurriedly, in a low voice that vibrated with suppressed feeling, 'to have concealed my nationality from you. I assure you that I did it for the best, and had it not been for my foolish loss of self-control last night you would have gone your way not a penny the worse or the wiser. However, the mischief is done, and your presence here tells me that you would like to know the reasons that prompted me to take the course I did; but first of all I want you both to promise that you will never divulge what I am going to tell you, under any circumstances whatever.'

'One moment,' interposed the doctor. 'Before we go any farther, let us be quite frank. My brother and I are not quite so unprepared to hear your story as you may imagine. You are the John Robster who twenty years ago *pretended* to have made away with himself because he *pretended* he had stolen from his father's office a large sum of money left there by mistake by *our* father, the late Santiago José Oxobic! Now, you can tell us as little or as much as you choose, and you may also take it for granted that not only shall we keep your story to ourselves, as you ask, but that as far as we are concerned—and I do not see how it concerns any one else—the whole business is already forgiven, and presently will be equally forgotten, I hope.'

The startled man, addressed in this very unexpected manner, stared at the speaker with eyes expressive of mingled astonishment, relief, and doubt; and Paul also appeared much mystified at a portion of his brother's speech.

'What did Bill mean by talking about pretended stealing?' he asked himself. 'Surely that was a mistake.' He always understood that Robster confessed to the deed. Yet the doctor did not usually make slips of that kind. He wondered what the deuce his brother was driving at.

He was not left long in doubt.

With a sudden quick gesture of despair, as if giving up an unequal fight, Robster—for so we must now call him—threw out his hands before him, crying, 'I will not deny it; it would be useless. And since you seem to have somehow discovered a secret which I thought was known to but one other person in the whole world except myself, tell me first of all, I beseech you, how does it go with my father?'

'He died three or four years ago,' gravely answered the doctor. 'Did you not know?'

Robster shook his head sadly.

'No,' he said slowly. 'I have been dead to him as well as to the rest of the world ever since that fatal day. But tell me,' he continued eagerly, 'were his business affairs all right? Was he still head of the old firm?'

A sudden gleam shot athwart the other's eyes, and his hitherto rather stern look changed to one of great pity.

'So,' he muttered under his breath, 'that is the solution of the puzzle; that is where the money went, is it? I never thought of that.' Then out loud, 'Oh yes, your father died as he had lived, a model lawyer, universally trusted and respected, and left a considerable fortune into the bargain, thirty thousand pounds of which was to found a hospital ward which he desired should be called the Oxobic, as our father would never allow yours to repay him the stolen money.' And Paul thought that his brother's voice sounded strangely dry and sarcastic.

But Robster noticed nothing.

'Thank God!' he exclaimed simply, and flinging himself into the vacant chair, sat dourly silent in the dusk, his eyes fixed unseeingly upon a distant peak whose sharp top was yet gilded by the setting sun, his brain busy with many conflicting thoughts, hopeful, bitter, uncertain.

The soldier opened his mouth to speak, but a quick gesture from his brother checked him.

Rising from his chair, the doctor motioned him to do the same, and the pair were about to go into the hut when Robster's voice stopped them.

'Don't go,' he called out. 'I have decided to take you entirely into my confidence. I am not sure even now exactly how much you really know for certain about this miserable affair; but as you have promised not to repeat anything, and my poor old dad is dead, I don't see how any harm can come of it. It is better that you should know the whole truth than make guesses that might be wide of the mark. Besides,' he added wistfully as the brothers returned to their seats, 'I am still human enough to like to think that there will be two good fellows

in the world, one, strangely enough, an officer of my dear old regiment, who will know me for what I really am—an honest man, and not the criminal which by my own confession I made myself out to be.'

'Very glad to hear it,' quietly said the doctor.

And then Robster began his story.

'I was unfortunately always an extravagant fellow,' he said, 'and in spite of a capital allowance from my father, was invariably in debt and difficulties. Now and then the pressure would become so acute that I would be compelled to apply for extra funds, which I am bound to say were always forthcoming with but slight protest, until that terrible event took place, fraught with such disastrous consequences to myself, the true history of which I am now about to tell you. My creditors just then being particularly importunate, I came up from Aldershot, where I was then quartered, and paid a visit to my father at his office, with results that were as painful as they were surprising. For the first time in our lives our interview was absolutely stormy, and I remember my feelings of dismay when my father, in a burst of temper quite foreign to his placid nature, resolutely declined to give me a farthing, and, moreover, told me that, far from his being the rich man that he was supposed to be, the affairs of the firm—which were practically his own, as the other partners were mere dummies as far as finance went—were in such a state that unless by noon the next day he could repay a sum of twenty thousand pounds owing to a money-lender—a financial agent, he called him, poor old dad!—and get possession of certain documents which the fellow held as security for the loan, utter ruin, and, what was worse, a criminal prosecution, would be the certain and immediate result. Such was his excitement as he sprang this dreadful mine under me that, with a violent gesticulation of his nervous arm, he knocked from the corner of the table a fat leather case, which fell to the ground open at my feet. I picked it up mechanically, and as I did so was glad to see that both its wide pockets were tightly packed with what appeared to be bank-notes.

'"Well, sir," I said as I replaced the thing, "you must have a good bit in there towards what you want, at all events." "What's that you say?" cried my father. "That's not mine; somebody must have left it here;" and he examined the case with great interest, turning out its contents in a vain search for anything that might furnish a clue to its owner. But he found nothing except big bank-notes, which made the astounding total of twenty-five thousand pounds. "There can be only one among my visitors this morning who would dare carry a thing like *that* about with him," said my father, thumping the big case as he spoke, "and that is Oxobic the mad millionaire. Depend upon it, it is his, and he will be back here hot-foot for it presently, when he discovers his loss." "Wouldn't he help you?" I asked; but my father shook his head. "I do not know," he replied, "but I don't think he would; and if that turned out to be the case, I should do myself harm with him and lose his confidence and his business. No, my boy, I must try elsewhere." "Well, my poor old dad," I cried, "I am only sorry to have bothered you just now about my troubles, which are nothing compared to yours. See what you can borrow this afternoon, and I will do the same. I have several friends in the regiment who are rolling in money." Then I shook his hand—for the last time, as it turned out—and hurried away.

'As I passed through the clerks' room I noticed that, with the exception of one young fellow, all the others had gone away to their luncheons; and when I had got down the stairs and some way along the square I found that I had left my gloves behind me. As I was a bit of a dandy in those days, the idea of being seen gloveless in town, even out of the season, was not to be thought of; so I turned back again and entered the big door, meeting the clerk coming down the stairs, I remember, as I hurriedly retraced my steps. When I gained the empty clerks' room I saw that the door at the other end of it, which led into my father's sanctum and which was always kept so jealously shut, was standing half-open, and through it, as in a frame, I perceived my father standing by his table and hurriedly stuffing the notes out of Mr Oxobic's case into his inner breast-pocket.' Here the speaker covered his face with his hands, as if to shut out the disgraceful picture which his words had conjured up, and sat still and silent.

'Yes; and what did you do then?' gently asked the doctor, as the other appeared unable or unwilling to continue his story.

'Do?' cried Robster fiercely. 'What do you think I did? What would you or any sensible fellow have done: hastened in to my father and stopped his mad act ere it was too late? No. Like the miserable fool I was, such was the horror that seized upon me—for I saw from the look on my father's face that he was stealing the notes, and not merely putting them away in his pocket for safety—that I turned and fled, thinking only of escape from the horrible sight of which I had been an involuntary witness.'

'Oh, you poor ass!' ejaculated the soldier, who by now had become deeply interested, as for the first time he discovered what his brother had long suspected; but the other heard him not, and slowly continued his story.

'I do not remember what happened then,' he said, 'except that I probably wandered about a good deal for it must have been over an hour before I found myself in the club in Piccadilly, drinking a stiff brandy-and-soda. The spirit steadied my nerves after the shock, and I saw my course plainly. I took a cab and drove back to Lincoln's Inn at top speed; but I was too late. The place was in a hubbub, but I gathered from the scared clerks that

Mr Oxobic had returned to the office shortly after their return from luncheon, and had found his case empty. My father had come back almost immediately, and there had been a scene; and finally the clerk who had stayed behind had been arrested, and, accompanied by the two men, had been taken off to Bow Street. More horrified than ever, I rushed off to that place, but was again too late; my father had quitted it, nor could I find him again anywhere that afternoon or evening. He was a widower, you know, and lived in chambers in St James' Street. I waited about there and at his club until I had barely time to catch the last train back to Aldershot, where I was obliged to return that night, as we had a big business coming off the next day. I begged hard in the morning for leave of absence, as a most important matter required my presence in town, but the colonel wouldn't listen to me; urgent private affairs is too old a cry to pass muster on important occasions, as you know as well as I do, and it was quite late in the evening before I got away. Of course the office was shut—that I anticipated, though I tried it on the off-chance; but I was filled with dismay at not being able to find my father at any of his haunts; nor do I know to this day where, or with what purpose, he hid himself so completely. I began to despair of being able to do anything, when I bethought me of the moneylender, with whom I was acquainted—though my father of course did not know it—as I had had one or two transactions with him on my own account, and who, I knew, lived above his office in the West End. Late as it was, I went there at once, and ringing his private bell, sent up my card and asked for an interview. The man was at home and saw me at once, being perhaps more accustomed to these late calls than I supposed, and I burst out with the unexpected remark, "Have you seen my father?" The question appeared to surprise him so much that I hastened to add, "Oh, you need not be alarmed; I know all about the twenty thousand he owes you." His face cleared at this. "Oh, in that case," he said, "it is all right, I suppose, except for one small particular: you should have said owed instead of owes, for he paid me the money this morning." "How did he pay you?" I asked, with a sinking heart. The man looked very keenly at me. "Oddly enough not by cheque, as I should have expected, but in bank-notes, which, beyond being a trifle inconvenient, was all the same to me. I paid them into the Bank just before closing-time this afternoon. That was a queer business at the office, wasn't it?" he went on carelessly, although I saw that he was watching me closely. "I see by the papers that the numbers of the notes were quite unknown—rather foolish of Oxobic to let that get about—and so there is no hope of tracing them, which ought to be a considerable relief to the thief, whoever he may be. What's your opinion?" I really don't remember what answer I gave, but my mind was made up. This man evidently suspected the truth; and though my father was probably safe for the moment, he would sooner or later be exploited and subjected to blackmail. And was it so impossible to trace the notes as it appeared? I was not so certain of that. I was too late now to nullify the consequences of my father's act. The money was irretrievably gone, and he had allowed an innocent man—oh, the shame of it!—to be arrested under his very eyes. And then to think that all this dreadful business might have been nipped in the bud if I had possessed a grain of moral courage or presence of mind—I don't know which it was, or whether it was both perhaps, that I lacked—surely the blame was almost as much mine as my sorely tempted father's. There was but one way out of it. I must take the blame of the theft upon myself.

'I borrowed a hundred pounds from the moneylender then and there—he was only too glad to lend it to me at 60 per cent—wrote a single line to my father telling him to pay the man without question at the proper time, and not a word more; and you know the rest of my proceedings and the way I carried out my idea. I believe that my action, right or wrong, secured my father's safety, for I fancy that my supposed death and confession put a stop to any more inquiries and disarmed the moneylender as well; and that it had this effect is shown by what you have told me to-night, for my father appears to have averted a smash and made what amends he could for his crime. How I found my way out here is another story. I did many things before settling down in this wilderness, where I should have remained undiscovered to my dying day had it not been for that unlucky, and I may say rude, remark about teaching me manners in "The Pinks" which you shouted after me the day we met, and which caused me to lose my head and throw prudence to the winds.'

'I cheerfully admit the rudeness; but was it so unlucky?' gently said the soldier. 'I don't think it was;' and getting up from his seat, he held out his hand, which Robster grasped with deep emotion.

The doctor reflected; then he asked, 'Did your father ever know?'

'Nothing from me,' came the emphatic answer. 'Of course he was aware that the confession I sent was a false one; but beyond that he knew no more than anybody else, and probably accepted my death like all the rest of the world. I held no communication with him whatever since that one line about the hundred pounds.'

Then the doctor followed his brother's example, and also held out his hand.

'By heavens!' he said, 'I never heard such a story. I won't pretend to judge the rights or wrongs of the course you adopted to prevent your father being connected in any way with his crime. It was a heroic one in any case, and undoubtedly achieved its object. It also established the innocence of the clerk, and that alone might be its excuse. How strange are the workings of Providence! I have often pondered over the unex-

plained details of that unfortunate case, but I never dreamed that I should tumble across its inner history, hidden away in the recesses of the Pyrenees.'

There was a great argument begun that night, which was continued at intervals during the next few days—whenever, in fact, the three men found a convenient opportunity; the brothers on one side, Robster on the other. Victory ultimately lay with the latter; hence it came about that the little red hut hidden in the fastnesses of the Irati still keeps its solitary occupant, who is resolved upon carrying out his self-imposed exile to the bitter end, and allowing his father's honoured name to rest in untarnished peace. But every year in the glorious early summer two brothers make a pilgrimage to a remote spot in France, the whereabouts of which they conceal from even their most intimate friends, and then the Pyrenean eagles, circling round their solitary peaks, hear strange voices ringing in the scrub below, and their majestic flight is sometimes unaccountably disturbed by mysterious whistling insects—for Paul does not omit to bring a rifle.

The bonny brown trout, too, at other times so guileless and eager, now rise with unusual caution, for the news has gone abroad that the annual plague of flies with curious stings in their tails has set in with its accustomed severity. Yet hundreds fall victims to the pests. Monsieur Etchepare, down in the old walled town, still supplies the hotels with fish; but it would be now a useless task to try and pump him as to the waters of their origin, for his yearly interviews with his two English friends are of a value not lightly to be risked.

THE END.

ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Speak the speech, I pray you, trippingly on the tongue.

THERE is a story told of a great actor, that a preacher having asked him, 'How is it that you can attract crowds to your theatre though you only speak fiction, while they will not come to hear me though I preach the eternal truths?' the actor replied, 'It is because you speak truth as if it were fiction: I speak fiction as if it were truth.'

Many of us will sympathise with that preacher. We too have piped, and looked round in sad surprise or angry dismay when our hearers have refused to dance. But what of the music? Are not our voices too often 'like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,' on which we play the same air over and over again, till the dull, deadly monotony of it all has sent some of our hearers to sleep, and lulled others into the torpor of indifference? If we wish to learn the piano, or organ, or any other instrument, we begin by making ourselves acquainted with its mechanism, its compass, its stops. We cheerfully devote hour after hour, year after year, to the study and practice of our art, if only in the end we may attain to something like proficiency.

Ah! but there is a grander instrument than the piano—the most delicate, the most expressive and complicated of all instruments, 'formed by the union of an intellectual soul with the organs of voice and speech.' What of it? What care do we bestow on *this* 'little organ'? We would have it 'discourse most eloquent music,' we would 'sound it from its lowest note to the top of its compass,' we would 'pluck out the heart of its mystery,' without science, without practice, *without knowing its stops!* We are careful enough of our piano, and do not forget to call in the tuner regularly; but the voice—is left to chance! And yet we do not go through life playing, but speaking. Speak we must, whether we will or no, and it lies with ourselves to make our speech beautiful and effective, or harsh, guttural, semi-articulate.

Now, what do we understand by a good speaker? Is it not one whose tones come out pure, crisp, full, deliberate, without dragging; whose voice is sympathetic and so trained that it can respond to every emotion, vibrate with every touch—it thrills, it soothes, it rouses; one who suits the action to the word and the tone to the emotion—light, when *that* is light, and strong, warm, passionate, throbbing when the words demand it? And what an influence such a speaker has! what a power for good! The world is full of beautiful thoughts and noble images, a rich legacy left us by the poets and writers of all ages. There lie the printed characters—cold, lifeless, 'an imperfect and mummy-like embalming'—till the voice, the *living* voice of the speaker, quickens them into life, and interprets them for us with his warm tones and musical inflections. For the language of inflection is a universal language, understood by all classes and all nations alike; it is the language of Nature herself!

Some of us may have been privileged to hear the late Dr John Pulsford read a passage of Scripture. He used to delight in pausing at the most unexpected places, and by the sudden cessation of sound compelling attention. The silence was eloquent—more eloquent than most men's speech. And as we listened to the gentle but penetrating accents that broke it we felt as if we were hearing the passage for the first time. It acquired a new meaning; the scene was present before us; the characters began to live. Of course there was a power *behind* the pause. Some men might pause and pause again, and thrill nobody; only eliciting an inquiry as to what they were waiting for. Most of us, indeed, find ordinary pausing difficult enough without going out of our way in search of rhetorical pauses. The

'time' question has always been a stumbling-block. There was a charming simplicity about our forefathers' method of settling this question by counting 'one' at a comma, 'two' at a semicolon, 'three' at a colon, and 'four' at a full stop. But, as we all know now, that is no solution at all, pausing being quite independent of punctuation marks. It is an instinct with some people. The born pauser will be able to read fast without seeming to hurry, and slow without dragging. 'You must *be slow*,' says George Henry Lewes, 'but don't *appear* slow. Now you *are* slow, but unfortunately it is only too apparent—every one is yawning.'

There are two marked types of bad pausers. The first of these, whom we shall call HURRY-UP, solves the difficulty by ignoring it altogether. Starting in a brisk, breezy manner, on and on he goes at a uniform speed, tripping up adjectives and nouns in his haste, swallowing insignificant little particles and prepositions, and running all the words together like a German hyphened-compound, till at last he reaches the end of the sentence, panting, breathless, but triumphant. He has done the deed—has read sixty words in sixteen seconds! GIVE-ME-TIME takes it more leisurely. He has been taught in his youth 'not to hurry,' and has learnt his lesson well. Each word in his sentence stands by itself in a little islet of space and time, calm and unruffled by the impatience of its immediate successors waiting eagerly for their turn.

The late Dr Robert Lee of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, was very careful about his pauses. On one occasion he was showing a friend one of his sermons in manuscript, when the latter observed a number of P's and occasional PP's, and inquired the meaning of these letters. Dr Lee replied that the P's were to remind him that he had to pause in that place, while the number of P's indicated the length of the pause. The friend was surprised to learn that so exact a writer and speaker as Dr Lee required these reminders; but how much of his success may have been due to the care he bestowed on these seeming trifles!

Trifles! There is no such thing in art! Would you call it a 'trifle' if you forgot the rests in your Moonlight Sonata, or paused at the wrong place, or struck a false note? And is it a 'trifle' when you allow a false note to creep into your *speech*, when you change the whole meaning of a passage by a false emphasis, or by an awkward gesture or mispronunciation distract the attention of your audience from your subject to yourself? Your speech will stand in flawed strength, and lose just so much of its power and effect.

Many people with an otherwise good accent and delivery cling to one pet provincialism or idiosyncrasy of pronunciation, of which they seem almost unconscious. Ask your friend why he says '*timple*' for temple, or '*impoolse*,' or '*bretherren*.' He will tell you that 'he does not do anything of the kind; and, besides, it is quite right. Is not that the way everybody pronounces it?' And yet one such word will mar the effect of the finest address, especially if it is a leading word. There is no use saying one ought not to notice it. We may shut our eyes, but we cannot close our ears, and we wait for the offending word with all the impatience of Carlyle waiting for the ever-recurring crow of his matutinal cock.

While you are discoursing so eloquently on the (possible) inhabitants of Venus, the man in front sees only that up-and-down motion of your hand, or wonders why you wave about your arm like that, or why you say 'arbit,' or 'interr*es*ting,' or 'fahcts.' The lady with head bent forward and pained expression is trying to catch that last word in your sentence, and losing the next sentence in the effort. And she is not alone in this; others are speculating as to 'the lost word' as eagerly as if it carried the whole burden of meaning. For if you talk with all the wisdom of Solomon and Socrates to boot, what matters it, if you are inaudible—if your audience lose every fifth word? Four-fifths may be a very fair majority for some purposes, but it won't do for public speaking. With the loss of the remaining fraction a link in the chain is broken. Besides, it is not encouraging to deliver a lecture to a running accompaniment of 'Speak up,' 'Can't hear,' from an indignant back bench. It is rather apt to put one out, especially if 'mamma' is in the audience, who has been snubbed with persistent consistency for hinting that one's tones are occasionally, 'Oh no, my dear, not *inaudible*, but—*just—a little—husky!*' And, after all, audibility is not an impossible virtue. It does not depend so much on the possession of a powerful voice as on the careful enunciation of the consonants, *especially the final ones*, which are as slippery as the proverbial schoolboy. The letter 'd' seems the greatest truant. 'And here he comes' will degenerate into something like '*An eerie comes!*' '*I awoke with a cold Jew on my forehead!*' said a lady quaintly. Now, without recommending such drastic measures as a daily repetition of 'Five wives weave withes,' or 'Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,' I would remind you that a speaker with a very indifferent voice will be heard if his articulation is good, while the owner of a powerful organ may use it so badly that the result is 'sound and fury, signifying—nothing.'

I once heard a speaker who possessed a beautiful voice—not very powerful, but so musical that its lowest notes could be heard without the slightest effort. This voice he favoured the company with for some half-dozen sentences. Then suddenly, without apparent cause or warning, 'like a bolt from the blue,' he said good-bye to it, and began to shriek in a high, unnatural key, higher and higher every minute, till it seemed at last as if his voice must break. Just at the climax, however, when every one was feeling very uncomfortable for the lecturer's distress, and dreading a catastrophe, he *quietly returned to his own voice*. This method was kept up to the end—half-a-dozen sentences of the low and sweet, and half-a-dozen of the high and

screech alternately, and with perfect impartiality. He happened to end on the 'sweet and low,' so such words as 'hypocrite,' 'fool,' which occurred in the last sentence, were said quite pleasantly, and almost in a whisper.

The late Dr Moxey (Leo Ross) laid more stress on correct emphasis for carrying power than on quality of voice. He had two pet aversions: over-emphasis and a rising inflection. By the former he meant the emphasising of any word or idea that had been previously stated or implied. Such words he read almost in a monotone, reserving his emphasis for those words that expressed ideas new to the context. On one occasion he delighted a class of young people by saying: 'If you have a voice as hoarse as a crow, and observe this rule, you will always be able to command the attention of an audience; whereas, if you have the voice of a nightingale and emphasise carelessly, or too much, you will be but as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.' And as the crow voices were to those of the nightingale in the proportion of nine to one, there was joy in the class that day. On another occasion Dr Moxey was exercising his class in the use of the falling inflection, but they were rather dull, and the would-be *fall* always ended in a stupid *rise*. Again and again they tried, but always with the same result. Their voices had risen for so many years that they could not fall at a moment's notice. But Dr Moxey was not to be beat. Seizing his stick, he held it in a horizontal position, and, running his hand along it for the uninflected passages, he read out with the class: '*From all the deceits of the world* —now' (pointing downwards) 'the world is on the ground; *and the flesh*' (again pointing down)— 'now the flesh is on the ground; *and the devil*' —(excitedly) 'the devil's on the ground!'

Who could say after that that he did not understand a falling inflection?

More important even than a falling inflection in the eyes of most people is the *voice*, for it is the key to the character; in it the soul reveals itself. The palmist pretends to read your character from your hand; but how much have you already told him with your voice? Some voices seem to challenge us. The owner may merely say 'Good-morning,' and feel quite kindly disposed, but instinctively we get our weapons ready. Other voices soothe; every word is a caress. The happy owner (generally a woman) has the privilege of being able to say a severe thing with impunity; the voice has taken the sting out of it. An unpleasant variety is the scolding voice. A great moral truth will not gain in impressiveness by being bellowed out in the tones of an angry father denouncing his unworthy son. No one likes being scolded into a belief in 'the eternal verities.'

I was once present at a Sunday-school '*soiree*,' when the chairman was showing a number of children some magic-lantern slides. One represented Christ carrying 'The Lost Sheep.' 'This is a lesson in gentleness,' he roared, while with clenched fist he made wild passes in the air. Then, bobbing down behind his desk and coming up again with a jerk just as the next picture was thrown on the screen: 'And this,' he shouted in a bullying tone, 'is a picture of Christ blessing the little children.' The 'little children' looked rather bewildered; they seemed to feel that 'something was wrong somewhere.'

The 'clenched fist' is not a graceful gesture, and should be sparingly used. We may or may not agree with the orator in the Meadows who exclaimed, '*All militarism is sickninism!*' but at any rate it seems out of place at a Sunday-school treat. The gesture should be born of the word, and be as inevitable; otherwise it is movement if not '*matter* in the wrong place.' Aimless waves and passes in the air, like a conjurer invoking his spirits, will only distract the attention of your audience from your subject to yourself. Forcible but angular gestures are not much better. They may emphasise the words and help to bring out the meaning, but they do so in a blunt way, like a tactless friend whose advice we follow because of its good sense, while we resent the clumsy manner of offering it. The one-gestured man comes under the heading of meaningless gesture. His arm goes up and down in a regular see-saw motion, while he himself frequently stands as rigid as Hans Andersen's tin soldier. Another form of gesture which is sometimes indulged in by the over-conscientious is just the opposite of vague, being indeed a literal suiting of 'the action to the word, the word to the action;' the speaker evidently forgetting that here, as in the sister art of painting, it is suggestion, not imitation, that tells.

Mr Spurgeon relates a story of a young divine who, in expostulation with the unconverted, exclaimed, 'Alas! you shut your eyes to the light' (here he closed both eyes); 'you stop your ears to the truth' (here he put a finger into each ear); 'and you turn your backs upon salvation' (here he turned his back upon the people). 'Do you wonder,' continues Mr Spurgeon, 'that when the people saw a man standing with his back to them, and his fingers in his ears, they all fell a-laughing?'

An American writer, speaking on the subject of gesture, says: 'The oration of Mark Antony over the body of Cæsar would have fallen dead upon the Roman ear had it not been for his well-chosen attitudes, moments of silence, and forcible gesticulation; every movement of his body or hand lent emphasis to his words. *Had his oration been delivered in the dark*, the history of the world would have been changed.' And again: 'When James G. Blaine was making his presidential canvass he made two speeches in one evening, and they were identical. One was delivered in the Opera House in full light, and the people went wild with enthusiasm. The other was made in the open air in a park; the lights were poor, and few in the audience could see the speaker, and his speech fell like a wet blanket. The applause and enthusiasm developed in the light

refused to materialise in the dark.' No wonder there was a lack of enthusiasm. For public speaking light is a necessity, if only to enable us to catch the eye of the speaker; and *woe to the speaker who will not give you his eye*, who looks at the ceiling, or on the floor, or into vacancy; anywhere, in fact, but into the faces of the hearers! He is forgoing one of his greatest powers, if he but knew it—the power of the eye. 'What do I gain,' says Goethe, 'from a man into whose eyes I cannot look when he is speaking?' 'Speech is a laggard and a sloth, but the eyes shoot forth an electric fluid which condenses all the elements of sentiment and passion in one emanation.' Some speakers gaze into vacancy when making an appeal, as if they saw their audience with 'the mind's eye' only, like Hamlet. If you treat your audience to these ghostly glances, you must not be surprised if it behave like a ghost and vanish altogether. Then you will envy the Ancient Mariner that 'glittering eye' of his which could hold its own against such a powerful rival as a wedding feast. 'I can hold my audience in the hollow of my hand with my eye!' said a youthful orator proudly. We would be glad of his secret; for an audience is as slippery as a final consonant, and most of us find it an extremely difficult thing to hold it either in the hollow of our hand or in a fairly large and comfortable hall. Unless we are 'armed and well prepared' at every point, we shall be reminded sadly more than once during the evening of the words of Emerson: 'Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak.'

Alas that it should be so! That we should have so many rivals in the field, ready at our first limp attitude, lifeless tone and gesture, to walk off with one of our flock! But have you considered what a strain it is for some people to give you their undivided attention? Many cannot do it. They will give you the *dregs* only, which you share in common with your rivals: first, their household gods (which may even now be a prey to fire); second, their children; third, the husband or wife; and as you calculate with such nicety how many tons of volcanic ashes Mount Hecla spits up in the course of a thousand years, the old gentleman in front gazing at you so earnestly is also doing a rapid mental calculation (not geological, however) as to probable receipts from a tardy insurance company. Your allusion to whales has reminded his wife of her little boy's cod-liver oil ('Surely Bobby would not forget to take it!'). And what about that lady with bowed head and subdued look? Do you suppose that she is thinking of the 'Crust of the Earth,' the subject of your admirable lecture? Not at all. The word has called up visions of the burnt pie-crust at yesterday's dinner. '*Could that be the reason John was so nasty this morning?* Really, cook is getting worse and worse every day. She is intolerable; but I shall be firm, and dismiss her'—— She is roused from her reverie by the bursts of applause that greet your 'in conclusion.'

What then? Must it always be so? Is failure a sad necessity? Failure? Yes! So long as we neglect the conditions of success; so long as we sullenly ignore or defy the laws that govern the Fine Art of Speech and the deeper psychological laws that underlie the contact of mind with mind; so long as we discourse on the Wonders of Nature in the dreary tones of a 'Dry-as-Dust,' or give a little 'friendly advice' and forget the 'friendly tone' that would make the advice palatable; so long as we dilate on 'The Beauty of Holiness' in the noisy tones of an auctioneer appraising his goods, or lecture on the 'Prehistoric Fishes' with about as much animation as a prehistoric fossil—just so long shall we, like the Danaides of old, engage in the unprofitable task of pouring water into leaky vessels.

AN ACT OF CHARITY!

By Charles Fielding Marsh.

MONSIEUR AND MADAME JOSEPH LEDOUT are well known in the Rue Faubourg St Denis; indeed, Ledout's rotund figure, seen in the doorway of the little *charcuterie* over which he presides and has presided for the greater part of his life, makes a landmark to passers in the street; while madame's smiling face, beaming out of the *caisse* in which the main portion of her day is spent, is as well liked as known.

Although the Rue Faubourg St Denis is not a fashionable quarter, the *charcuterie* owned by the Ledouts is above the average of the kind to be met with in many of the streets of Paris.

The shop-front is painted crimson, against which snow-white bannerets hang gracefully draping the sides of the well-polished plate-glass window, and enhancing the appearance of the appetising little dishes so temptingly displayed on the marble slab, all ready to pop into the oven. There are strings of pink sausages hanging from a brass rail, coolly and comfortably waiting for the pan; nice little pork cutlets resting on beds of white sauce, decorated with capers, parsley, and scraped shalot; small pork-pies, the pastry of which is browned to a nicety; sausages from Strasbourg in lemon-coloured skins; highly seasoned potted pork in little blue china barrels; artistic confections made of herbs and minced meat, known as St Denis patés; and many other succulent dishes ready to stay the footsteps of the passing gourmand. The spotless marble, the shining brass, the white linen, and the fresh green parsley make a suitable background to these exquisite culinary efforts. Indeed,

the shop would in no way have disgraced the boulevard at the top of the street.

Monsieur Ledout was fully aware of the fact, and it was ever his ambition to save enough money to abandon the faubourg one day and make the boulevard his place of abode. But rents on the boulevard are four times higher than rents in the Rue Faubourg St Denis; and although Ledout had a very good business, save and scrape as he might, he feared his ambitions would never be realised. His wife did not share his aspirations; she had been born in the faubourg and was perfectly willing to remain in it, and she entered with little show of enthusiasm into her husband's one topic of conversation; for scarcely a day passed that Ledout, as he banked a hundred-franc note or explained how by the attractiveness of his wares he had managed to obtain a new customer, did not refer to his dream of social advancement.

On an evening of a more than usually hot July day, when a haze of dust rose like a mist over the unwatered streets, and the perspiring women-venders of live snails, fruit, and vegetables wearily pushed their barrows along the curb, Monsieur and Madame Ledout were, for coolness' sake, seated at a little round table outside their shop, partaking of their evening meal. Ledout, napkin tucked under his chin, was helping himself to some red wine and siphon when his attention was arrested by the tune of *Madame Angot* played on the violin by a small Italian boy a few yards distant. He put down the bottle, and taking a wooden spoon out of the salad-bowl, beat time in the air to the tune.

'*Ah, ma chèrie*, how that air brings back old days!' he said with feeling. 'Do you remember when we used to go and hear *Madame Angot*, how all Paris went mad over the piece? It is years since I have heard that music.'

'Yes, Joseph, I remember it well,' sighed Madame Ledout. 'In those days we used to be able to visit the theatre, though our business was not what it is now. But then you had not been married long, and were content with the faubourg, and we had ten francs in our pocket instead of a hundred in the bank. In those days we were able to have a week at Dieppe and a dip in the sea—so refreshing in this hot weather—whilst now'—— Madame shrugged her comely shoulders.

'*Ah, mon petit chou, ma cerise!* do not chide me; are not my ambitions for you as for myself?' Ledout spread out his fat hands in supplication. 'When we have our *charcuterie* on the boulevard we will go to Trouville or to Dinard in the summer and to the circus and the theatre in the winter.'

Madame was unmoved by this speech, frequent repetition having weakened her belief in her husband's promises, and she tucked the crisp lettuce-leaf into her mouth without any show of animation. Ledout went on excitedly: 'We only want a few more thousand francs before we open our grand *charcuterie*—perhaps on the Boulevard des Italiens—think of that; and then'——

'And then we shall lose our customers of the faubourg! Monsieur le curé of St Eustache, Monsieur le president of the Gare St Lazare, le chef du Marché Central, and many others are certainties. How do we know that others will come in their places?'

'*Ma chèrie*, you despond. Ah, I know! We will have a little outing on Sunday; we will go by boat to Charenton, have supper, and dance on the greensward by moonlight with the gayest of the gay.'

'Joseph, don't be absurd!' broke in his wife. 'Dance! We look like dancing, don't we? Our figures lend themselves? Ah, well! I suppose I should not complain; we have a good business; you are a good husband, and a saving one. I should not grumble; we are better off than'—here the bars of *Madame Angot* rang out sweetly on the still air of the street—'better off than that poor hungry little chap over there.' Madame made another attack on the wing of the chicken on her plate.

Her husband followed the direction of her eyes; but small Italian boys playing musical instruments were objects too common to excite interest, and Joseph returned to the matter under discussion. 'Only a few more thousand francs,' he muttered, 'eight thousand, ten, twelve; if only I could make a *coup* and get them.'

The shoeless Italian boy stopped his playing, and with a glance from under his heavy eyebrows at the well-fed couple, walked to the shop-window and gazed wistfully at the delicacies there displayed.

'Ah, ah! a new customer,' laughed Joseph, cutting a slice from the long roll of bread in front of him and proceeding to cover it with butter. But as the child remained for some minutes with eyes glued to the cool pink strings of sausages, he added roughly, 'Go away, little boy.—*Le diable* take him! he will discolour my glass with his breath.—*En route; allez!*'

But the child, unabashed and accustomed to reproofs, put his violin under his arm, and taking off his hat, came towards the table with a piteous appeal for a *petit sou*.

'Go away, go away,' screamed Ledout, flicking the boy's bare calves with his napkin. 'Go away; don't annoy.'

The boy was persistent. 'Oh monsieur! a *petit sou*, just one *petit sou*. My father is in bed, ill my mother has another little baby; they are starving for bread. All day, monsieur, have played, and not a *sou* has been given me; on *petit sou*, monsieur, for love of the *bon Dieu*.'

'Give the boy a *sou*, Joseph, and send him off I cannot enjoy my compôte with his eyes on ever spoonful,' said madame.

'My dear, I never give money to beggars.—I t'en, or I will call a gendarme,' Ledout cried angril But the boy stood as a fixture, murmuring, ' *petit sou*, monsieur; a *petit sou*. I am hung very hungry.'

Just as Ledout's temper was getting beyc control, the lad's face brightened, and he exclaim

'See my violin; it is a good one, a very good one. To-morrow my mother will receive two francs from the charity; give me a pound of your sausages and keep my violin till I come to pay you for them out of the charity money.' He held out his instrument for inspection.

'Give him a *sou* and tell him to be gone,' said Madame Ledout impatiently; but her husband's eyes were fixed on the violin. The boy studied his face attentively. 'Yes, monsieur, it is a good one; worth all the sausages in your shop. Keep it till to-morrow. It is very good and very ancient.'

Ledout took the violin from the child, pressed his long thumb-nail on the strings, and struck a cord. 'Hum-m, not bad tone,' he said with the air of a connoisseur; 'worth more than one franc twenty-five, I am sure. I shall not be a sufferer by my kindness. I have an idea;' and without saying more he got up from his chair, walked into the shop, and placed the violin on a back-shelf. Taking a string of sausages, he cut off a pound and gave them to the delighted boy, who as he took the parcel gazed long and lovingly at his precious instrument. 'You will take great care of it, monsieur, please, and to-morrow afternoon I will come for it.'

'Much better to have given him a *sou* and sent him packing. You never know where those Italian children sleep; the fiddle may be covered with the germs of smallpox,' said Madame Ledout.

'*Ma chèrie*, do not curb my little acts of charity; it is not right of you. We are commanded never to turn our face from the poor man.' Ledout rubbed his hands and beamed on his spouse. 'Now to finish my dinner. Good acts like these promote good appetite.'

The following morning, just as madame had run out to the market to buy some fruit for *déjeuner*, a young man entered the shop, and as he was a new customer and bought several appetising dishes, Monsieur Ledout assumed his most affable air. He spoke of the terribly empty state of Paris—just as if he were really on the boulevard instead of in the ever-crowded Rue Faubourg St Denis; spoke of the torrid heat, of the exodus to the seaside, and kindred matters.

'Ah, hot! I should think it is hot. The theatre is unbearable,' the customer answered, tucking the parcel under his arm.

'Monsieur is an actor, then?' exclaimed Ledout, hoping to have added some star, perhaps even the younger Coquelin himself, to his list of patrons.

'No, not an actor; I am first violin at Madame Sarah Bernhardt's theatre. Thank goodness! La Grande Sarah closes on Sunday next, and then I am off to the coast for a rest. It has been a long and trying season; splendid business, crowded houses, but hard work.'

'Ah, monsieur is a musician! Now, would monsieur oblige and look at this violin, and tell me its value?' Ledout perceived that his customer had noticed the instrument lying on the back-shelf, and he took it down and handed it to him.

'Certainly, if I can,' the gentleman replied courteously.

He took it in his hands, looked at it, and started. Then he carried it to the light, studied it carefully, struck a note and listened critically to the sound, then asked for the bow and played a few bars. 'Delicious!' he exclaimed; and putting his chin on the instrument and leaning his head over on his shoulder in a way that brought conviction to his listener, he played the opening bars of *Il Trovatore*, and appeared lost to the world in the charms of the music he was bringing forth.

'Is it a good one?' asked Ledout, nervously twitching his fingers. But the musician heeded him not, but rushed from *Il Trovatore* into Beethoven, and from Beethoven into a gay waltz-tune of Strauss. 'Do you consider its tone good?' Ledout repeated, speaking louder, and the man started as if awakened from some sweet dream.

'It is indeed a treasure!' he exclaimed, his face aglow with pleasure. He looked under the sounding-holes. 'It is a Stradivarius, if I am not very mistaken. Anyway, it is an old and valuable instrument. Yes, I am sure that is the mark; I can see the glorious signature. There is but little doubt about it, I am sure.'

'Now, what would you say is about the value of such an instrument?' asked Ledout, suppressing his excitement.

'It is difficult to estimate the value,' said the man, with a shrug of the shoulders. 'Besides, I have not much acquaintance with such treasures. Anything from seven thousand francs upwards, I should say.'

'Seven thousand francs!' cried Ledout, hands lifted in wonder. 'Can it be possible?'

'Indeed it is. Would it be indiscreet of me to ask how it came into your possession?'

'Ah, that's it,' Ledout answered, doubtful how much of the true story he should tell. But on the stranger pressing for an answer, he said he had taken it as pledge for a pound of sausages, and its owner was coming to claim it in the afternoon.

'Ah,' said the musician, caressing the instrument, 'what you say is extremely interesting; it is curious how frequently these violins drift into hands that have no idea of their value. Fancy an Italian boy scraping a Stradivarius about the streets for a few *sous* a day! Possibly he knows it is a good violin, but he must be quite unaware of its real value, or he would not have come here to beg for a pound of sausages. I should make him an offer for it—say a hundred and fifty francs; that ought to tempt him—and I can put you in the way of selling it at its real worth.'

'Would you be so kind? Any little return I can make in the way of commission—of course I should be only too anxious.'

The musician waved his hands airily. 'Oh, never mind that. I am only too pleased to help you.'

'But I insist. If we make anything over seven thousand francs you will accept a small remuneration?'

'Oh, that's all right. You buy the instrument, and we shall come to terms after I have sold it for you. By-the-bye, do you like the theatre? Would you care to see La Grande Sarah—her last night of the season, next Sunday? I'll give you my card, which will admit you free, and madame too.'

Monsieur Ledout expressed his admiration of Madame Bernhardt. 'I adore her,' he declared, placing his hand on his heart. The gift of tickets would place him under an eternal obligation to the stranger.

'Bother it!' said that gentleman, feeling first in one pocket and then in another, 'I must have left my cards at the theatre. However, I won't forget. I'll call as I pass to-morrow. Perhaps you will have got the violin by then;' and lifting his hat, he left the shop.

For the rest of the day Ledout went about in a state of suppressed excitement hardly to be borne. So absent-minded was he at times, at others so elated, that madame feared a touch of the sun, and advised a lime-flower *tisane* and mustard to the feet. Ledout waved all remedies aside. Lime-flower *tisane* for a man who was about to move from the faubourg to the boulevard! But not till he could count the seven thousand francs into madame's hands would he tell her the meaning of his strange behaviour.

Madame allowed herself at last to be convinced that her husband was not really ill, and was persuaded to take a tram to the Bois for fresh air. Ledout himself conducted her to the starting-place; never before had he so earnestly desired his wife's absence. Presently the little boy entered the shop, put his hand on the counter, laid down the one franc twenty-five, and demanded his violin.

'So, my boy, you have come back,' said Ledout, not touching the money or the violin on the shelf. 'And your father—is he better—and your mother and the baby? Would you not like to sell your violin, *mon petit*, to buy things for them? No doubt good food—good nourishing food—is what they need now. I will give you ten francs for it.'

The boy smiled and shook his head.

'Twenty—forty—fifty. Fifty francs is a lot of money!' The boy continued to shake his head. 'Come now, a hundred? Why, you'd be the richest Italian boy in Paris with a hundred francs.'

'Oh no, no! it is a good, a very good violin, and it is my only means of livelihood. Besides, it belonged to my grandfather and to his grandfather before him, and my mother would not let me part with it.'

'Now, look here, my little man, you go home and tell your mother that a kind gentleman will give you a hundred and twenty-five francs for it. You say she is ill—starving. Now, a hundred and twenty-five francs would keep you for weeks—months, and for a few francs you can buy another violin nearly as good as this one. Go home and ask her.'

'Ah, but I cannot part with my violin,' said the boy, with a break in his voice.

'You run home and hear what your mother says;' and Ledout well-nigh pushed the boy out of the shop. The child reluctantly took himself off, and during his absence Ledout paced the pavement in front of his shop; he was planning the details of the move. The boy returned with tears streaming down his cheeks, and told the eager listener that his mother would sell the instrument for a hundred and fifty francs. 'But do not give it, monsieur,' he added piteously. 'I cannot part with my violin. Say it is too much money, and give it back to me.'

Ledout took the instrument from the shelf and laid it on the counter, and the boy fell to kissing it. 'Hi, here, leave go! you will be ruining it with the damp,' he cried angrily, and going hastily to the till, he counted out the money into the Italian's hand. This done, he literally pushed the sobbing child out of the shop.

'It is mine, it is mine!' he exclaimed triumphantly as he put the instrument carefully in a drawer. 'Seven thousand francs! I am a made man.'

All the rest of the day Ledout watched anxiously for the coming of the musician. But as passer-by succeeded passer-by, and still the elegant stranger made himself waited for, he had to invent reasons for his non-appearance. 'Madame Bernhardt has kept him at the theatre rehearsing. She is a veritable virago, I have heard tell. *Sacré, sacré!*' he kept on muttering to himself till madame, looking up from her accounts, exclaimed, '*Mon cher*, what can be ailing you to-day? What is annoying you? Can the heat have tainted that lovely pig that came in last night?'

But Ledout snapped her head off with the answer, 'No. Perish the pig! Leave me alone. Make haste to get those accounts done.'

Madame raised her arched eyebrows in astonishment. Ledout was so unlike himself, so irritable, so agitated; a remedy must be found for his disorder. 'Why not take a tram to the Bois?' she proposed presently. 'I can see to the few customers. It did me much good yesterday.'

'*Le diable* take the Bois and the trams to and fro!' was the abrupt answer. 'You go on with your work, madame, and leave me to mine.' And he seized a knife and began to scrape the bone of a ham and trim up the joint with vicious cuts.

Madame sighed and offered no more suggestions.

The following afternoon, as the affable gentleman had again disappointed him, Ledout untied his apron, flung it in a corner, seized his hat, and taking a brown-paper parcel out of a drawer, curtly told his wife to mind the shop for half-an-hour as he was going out on business. He hurried down the faubourg, out on to the boulevard, and rushed into the first musical instrument maker's shop that he could find.

'Can you tell me the value of this violin?' he demanded, tearing off the wrapping.

The young man took it up, and threw it down with a bang. 'About two francs fifty, I should say. Why do you ask?'

'What!' exclaimed Ledout; 'two francs fifty! *two francs fifty?*' He could say no more.

'About that. You can buy them at the Magazin du Louvre—whole rows of them, hanging on a line from the ceiling. Why, it's as common as can be. Cut out by machinery, glued together, and sold by the gross. Go and see for yourself if you don't believe me.'

'I will,' replied the enraged Ledout; and without a word of thanks he left the shop and hurried through the side-streets to the Bourse and so into the Magazin du Louvre, cursing as he went.

'Is this the kind of instrument you sell?' he demanded angrily, the toy department reached.

'The identical article,' answered the young man behind the counter, 'and capital little things they are for the money—two francs seventy-five. Do you want another?'

'Another! No, I do not; and you are a set of impostors to dare to sell them. *Sacré, sacré, sacré!*' Ledout flung himself out of the department; and for the next week the assistant spoke of his encounter with a madman, and of the tact and judgment he had displayed in ridding the shop of so infuriated a customer without damage to himself or his wares, and became a hero in consequence.

Once outside the shop, Ledout dashed the violin on the pavement, put his foot on it, and viciously kicked it into the gutter. 'I have been deceived, horribly deceived,' he cried. 'This comes of doing an act of charity. Never again will I be led away by my good heart. A hundred and fifty francs clean gone, and the money for the sausages as well, for I never took it up, and that young rascal must have put it back in his pocket.'

It was a very dejected Monsieur Ledout who returned to his shop. Over and above the misery of what he had begun to term 'his loss,' there was the difficulty of explaining the matter to madame. For the first time in his life he wished his wife were not so exact a bookkeeper. Had she not been known to detect a deficiency of three *sous* when balancing for the week? What about a hundred and fifty francs? Joseph spread his fat hands in despair as if to beg the passers-by to offer a solution of the problem. One thing was certain: she must never know the truth. And so that night, when she commented on the empty state of the till and feared a falling away of their customers, Ledout exclaimed magnificently, '*Mon ange*, do not distress yourself; our patrons do not desert us. But for once I have departed from my rule: I have allowed myself to perform an act of charity. No, do not question me,' as madame opened her mouth for a horrified comment. 'I, as the right hand, must not let you, as the left, know what I do. Be satisfied that I have bestowed the money wisely.'

But madame, though she refrained from questionings, was very far from satisfied.

Ledout still owns the *charcuterie* in the Rue Faubourg St Denis. The grand *coup* that is to enable him to move to the boulevard is as yet to be counted among the possibilities.

If ever he hears the opening bars of *Madame Angot* he flies into a rage and vows that of all tunes it is the one he loathes the most. All musicians are to him anathema; but if by chance a wretched Italian boy comes near the *charcuterie* playing any instrument whatsoever, he rushes round his counter and out of the door brandishing his longest carving-knife, and the boy makes off at top speed, for the threat of cutting off a head seems not impossible of execution, judging by the vigour with which the weapon is wielded.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SAFETY-BUOYS FOR PLEASURE-BOATS.

A FEW months ago there was described in these columns a new safety-buoy which depends upon the fact that calcium carbide evolves vast quantities of buoyant gas directly it is submerged in the water. A correspondent writing from Buenos Ayres offers the suggestion that all small pleasure-boats should be compelled by law to be fitted with this safety device; and he points out that to fit the buoy to small sailing-craft and other similar vessels would involve the outlay of a few shillings only, and would often result in the saving of valuable lives. There is considerable force in the statement. We read so often in the newspapers of lives being sacrificed through the careless handling of a boat, or sometimes through the sudden and unforeseen shifting of the wind, that we have grown used to the news, and scarcely realise how frequently these disasters occur. Yet if a record were to be kept of the number of lives lost annually through the overturning of small boats, we should probably be surprised to find how frequently these sad occurrences take place. The acetylene life-buoy costs so little, and takes up so little room when uninflated, that a law compelling its universal adoption on all small boats would involve no serious hardship.

HOUSES WITHOUT BRICKS.

The building of houses with concrete blocks made from cement mixed with such material as may be found on most building sites is finding great favour in America. Some idea of the extent to which the system is being worked may be gathered from the fact that there are some two hundred block-making machines of various makes on sale in the United States. The best machines may be purchased for about a hundred pounds, and will furnish practi-

cally everything that the builder may require, and to the blocks any desired facing may be given. Mr T. W. Glaister gives some interesting particulars in the *World's Work*, and he evidently firmly believes that there is a future in this country for this system of building. A good machine turns out about one hundred and fifty to two hundred blocks a day, and these are ready for use in about a fortnight. One block in building is equal to about fifty bricks, requires much less labour in placing, and necessitates the use of only one-fifth the amount of mortar. It is claimed that the blocks will stand three times the crushing strain of brick, and houses constructed of them are not only stronger but dryer and warmer than those built of brick. The blocks are hollow, and the buildings are therefore more weather-proof, warmer in winter, and cooler in summer. The cost of building materials is increasing every year in this country, and on the score of cost the new system is said to compare very favourably with the old. There is probably a small fortune in store for those builders who will be sufficiently enterprising to take up this new material quickly.

A NEW PUBLIC-HOUSE.

In the East End of London there has recently been opened a public-house of a distinctly novel sort, for there it is not possible to purchase more than a quarter of a pint of ale at one time, and with that quarter of a pint a sandwich must be taken. Moreover, the purchaser of the halfpenny sandwich and the quarter-pint of drink is only allowed to remain in the bar a sufficient time for their consumption; his further orders are refused, and he may not loiter on the premises. According to the proprietor of this new venture, the scheme has been started not as a philanthropic move, but as a strictly business undertaking. At the same time, it is clear that the advantages of such a house in a district like that of the City Road must indeed be great if the inhabitants avail themselves of its boons. Refreshment of a good and healthy kind at an exceedingly low price is here dispensed to all who require it, and at the same time one of the most effective blows is struck at the custom of drinking for drinking's sake. Adjoining the same house is a section where children are provided with good sandwiches at the price of a farthing, and hungry little mites come in crowds on their way to school to purchase a meal for this modest sum.

INDIGO.

A carefully considered and apparently unbiassed review of the relative value of indigos, natural and artificial, appeared in a recent issue of the *Oil and Colourman's Journal*, over the signature of David Patterson, F.R.S.E., F.C.S. The various chemical tests by which the quality of indigo is determined generally yield an equal value for the manufactured variety compared with the best products of India. The tests give the quantity of indigotin present in the samples, and were that truly representative of the dyeing-power of the indigo there would be little more to be said. But the author of the paper in question inclines to the belief that in the best natural indigo there is something else besides the indigotin which has a considerable bearing upon the properties of the dye considered as such. What this something else may be does not appear to have been determined; but it seems to be clear that the only true test of the valuable properties of indigo is the dye test, and if that falsifies the chemical test, as it often does, the chemical test is the one which must be considered at fault. According to this authority, the dye test in nearly every instance awards the palm to the best natural indigos. The subject is of considerable importance to the British Empire, for the growing and preparation of indigo has absorbed many millions of invested British capital and gives employment to an immense number of natives in those districts of India where the plant is cultivated.

ANOTHER UNPUNCTURABLE TIRE.

A tire which shall possess all the resilience of the ordinary pneumatic, and at the same time be as unpuncturable as a solid tire, is so earnestly to be desired that it has possessed a fascination for inventors ever since the pneumatic tire came into use. So far their efforts have been crowned with but little success, for whatever protective device be employed, it appears always to depreciate the elastic value of the tire to some extent. A correspondent who desires for the present to conceal his identity sends us a drawing of a tire with which he is experimenting with every hope of success. He advances the proposition that the inner tube of the pneumatic tire is easily puncturable because it is distended by the air which it encloses, and he contends with some reason that slack rubber would present a far less vulnerable surface. In his experimental tire, therefore, he places between the outer cover and the inner tube a number of small rubber tubes running along the length of the tire. These tubes are not inflated, and are not even intended to be air-proof; they merely act as a buffer between the air-containing inner tube and the outer cover. It would be difficult and indeed idle to pronounce upon the invention until it has had a very careful and thorough trial; but it will be seen that the idea gives some promise of supplying the much-desired answer to the problem.

DIAMOND-CUTTERS AND LEAD POISONING.

Many people are unaware that a considerable danger menaces the cutters of diamonds in the form of that dreaded malady lead poisoning. In the cutting of diamonds, the gem to be operated upon is fixed in a 'dope' consisting of a hemispherical brass pan at the end of a rod of thick copper wire. The stone can then be set in any desired position relatively to the cutting-wheel by bending the copper wire. The cutting-wheel or disc, which revolves extremely rapidly, is fed by a polishing

medium consisting of pulverised diamond and olive-oil. As the work proceeds, the diamond is constantly wiped with the bare hand to clear it of this medium and ascertain how far the cutting process has progressed. The diamond is set in the dope by means of a solder which is an alloy of lead and tin. This is heated until it is kneadable, when it is pressed into the dope and smoothed by means of the fingers around the projecting diamond, which is thus held firmly in place. One setter handles about two hundred dopes every day, and both he and the diamond-polisher get numerous particles of the lead alloy into their fingers and the palms of their hands, and sooner or later lead poisoning is apt to result. The Government of the Netherlands has offered a prize of six thousand florins for a medium which shall replace the lead alloy for fixing the diamond in the dope. The medium must be sufficiently cheap to be adopted by the diamond-setters, and it must fulfil the various conditions of the work. The present alloy, being a good conductor, allows the heat of polishing to be drawn away by the copper rod, whereas an ordinary cement would itself become melted. Competitors must send in their results before 1st January 1906, together with any samples or specimens which may be necessary for the elucidation of their ideas.

POISON IN MINERAL-WATER BOTTLES.

Alluding to a somewhat sensational announcement which appeared in one of the London papers to the effect that the rubber rings with which mineral-water bottles are sealed contain a dangerous amount of poisonous antimony, Mr C. A. Mitchell gives to *Knowledge* the results of some careful experiments which he has made with a view to determining the amount of antimony present, and the likelihood of its proving dangerous. The paragraph in question asserted that a Liverpool doctor had found that a poisonous dose of antimony could be removed from these rubber rings by a simple washing with cold water, and that he had attributed many deaths in his own experience to this cause. Mr Mitchell, who is a skilled analyst, states that the rings certainly contain a large proportion of antimony, to which, in fact, their colour is due; but he found that it was absolutely insoluble under ordinary conditions, and would not, therefore, exhibit any element of danger. So far from the poison dissolving out under the influence of cold water, he found that after boiling the rings in water for several hours not a trace of antimony was discoverable in the water. Then, lest fragments of the rings should become detached and be inadvertently swallowed, he tested them with an acid solution far stronger in acidity than the gastric juice, but here again no trace of the poison was freed.

MOTOR-CARS WITH BUFFERS.

A London firm of motor-car manufacturers has recently introduced a new feature in the shape of pneumatic cushion buffers for attachment in front of motor-propelled vehicles. The buffer is in the form of a short arm curved around the front of each of the steering-wheels, and is of such a shape that in a collision the impact in most cases will be converted into a glancing blow, and damage either to the car or the object with which it collides may be avoided or minimised. The protection afforded to the front wheels is important; for if they be damaged, a slight collision may lead to very serious results later on. In view of the numerous instances in which dogs or even children are run over and killed or maimed by motor-cars, it is rather surprising that it apparently has not occurred to any one to fit the cars with some such device as that attached to the front of the electric tram-cars. Some kind of modified 'cow-catcher' which would gather up a child or a dog, and hold it out of danger for the few moments until the car could be stopped, might be a means of preventing many lamentable accidents. There does not seem to be any good reason to urge against the use of such a device, for it would take up but little room, and its weight would be negligible.

HEAT WITHOUT FIRE.

'There is no smoke without fire,' says the ancient adage; but it is possible, at all events nowadays, to have smoking-hot food without the agency of any visible or actual fire whatever. Every schoolboy is familiar with the fact that a great many chemical combinations apart from those involved in actual combustion are capable of liberating a considerable amount of heat. Sulphuric acid mixed with water will bring it in a few seconds to boiling-point, and water poured upon quicklime will evolve an amount of heat which is capable of doing real and valuable work. To a company working under the name of 'Caloric' must be given the credit of recognising this last fact and putting it to solid commercial use. An ordinary tin of soup, for instance, is fitted with an outer cover also of tin, which in turn is provided with a false bottom entirely separated from the rest of the container by a tin partition. This space is filled with ordinary water, and the space surrounding the soup-container with beads of quicklime, and the whole is soldered up and hermetically sealed. Hot soup may be obtained at a few minutes' notice in the following manner: Turn the tin upside down, and, by means of the wire tool sold with it, punch one or two holes in the bottom in places indicated by indentations. The little tool goes right through the false bottom, and the water dribbles through into the quicklime. In a very few minutes the whole container is hot enough to scorch the labels on the outside, and by turning it over and opening the tin of soup in the ordinary way the food is ready for immediate consumption, and is found to be quite as hot as it can comfortably be consumed. It will be seen that there is no possibility of the lime gaining access to the soup or entrée, or whatever may be contained in the inner tin. It is need-

less to point out the numerous classes of people to whom this invention should prove a valuable boon.

ELECTROLYTIC PRODUCTION OF GAS FOR THE OXY-HYDROGEN BLOWPIPE.

The intense heat produced by the combustion of oxygen and hydrogen in a blowpipe has long been a power in the hands of metallurgists, who utilise it for welding masses of metal which could hardly be treated successfully by any other process. As a rule gases are supplied compressed in steel cylinders, and their cost is a considerable disadvantage to the process. Everybody knows that water is simply a chemical combination of these two gases in just the proportion which gives the hottest flame; in fact, the burning of the gases together produces water. It is also well known that the water may be decomposed and made to yield up the two gases of which it is composed by the passage of an electric current; but this has generally been regarded as an interesting laboratory experiment of little real value. According to the *Scientific American*, the electrolytic process is coming into use for the production of oxygen and hydrogen in very large quantities for welding purposes, and it is said that the cost of production by this means compares very favourably with the cost of the gases in steel bottles. The battery consists of a large number of cells, each containing pairs of iron plates immersed in an electrolyte consisting of water rendered sufficiently conductive by means of caustic soda. Each pair of plates decomposes a certain amount of water and collects the gases around them, hydrogen at one pole and oxygen at the other. A system of collectors and pipes conveys the gases separately to two common containers, where they are stored at a sufficient pressure for use in the welding process.

HARNESSING NIAGARA.

The great anxiety which was aroused all over the world at the prospect of magnificent Niagara falling entirely into the hands of electric-power companies desirous of harnessing the cascades to their dynamos, and destroying the beauty of the spot for ever, has now happily been set at rest. Yet few people are aware of the immense undertakings which are already at work or in process of construction at the Falls, and that without seriously marring their beauty or diminishing their grandeur. By the time the present undertakings are completed, water-power of the value of over nine hundred thousand horse-power hitherto going to waste will be converted into electric-power, and conveyed by wire to wherever it may be wanted for lighting and motive purposes. The work is in the hands of three companies: the Ontario Power Company, the Electrical Development Company, and the Canadian Niagara Power Company. It is interesting to note that the designs for all the buildings involved in these huge undertakings have been submitted to the Park Commissioners, and they have all been drawn with the idea of harmonising with the landscape-garden effect of the surrounding park. Huge wing dams have been built out into the stream above the Falls to collect the swiftly running water and lead it into the deep tubes or tunnels by which it is conveyed to the turbines. Further tunnels carry the exhaust water back to the river-bed at the foot of the Falls.

TELEPHONES AT EVERY CORNER.

The public telephone call-offices in America have proved a very profitable part of the telephone business, and as a consequence the number is being rapidly increased. In Bridgeport, Conn., the experiment has been tried of placing a small and inconspicuous telephone outfit at every street corner, and it is now proposed to extend the system to other cities. A small and unobtrusive iron box, bearing on its exterior the familiar sign of the bell, is attached to any convenient support at the street corner, such as a telegraph post or even a tree, or placed on a neat iron standard of its own. The door opens freely, and within is a directory and a telephone. For urgent municipal messages, such as a call for fire-brigade or ambulance, the telephone may be used without payment; but in ordinary private conversation, a demand for the usual coin in the slot comes over the wire before connection is made by the Exchange.

AUTUMN TEARS.

Listen! 'tis the curlew calling,
And his notes sound sad and shrill,
By the loch, across the moorland,
O'er the bracken-gilded hill;
For he sings the dirge of summer,
And the listening land is still.

Mournfully pale, lingering heath-bells
Drop brown tears upon the grass,
Sadly blue-veined bell-flowers quiver
As the dreary sob-sounds pass;
For they tell of dying summer,
And all nature cries 'Alas!'

Listen! now the earth is sighing
And the star-sown skies burn pale,
While the heart within me pulses
To the curlew's moaning wail;
For my summer too has ended
In a tear-dimned autumn veil.

NITA HUTCHISON.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE DUKE PAYS.

By W. E. CULE, Author of *Prince Adrian of Zell*, &c.

CHAPTER I.—THE GRAND DUKE AND MR INCHCAPE.

ON an evening in August, Mr Julius Inchcape, a retired City gentleman residing at Herne Hill, drove up to the entrance arch at St Pancras in a hansom. Refusing the services of a porter, he received his modest travelling-bag, paid the driver, and took a first-class ticket for Whichester. Then he walked briskly to platform No. 3, under the impression that his movements during the next twenty-four hours were clearly mapped out before him.

But even the most curious experiences in life have a way of coming upon us without warning or presentiment, and Mr Inchcape's adventures began almost immediately. The eight-thirteen was at the platform, and he had only comfortable time to select a compartment. With the perversity common to so many travellers, he did not take the first that offered itself, but walked on to the next, and paused at the open door to glance within. Observing that it was already occupied by two gentlemen, he was just about to pass on when a raucous voice spoke out:

'You can't come here. This is reserved!'

Mr Inchcape was astonished, not so much by the words as by the shrill rudeness and violence of the tone. The speaker was an old man sitting in the farther corner of the compartment—an old man somewhat large in build and with a heavy white moustache. The other passenger sat within arm's-length of the door, and was much younger.

'Do you hear—you?' cried the angry voice again. 'This carriage is reserved! You can't come in! You can't come in! It is reserved!'

More than ever amazed and indignant, Mr Inchcape glanced at the younger man for an explanation. Under the circumstances, he took it for granted that the two were travelling in company. The person thus mutely appealed to, however, took no trouble to explain his companion's incivility. Instead, he gazed straight over Mr Inchcape's head with that insultingly unconscious stare which sometimes seems to be one of the most valued accomplishments of gentility.

Then, naturally, Mr Inchcape broke out. 'I did not intend to come in here, sir,' he cried, addressing the heavy white moustache. 'And you are not a gentleman, sir! And you have a vile temper, sir!' And having thus delivered himself and created a distinct sensation in the vicinity, he walked back stormily to the compartment he had previously rejected.

It was empty, and he could express his feelings without hindrance. 'Confound him!' he said aloud. 'Confound him! Some foreign boor, by his accent. Confound him!' And he closed the door with a decisive crash.

Scarcely had he done this when one of the railway officials came hurrying down the platform bearing what seemed to be a slip of paper. He stopped suddenly when he saw Mr Inchcape's rosy and indignant countenance, hesitated for a moment, and then hastily pasted the slip upon the window-pane. It was quite a large slip, and it bore in bold characters the legend 'Reserved.'

'Well, upon my word!' muttered Mr Inchcape, as the train moved slowly away. He saw the official step back with a look which was almost apologetic, and in a moment more had lost sight of him altogether. 'Well, upon my word! If I'm not mistaken, this label was intended for that other compartment—the one with the Boor in it. It serves him right!'

He began to smile at the mistake, wondered how it had come about, and proceeded to contemplate it with considerable enjoyment. Indeed, this unexpected incident quite restored the equanimity of the very genial and good-natured old gentleman, and in a few minutes he settled himself smilingly into his corner, took up his selection of newspapers, and began to divide his attention between them and the pleasant prospects of his journey.

In one of those limited gardens which are the

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rule at Herne Hill, Mr Inchcape cultivated roses. He did not cultivate them, as some of his neighbours did, to flaunt them in the faces of his fellow-men, but with a genuine love of flowers, which had grown year by year since he had retired from business. Occasionally this hobby led him to make excursions abroad, and at this moment he was on his way to Whichester to attend a great Horticultural Exhibition which was to be opened there to-morrow by a representative of Royalty. He intended to spend a good day among the flowers, and was going down this evening so that he might be on the ground as early as possible, fresh for the day's programme.

With what may be called a pleasing sub-consciousness of these careful arrangements, Mr Inchcape read his papers and spent his leisure harmlessly and perhaps profitably until Padgworth was reached. By this time it was dark, but the label on Mr Inchcape's window was prominent enough to the people on the platform. He was amused by the attention it brought him, and wondered what the Boor would say if he observed it.

Scarcely had the question occurred to him when he saw that the Boor himself was on the spot. He was standing a few paces from the door, with his travelling companion at his side: the one a heavy old man of rather more than Mr Inchcape's six-and-sixty years, with a sour, unpleasant face that matched his voice; and the other a distinctly military figure in tweeds, tall, blonde, cold-eyed, and self-possessed. They were both looking closely at Mr Inchcape, and apparently discussing him.

He was on the alert at once, expecting nothing less than another sharp encounter with that vile temper. But it did not come, for in another moment the two had turned away, and their place was taken by a bearded and uniformed servant of the company. Mr Inchcape took him to be the stationmaster.

To our traveller's surprise, this person at once opened the door and began to speak. The clatter of a luggage-trolley drowned his first words, but apparently he was anxious to supply refreshments.

'Oh no, thank you,' said Mr Inchcape. 'I need nothing.'

'Shall I get books or papers from the stall?' queried the man, with evident nervousness.

His amazement increasing, Mr Inchcape still refused. 'I am well supplied,' he declared. 'I want nothing, thank you.'

The man closed the door in silence. There was quite a little crowd behind him, but it was kept back by an officious policeman. 'It's the "Reserved" that does it,' muttered Mr Inchcape. 'I wonder what they take me for.'

He was still wondering when the train began to move; but at the last moment a man came hastily up, said something to the stationmaster in a low tone, opened the door, and took the seat exactly facing Mr Inchcape himself. And this was no other than the tall person of military appearance who had been standing upon the platform with the Boor.

As he sat down he closed the door gently. After one glance Mr Inchcape raised his paper, but almost immediately lowered it again to take another glance. It occurred to him that the stranger might have come, rather late, to apologise for the recent unpleasantness. Certainly the man's supercilious face had assumed an almost agreeable expression. Moreover, he plainly meant to speak.

'Good-evening, sir,' he said suddenly.

'Good-evening,' answered Mr Inchcape, with proper reserve.

A pause. Then:

'May I ask,' proceeded the stranger, with much civility, 'whether you are going to Whichester?'

'I am, sir,' was the plain but surprised reply.

'To be present at the Exhibition to-morrow?'

'Precisely.'

The stranger looked relieved—yes, that was distinctly a look of relief. Mr Inchcape waited, half-suspiciously. Now that he had put on the front of a gentleman, this visitor's manner was almost ingratiating. But the change was so sudden and so apparently causeless!

The next question came at once. 'May I also ask—pardon my curiosity, but I will explain in a moment—may I also ask whether you know Whichester well?'

'I do not,' replied Mr Inchcape. 'In fact, I have never stopped there before. I live in London.'

'I hoped that such might be the case,' said the questioner very candidly, and with evident satisfaction. 'That is to say, I—I imagined it. And now, sir, you will permit me to explain myself. You are probably aware that this Exhibition was to have been opened to-morrow by the Grand Duke of Saxe-Munden, who is now on a visit to this country, and who is a distant connection of His Majesty the King?'

'I was certainly under that impression,' said Mr Inchcape.

'Quite so. Well, sir, the old gentleman with whom I was travelling, and whom you spoke to at St Pancras, was himself the Grand Duke. And I—if you will forgive the irregularity of the introduction—I am equerry in attendance upon His Highness. My name is Armytage—Captain Lucas Armytage.'

Mr Inchcape's surprise was considerable, but he did not entertain a moment's doubt as to the truth of the story. It seemed to him, indeed, that some matters were now explained—that 'Reserved' label for one thing, as well as the Boor's accent and the extreme solicitude of the Padgworth stationmaster. So he politely acknowledged the introduction, and the equerry proceeded.

His tone was gradually becoming more intimate and confidential. Leaning forward as he spoke, he showed very clearly to Mr Inchcape's quietly observant eyes the man of forty-five, groomed so well that he might almost pass for thirty but for the fine

lines in the skin and the thinning of the hair. His cold, light-blue eyes were the kind that Mr Inchcape did not care for.

'Possibly, sir,' he said, 'you have heard something of the Grand Duke's characteristics and reputation? You have heard, perhaps, that he is of a very eccentric disposition, and that his temper is—is not at all an equable one? Indeed, you observed this yourself at St Pancras.'

Mr Inchcape assented. He had heard a great deal more than that about the Grand Duke, and had wondered why the Exhibition Committee had resolved to have him down. Probably there was no other Royalty available at the time. In any case, the thought of His Serene Highness was almost a blight upon roses. Seeing that he was understood, the equerry continued:

'I think I may say, sir, that any rumours you may have heard have more than a foundation of truth. His Highness is old, and age has perhaps somewhat emphasised the singularities of his disposition. It was some freak of the moment that induced him to undertake this function to-morrow, and he was allowed to go because there was no one else who could. And it is this that brings me to the present situation. We were going down to Whichester to-night in readiness for to-morrow; but, quite unknown to me, His Highness had suddenly and unreasonably decided—yesterday, I suppose—that he would not carry out his engagement.'

'He had?' exclaimed Mr Inchcape.

'He had. More than that, he had made other arrangements. At Padgworth lives Sir Robert Calcraft, one time British Agent at Saxe-Munden, and practically the Duke's only intimate acquaintance in England. Yesterday, it seems, he wrote to Sir Robert, telling him that he was coming down for a visit, and asking him to meet this train. Keeping his own counsel to the last, he said nothing to me until we were within ten minutes of the place; and in the result he went home with Sir Robert, and left me to deal with the situation as best I might. He was absolutely resolved, and of course no purpose could be served by a scene upon the platform.'

The calmness of the recital was no guide to the equerry's feelings in the matter. His voice was smooth and level; but his smile was a hard one, and his eyes were harder. Mr Inchcape could not blame him.

'Well, upon my word,' he declared for the third time that evening, 'it seems to me that your office is not without its trials!'

The equerry agreed. 'It is not,' he said. 'I see that you appreciate the situation. At Whichester this train will be met by the Mayor and members of the Corporation to welcome the Grand Duke as His Majesty's representative. And they will find'——

'No Grand Duke!' said Mr Inchcape.

'Er—yes. That is the position, so far.'

Then there was a long pause. The equerry was now regarding Mr Inchcape with a look which puzzled that gentleman greatly—a look in which doubt, hope, and deprecation were curiously mingled. Suddenly, with an effort, he broke the silence.

'Did you notice,' he asked, 'that there was a certain personal resemblance—physical resemblance, I should say—between the Grand Duke and yourself?'

'Eh?' cried Mr Inchcape. 'Dear me, no! I hadn't noticed it. And yet, now that you mention it'——

Yes, now that the equerry had mentioned it, he realised that such a resemblance certainly did exist. The Duke was of much the same build as himself, and there could not be much difference between them in point of age. The effects produced in the Duke's countenance by an unrestrained temper and high living were simulated in his own case by the glow of good humour and good health. And then there was the heavy white moustache above the clean-shaven chin—a distinguishing feature in each of them. The hair, the eyes, the expression—well, all these could be very different without altering the general resemblance.

'I assure you that such is the case,' said the equerry, with a certain earnestness. 'And this brings me to the reason of my intrusion upon you. Not only did the railway official at St Pancras mistake you for the Grand Duke—as you saw that he did—but His Highness himself observed the likeness. This gave him an idea which I must say was quite to his taste; and when I tried to reason with him he threw it into my face with a remarkable relish. "If they want a Grand Duke," he said, "take them that—er—gentleman—in the next carriage. I'm sure he's going to the town." And when the train stopped at Padgworth he brought me up to this compartment to point out the likeness. "There you are," he said; "a duke ready to your hand! He might have been made for the occasion. Get him to go, and make the best of it. I give you both *carte blanche*."'

'The deuce he did!' ejaculated Mr Inchcape in mingled amazement and amusement. 'And what did you say to that?'

Captain Armytage smiled ruefully. 'I had said my all long before that,' he declared. 'And it was useless. This jest—let us call it a jest—was quite after the Duke's own heart, and it was the only answer he would give me. He would not budge. In another moment he had gone with Sir Robert Calcraft, who was, I may say, as much disturbed as myself, and equally helpless. You see, Mr—Inchcape—thank you—you see, Grand Dukes are not accustomed to be reasoned with.—When they had gone, I—I came to you.'

Mr Inchcape had no difficulty in remembering the fact. Nodding absently, he weighed the Grand Duke's conduct in the scales of common-sense, and saw that it indicated an eccentricity which might

well be termed irresponsibility, but spiced with a species of sardonic humour which somehow almost redeemed it, and turned an outrage into a practical joke. Then he glanced again at the equerry, and saw that the Duke must have found great enjoyment in this splendid officer's dilemma.

Not only may a man be within reach of a curious experience without feeling any presentiment of it, but he may stare a situation straight in the face and hear it stated plainly in words without perceiving its significance as regards himself. So Mr Inchcape looked at the captain; and the captain, wondering at his slowness, was forced to explain still further, concealing his impatience with much success.

'Yes, I came to you. There was only one thing I could do. I could make the proposal to you and get your answer.'

'The proposal?' echoed Mr Inchcape blankly.

'Yes, sir;' and then the equerry leaned forward again and made it.

(To be continued.)

THE REPAIRS OF LIFE.

By Dr ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

THERE is an old Latin expression, *Vis medicatrix Naturæ*, applied by physicians of olden times to indicate the principle known to them, as it is known to us to-day, that, in addition to maintaining the living body in health, nature likewise possesses a power of repairing its injuries. Indeed, but for this 'healing power of nature,' the art of the surgeon and physician would in many cases be of no avail. Voltaire, in the exercise of his sarcastic wit, once defined medicine as the art of pouring drugs, of which physicians knew little, into bodies of which they knew infinitely less. This reflection on the medical profession of his day fortunately cannot be said to apply to the art and science directed to relieve the pains and pangs which afflict the just and unjust alike of modern times. But it might be permissible none the less to define the chief object of medicine as that of aiding and abetting nature in her efforts to cure, in her own way, the diseases and ailments from which we suffer. Examples of the repairs of life can, of course, be obtained from many sources, high and low alike. In the first place, a simple scratch heals without any attention being paid thereto. Nature, in other words, does the whole of the work for us here. But even the repair of so slight an injury as a scratch, if traced out by aid of the microscope, is seen to involve a very considerable amount of labour on the part of what we may call our vital constitution. Thus, where any injury, serious or slight, takes place, those wonderful living cells known as the white corpuscles of our blood, which exist by millions in the vital fluid, come hurrying to the seat of irritation. They represent a sanitary police force ever on the alert to tackle invaders of the body in the shape of disease germs, whilst they also contribute of themselves to the repair of tissue where such an action becomes imperative. The white corpuscles practically form a healing layer from which the new tissue that is to replace lost substance will be elaborated and formed.

If we suppose that an injury has been of a more serious character than that represented by the scratch, we find that repair may take place in a different fashion. In the case, for example, of a severe wound, we find what is known as a 'scar' left to mark the site of the injury. A very superficial examination may convince us that the scar consists of very different tissue from that represented by the natural skin. Here we find nature has repaired the breach through the development of another kind of material, which the physiologist terms fibrous tissue. This particular mode of healing represents, no doubt, nature's best effort to fill up a gap, seeing that in all probability the natural elements of the substance displaced by the injury are incapable of being provided in sufficient quantity to restore the part perfectly to its normal condition. A very interesting example bearing very much upon the same mode of repairing injuries is that seen in the case of the healing of consumptive lungs. It is well known that this disease is characterised by ravages in the lung tissue, producing cavities of greater or less extent. One most interesting fact regarding the natural cure of consumption is illustrated by the experience of *post-mortem* rooms. In a large proportion of the bodies of patients who have died from other diseases, traces of the healed disease are found in the lungs. Nature, in other words, often accomplishes a spontaneous cure of the ailment, and the sites of the attacks in the lungs are found in such cases to be marked by the development of much the same kind of fibrous tissue as we see in the healed scar. Naturally, such portions of the lungs are useless for breathing purposes. Still, it is comforting to find that the healing power of nature includes the ability to combat on successful lines a disease so terrible in its nature as is consumption. What the open-air cure of consumption accomplishes, along with good feeding and attention to the general health, is represented by a similar result. In other words, the healing of the patient's lungs undertaken by nature herself on occasion is encouraged and favoured by the hygienic conditions under which, in the treatment in question, sufferers are placed.

In a case of broken bones it is the simple duty of the surgeon to place the disjointed portions in accurate position, so that nature may do the rest

The healing of bones forms in its way an extremely interesting scientific study. The greater portion of the work is undoubtedly accomplished by the 'bone-sheath,' a fairly tough but very vital membrane which invests the bone. This bone-sheath not merely takes upon itself the greater share of bone repair in the case of a break, but is likewise responsible for restoring large portions of bone when these, from injury or from an operation consequent upon the removal of diseased portions, have been removed. Bone repair in this way presents itself as an extremely wonderful process. On more than one occasion the greater part of the jaw has been replaced through the repairing efforts of the bone-sheath when the necessity has arisen, in consequence of the presence of disease, for removal at the hands of the surgeon. The knowledge of to-day, which shows us the power possessed by nature to restore large portions of missing bony substance, stands in distinct contrast to that possessed by surgeons of past epochs. By them the bone-sheath was considered to be of no great importance, until by means of accurate observation, aided by experiment, the bone-sheath was found not merely to be the great agent whereby a bone grows naturally in thickness, but also the chief agent in the repairing of bone injuries.

Naturally, of course, the reparative power possessed by the human body and by animal bodies of a type closely akin to man has its limits. We cannot expect even the missing tip of a little finger to be restored any more than when one of our second teeth happens to become displaced we may enjoy the prospect of a successor being provided therefor. Man in this respect exhibits a vast inferiority in the power of bodily repair to many of his lower neighbours. In fishes, for example, successive crops of teeth are produced as the animal requires them. One has only to look at the array of teeth in the mouth of certain species of sharks, or even in the jaw of a codfish, to note that as long as the animal lives its dental wants are amply provided for. Similarly, in the case of a reptile such as the crocodile we find successive generations of teeth succeeding one another from below upwards. An examination of a crocodile's jaw would not merely show a tooth belonging to the set in use, but below it another tooth ready to take the place of the upper tooth, and below this latter the germ of a third. These reptiles, in common with many other forms, can boast of uninterrupted generations of teeth. Man, on the other hand, when he loses any members of his second set, has to hand himself over to the tender mercies of the dentist, which, however necessary they may be in modern life, are, like those of the wicked, entitled to be termed cruel.

But lower life also finds its compensations if required in an almost illimitable power of repairing injuries. There is a little animal, averaging in length about a quarter of an inch or less, found in pools and ditches attached to water-weeds, and known as the hydra or 'fresh-water polyp.' This animal is one of the commonest objects with which the amateur naturalist comes in contact. It affords, when viewed under the microscope, an interesting study in lower animal life at large. Its body consists practically of a simple tube fixed by one extremity to a water-plant, and possessing a mouth surrounded by feelers or tentacles at the free end. By means of these latter organs the prey is captured, being first of all paralysed by the action of certain stinging cells embedded in the body of the animal. From the sides of the hydra's body little projections may be seen to sprout. As these grow, each projection elongates and ultimately develops a mouth and tentacles, so that we are face to face with the spectacle of young hydras budding from the side of their parent. More than one generation of these buds may be produced, and the secondary hydras, budding in their turn, may thus present us with a living genealogical tree presenting three generations linked together. This state of affairs is, however, not permanent, for the young hydras sooner or later break contact with the parent body, and attach themselves each on its own account as a separate individual.

Trembley, of Geneva, published in the year 1744 a series of most interesting and startling observations which he had made on the reparative powers of this simple animal. He found, in the first place, that if with the points of a fine pair of scissors he snipped the side of a hydra, a bud developed itself from the wounded portion. It would appear in this case as if the injury actually stimulated the animal to the reproduction of its kind. He obtained as many as seventeen young hydras in this case, the whole forming for the time being a connected tree. More astonishing were Trembley's experiments on the hydra's power of repairing injuries when much more seriously multilated. On his dividing the tubular body crosswise in halves, two hydras were formed by this section of one. The half bearing the head and tentacles settled down and rooted itself, whilst a new mouth and tentacles sprang from the top of the attached half. Even when divided into a number of fragments, each piece reproduced a perfect hydra. In this case we find in an animal a phase of life comparable to that of the reproduction of plants in an artificial way, by taking slips from them. In another experiment still, Trembley contrived ingeniously to turn the little tubular body inside out after the fashion in which the finger of a glove might be so treated. The animal in many cases succeeded in restoring itself to its original condition; but in certain instances the hydra settled down in its everted state, and apparently, like a wise animal, accommodated itself to the exigencies of its position. One of Trembley's observations is of a curious character. He relates that on one occasion two hydras, one of them being stronger than the other, had seized a small worm as prey. Repeating what is by no means an uncommon phase of higher life, neither party in the struggle would give way. Each persevered in its attempts to swallow the worm. The

right of might in this case, however, prevailed, with an interesting result; in other words, the stronger hydra ultimately swallowed the worm and his opponent also. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to relate that after a short interval the smaller hydra reappeared from the mouth of its stronger rival apparently unhurt.

In higher classes of the animal world a remarkable power of repair may still be exemplified. It is not uncommon, for example, to meet with a common five-rayed starfish which has lost one or more of its rays. On more than one occasion I have picked up one of these animals with three of the rays deficient or wanting, this result being due probably to the attack of some hungry fish or other. An examination of such a starfish body reveals the fact that the missing rays are in process of reproduction. Hence we find a creature much more highly organised than the hydra illustrating the healing power of nature in a very remarkable degree. An interesting point connected with the starfish is that represented in the naturalist's declaration that such an animal really consists of five animals connected together, each ray in this view probably presenting a separate member of the colony. It is, to parody the poetic line, as if five hearts beat in a single breast. It is probably due to the fact that a certain amount of independence exists between the five rays of the starfish that it is capable of reproducing its lost parts in such a remarkable fashion. Even amongst vertebrated or backboned animals we may find cases of the reproduction of parts which involve structures of such importance in the body as muscles and bones themselves. In many lizards a portion of the tail may be seen to break off, the missing part being duly reproduced, although the new portion may in some respects differ from that which was lost. The same power of reproduction is also noted amongst those frog-like animals known as the newts or efts so often confused with lizards. Artificial amputation of the tail in their case is followed in the majority of cases by the reproduction of the appendage, whilst even a leg may be sacrificed and replaced by a new member. Crabs and lobsters represent a similar power of developing new limbs for old ones which by mishap have been lost.

These instances may serve to show how widely distributed, from man himself downwards to his lowest neighbours in the animal scale, is not the mere power of healing, but the restorative power of nature. If we endeavour to form some notion of the nature of the conditions under which such repairs to living tissues are possible, and also to account for the limits which the healing power of nature exhibits, we may find such explanation included in the consideration of the relative importance of the animal body and the nervous system. In an animal like the hydra, the merest rudiments of a nervous system may be discerned. That system in the hydra may be said to hover on the very verge of existence. There can be represented, therefore, in the case of the hydra very little of that result experienced which we see illustrated in higher animal life after the receipt of injuries, and which we denominate by the name of 'shock.' Furthermore, in the case of such an animal we may regard it as representing a most typical democracy. We may take it that the essential feature of a democratic federation is that represented in the 'one man as good as another' idea. Each unit is equal in himself to every other unit. On the other hand, in other states of human sociology one individual is not to be regarded as being as good as another, so that we find conditions of relative rank represented. The lowest animals represent each a zoological democracy, in that, each part being as good as every other part, reproduction of missing portions of the frame becomes easy and natural. In the higher animals, on the other hand, the dominance of the nervous system must count for much, and particularly in the highest groups of all. In such a case the animal body appears to represent that form of government known as an autocracy. The nervous system, and especially the brain, becomes, so to speak, the despot of the kingdom. Hence injury to any of the parts of such a body cannot be followed by the work of universal repair seen in lower life. Injury to a part resulting in its dissociation from adjoining parts also implies a rupture with the nervous system which binds all together. Hence in higher life, repair, wonderful as it may be, is related to comparatively minor portions of the frame. Those cells and parts which are of least value to the body are most quickly replaced. The cells of our outer skin are perpetually being shed off as a natural process, whilst new growths of cells are continually taking place from below. These cells are things of little importance in a sense, and hence are removed and renewed by the thousand daily all through life. On the other hand, a portion of the frame involving bones and muscles, once separated, cannot be reproduced, simply because these structures, of much higher grade than skin-cells, are under the dominance of the nervous system, and therefore do not exhibit that physical independence which we have seen to be so characteristic of the hydra and its neighbours in lower life. The old phrase, 'We cannot have our cake and eat it,' may be applied with some force to the subject under consideration. If we choose to prefer the perfect repair of every injury and the reproduction of lost portions of the body, we should then have to elect to remain on a low plane of existence, where, as has been remarked, the democratic phase of matters would represent the essential mode of body government. On the other hand, if our choice fell upon the elaboration of a higher body that has a brain and nervous system dominating and controlling every tissue, we then must naturally lay our account for a considerable limitation of the healing powers of nature.

HERBERT MASSEY.

By MARIAN BOWER, Author of *Marie-Eve, The Puppet-Show,* &c.

CHAPTER I.

Nothing in his life so much became him as his manner of leaving it.

THE Allan liner *Lucinian*, homeward bound from Montreal, had been feeling her way at a snail's pace down the Strait of Belleisle for the last thirty-six hours, with the trifling additions of a possible iceberg and a probable fishing-fleet, both rendered invisible by the fog—a thick, white, woolly Newfoundland fog—to enhance the everyday perils of that rock-bound coast, when Captain Pilkington of the 9th, known as 'Thumby' (a contraction of Tom Thumb, due to his six feet four inches and his Goliath build), and Major Starkey of the same regiment came up the companion and looked ahead. They looked ahead, that is, as far as the white dampness would permit.

The younger man was saying his say as to the climatic conditions.

'You are so confoundedly indifferent, Starkey,' he wound up. 'For all you know, war may be declared before we get home, and the regiment certain to be ordered out.'

Major Starkey walked to the railing, waited until the siren had—momentarily—bellowed itself hoarse, and then he spoke, more to the fog than to his companion.

'I wonder,' he said, 'what has become of Herbert Massey. I wonder what he is thinking now. If he is alive he'll get a look in somehow or he will have changed more than'——

'It is rum,' broke in Thumby, 'that you fellows never forget Massey, in spite of'——

'You didn't know him,' Starkey interrupted.

'I came into the regiment just after the fiasco,' Captain Pilkington admitted, 'but'——

'You didn't know him,' Starkey repeated.

Thumby threw away his cigarette with an impatient jerk.

'I know,' he went on, 'that Massey had to leave the regiment; that he dare not show his face in England; that he spoiled one woman's life. I know all that.'

Major Starkey waited a moment.

'A woman,' he muttered.

'The other woman,' Thumby corrected.

'It is always the other woman,' the elder man said slowly.

'He hadn't been married a year to the nicest girl in Christendom.'

'When the past strayed into the future—a past, moreover, that hadn't been inexpensive in the old days, and was more costly as things were. You'—with a wistful look at the stern face beside him—'have heard of that elsewhere, Thumby.'

Major Starkey walked down the wet deck, hailed the second officer, exchanged sentiments upon the weather with him, and came back to the big man by the rail.

'The fact is,' he explained, 'I don't think of all that if I can help it. You see, I was at Sandhurst with Herbert Massey, and we were always together. You should have seen him at polo, with the men, with the Colonel. He was like a woman in that he had such a way with him. We would, any of us, have done anything for him. Why didn't he come to some of us—to a stupid chap like me, even? And it was not as if he were all show, though you should have seen him in uniform. You have heard of the tenement-house in Dublin being on fire, and of his carrying a squealing brat down. He got a scar on his arm for that—a scar he carries now if he's alive.'

'If he is alive?' questioned Thumby between his teeth. 'That is all I want to know.'

'You?' said the elder man, looking keenly at him.

'Yes,' answered Maurice Pilkington. 'Why shouldn't you hear? I have been in love with Maisey, the girl he married and left, ever since she was five years old. I came to Canada to find out if I had the right to say anything to her. It is four years since Massey was last heard of, and then he was in Montreal.'

'And?' said Starkey.

'I could hear nothing. Now the war has come, and I shall go out'——

He stopped, for suddenly through the heavy atmosphere came the ringing of innumerable bells—of bells to the right, bells to the left—until the ship seemed entirely surrounded by invisible hands tolling invisible chimes.

'The fishing-fleet,' ejaculated Starkey. 'We have run into the middle of them. They can't help themselves, poor beggars! They must just lie here becalmed until the fog lifts or some one cuts them down. But'—peering into the woolliness—'I can't make out as much as a single boat.'

'There!' cried Thumby, clutching at his arm.

The two men leaned over the railing, watching breathlessly. Right under them—the liner towering above the mass of blurred blackness—was a fishing-smack, full in the way of the *Lucinian's* bow.

'Back her—for God's sake back her!' cried a voice out of the mist, a voice which rang down the liner's decks and made the two men who heard it shiver.

'I say, what are you about there? Reverse engines,' followed a peremptory tone, still from the smack. And as the voice fell on Major Starkey's ears he started.

The smack's sails flapping against the liner, the rush of trampling feet on the fishing-boat's deck,

the excited tolling of the bell, were all compressed into seconds, not minutes, and then the same commanding tone made itself heard again.

'Don't you know,' it cried, as if arraigning heaven and earth, 'I can't go out here? I must get home and have my chance.'

The *Lucinian's* engines reversed with such a throb that women in the state-rooms screamed, and men in the smoke-room looked one another between the eyes, asking mutely the most pregnant question that can be put at sea; and the two soldiers, still standing by the rail, grasped hard at the brass bar to keep their legs.

The liner swung aside, brushing majestically past the smack; the fog suddenly lifted, and the watchers looking down from the high deck saw fully on to the smaller one below them.

A figure in ragged garments, with a battered sou'-wester thrown back from the face, was standing fronting the leviathan. The odd hand's eyes met the eyes of the British officer; but it was Major Starkey who blinked, who put up his hand as if a sudden light blinded him.

'My God,' he whispered, and he clutched Thumby by the arm, 'it is Herbert Massey! There—there on that boat!'

CHAPTER II.

FROM the first moment that Captain Ezra Johnson 'set eyes,' as he termed it, on the odd hand taken aboard at the last minute in the place of Tim Marsh, temporarily laid by in Montreal hospital as the result of too much Saturday night and a jovial disposition, the worthy Yorkshire skipper never had any doubts.

'I know 'em sort,' he muttered; and he eyed the new-comer with no favour. 'I can see as far through a stone wall as most folks, but it doesn't take 'alf a eye to see through 'im. 'E's one of 'em that 'as been up an' is down, an' them sort generally gets a sight lower than those that 'as never been a bit 'igh.'

He walked aft and peremptorily inquired of the new hand his reason for taking service with those who went down into deep waters.

The man paused to cough.

'Drink!' commented Captain Johnson.

'I want to get home,' said the new-comer briefly.

The skipper cast a discerning eye over the ragged clothing and the tall, slouching figure.

''Ome,' he grunted. 'An' what drove you from it?'

Before the new hand could answer he went on again.

'Cards,' he continued, 'and women, belike.'

'If I do my work'—— began the other angrily.

'An' keep a civil tongue in your 'ead,' added his majesty of the *Providence Jane* significantly.

After that exchange of amenities there had been no further intercourse between the odd hand and his skipper until the two men stood breathless after the appalling danger of being cut down from which they had just escaped.

'A near shave that, sir,' blurted out Captain Johnson.

The ragged casual stood erect; his right hand slipped round to his opposite side, as men who wear a sword have the habit of passing theirs round.

'Yes,' he answered, 'a near thing that, captain;' and he laughed—laughed joyously, as if danger and drowning and death itself were an excellent joke.

They still tell in the sergeants' mess of the 9th how ''Erbert's' laugh rang above the din and roar and excitement as he came down the ladder from the blazing tenement-house, with the flames leaping out from the window he had just left; and they say he laughed more gaily still when a burst of fire parted the ladder below him and he threw the baby to a sturdy bobby as he fell. At least they told that story as long as Sergeant Bushby was with the colours.

There was a moment's pause on the *Providence Jane* until things shook back to their normal condition.

The odd hand's insistent cough seemed to do the most towards that, for when the paroxysm passed, the victim of it was no longer upright, exultant, but the shuffling, slouching nondescript who had come aboard at Montreal.

'Keep that there bell a-ringin',' the skipper growled.

'Ay, sir.'

The outcast seized the rope and pulled feverishly, for the fog was down on them again. As he pulled he coughed and coughed until the bell swung wildly, and the man, still with the rope in his nerveless hand, stumbled and fell forward, dyeing his unkempt beard, his tattered jacket, the deck even, with his blood.

Another hand helped him into his bunk in the small, stuffy cabin.

'You are done for, I 'll lay,' commented the mate, as he brought down a mug of greasy, steaming coffee; and there was no unkindness in the remark, merely the habitual plain speaking of his class.

The odd hand raised himself on his elbow.

'I tell you, man, I must get home,' he answered; and his eyes, bright and unnaturally large, seemed to look through the wooden wall of the *Providence Jane*—seemed to look beyond the ocean. 'I can't die here. I must get home. I must have one more chance,' he asseverated.

CHAPTER III.

WHETHER it was the regular life, the ocean air, or his own determination, by the time the *Providence Jane* sailed into the port of Hull the odd hand was not only at work again, but he looked, as the captain put it, 'a better man a deal than when he comed aboard.'

Once free of the smack, the outcast walked up the narrow streets of the old town with the certainty of one who knew them well. He avoided the principal thoroughfares, and yet made straight to a certain column locally known as 't' Monument,' where a business connected with Her Majesty's service had gone forward for years.

He glanced askance at each public-house as he passed, as if struck by the incongruity of his having money in his pocket and yet not turning in. A woman with bold black eyes, and a flaunting yellow ribbon in a battered hat, ran after him and called to him to stand her a drink; but he threw her hand off his arm and hurried on.

Presently he came to the little open space where Sergeant Bushby had taken up his quarters with the Monument facing him, and with what he alluded to as 't' pooblic' within comfortable reach wherein to clinch those little affairs with the Queen's shilling.

The sergeant was busy these days, for war was in the air and recruiting was brisk.

He had just retired to the bar of the 'William IV.' for a snatch of midday repose, and was refreshing his portly person with a mug of 'prime Yorkshire,' when the glass door was swung open.

'I have been looking for you,' began the man who entered.

''Ave you?' retorted the sergeant, as if he deemed it an impertinence that one so out at the elbows should search for his respectability.

'You are the recruiting officer.'

'And what if I am?'

The good man ran his eye over the figure before him as a dealer runs his over the points of a horse.

'Chest like a soup-tureen, back like a hump. Been at it afore, and cells frequent,' he mentally summed up.

The individual under inspection waited while he endeavoured to smother a cough.

'I want to enlist in the 9th,' he went on. 'Give me the shilling and let us get it over.'

The recruiting officer pushed his mug away with an impatient hand.

'In the 9th!' he answered. 'You mean the 1st Life or the Blues? They'd like such well-set-up, fancy fellows as you in Lon'on, they would.'

'I said the 9th.'

'Look 'ere,' answered the portly Yorkshireman—and now a trace of gruff pity crept into his voice—'there isn't a medical that would pass you, not if we was pressed for men that iver so.'

There was a moment's silence. The tall, ragged figure came a step nearer the burly one.

'Do you mean that you won't have me?'

The man before the table nodded.

There was another silence. The 'young lady' behind the counter ceased to dust the glasses and mugs with an assertive clatter. Even she was dimly aware that something more than usual was passing.

The outcast drew himself up and threw out his chest.

'Sergeant Bushby,' he commanded, 'I must have my chance. I have worked my way home before the mast for it. You can't deprive me of what God and nature have kept me going for. The regiment is ordered out, and I tell you I am going with it.'

The recruiting officer got so hastily on to his legs that the beer spilled over from the mug on the table.

'Who,' he whispered, his ruddy cheeks suddenly blotched with purple—'who are you?'

The other man looked at him as if about to call him a fool for asking such a question, but the cough was before with him. It shook him, tore him until the foam came out about his lips—foam pitifully tinged with scarlet. The outcast put up his arm to hide it, to wipe it away; and then the worn, tattered sleeve fell back a couple of inches and showed the beginning of an angry scar.

The sergeant's eyes leaped on that as though the sight of it fascinated him. He seized the thin arm and ruthlessly tore up the sleeve. His jaw dropped lower than it was wont to fall when the accounts with 'Her' did not tally with the balance in hand and all the entries were to go through again. He dropped the wasted arm whereon the scar showed out the more plainly for the shrunken, tightly drawn skin.

''Erbert!' he stammered—''Erbert!'

But it was only the sharp banging of the glass door that answered him.

(To be continued.)

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION UP TO DATE.

IT has been said of us that we are not an artistic people. However that may be, it is certainly true that of the many arts which have found a home in England there are few more admired and none less cultivated than the ceraceous art, which has its chief, if not only, temple in West London.

The one real and inspired exponent of this fascinating art is Mr John Theodore Tussaud, about whom something was said in the article 'Doubles' (page 587); and it is our present purpose to describe the character of the institution of which he is not only the managing director but the artist. In doing so it will be necessary to furnish a brief outline of its history, and to explain why it is known the whole world over as '*Madame* Tussaud's Exhibition.'

In the dark days of the French Revolution there resided in Paris a man named John Christopher

Curtius. He was a physician, and had acquired a great reputation as an artist in wax by reason of his practice of demonstrating the results of his anatomical researches by highly finished ceroplastic models, a practice which became highly popular among the *élite* of Parisian society. In his salon were to be found not only representatives of the French *noblesse*, but also some of the most celebrated painters, sculptors, and philosophers of his day; and among the *habitués* of his studio was a niece named Marie Grosholtz, who was a special favourite of the artist, and to whom he imparted the secrets of his art so completely that she soon became proficient in it and was invited as a guest to many of the great houses in Paris.

In course of time the mania for modelling in wax seized the Court, and the young niece of Curtius was 'sent for' from Versailles to give lessons in the art to Madame Elizabeth, the sister of the king.

Then came the Revolution, and Curtius, who had joined the popular party, took young Marie from the Court and directed her genius to the care of two exhibitions which he had himself started. One, in the Palais Royal, only contained the waxen effigies of illustrious persons in politics, science, and art; while the other, situated some distance away, was devoted to murderers and other notable criminals; and in this latter show we have the germ of that 'Chamber of Horrors' which now forms such an important part of the exhibition in West London, and to which Marie gave such prominence in later times that without it this great national exhibition would be as the play of *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.

During the Reign of Terror Marie Grosholtz lived in Paris, and was often called upon to model the heads of those who had fallen to the fury of the revolutionists; and in this way Danton, Marat, and others, including the ill-fated Princess de Lamballe, came under her deft fingers. At last she herself was seized by the tyrants and thrown into prison, whence she only escaped through that general jail-delivery which followed on the fall of Robespierre.

In the meantime her uncle Curtius died and Marie became the wife of a prosperous wine-grower of Burgundy—M. Tussaud.

It has been said that Napoleon took kindly to 'Madame,' and would have done much for her; but, happily for us, she had a *penchant* for England, 'which she ultimately made her domicile for nearly half a century.'

On landing in London she decided to reproduce in this country her uncle Curtius's waxwork, or 'Cabinet de Cire,' and the enterprise succeeded beyond her own expectations. It became the fashion here at once; and of course she had a kind of monopoly, as her only rival was a Mrs Salmon, who kept a waxwork show in Fleet Street. Of this show it is related that 'an effigy of "Mother Shipton" was placed at the entrance, and it was so constructed that it could kick any visitor who left the building!' But this show was broken up in 1812, since which time 'Madame Tussaud's Exhibition,' as it soon came to be called, has been without a rival or a competitor.

Beginning in a comparatively small way on the site of the now defunct Lyceum Theatre in the Strand, this accomplished modeller removed to Blackheath; and she subsequently travelled the country with her exhibition, finally settling down in London. She was then in her seventy-sixth year, but all her faculties were as bright and clear as ever.

On coming to Baker Street she evidently came to stay; and we are told 'she laid it down as a canon in the scheme of her enterprise that celebrities strictly up to date should be continuously added to every department of her exhibition.' If the hour brought the man or woman, he or she was at once modelled, dressed, and allotted a place in her galleries.

Madame lived to the age of ninety, and was succeeded in the business by her sons, who took not only an active part in the management, but also in the artistic productions, many of which came from their own hands. Still, however, the old lady continued to take a lively interest in the museum of which she was the foundress, and in a conspicuous part of which her effigy, drawn from life, sits to-day, an object of wonder and admiration to all beholders. Before her demise she bequeathed to her offspring a heritage which they have unremittingly striven to improve, until it now stands in that palatial red-brick building which has been properly described as 'The Valhalla of Waxworks,' unequalled in Europe.

This 'Valhalla' is not a mere heterogeneous collection of 'got-up' effigies huddled together without sequence or order. Far from it. We have here a systematically classified and methodically arranged system—if we may use the term. It contains to-day considerably over a thousand figures, and, in strict conformity with the cardinal tenet of its foundress, it is so up to date that no sooner does a distinguished character appear on the horizon of Europe, Asia, Africa, or America than he is pounced upon by the indefatigable 'management' and represented (to the life, be it said) in this great national museum. In this connection it should be stated that no commonplace subjects are to b found here. It is *only* those who have distin guished themselves in some way, for good or ill that are accorded a niche in this temple of fame or notoriety. Nature does not abhor a vacuur more than 'Madame's' Exhibition abhors the com monplace or mean.

Including the 'Hall of Tableaux' (containing th most excellent) and the 'Chamber of Horrors' (co taining some of the saddest representations London), there are some fourteen rooms or cor partments in this vast building, and each of the is set apart for a particular class of subject Thus we find the historical, political, literar

military, &c.; so that—although there is so much to be seen—no visitor need be confused by the multiplicity of images. Indeed, this embarrassment of riches is no embarrassment at all, and one leaves each salon with a distinct impression left on his mind. Let us consider a few of the details.

From William the Conqueror (1066–87) to Messrs Torrey and Alexander (but lately in the hands of the modeller) there is a long stretch. But in Tussaud's Exhibition the interesting centuries are bridged over by some name or thing which seems to bind the whole together, and affords a kind of miniature history of the years lying between. We can walk, as it were, along the plank of time laid down here, and transport ourselves, as soon as we pass the turnstiles at the entrance, to the days of Matilda of Flanders and William Rufus!

Moving from right to left, we are confronted with group after group of crowned monarchs, mitred prelates, and renowned warriors, all gorgeously attired and as nearly copies of the originals as the closest study of the records of their times has enabled the artist to fashion them; and we must remember that the hand of the artist who produced the famous representation of Milan, King of Servia, in 1873, has not lost its cunning.

Foremost in the first group stands Edward I., the celebrated 'Longshanks' (1274–1307), who was the first king who quartered the arms of England and France, the first who stamped his coinage with the title of 'Lord of Ireland,' and who, having conquered it, added the Principality of Wales to England. As a work of art this effigy is perfect.

A step farther, and, sandwiched between Edward III. and Isabella of Valois, the reformer John Wycliffe and the 'Father of English Poetry,' Geoffrey Chaucer, seem to look out on us, as if amazed at the ever-flowing tide of modern sightseers, amongst whom they now and again find a silent worshipper or an ardent devotee—realistic pictures both.

Again, posing 'cheek by jowl,' as the saying is, the two great irreconcilables Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell look for all the world as if they had just been resuscitated and had come back to renew the struggle of 1645. Both are superb representations, and punctuate the descriptions we used to gloat over in the pages of Clarendon and Macaulay.

Passing on, we come to the striking figure of Garibaldi, the 'Cincinnatus of Modern Italy,' a representation taken from life in 1861, after his victorious entry into Naples.

Then follows a long succession of political and literary worthies; amongst others, Washington, Thiers, Carnot, Émile Zola, and the great Sir Walter Scott. The figures of George III., Napoleon, Josephine, Louis XVIII., Voltaire, and Robespierre are said to be from life.

Truly, apart from the artistic features of this exhibition, there is no doubt that most of the figures and pictures in it have a distinct educational value. Many of them, too, tend to elevate the mind and switch it on, as it were, to a higher moral plane.

Even in the blood-curdling 'Chamber of Horrors' the open mind sees sermons in wax; and if the histories of the persons represented do not always adorn the tale, they certainly point a moral. For instance, the head of Marie Antoinette, guillotined on the 16th October 1793—which, by the way, was taken immediately after her execution (by order of the National Assembly) by Madame Tussaud herself—carries with it a lesson which none but the most obtuse can fail to read.

A bare enumeration of the effigies in this gruesome 'chamber' would be meaningless and futile; they are very numerous, and, as specimens of the ceroplastic art, they may be called 'models of perfection.' Ranging, as the subjects do, from the days of the Bastille to the present time, it may be taken as granted that this department of the exhibition contains representations of the most brutal and degraded miscreants; but it also contains some of so different a character that it is not easy to understand why they have been placed in such disreputable company. Among others of this description the unfortunate Count De Lorge may be mentioned.

Madame Tussaud's nationality and the stirring times in which she lived account for the prevalence of the Gallic element in the show; and this figure (the Count De Lorge) is only one of many which she herself fashioned, and which throws a flood of light upon her history. It has been questioned whether the Count was ever in the Bastille. But we have Madame's own statement that she saw him taken out of that fortress on the 14th of July 1789.

This gifted lady, we are told, was then living in her uncle's house in the Boulevard du Temple, Paris, whither the Count was brought; but his chains had then been taken off. The poor man, who had been in prison for thirty years, did not appreciate his freedom; it had no pleasure for him, and, pining for the solitude in which he had been so long, he 'begged with tears to be restored to his dungeon.' He lived only six weeks after his liberation, when this 'model' was taken from life; and it is one of Madame's best.

There is a very effective object-lesson in the 'Chamber of Horrors.' It is an allegorical tableau representing the 'Six Stages of Wrong,' and depicts the downward career of a young man who, commencing by a simple game of cards, is brought to ruin, and, seeking to better his position by crime, is afterwards brought to justice and ends his days on the scaffold! The whole production does the greatest credit not only to the artist who executed the work, but to the moralist who designed the story.

While Madame Tussaud's Exhibition affords food for thought to the oldest and gravest, the juvenile tastes and requirements are also consulted and ministered to. In the very picturesque and im-

pressive representations of the 'Babes in the Wood,' 'Cinderella,' 'Jack the Giant-killer,' and many others—all marvellous works of art—the young generation may find more effective instruction and sensible pleasure than can be got out of any other entertainment in London.

As may be understood, the cost of producing and maintaining this extensive show has been very great; and, indeed, the value of the building and its unique contents as they stand to-day is nearly three-quarters of a million sterling.

The staff of officials is a large one, and includes a small regiment of dressmakers, who are constantly employed in either making new garments or repairing old ones.

Among the visitors, for whom this exhibition has a powerful attraction, few leave it with more regret than some Eastern monarchs. Indeed, it has such a fascination for Oriental potentates (and they all visit it) that many of them have expressed a desire to buy some of the figures and take them home with them!

As remarked before, the taste for waxworks is universal, and one upon which we might moralise at considerable length. It is part and parcel of that taste for 'dolls' which most girls manifest, and which clings to very many even when they have ceased to be children. Viewed in this light, Madame Tussaud's Exhibition is a huge, glorified dolls'-house with a strong human element attached. But it is *more* than this. It is a kind of national monument, and the name of its foundress is more familiar to and probably more thought about by thousands of English men and women than is the name of the genius who built St Paul's Cathedral!

Marie Tussaud, although so much associated with Paris, was born at Berne in 1760, and died at Baker Street in 1850. She retained her faculties to the last, and amongst the visitors who were entertained by her recollections was the Duke of Wellington. The exhibition was removed from Baker Street to Marylebone Road in 1884. Amongst the more famous relics in the exhibition are the blood-stained shirt in which Henry IV. was assassinated, purchased by Curtius at the Mazarin sale; the knife and lunette of one of the early guillotines; and Napoleon's travelling carriage, built at Brussels for the Moscow campaign in 1812, and captured at Jemappes after the battle of Waterloo. George Augustus Sala wrote an introduction to the exhibition catalogue of 1897. There is an article, 'The Story of Madame Tussaud,' in *Chambers's Journal* for 1878.

RETURNING HOME FROM THE MUTINIES.

By Captain I. S. A. Herford, Author of *Stirring Times Under Canvas.*

'WOULD you like to go to the Hills? I have to send an officer to Nynee Tal with sick, and that is equivalent to eight months' leave.'

So said Colonel P—— as he came into my tent one morning. The country was settling down; the local police corps were now efficient to keep down turbulent spirits, and troops massed together were no longer required. Another mutiny would not be hatched in a hurry.

'Many thanks, colonel; but won't this interfere with my claims for home-leave?'

'Well, of course it would; but I don't think there is much chance of your getting any.'

'I think I will risk the chance, sir.'

'All right, then; C—— shall go.'

The very next morning the chief appeared again.

'H——, the leaves are out. The two senior captains and the two senior subalterns can go home for eighteen months. You are free.'

'Joy,' though I was not to visit the Himalayas. But still, I had seen them and yet not stirred from the neighbourhood of Lucknow. One of our fellows when we were at Alum Bagh, while looking towards the east one day as the sun was setting, exclaimed, 'Why, what are those teeth showing up against the sky?' And there, sure enough, a row of sharp points like the teeth of a saw shone white for five minutes and then faded away. Next morning, just before sunrise, these teeth appeared again for the same space of time. For a few days these phenomena of the Himalayas, one hundred and twenty miles away, unveiling themselves at morn and eve, returned, and afterwards were seen no more.

And now good-bye to the beautiful country at Seetapore, near woods full of nylghi and peacocks, and on a river swarming with countless varieties of birds. Drop down with the current in a boat, in which a few bundles of straw are placed in front of you, and you soon find yourself in the midst of flocks of brilliant-coloured waterfowl. Or you may notice that bit of dead wood floating on the water, with another bit floating about a yard from it. In a line with these, curiously enough, there is a third bit of wood about two or three yards farther off. It is longer and rather jagged, while a fourth branch, also jagged, shows itself a few feet still farther. You move your paddle suddenly, and the dead sticks have that moment vanished. An alligator which had displayed only the tip of his snout for breathing, the rounded top of his head with the eyes, part of the ridge of the back, and lastly a few of the spines on the tail, has retired to the bottom of the stream.

Another time you may perhaps come on four or five of these long creatures lying on a sandbank, asleep in the sun. Bang would go a rifle with a conical bullet in it (the alligator would laugh at a

round one), which will pierce their armour. At the sound of the shot—there is nothing more wary or quick-eared than this creature—there would be a general scuttling into the water. The alligator which has been hit savagely turns his jaws round to the wounded place, as if to bite off the offender, and then follows his friends, lashing up a large circle of foam with his tail. The foam turns red with the oozing blood; once more the water is still, the monster is no longer seen, and his brother-saurians are going to have a feast down below off their comrade.

But enough now of birds and alligators; we are going home!

A palanquin *dak* (of the posting service) is ordered to be ready for the evening, after dinner. Then all that is worth taking home—and that is very little—must be packed. All else must be sold, although perhaps for an old song.

Had my departure from Seetapore been a day or two earlier there would have been a hawk to get rid of, but he had taken himself off. I was rather proud of that hawk. One of our fellows was an enthusiastic sportsman and ornithologist. I have known him to brave Crimean snows to stalk birds in risky places, he being stalked in his turn and potted at by some adventurous Cossack on the other side of the Tchernaya. In India, a very paradise for birds, Irby was in his element. One day he met me in camp. 'Here, H——,' said he, 'all is fish that falls to your net. I have brought you a hawk of which I have broken the wing in shooting.' He was a lovely 'blue' hawk, dove-coloured, and not much larger than a sparrow-hawk. But he was an old bird—too old to learn anything. What a vicious bird he was! He fought me with beak and talons. However, disregarding his digging into my hands, I bathed the wounded place and set the broken limb, afterwards binding splints around. Then, having tethered him by the leg to a tent-peg and curtained him in, I contracted with a native to bring me daily a dozen live quails, which, tethered also, I placed within the hawk's reach, and left him to his own devices. He waited till he was quite alone, and then his banquet began. Not long after, nothing was left to see save some pellets of feathers which the bird had disgorged. After some days I removed the splints; the wing seemed to hang naturally. Having to go away for a couple of days, I entrusted my bird to a brother-officer. On my return he met me with: 'H——, do you know what your hawk has done? He bit the string which attached him to the tent-pole, hopped to the entrance, and looked about, turning his head from side to side, as if criticising the state of the weather, then rose in circles and flew off.'

When one is parting from a body of men whom one has joined perhaps quite young and passed many years with, knit together by sharing the same dangers and trials, the same glories and pleasures, it must indeed be a callous heart that feels not some emotion.

In a good regiment—for there are regiments and regiments—all its officers come to be moulded in a common form. Each new-comer becomes assimilated to it; he learns to be proud of the chain of which he is a link; he keeps it bright, and desires to transmit it untarnished to those who may succeed him. The King's Regulations (the Queen's in my time) may govern the whole army, treating all alike, but regiments unfailingly become individualised. Some master-mind sooner or later, by means of written standing orders (which are printed) and oral injunctions (all religiously handed down for generations), leaves his mark on the drill, tactics, and behaviour of all concerned, so that all come to think and act alike. For instance, my own regiment might not be superior to any other, but we thought it to be so, and our *esprit de corps* was very great. I may add that such an ingrained confidence will carry a body of men through an emergency which a regiment not so imbued would face with difficulty.

I remember an amusing instance of how an appeal to the reputation which our corps possessed in comparison with that of another played an important part in putting an end to what might have had very serious results. Our reserve was quartered in a certain place where the depôts of two or three corps were also stationed.

It was a case, not uncommon in the army, of the breaking out again of an old feud between two regiments which may have dated from the Peninsular war; at all events it had occurred long before the time of any soldier then serving in the corps in question, and it is probable that even the very cause of the dispute had been forgotten. Still, the fact that there had been a quarrel was handed down, and when the soldiers of the two regiments met they were bound to come to blows. So it was between the men of the 90th and the ——. Some words over their cups struck the spark which caused the explosion. The whole place was in commotion; fists, sticks, and belts were freely used; and many signs of the fray were visible. The colonel in command, a stranger to the rival corps, was at his wits'-end. Terrible visions sprang up before him, ranging from national disaster even to the loss of his appointment. He sent for the senior officer of our depôt, by no means a novice in the art of war, having lately returned from sick-leave after active service. He was a keen sportsman, and was well known by his men. The colonel laid the momentous case before X——. 'It's all right. I will soon settle it,' said our hero.

Very shortly after this interview, the 90th regimental call was sounded, and the officers and men of its depôt formed in a little square within the barracks. X—— thus addressed them: 'Men of the 90th, I understand that the whole town is in an uproar through a senseless quarrel between you and the —— Regiment, and that broken heads and faces cut open are the order of the day. All this is very disgraceful. Are you not ashamed of dragging the

honour of the regiment in the dirt? Can't you think of the reputation which you and those who have served before you have carefully earned on many a hard-fought field with the enemies of your country? And now you must needs make an exhibition of yourselves, and fight with the soldiers of this other corps. It's all very well for them—to them it does not matter, for *they* have no reputation to keep up—they have nothing to lose. I have no doubt that it is the young soldiers who have been mixed up in the fray. I count upon you old soldiers stopping all this, and teaching your comrades what disgrace they are bringing on our corps, which has always held its head high. Enough!—Bugler, sound "Dismiss."'

There was no more disturbance; the old soldiers used their influence with the young ones, and peace was restored.

In ordinary times, when a young fellow joins, it is to fill a solitary vacancy, and he usually becomes absorbed before it is the turn of another to enter the charmed circle. It is fortunate for him, and we may say for the regiment, when this is the case. But it does not always occur. On coming home, for instance, after a period of active service involving death vacancies, a regiment may be invaded by quite a flood of military aspirants from school or college, and the older officers find their work cut out for them in bringing things into shape. The young fellows, rejoicing in the freedom from the control of school—for are they not full-fledged?—and being surrounded also by kindred spirits, feel rather inclined to form a little community, and leave on one side the seniors, who seem to have little in common with them, and who, when all meet together at mess, taboo the very subject which, from its novelty, is uppermost in their minds—things martial. No wonder, therefore, that these young officers should sit near each other at the lower end of the table, retiring from it at the first opportunity, when the cloth is drawn and the Sovereign's health is drunk! But the assimilation, though tardy, comes at last. When an officer knew his drill, and had learned the standing orders of the regiment by heart, he might then think that when off duty he was perfectly free to do as he liked with his time. Was he?

In its tour of service our regiment had settled down in the Irish capital, and the colonel noticed that one of the officers very seldom appeared at mess. He sent for him. 'Mr ——, I never see you at mess now.'

'Well, colonel, the people of Dublin are so hospitable that I am always having invitations to dinner.'

'I am delighted that my officers should make themselves welcome to the good citizens; but allow me to say that I am responsible for them, not only as officers, but as gentlemen; and in the latter capacity they come before me at mess—that is my parade. I will trouble you to dine at mess three times a week.'

But I shall be accused of having forgotten that I was 'returning home from the Mutinies.'

Let me only add two or three lines to what I have written anent the old regiment. Indeed, we were all proud of it. Amongst us reigned a feeling of good comradeship, and the sentiment *noblesse oblige* was not unknown to us.

The headquarters of the corps were on board H.M.S. *Himalaya*. Everything was ready for our departure to the East, for we were under orders for the second China war, when two bailiffs came on board. They wanted X—— (who had lately joined) for a London tailor's bill. N—— was coming up on deck, and saw that something was wrong. He asked, 'What is all this about?'

'Fellows come to arrest X—— for something he can't pay.'

'How much is it?'

'Seventy pounds.'

'Good heavens!' And N—— beckoned to one of the men to follow him into his cabin. He gave him a cheque for the whole amount; and until after his death (he was the first man of our corps killed on the advance to Lucknow) there were but one or two people acquainted with his generous action.

But we must no longer linger in Seetapore. Farewells being exchanged, W—— and I lightly and warily got into our *palkis* (palanquins) and were carried off. Each of us, preceded by two black figures holding blazing torches aloft, had four men, two in front and two behind, supporting the long pole of his *palki* on their shoulders. Four other men followed, ready to take on the burden from time to time. When there came a pause, the new men at each end crept under the pole, took the weight of it from off the shoulders of the tired ones, and went on without having let the *palki* touch the ground.

But occasionally the traveller would start up, roused by a shaking. The palanquin would be resting on mother-earth, and a weird scene opened on its inmate. The blazing torches, held aloft, isolated a small space in the surrounding darkness. A number of black, shining figures stood around, each with only a nominal quantity of clothing; indeed, the white headgear which they wore was all that we noticed. These were our bearers waiting for their backsheesh before resigning their charge to their successors of another relay.

Not a tree, not a dwelling, could be descried, and it was not surprising that a great sense of loneliness would steal over the traveller. But this did not last long. The fresh bearers took their places, gave a grunt, lifted the *palkis* in unison, and we were off. So it went on all through the night. Here the way was along the high-road, there on a path amongst the trees, with the dry leaves crackling under the men's feet. Sometimes a bird or animal was disturbed—generally a family of bats hanging down from the branches overhead by wing-hooks, not unlike ladies' open fans; but generally all was still. Although for some little time resistance to

our rule had been recognised as useless, and armed parties had melted away like a snow-wreath, there must still have remained here and there desperate men implicated in some atrocity, on account of which they could look in vain for pardon. Happily the miscreants did not herd together; there was not sufficient confidence among them. Every one thought of his own skin.

But the reflection which was in my mind as we journeyed on that night, as indeed it had often been before when passing in India from one place to another, was not connected with people of the present day, but (I hope I may say) of the past. Not a very remote past either, for some of the actors whose lives had been spared on account of their turning informers I remember seeing caged in the fort at Allahabad in the year the Mutiny broke out. These were Thugs by profession. They did not venture to attack foreigners; that would have been too risky; there would have been such a hue and cry if a *feringhi* had suddenly disappeared. But there is not a *tope* of trees (or small wood) along the highways which, if it could speak, might not tell the story of some native travellers who, with their followers, had been murdered there, all in the same fashion, and buried where they fell.

Forming part of a confraternity first heard of in Delhi many centuries ago, the Thugs spread all over India. They roamed about the roads in small bands, making it their business to find out who were travelling with anything of value upon them; then, after making the acquaintance and gaining the confidence of the travellers, they acccompanied them on their journey until a fitting opportunity arose to dispose of their victims.

Thanks to the measures initiated some eighty years ago by Lord William Bentinck when Governor-General, Thuggee may now be said to be stamped out.

The next day Lucknow was reached, fifty miles having been covered without adventure. We should have liked to see the improvements made about the city since its capture; but the hot weather was coming on, and that was not a pleasant novelty. So, having arranged for a *dak-gharry*, as a post-carriage is called, to take us as far as Raneegunge, where we should arrive at the railway, ninety miles from Calcutta, we set off.

It was not till late in the evening that we arrived at Cawnpore, where we stayed only long enough to dine. As we crossed the Ganges by the bridge of boats I thought of the last evening on which I had seen that stream. We were at that time going to enter Oude the next day. The whole of the country with the exception of the Residency at Lucknow was in the hands of the enemy. Delhi had lately fallen; but the capital of Oude, with the hosts of men that had poured in from the north of India, was going to stand firm against us. There must, however, have been some who had misgivings as to the result.

I was gazing on the river from a high bank, and I became aware of a light being placed on the water by some one on the opposite side. When this fairy lamp was launched there was added a second, and then another and another, until some dozen of these frail barks descended the stream together. Then some of them came into collision, and others were caught by the wind, so that at last only two of them slowly passed out of sight uninjured. Would those who thus essayed to learn the future of the Indian cause take comfort from this omen? Hardly.

The wretched people had become imbued with the idea, industriously spread in the bazaars by designing men who wanted to recover power which they had lost through our rule, that we, being crippled by the late war with Russia, had no more troops to spare abroad, and that our army in India had greatly deteriorated since old times. They were before long horrified to find British leaders here and there not only holding their ground but regaining strong positions which had fallen into native hands, and also that fresh soldiers were landing in thousands at the seaports and marching up-country.

Our journey did not present many interesting features. We changed horses from time to time and halted at *dak* bungalows during the hottest part of the day. At one of these places we came upon some old friends going up-country. They offered us a change from our usual repast of 'spatch-cock' and curry by opening some *pâté de foie gras*. It had become liquid, and had to be turned into a soup-tureen and eaten with spoons. On the eleventh day from Seetapore we arrived at Raneegunge, where we renewed acquaintance with the railway. Had it not been that occasionally our stoppage at a station was marked by a spectacle most distressing to behold, there would have been no incident to relate. In order to replenish the water and the fuel necessary for the locomotive, the train would be drawn a little way beyond the platform. On such an occasion a chorus of cries and groans would fall upon the ear and compel the attention of the passengers, and on looking out a most repulsive sight met the eye. On the other side of a fence or gate would be a group of hapless creatures who were not allowed to enter the station. Among them were lepers, and people affected with palsy, with elephantiasis, and every kind of sore. Making the most of their ailments, they solicited charity. One shuddered and gave.

We found Calcutta intensely hot; and all passages by the P. & O. being taken up for the next three weeks, we were glad to secure a cabin in a sailing-ship starting in a few days for England. It had been taken up by the Government for the conveyance of sick and wounded officers and men. We each paid ninety pounds for the voyage. The morning of the day appointed found us on board the *Hougomont*, while the sufferers from the climate or at the hands of the enemy were being carried on to the vessel. We said to each other, 'Some of these will have to be thrown overboard ere we leave the Hooghly.' We felt certain of this in the case of a young cavalry officer who seemed in a general

smashed-up state. But we were happily mistaken. At the last moment two ladies with half-a-dozen children appeared; they, too, were going home. Then we dropped down the river. The dead bodies floating on its surface were at first numerous, then became fewer and fewer, and presently ceased to be seen. The native many miles up-country, when he consigned all that remained of his beloved ones to the sacred stream thus to float into Paradise, hardly realised that as it pursued its voyage the body would be settled upon by some carrion bird and be turned into what has been irreverently termed a 'crow-steamer.'

But we had not, after all, to consign any one to the sacred stream; indeed, throughout our voyage we lost none of our number—tranquillity, pure air, and regular meals (to say nothing of the skilful treatment of the doctors) all united to restore the sufferers to health. Even our friend of the cavalry, who had but a few hours to live, as we thought, was running about skylarking all over the ship before we entered the English Channel.

The Pole Star as we sailed farther south gave place to the Southern Cross, which reigned in the sky till we had turned up north again and had left St Helena some days behind us. I can imagine that the first sailors who entered the tropics looked upon this constellation with awe. It may have been Passion-tide. Devout Catholics as they were, they must have thought of the pictures seen in their churches. Here was the sloping Cross as if on the shoulders of the Man of Sorrows, being borne to Calvary.

We reached St Helena at last, and two-thirds of our journey was accomplished. The first time I had seen the island was in 1847. I was serving as a youngster in Her Majesty's navy. At that time numerous boats, laden with cabbages piled up as if they were cannon-balls, came out to meet us. The distance from any port was so great that in the old days of sailing-ships, when there was more liability to scurvy than at the present time, the good people of St Helena converted their island into a market-garden.

But there was a more noteworthy incident than this nearly sixty years ago, when in their harbour there lay a number of prizes (slavers) made by the little *Waterwitch*, with her eight guns and eighty men, off the coast of Africa, and sent in to be adjudicated by a prize court. Here was a vessel marked *Waterwitch*, 22, which had lately arrived. Of course her living cargo was no longer in her, and I went round between decks, urged by curiosity to brave the fetid smells. I had to crouch so low that my feet had hardly enough play for moving.

Sir F. Fowell Buxton, in his book *The African Slave-Trade* (edition 1839), gives many instances attested by British naval officers of the heights between decks of captured ships ranging from two and a half feet to three and a half feet—*more often the former than the latter measurement being approached.* He mentions the case of H.M.S. *Thalia*, in 1836, capturing the Portuguese brig *Felix* with five hundred and ninety slaves on board, and the slave-deck was found to be not more than three feet six inches in height.

A drive round the island, with a visit to Longwood and a grand dinner, filled up the little time allowed on shore, and we sailed away.

The Pole Star soon reappeared, and when we had been more than a hundred days on the water we found ourselves in the chops of the Channel. But it seemed as if we were to get no farther, for a strong east wind now blew in our teeth. We tacked backwards and forwards between England and France, seeing the Lizard Light one night, and on the next that of Ushant. So thus we went see-sawing until the hundred and fifth day. Then W—— and I could stand it no longer, and on the pilot coming on board we swung ourselves and our belongings into his boat, not caring where he came from; and we did not repent. We were taken to St Mary's, in the Scilly Islands. How charming everything looked, especially the festoons of pink and of scarlet geraniums hanging about the walls between the fields! Then the first boat to Penzance, and the first train. Hurrah!

What happiness to find myself in a certain village nestling among the Cotswolds, and to listen to the voices of the bells floating down from the church tower peacefully chiming:

> Could a man be secure
> That his life could endure
> For a thousand, for a thousand,
> For a thousand long years!

THE CITY.

'If I could choose,' I said, 'I would not stay
  Week after week in this unlovely street.
By road or rail I'd hasten far away,
  Where overhead the leafy branches meet;
Where 'neath an open sky soft breezes play,
  And every grassy path is cool and sweet.'

'If I could choose,' I said, 'my hands should hold
  Those simple treasures that can never pall:
The daisies' silver and the cowslips' gold,
  The common buttercups. I love them all,
Fair flowers that with the kiss of dawn unfold
  And catch Heaven's gracious dew at evenfall.'

'If I could choose,' I said, 'my heart'—— But hush!
  On town and country summer smiles to-day.
Upon my window-ledge geraniums blush;
  My neighbour's tree is pink with scented may!
He has but one—still, *that* is all aflush,
  And tosses fragrant drifts across the way.

And as I tread the dim and narrow street,
  Whose age-old dust is hither, thither blown,
And hear the strong pulse of the city beat,
  I know she has a charm that is her own;
That 'mid her bricks and mortar life is sweet,
  Nor joy the growth of sunny fields alone.

E. MATHESON.

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'MILLIONAIRES' HOTELS' OF NEW YORK.

By Mary Spencer Warren.

FEW things more impress the visitor to New York than do the mammoth and luxurious hotels which are situated in and near Fifth Avenue, the richest thoroughfare of the city. To very many Americans, hotels enter into their daily life to quite a large extent, for it is not only that numerous citizens partly live in them in preference to running a town-house of their own, but it has become quite the fashion to transact business of all sorts within their precincts, and the halls, saloons, and corridors are thronged day by day with people who are there for no other purpose than to keep business appointments with each other. Then, of course, there is the large class of the travelling public to reckon with, so that in one way and another, huge as these hotels are, they are always fully occupied.

Just a few of these establishments are known as 'Millionaires' Hotels,' everything connected with them being on such a palatial and costly scale as to make residence within their walls impossible for all but those whose incomes are told by many figures. The largest of all—in fact, it holds the world's record for size—is the Waldorf-Astoria, a picturesque structure in German Renaissance style. It has four frontages of a total of eleven hundred feet, and thirteen imposing entrances; and the actual cost of its erection and contents is said to have exceeded two million four hundred thousand pounds. Naturally, the internal geography of such a building is altogether bewildering; and the management, recognising this, have a staff of guides on their service-list whose sole occupation consists in conducting visitors whither they would go. In mentioning the staff, it may be stated at the outset that this numbers from one thousand five hundred to two thousand, in accordance with the season of the year; six hundred of these being waiters.

It is perhaps somewhat difficult to imagine a house with so many rooms as are contained here; but there are actually forty magnificent public saloons, one thousand three hundred and eighty-five bedrooms, and eight hundred bathrooms. These are situated on sixteen different floors, and are reached by a series of thirty-four ever-running elevators worked by electric machinery in the basement, supplied from the hotel's own generating works. This electricity also does very much of the cooking, and illuminates the building with no less than twenty-five thousand lights.

A portion of the main floor is given up to restaurants, palm-gardens (one of which has a revolving dome), ballrooms, library, writing-rooms, and foyers. These latter have some beautiful statuary by the first sculptors of the day, and the decorations of the ball and other rooms are not only on a level with those seen in royal palaces, but many of the contents have actually been purchased from former royal residences, notably those of France. In the dining-saloons and restaurants three thousand persons can dine at one time, while ten thousand meals served in one day is quite an ordinary occurrence. It would be impossible to give a list of the vast quantities of eatables consumed day by day on the premises; but it may be mentioned that meat alone amounts to one ton, and the number of rolls made in the bread department is three thousand. Ice, which is so much used in New York, is made on the premises at an average of one hundred tons per day. It may also be said that there is a daily consumption of one hundred tons of coal in the kitchens, and in the laundries sixty-five thousand pieces of linen are washed each day.

Special features of the hotel are the grand ballrooms, state banqueting-halls, and the enormous roof-garden. One ballroom measures no less than one hundred square feet; it has two tiers of private boxes, and can be arranged at short notice for ball, concert, theatre, or dinner. The ceiling carries the largest single painted canvas in the world, and the galleries and foyers in near proximity—arranged after the Palais Soubise, Paris—contain magnificent allegorical paintings and some of Benzoni's statuary. In one of the state banqueting-halls there is a beautiful collection of Sèvres china specially made

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for the hotel, containing portraits of the crowned heads of Europe. The roof-garden is opened in the summer months, and concerts are given daily by alternate orchestras.

On one floor of the hotel there are a number of apartments known as the Royal Suite, consisting of drawing and dining rooms and seven bedrooms; the drawing-room being furnished after the old Italian and the bedrooms after the Louis periods respectively. It was here that Prince Henry of Prussia stayed on his visit to New York, and it is the recognised lodgment for the majority of distinguished personages making brief sojourn within the city.

The Waldorf-Astoria has its own wine importation company, sending out agents to all parts to purchase old and rare vintages; and it also has its own cigar company, importing direct from the island of Cuba, and storing in humidors in the basement. Other conveniences which may be found on the premises consist of a bank, a set of brokers' offices, bureaus where theatre tickets and flowers may be purchased, a very fine photographic gallery and studio, a public notary's office, Turkish and Russian baths, hairdressing-rooms, with adjoining apartments for chiropodists and manicurists. There is, too, a staff of stenographers at the service of the patrons; and if one should be visiting the establishment unaccompanied by servants, valets, ladies'-maids, and trunk-packers can be obtained at a moment's notice from the hotel staff. A perfect interior telephone system, and pneumatic tubes to every floor, as well as the series of post-office chutes common to all large buildings in New York, are amongst other modern conveniences which may be mentioned; and a novelty which is peculiar to the hotel is that there is a special school for waiters attached to it. No waiter, whatever his reputation, is allowed to commence duties until he has graduated under the special instruction of the management. The whole of this vast undertaking is under the active management of one man, Mr T. M. Hilliard, and it is generally conceded in New York that the internal arrangements of the Waldorf-Astoria run as smoothly and come as near to perfection as any hotel in the world.

The payment of twenty pounds per day for a suite of rooms is not by any means uncommon; indeed, there are people living permanently in the hotel who pay that sum all the year round, and it is entirely exclusive of board. There is one millionaire in particular who seldom expends less than from thirty to forty pounds per day for his entire accommodation, for he is a liberal entertainer, and will sometimes have as many as fifteen or twenty friends to luncheon or dinner. For the Royal Suite, which has already been mentioned, one hundred pounds a day is the sum charged. Of course a single bedroom in the ordinary way may be taken by the visitor at what may be termed a moderate charge for such an establishment—that is, twelve shillings per day for the smallest apartment on the highest floor, but even that would prohibit any lengthened residence to other than a rich man.

The St Regis is another well-known millionaires' hotel. It is considerably smaller than the Waldorf-Astoria, but is credited with being even more luxurious. There is not even a suggestion of crowding within its walls, and here every visitor is known by his or her name instead of merely by a number, as must be the case in the mammoth establishment. The St Regis is spoken of as the 'House Beautiful,' and is furnished throughout with a perfection of artistic taste.

The Hotel Astor is one of those recently opened in the city, and here, as in the two previously named, the luxurious saloons are furnished in Empire, Florentine, Elizabethan, and other styles and periods, and its labour-saving apparatus is such that not only cards and letters are sent about in pneumatic tubes, but even the table linen! The mode of living in New York is growing more luxurious and the people more fastidious, and so hotels that are veritable palaces in their appointments are springing up, each one securing its own large circle of habitués and chance visitors. It is an undisputed fact that the hotels of New York are the finest in the world.

THE DUKE PAYS.

CHAPTER II.—THE EQUERRY AND MR INCHCAPE.

WHEN Mr Inchcape laughed he did it heartily, as he did everything. He laughed heartily now, leaning back against the cushions to do it with greater freedom. It was not simply that the proposal amused him, though the situation certainly had a humorous side; it was the sense of discovery, of having a mystery explained, that caused a large proportion of his amusement. The proposal had set in a clear light the equerry's unexpected and painstaking courtesy.

Thus it was that Mr Inchcape laughed. His visitor did not enjoy the laugh, but he heard it with patience. Whatever his natural disposition, he was one who could control his feelings to gain an end.

'My dear sir,' he began as soon as the opportunity came, 'I know the thing sounds absurd; but I ask you to consider it fully. As far as I can see, there is very little in the way of the plan being a success, and that very little we shall doubtless manage. In fact, all the circumstances are favourable to an extraordinary degree—one might almost suppose that they had been arranged for us. Your remarkable likeness to the Duke, the fact that you are

not known at Whichester, the fact that His Highness is himself an—an accomplice—all these make my suggestion reasonable and practicable, strange as it must seem at first. It only needs your consent; and when you consider what your consent will mean'——

Mr Inchcape had ended his laugh by this time. 'Do I understand,' he asked, almost soberly, 'that you are really serious in the matter?'

It was plain, however, that the equerry had made his proposal in all sincerity. In a moment Mr Inchcape perceived that the man, naturally arrogant and self-important, was labouring under the dread of a fiasco at Whichester when he should arrive without his Grand Duke. There was his natural wish to avoid a public sensation, but probably greater still was his dread of looking ridiculous. Behind these were other reasons no doubt, reasons of temper, and some which might possibly be described as 'reasons of State;' but the fact was clear that to him Mr Inchcape represented a strange and providential Chance which he must do his best to use. And certainly circumstances had worked into his hands in a very mysterious way.

As Mr Inchcape surveyed the situation, his amusement gave place to interest. Evidently, the equerry thought, this 'good-natured old buffer' was 'taking to it.' He lost no time, therefore, in strengthening his case by argument—argument polite, persuasive, almost effusive.

'You can leave every difficulty to me,' he said earnestly. 'Naturally, I have had some experience in such affairs, and will take charge of you entirely. I hope there is no one meeting you at Whichester?'

'No,' said Mr Inchcape. 'But I have engaged a room at the Royal Hotel.'

'That need not matter. You will fail to arrive—that is all. Our rooms are at the Park Hotel. Fortunately, too, we did not bring a valet with us. The hotel people were asked to procure one.'

'But—but, my dear sir, there is my tongue,' said Mr Inchcape. 'I know no German.'

'You will not need it. Why should you? His Highness speaks remarkably good English—there is only a slight accent, which you can improvise without difficulty if you think it necessary. As for the rest, we can arrange as we go along.'

Certainly the plan seemed practicable enough as far as these points were concerned. 'But perhaps there will be somebody there who knows the Duke,' suggested Mr Inchcape. 'People who have travelled, you know, or who have met him in this country?'

'Quite unlikely, my dear sir. Saxe-Munden does not lie in any recognised route, and has no particular interest for tourists. Nor is the Duke well known in London, for he has only been over a short time, and has spent it very quietly—with the gout! Even if he were better known, the chances are all against a recognition at Whichester. There may be Londoners there, but not such as would know the Grand Duke; and even in the worst case, you can depend upon human nature. The idea of a substitution of this kind is so absurd that men would rather doubt the evidence of their own eyes than entertain it.'

'There's something in that,' admitted Mr Inchcape. 'But still'——

'But still' signified that there were many things in the way which could not be easily reached by argument—among them the natural hesitation of a steady-going old gentleman to launch out upon an Adventure at such brief notice. But there were other things that worked in the equerry's favour, though he could not dream of their presence; and some of these had existed long before Mr Inchcape had ever heard of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Munden. Others had only come into being during the course of this journey; but even these were beyond Captain Armytage's knowledge.

'Then I take it,' he said slowly and thoughtfully, 'that you will accept the sole responsibility for accidents—that is, you and the Duke?'

'Why, decidedly,' was the eager assurance. 'His Highness himself gave us *carte blanche*, and we can take him at his word. In fact, if everything goes as well as I think it should, the Grand Duke would be in your debt for saving him a Function, and a considerable amount of—of—unpleasantness.'

Mr Inchcape smiled and shook his head. It was evident that he did not anticipate any gratitude on the part of His Highness; but it was equally evident that he had now practically made up his mind.

'Well,' he said, 'under all these circumstances'——

'You consent?' cried the equerry quickly.

'I will not refuse,' said Mr Inchcape.

'Sir,' said the equerry, making no concealment of his satisfaction, 'you are—please excuse the term—a jolly good fellow!'

Again Mr Inchcape smiled, perhaps just a little dubiously. The equerry looked at his watch.

'In three minutes we shall be at Whichester,' he said. 'Do not concern yourself in the matter of our reception there. I will do everything for you—as I might, indeed, have had to do for the Duke himself. Yes, I will see to your bag also. Don't trouble at all.'

He quickly collected Mr Inchcape's small articles of travel. 'The Duke's things and mine, of course,' he said, 'are in the luggage-van, and will be at the hotel before us. Ah! here we are.'

For the last few minutes they had been speeding through the scattered lights of the suburbs, and now came the roar of the brakes, a brilliantly lighted platform, and a maze of faces. Almost before the train had stopped several officials seemed to make a dash for the compartment marked 'Reserved.' Behind these came some half-dozen gentlemen, led by a tall and portly figure under a silk hat glossy to a degree. These hastened to form themselves into a kind of semicircle around the carriage-door, and beyond them was quite a respectable crowd of spectators, eager and interested, though not at all excited.

Mr Inchcape braced himself to face the occasion. The door was opened, and the equerry exchanged a few words with the railway officials first, and afterwards with the portly gentleman in the hat. Then he turned to Mr Inchcape.

'Your Highness,' he said, 'this gentleman is His Worship the Mayor of Whichester.'

Instantly six or seven hats were whipped off, and the Mayor's group smiled in unison. Mr Inchcape bowed gravely, considering this a perfectly safe method of acknowledgment. It occurred to him that it certainly would have been awkward for everybody there if the Grand Duke had not arrived!

Then the Mayor, nervous and agitated in spite of his pomposity, stepped forward. He was greatly afraid of his august visitor—that was apparent enough—and the town-clerk had to give him something more than moral support. But he had his speech thoroughly prepared, and succeeded in delivering it without serious difficulty.

These moments were curious ones for Mr Inchcape. He had to stand still, listening and keeping a grave face, while pompous periods concerning the Inhabitants of Whichester, their Chief Magistrate, a Cordial Welcome, and Loyalty of Town and People unrolled themselves before him confusedly. When a pause came he waited for more, and only a touch from the equerry warned him that the speech was over and that he might give another gracious bow. Then the equerry, who seemed to be by far the most collected of the whole group, made answer with every possible grace in some half-dozen remarkably clever sentences—not quite original, Mr Inchcape decided—pleading His Serene Highness's fatigue, appreciating the Warmth of the Welcome offered, and anticipating Great Pleasure from the Visit to 'this Important and Prosperous Borough.' And that was all, except for another gracious bow from the Grand Duke and a striking genuflection on the part of the Mayor. The latter was greatly relieved to find that His Serene Highness was really not such an ogre after all.

'And now, your Highness,' he said fussily, 'my carriage is waiting at the station entrance. May I have the honour of taking your Highness to your hotel?'

Evidently this, too, had all been prearranged, for in another moment Mr Inchcape was being conveyed rapidly across the platform. The respectful and curious crowd parted, the Corporation officials fell in behind, and the stationmaster acted as guide. Directly afterwards our bewildered traveller found himself sitting in a luxurious carriage, with the equerry beside him and the Mayor and the town-clerk facing them. They were driving swiftly through the lighted streets of the town.

It was only now that he had time to consider, and the suggestion entered his mind that he was the victim of an extraordinary dream. The equerry held the Mayor and his henchman in talk, and their talk was concerned with the function of to-morrow. It was certainly not of the nature of dream-talk; but Mr Inchcape could not help pinching himself severely in the leg to test the matter, closing his eyes as he did so. When he opened them again the pale and spectacled face of the town-clerk was still there, as real as the twinge which told him where his finger and thumb had met. It was not a dream; it was just what it had seemed to be—an extraordinary adventure.

Suddenly the carriage drew up before a large and well-lighted building. A footman opened the door, the town-clerk and the Mayor alighted, and the equerry followed. Turning, he gave his hand to assist Mr Inchcape, and led him thoughtfully to the hall of the hotel. There a smiling and bowing manager came to meet them.

'Now we will leave your Highness,' said the Mayor blandly. 'And we trust that you will enjoy a good night.'

Again the equerry was equal to the occasion. 'His Highness is grateful for your kindness,' he said. 'In the morning he will have an opportunity of thanking you.'

A little more of bowing and smiling, and the visitors had departed. Mr Inchcape and the equerry then followed the manager up a splendid staircase to a suite of excellent rooms. The former surveyed them with distinct appreciation, but said nothing until he was apparently alone with his guide. Then he sat down and muttered, 'Well, upon my word!'

'Excellent! excellent!' said the equerry. 'I told you how easy it would be. Of course it will be more difficult to-morrow; but I am perfectly sure that we shall—hem!—muddle through. In fact, you can take your night's rest with an easy mind.'

The equerry's cold eyes were now gleaming with satisfaction. He plumed himself upon his cleverness in so successfully managing 'this good-natured old buffer' who had apparently dropped out of the clouds for his especial benefit. Mr Inchcape sat and looked at him, nothing visible in his face but amusement and wonder.

'Well, upon my word!' he repeated.

'We will have supper in a few minutes,' continued Armytage. 'It will be served here. Ah, I see that they have already laid a table. Then I will consider our work for to-morrow.'

'And I,' said Mr Inchcape, 'will go to bed. I, too, shall have some things to consider.'

'Ah, of course,' said the equerry heedlessly. 'Come, I will show you your room.'

Mr Inchcape followed him into a luxurious bedchamber, where the lights were softly shaded, and where a man—a sleek, black-clad, silent man, of the valet variety—was laying out some of the contents of a well-stocked travelling-case. Mr Inchcape noticed that the case had silver fittings, and that it bore a monogram surmounted by a crown.

'Will your Highness require the man?' asked the equerry.

Mr Inchcape took the cue. 'No,' he said. 'I shall prefer to be alone. Ah, I see that there are bells here.'

'Certainly, your Highness. And I shall be in the adjoining room myself.'

'Very good,' said Mr Inchcape calmly. And then they passed out again to the sitting-room.

Supper was served directly afterwards. It was a good supper, and Mr Inchcape did justice to it in what the waiter doubtless understood to be a grand-ducal silence and reserve. When he spoke at all, it was with a harshness of accent which he had caught at St Pancras from the Grand Duke himself, and which the equerry declared to be an entirely successful imitation. When supper was over they returned to the bedroom, and found that the valet had departed.

'Now you're all right,' said the equerry. 'You must use these things, of course. Your own bag is in the cloak-room, where we can reclaim it to-morrow. But you will find everything here.'

'Yes, yes, I see,' said Mr Inchcape; 'but, by the way'——

'Yes?'

'It would be just as well, I think, if in speaking to me, even when we are alone, you used the title. You see, it will help me not to forget myself—or rather, not to remember myself.'

Captain Armytage was somewhat surprised, but he saw reason in the request. 'Certainly, your Highness,' he said; 'it is a good idea. And now I suppose I must bid your Highness good-night. We shall have time for talk in the morning.'

'Very good. Good-night!' said Mr Inchcape politely; and the equerry bowed and withdrew.

For a while Mr Inchcape surveyed the preparations made for his comfort, which were complete in every detail. By this time the philosopher in him was rapidly recovering his accustomed ascendency—a choice old philosopher, possessed of a dry humour and a human-kindness which were greatly appreciated by one or two select neighbours at Herne Hill. It was with many a quiet smile that he availed himself of the grand-ducal luxuries displayed about him, but all in a matter-of-fact and steady-going way that would have surprised the equerry considerably; and he did everything so methodically that it was scarcely fifteen minutes before he had lowered the lights to the correct Herne Hill position and had retired. For a time, no doubt, he lay awake considering the situation; but it was not long before the murmur of Whichester streets died away upon his ears.

In the outer room, for a time, the equerry also surveyed the situation. His feelings were mingled, but on the whole there was reason for ultimate satisfaction. He had found himself between the devil and the deep sea, the devil being a Grand Duke and the deep sea an arrival at Whichester without him. Suddenly Mr Inchcape had presented a possible way out—an extraordinary and dangerous way, but still possible—and with quite astonishing cleverness he had taken advantage of it. Such, at least, was his impression.

'And I could hardly have dreamed that he would do it,' he reflected, fingering his moustache as he stood by the window; 'especially after that scene at St Pancras! What an easy-going and manageable old dog he is! And if it goes through, how I shall score over that other old ruffian! And what a prime story it will make! By Jove! I'm in luck. There's nothing like tact after all.'

And then Captain Armytage also went to bed.

CHAPTER III.—MR INCHCAPE AND THE EQUERRY.

MR INCHCAPE slept long and well, and when he woke at last it was to hear again the unfamiliar noises of the Whichester main street. Probably the thing that roused him was the difference between these sounds and those to which he was more accustomed—the footsteps of City men treading the Herne Hill pavements on their way to their trains.

He rested contentedly until a gentle tap announced the equerry. That gentleman was in a good humour.

'Your Highness slept well?' he asked, smiling indulgently.

'Splendidly,' answered Mr Inchcape. 'And now, what comes first?'

'Your Highness's commands for breakfast. Afterwards the valet will attend you. At eleven we drive to the Town Hall to join the Corporation at luncheon, and then we proceed to the Show-grounds.'

'H'm!' said Mr Inchcape consideringly. 'I approve the programme. And when do we return to town?'

'At six o'clock, immediately after a collation on the Show-grounds with the Committee.'

'I see. Well, about breakfast? We must have a good breakfast. We may as well do the thing thoroughly.'

The old gentleman's manner was so calm and unperturbed that the equerry was not a little surprised. He was more surprised when Mr Inchcape selected a breakfast which was both choice and tasteful, and which betrayed a mind quite composed enough to take things comfortably. He passed the order out, however, with a good grace, and was even a little relieved to understand that it did not exhaust the ingenuity of the management. He had an idea that he must indulge his charge as much as possible.

Then Mr Inchcape, rising, donned a gorgeous ducal dressing-gown which awaited him, and went to his bath. Later, after some minutes spent under the hands of the valet, he found himself regarding with thoughtful eyes an array of garments which had evidently been newly made for a Grand Duke. To-day's functions were plainly to be of a full-dress character.

The equerry was more surprised than Mr Inchcape to find that, except for a few trifling defects, the raiment was satisfactory. 'I quite expected it,' said the latter genially. 'The little god Circum-

stance sometimes does things thoroughly. Now the hat. Ah, I see that the hat doesn't follow suit.'

'Doubtless we shall find a hatter close by,' said the equerry. 'I will send out at once.'

So presently a hatter came in, highly delighted at the summons, and accompanied by a whole stack of bandboxes. Mr Inchcape was soon fitted, and then the excellent breakfast took the place of the hatter. They sat down to it contentedly, Mr Inchcape with an urbanity and simplicity of manner that caused his companion a vague uneasiness which was surely unreasonable, to say the least of it. When he did speak, it was much to the point.

'By the way,' he said once, when the waiter had left them for a moment, 'it may be that I shall find myself called upon for funds during the day. I suppose there will be no difficulty about that?'

'Why, certainly not. I am glad you—your Highness—mentioned it. I will give you a little supply of gold, and if there should be anything else, you will know what to do. Any expense, of course, the Duke pays.'

'The Duke pays?' repeated Mr Inchcape. 'Very good. I must remember that. And now, shall I have to make any speeches?'

'That is an important matter, and I have been thinking it over. You will be expected to say a few words in the afternoon, at least. But of course you can plead indisposition—or I could speak for you. There should be no difficulty on this point after all,' answered the captain patronisingly.

'Well,' said Mr Inchcape quietly and reflectively, 'suppose we wait and see. We shall be guided by circumstances.'

'Very good,' said the equerry, perfectly satisfied. And he had scarcely expressed his concurrence in these words when their talk was closed by the appearance of the Mayor of Whichester.

The Mayor entered in a somewhat gingerly fashion. He had formed a favourable opinion with regard to the Grand Duke on the previous night, but was inclined to fear that he should find him different in the morning, and more like his reputation. Great was his surprise and relief to receive a hearty greeting.

'My dear Mayor,' said Mr Inchcape, rising with outstretched hand. 'Why did you not come a little earlier, to breakfast with us? Armytage, why was this not arranged? Nothing would have pleased me better.'

The equerry was as much taken aback as the Mayor was delighted. 'Your Highness generally prefers privacy,' he said, with the nearest approach to confusion that he had yet shown.

'*Himmel!*' said His Highness fervently. 'There are exceptions, you know—there are always exceptions.—Mr Mayor, sit down—here is some fresh coffee. This breakfast, sir, was a dream—a dream. Come!'

The Mayor, brimming over with pleasure, took some of the coffee with the amazed Armytage, while the Grand Duke went to complete his toilet. A few minutes and he returned, resplendent in his new hat, and with his face glowing with good nature. Directly afterwards they went down to the mayoral carriage.

A group of curious guests in the hall were favourably impressed as the distinguished party passed through, and the larger gathering in the street had the same experience. Whichester had asked for the Prince of Wales, but at the last moment an Exalted Official in London had offered them the Grand Duke of Saxe-Munden instead, as the only Royalty just then available and willing. They had accepted him somewhat grudgingly, for his well-known eccentricity and his reputed meanness made him anything but the right person for the occasion. Thus every one in the streets that day felt that Serene Highness was quite a different thing from Royal Highness, whatever the Exalted Official might think. They also felt that Whichester had been snubbed, and were much better prepared to criticise than to admire.

Their surprise, then, was considerable when an old gentleman came forth smiling—an old gentleman whose rosy face and twinkling eyes seemed to speak of a pleasant and cheerful outlook upon life, and whose benevolent expression suggested sympathies keen and active to a degree. Not a single hat was raised as he appeared, but when he smiled urbanely on either side, and then raised his own hat with a courtesy that was unmistakable, the revulsion of feeling was complete and immediate; there was a universal answer to the salute, and the party entered the carriage with friends on every side.

Because no English public gathering can be without its poor, two wretched-looking sandwich-men had found a place on the kerb, where they watched the event with keen interest. Suddenly the grand-ducal eye fell upon them, and it was observed that at once the grand-ducal face grew grave. Then a hand strayed to a pocket that was certainly ducal, and the wearer of the pocket spoke out in swift compassion.

'You men should have a holiday to-day. Here is a day's wages, and something to pay for entrance to the Flower Show.'

Two pieces of Mr Armytage's gold accompanied the words, to that gentleman's increased amazement; but the amazement of the recipients was greater still, and they could only stare at the gift in open-mouthed wonder. Then the mayoral coachman whipped up his horses, and the carriage swept off, followed by a ringing cheer.

'If I may be allowed a remark'—— began the Mayor as soon as he had recovered his breath.

'Say anything you please,' said His Highness. 'You are at full liberty, Mr Mayor.'

'I was about to say that your Highness's English is remarkably—remarkably English,' said His Worship pleasantly.

'Ah,' said His Highness, 'what but pure English could I speak in this charming old English town of yours? Anything else would be a desecration.'

Then the Mayor bowed, and made a note of the remark. The Grand Duke also bowed in acknowledgment of the Mayor's salute, while he mentally resolved to be more careful. Captain Armytage gasped.

The route to the Town Hall had been so arranged that the august visitor should see something of Whichester on his way. The Mayor, sitting at his side, pointed out the various notable buildings and all objects of interest, and it was not long before certain of his guest's sympathies betrayed themselves in a remarkable manner.

'These are the Banford Almshouses, your Highness. By the Banford Bequest, fifty old couples are here enabled to spend their declining days in peace and plenty.'

'Indeed! indeed!' said the Grand Duke. 'I envy your Banford, Mr Mayor. I envy him. In memory of my visit to your town, I would have each old couple treated to a dinner—a splendid dinner, sir, and at my expense. Will you see that this is done? Be my almoner, and let me know the cost.'

The Mayor scarcely succeeded in concealing his surprise. 'Your Highness,' he stammered, 'they will remember your name to the last day of their lives. It will give me much pleasure to carry out your wishes.—And this, your Highness—this red brick building—is the Children's Hospital.'

'A handsome building,' said the Grand Duke. 'And so light and roomy. What is the position of the hospital?'

'It is supported chiefly by the contributions of the working-classes; and although there is a small debt'——

'Ah! how much?' asked His Highness abruptly.

'Some two thousand pounds.'

Captain Armytage began to quake. He had a horrible fear that his Duke—this surprising Duke—might calmly promise some hundred guineas or so to this deserving institution. He quaked less, but wondered more, at what actually did happen.

'Give me your note-book, Armytage,' said His Highness diplomatically. 'I must make a note of this.' And make a note he did: 'Children's Hospital, two thousand pounds;' while the Mayor calculated the prospects dubiously, and the equerry smiled in his sleeve.

Before the Town Hall came in sight the same curious programme was repeated more than once. The sight of the Workhouse Schools suggested to His Highness that the four hundred children who filled them would enjoy a special half-holiday to-morrow, with a visit to the Flower Show; and the Mayor promised solemnly that he would intercede with the authorities on their behalf. The children at the Orphan Schools were treated in the same way, and it was observed that the Grand Duke's eyes blinked in a very touching style as he considered their case. This excess of human sympathy led him to order for all these poor little ones a special tea in addition to the holiday; and the Mayor, whose surprise and delight increased each moment, guaranteed that it should be done, and the charges sent to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Munden.

With an impassive countenance, the equerry sat and listened. By this time his sensations were so mingled that he could not classify them. He lost count of the charitable institutions mentioned by the Mayor as being in need of funds, as such institutions invariably are; but he saw his Grand Duke make careful note of each of them in the Armytage pocket-book with the Armytage pencil, afterwards tearing out the leaf and putting it carefully away. And he felt that he had not only lost track of the institutions, but also of the bland, benignant old buffer who sat before him.

Under the circumstances, of course, he could not intervene. It was only when they were reaching the Town Hall that he was able to catch the grand-ducal eye and ear, and to interpose a whisper.

'Your Highness's benefactions,' he said, dubiously yet delicately. 'The funds'——

The Grand Duke nodded in complete understanding. 'It's all quite correct, my dear sir,' he replied in the same way. 'It's all quite correct. The Duke pays.'

The equerry drew back, and subsided into silence. His composure was really admirable.

The Town Hall was a somewhat gloomy structure distinguished by massive Corinthian columns. In the entrance had gathered the aldermen and councillors, with a few officials, only slightly interested but resolved to make the best of a bad case. When the carriage stopped they were surprised and impressed to see the Grand Duke alight briskly and cheerfully, and still more surprised when he saluted the little crowd of spectators in a frank and friendly fashion that immediately made him a favourite. Then he entered the hall, the Mayor leading the way with a smiling cordiality which was as genuine as it was inexplicable; and at once the discontented Corporation found themselves going through the process of introduction to a Serene Highness who was evidently a gentleman to his shoe-strings, and whose perfect courtesy, joined to a shrewd humour, at once placed a new complexion upon the whole affair. Before three minutes had passed they all knew that the man who had come to Whichester on this unique occasion was the very man that Whichester wanted.

Lunch had been laid in the Council Chamber for fifty, and was a brief, informal affair, all the formalities having been set back for the function on the Show-grounds in the afternoon. At the head of the table the Grand Duke sat with smiles wreathing his benevolent face, warm with the glow of human sympathy; and from that centre a current of good feeling seemed to flow down the table on either side, until it met in the short, dumpy person styled the Deputy-Mayor, who sent it on its way back again with all goodwill. In some mysterious way the news of His Serene Highness's opinion of the town, and of his good-hearted benefactions and intentions,

was passed from one to another, until it reached at length the editor of the *Whichester Times*, who sat next to the Deputy-Mayor; and it only needed these rumours, which the Mayor was able to confirm in confidential whispers, to place a crown upon the advancing popularity of the distinguished visitor.

Soon after twelve the party rose, and the chief personages retired to prepare for the next item in the programme. The Mayor went to put on his gold chain of office, and it was then that Captain Armytage was enabled to get another word with His Highness. The equerry's composure was somewhat disturbed now.

'I have obtained serious news,' he said. 'It seems that the President of the Show Committee will be on the grounds to meet you this afternoon. He is driving over from his country seat. The President is Lord Bannerbridge.'

'Indeed?' said His Highness cheerfully.

The equerry spoke with increased agitation. Indeed, he almost lost patience.

'Yes. But the difficulty is that he has met the Grand Duke of Saxe-Munden before,' he said nervously.

Mr Inchcape did not seem nearly as much disturbed as he should have been. 'Oh! When was that?' he asked.

'I have only just heard that he visited Germany some two years ago, and called at the Court. This, of course, was quite a surprise to me. The position is extremely difficult. It seems that he is coming over especially to meet you. He has been ill, and was not really expected.'

There was a pause. 'I think,' resumed the equerry in haste, 'it would be better not to go to the grounds. You can make an excuse.'

Mr Inchcape looked genuinely surprised. 'Dear me! no,' he said at once. 'If that is all he knows of me, I should really prefer to go through with it. Probably we shall surmount this little difficulty; and in any case, you know'——

There was no time to reason, for the Mayor was returning. There was only time to hear Mr Inchcape's conclusion, and, having heard it, to step aside in helpless bewilderment.

'In any case, you know,' he said cheerfully, 'the Duke pays.'

(To be continued.)

OLD MADRID.

PART I.

WITHOUT the clear testimony of authorities it would be hard to believe that Madrid—of all capitals—ever abounded with water. The modern town stands on so bleak and arid an eminence, its surroundings, save in early spring, are so brown and parched and dusty, and the cry of '*Agua! agua!*' at the small railway stations that climb to it from the lowlands between it and the mountains is so insistent (at one halfpenny the glassful from the cool, porous jars) that one fancies Spain's metropolis must have been thirsty from the beginning. And yet Madrid's ancient emblem was a large flint half in water, its upper parts struck on either side by steel hatchets, and canopied by the ascending sparks; to this were appended the words, suggestive of an acrostic:

> I was built on water,
> My walls are of fire.
> Such is my emblazonment.

Until Charles V. started it on its headlong career of greatness, merely because its soothing air cured him of a fever, the place was physically other than it now is. Early in the sixteenth century it was a small town, rather overweighted with convents even then, embraced by woods, having delightful gardens on its slopes, fertile meadows beyond the Manzanares, and with springs and wells so lavishly supplied by nature that it was not necessary to use cords for drawing the water. The Manzanares—that melancholy, meagre stream for whose tricklings at the foot of the huge white palace of the king the washerwomen may nowadays be said to fight—was then, of course, of a measurable depth. Madrid's hill ministered to it out of its abundance. The word 'baths' as applied to it would not then have been but irony, as now. 'Some puddles enclosed by mats, a scum of soap concealing the water underneath, in which remain from day to day the impurities washed from the bodies of the bathers; a large pool in which there may be half-a-dozen quarts of water to each person, or a small pool just large enough for a foot-pan: no more. Such are, always were, and always will be the famous Baths of the Manzanares.' But this is a carefully prepared modern indictment for the sake of effect, and the description cannot be applied to the time ere Charles V.'s magnates gave orders to cut down Madrid's trees, dry up her wells and springs, and portion off her territory into palaces, lodging-houses for the Court's hangers-on, and more monasteries. The inevitable followed. The Southern sun of three or four hundred summers has burned and reburned the old site of the town and the stripped suburbs, and dried-up the natural moisture. The climate of Madrid is now among the most trying in Europe.

Long before Charles V. fell in love with the town and began the disturbance of its old Moorish walls, with their one hundred and twenty-eight towers, Madrid was occasionally favoured as a residence of a king of Leon and Castille. Alfonso VIII. in 1211 carried from it, in one of his forays against the Moors, a contingent of its people, with a bear for their banner. A bear raiding the fruit of a tree

shares with the flint and steel, the sparks and the water, the dignity of being Madrid's crest. Among the mythical names of the place we find Ursaria, as well as the Mantua Carpetana so loved by Castille's old rhyming poets. In 1309 the first Cortes was held within these walls of the Moor—its purpose wholly pugnacious; and a little later we hear of the king sitting like the wisest of the Saracen rulers in a public place of the town offering his people justice in the good old way: listening to petitions and complaints on Mondays, and on Fridays trying criminal cases—closely attended by the executioner. It was in the old Alcazar (of which no trace remains) that John II. received the ambassadors of France with a tame and very fat lion at his feet. The king sat on a throne draped with crimson brocade, and, we are told, was exceedingly courteous to the envoys, causing chairs to be set for them at only an arm's-length from him on either side. But the nearer the king the nearer the lion. No wonder the Archbishop of Toulouse, one of the ambassadors, 'soon began to tremble for fear of the beast.' This lion was wont to eat at the royal table. Its appetite and the king's kindness brought it to a woeful end, for the chronicler informs us that one day, while it was being conveyed in a cart in the royal procession from Madrid to Alcala, it burst asunder—from heat and humours. From these and other records it is plain that Madrid may, if she will, hurl back upon their own throats the charge of juvenility and medieval insignificance brought against her by such cities as Toledo, Saragossa, Leon, Burgos, &c. Indeed, close to the time of Charles V., Queen Isabella the Great paid the town a compliment which to the astrologers and other wiseacres of the period ought to have been a foreshadow of its budding magnificence. After exalting the field-labourers of Madrid to a level with the citizens elsewhere in the Peninsula, she proceeds with suspiciously exact gradations: 'Her citizens are equal to the gentry of Spain's other chief cities, and her gentry and nobles are on a par with the lords and grandees of Castille.' This must have been flattery for a purpose. A distinguished *toreador* of Madrid, who may be supposed to have touched the loftiest pinnacles of personal vanity in Spain, would hardly even nowadays be convinced by such fulsomeness.

Philip II. approved of Madrid, like his father, for its mild air and open situation; for its central situation whereby he was enabled to hold the reins of Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, America, and the Indies without being distracted by the relative proximity of any one of these noble dependencies; and, later especially, for its nearness to the Escorial, that gloomy yet precious tomb, palace, and monastery conjoined, in the rearing and glorification of which he spent his happiest days. The town, which in his father's time had a population of only three thousand souls, increased tenfold during his reign. The Alcazar had not hitherto seen much of Spanish Court life. John II. and his lion had not dignified it, nor yet his calamitous son Henry IV., whose second wife, Joanna of Portugal, one day made a scene on its staircase by publicly slippering Doña Guiomar de Castro, a lady of the Court, who found more favour than was seemly in the eyes of the king. With Philip II. began for Madrid the solemn era of State intrigues, the Inquisition, and unquestioned preponderance in the Peninsula.

In spite of this, Philip II. made his mark rather on Spain than on her capital. He designed to join the Jarama and the Manzanares, and thus bring something like a real river to the town's gates; but the scheme was not fulfilled. For the rest, he allowed Madrid to develop as she pleased, displaying especial regard for her churches and convents. The drama of his reign must be sought in history. Yet one may still stand in the little door of the Church St Maria Mayor, where the king himself hid to watch the arrest of the Princess of Eboli, whose career and that of Antonio Perez, his secretary, were so miserably blasted by association with him. And one may, if one will, recall the daily and yearly clamour for 'Justice!' in the royal courts of the wife of Perez during the king's lifelong sleuth-hound pursuit of her husband.

It is worth while to study the different portraits of Philip here and at the Escorial by the light of that suggestive sketch of him at the hands of the Venetian Contarini. 'He dissimulates the thoughts of his heart,' said Contarini, 'so that one does not know whether he is well disposed towards a person or angry save in beholding the reward or the chastisement.' Titian shows him to us as a youth weak-eyed and pallid, with full, loose lips; a sorry picture for a physiognomist to pass judgment upon. In a later portrait, by Pantoja, also in the Madrid Gallery, we see him a sallow, bag-cheeked, and white-lipped man, with a look of earnest imbecility in his pale-blue eyes, the trimmed light-brown beard, and the significant rosary. In the Escorial library he is seen when the wear and tear of empire have done their worst upon him. He is here delicate, white-headed, and anxious: a man who has not found a balance of joy in life and cannot disguise the fact. One may turn to Sanchez Coello's portrait of his pitiable son Don Carlos for some explanation of his woes. But it is hard to see in this rather pleasing boy in sumptuous bronze, silk, and fur, with a Tam o' Shanter cap and the dreamy expression, any suggestion of those mysterious devilries which cursed both himself and his father in their consequences. There is at least one more canvas towards which an Englishman looks with eagerness: that of our Queen Mary, done in England by Antonio Moro as a special commission for Philip the suitor. Our poor Queen is treated harshly in the gallery in being hung alongside one of Murillo's most charming virginal faces, bright with the spring-time of natural youth. Her high forehead and ascetic expression might well have pleased Philip if like were attracted by like. She is uncomely, but does not look unkind. The details of her finery hint that the artist thought her short-

comings might be disguised by her sumptuous attire, though her Marie Stuart coiffure does but enlarge her too large brow. She holds in her right hand a red carnation, the flower still on Madrid's festival-days most loved and bought by her citizens.

These pictures and the relics in Madrid's museums yield us a little material of the town's life in Philip's time, but not much. The Alcazar, in which Don Carlos came to his dismal end, and whence Philip wrote his Machiavellian epistles to all parts of the empire, has been shorn away to the very roots.

It was this king's laudable aim to attract to Madrid and the Escorial the best of everything obtainable in art and religious properties. Hence the extraordinary procession of wagons full of relics from the hateful Protestant north which slowly moved through the realm to its centre, with periodic halts for masses in their honour. The bones were duly sorted, ticketed, appropriated to this or that church and altar in Madrid and the Escorial (mainly the latter), and duly reverenced by the fanatical king. They were more to him than provinces. Hence, too, the untold wealth of paintings among which the French were rejoiced to pick and choose when they sacked Spain's capital a hundred years ago. As a patron of art, Philip was generous though severe. His treatment of Federico Zuccaro deserves mention. This notable artist was brought to Spain to paint a few masterpieces. 'Sir,' he said to Philip at the Escorial, when he had arranged his picture of the Nativity for the king to view it, 'art cannot go beyond this.' Philip looked long at the picture, then asked if they were eggs that he saw in a basket held by one of the shepherds. Being told that they were, he said nothing more. It was understood that he disapproved of the eggs, considering the circumstances; also of the picture's execution. Zuccaro afterwards excused himself on the plea that his pupils had done most of it, and, being bidden, set to work on a Conception that should be his entirely. But this satisfied the king even less, and the great artist was given permission to return to Italy. He was paid eight thousand ducats for the work nevertheless, and his travelling expenses. 'It is not his fault,' said Philip, 'but the fault of those who brought him here.' His paintings during his three years' sojourn at the Escorial were then all removed from the honourable positions accorded to them.

The era of Philip II. was the era of *Don Quixote*. A few years before the king died, four members of the confraternity of the Royal Trinity, in fulfilment of their pious responsibilities, went to the poor house in the Calle de Francos where Cervantes lay dead, and returned with a humble coffin and a humble genius upon their shoulders. Annually now, on the 23rd of April, the Royal Spanish Academy recall this day in a solemn requiem mass in the Church of the Trinity. It has been suggested that if Cervantes were now living the Academy would be in no hurry to admit him to their benches. One need not be tearful for either the genius's or the world's sake in contemplating such a possibility. There are minds that come to best fruition in adversity; and of these was Cervantes.

One may surmise much as to the broadening tone of Madrid's life in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the recollection that the man who wrote *Don Quixote* in prison and died in Spain's capital was at one time a page in Rome, had fought at Lepanto, been a prisoner to the Moors in Algiers, and a tax-gatherer in Valladolid. He died poor, of course, and it was only in the natural sequel of municipal events that by-and-by his body should be carelessly exhumed to make room for the bodies of others, and be cast upon the 'common dung-heap.'

Lope de Vega belongs nearly to the same epoch. His life was not so thorny as that of Cervantes, with whom he shared that crowded, hilly part of the town, then so suggestively devoted to prostitutes and Spain's brightest minds. The stage had become a power in the land. The religious confraternities ran the theatres and so much else in that pious century. They must have made vast profits, if we may believe the statement that one *corral* arranged for plays, the site of which cost them but one thousand three hundred and fifty ducats, was eventually leased by them on a term of four years for one hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred ducats. Madrid had to pay well to see Lope's sparkling comedies in Lope's own day; and from royalty downwards—majesty having a private box in every sense of the word, as if such performances were not quite decorous for royal eyes—the townsfolk were eager to disburse their ducats. By-and-by the town's authorities bought out the religious brotherhoods: high time, too, one would suppose; and playwrights worked under different conditions.

But Lope suited his generation, which in turn rewarded him. He too lived humbly enough, in a little house, over the threshold of which he placed this inscription:

D.O.M.
PARVA PROPRIA, MAGNA.
MAGNA ALIENA, PARVA.

—words that ought to be as convincing to others who delve their brains honourably as they were to him! He might often have been found spending an hour with his spade in the small garden of his small house, 'having breakfasted on a rasher and written an act of a comedy.' Him they buried in August 1635, quite otherwise than Cervantes, 'with such pomp and crowds as were never seen,' carrying him past the Convent of St Augustine, so that his sister the nun might see the procession from the grated windows.

When our Charles I. came to Madrid in quest of a bride the town was at its highest pitch of political importance. From its sombre battlemented palace the king claimed to rule six hundred million souls and about an eighth of the known world. The

Spanish pride was also at its zenith. Though the Netherlands had struggled from Spain's wide net, there was no thought of a disintegrating empire. The Inquisition did its grim work with a relish, and the people no doubt fancied then, as some in Madrid fancy now, that national prosperity was the divine sequel to religious fervour. 'When we had faith,' to quote words uttered in Madrid in 1896, 'we were victorious and our enemies feared us. Since we have been under the curse of unbelieving philosophers and politicians who neither believe nor think, we are timorous and vanquished.'

It was in this century, though later than the Prince of Wales's visit, that a remarkable map of the town was made, covering eighty square feet of canvas, and showing not only all the streets but all the houses, their doors and windows, and even the style of architecture of the houses. For purposes of taxation such a map might have been useful if it could be trusted; but one cannot help thinking of it as a somewhat symmetrical brag, eloquent of the century, though not worth an affidavit. The more so as in those days few of Madrid's houses were of two stories (a severely taxed luxury), and the majority were so small that a survivor to our times was known as the *Casa de las cinco tejas* for the mere five tiles of the roof to its façade. Such a town was bound to spread and sprawl, and this Madrid did to so alarming an extent that in 1625 Philip IV. decreed a new wall to restrict it. He objected to the encroachment upon the vicinity of his royal parks and gardens, nor did it seem to him that it was unreasonable for churches and convents to occupy one-third of his capital's space; and so a mud wall was built laboriously, and Madrid was forced upwards like a hothouse plant. It is owing to this despotic decree that in the oldest parts of the town the dwellings are so lofty and cramped. They do not now reek with fever from the open sewers into which the wayfarer without a sword might then after dark expect to be hustled; but they are still insanitary, and the vice of small rooms due to high rents and a restricted area may be traced back plump to the royal mandate.

The spectacular side of Madrid's civic life in the seventeenth century centres upon the Plaza Mayor or Great Square, that roomy lung, now in the heart of the town, which reminds one a little of Bloomsbury and a little of Venice's Piazza San Marco. In 1617 Philip III. approved the plans for its construction, and in two years nine hundred thousand ducats had been spent upon it, and it was completed. It seems gloomy enough now, even in full sunshine; but in that assuming century its regular five-storied houses, with iron balconies and lines of black and gold between the tiers of windows, were designed for the gayest and most emotional functions of the time. The Court had the first claim on its hundreds of windows when the festivals in the Square were of a royal kind. In five years its excitements included the great St Isidro celebration (in honour of the canonisation of Madrid's patron saint), with dances, masks, fireworks, &c., for six successive days; rejoicings for Philip IV.'s accession; a State beheading; two or three *autos-da-fé* and garrottings; and the splendid fêtes in honour of our Prince Charles, with bull-fights thrown in.

(To be continued.)

HERBERT MASSEY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE outcast stood in the cold, wind-swept street. Around him was the whir of passing trams, the rattle of carts on the granite, the shuffle of feet. For a moment he could not realise what had happened to him, for he, who knew the ways of soldiers so well, had never once dreamed that the verdict might be 'unfit.'

It was the sharp glance of a policeman that partially aroused him. He had grown accustomed to looking out for and to avoiding the scrutiny of the law.

He began to shuffle along.

'Not even good enough for a chance,' he summed up.

The cough caught him; the pain of it sent his hand to his shaking side, but for the first time he found himself regarding it as a friend, not as an enemy.

'It will soon finish me,' he said, welcoming the conclusion he had warded off for weeks.

He propped himself up against a door-post while he struggled for breath, and then he tramped on again.

Insensibly he was following a familiar direction; but it was not until he had left behind him the rows of villas and semi-detached houses, and was out in the open, that he realised whither his steps were taking him. He pulled up. The country represented peace and freshness and all the clean things that were not for him. Should he go back, make his way to one of the haunts of drunkenness and vice down by the docks, and drink away the money in his pocket, trusting that with it he might drink away the little life that remained in him?

For the first time his eyes roved over the familiar landscape.

'Rogers has cut down all the elms,' he exclaimed, and he looked resentfully at the gaps in the hedge-rows.

He saw the roofs of a pair of jerry-built Queen Anne villas rising up where all had once been green. He wondered what had changed in the village. A

wave of home-sickness seized him. Should he go and look once before——

It was early autumn. Three men carrying guns passed him, and he turned and watched them as they climbed a stile.

'I wonder if the partridges are plentiful this year,' he muttered.

About a quarter of a mile farther along he came to a certain whitewashed inn. It was still the 'Golden Cross.' He looked through the open door into the taproom. The same long table was in its place; the same doubtful cuttings from low papers were pinned on its grimy walls; the same stamp of men were drinking within. Was it still the same landlord of more than doubtful reputation?

'Who keeps this?' he called through the open door.

A tramp answered with a remembered name, and then added, 'Come along, mate, and stand us a mug.'

The ragged wayfarer jerked himself upright. 'Mate!' he repeated—'mate!'

When the afternoon was well advanced he came to the village. At one end stood the old market cross; the fourteenth-century church looked down from the height of an artificial mound; the great house of mellowed red brick glimmered amid the green of the beeches which surrounded it. At least nothing was changed here. Nothing, that is, but the fact that he who had been the master was coming back—how?

With a groan, he turned from the trim white cottages, from the gaily flowered gardens. He skirted the church wall and paused where the gate led from the graveyard to the park, for up the path fluttered a woman's white gown.

The outcast stooped behind a yew-bush. The woman in white came down the path. He knew her, and every step was bringing her nearer to him.

Old Jarvis, the sexton, got off the flat tombstone whereon he meditated—or slept—in the sun on fine days, and hobbled forward to meet her.

'Jarvis,' she said, 'it is war. Do you understand? It is war.'

The watcher behind the yew-tree could distinguish the tears in her eyes.

'Why does she care so much? For whom is she afraid?' he asked himself sharply; for he had not forgotten his wisdom of old, and it told him that a woman's interest is ever personal.

The next instant the sound of sharp, firm steps rang out in the stillness.

The woman in white lifted her head; a smile chased the tears out of her eyes. The wanderer behind the yew-tree covered his face as if to shut out an intolerable sight. The man on the path came on swiftly.

'Oh!' cried the woman, 'I thought you were never coming. Aunt Lucy was beginning to fear that she had slain the fatted calf for nothing.'

'The regiment is going; the 9th are ordered out,' came the exultant reply.

The outcast did not hear the woman catch her breath, for his own came in short, sickening throbs.

Then she spoke again.

'I am glad,' she went on—'I am glad if you are glad.'

Maurice Pilkington looked at the great blue eyes fixed on his face. All at once he understood that this woman, who had suffered so much, must suffer still more.

'Maisey,' he gasped.

She swayed a little.

'I am glad if you are glad,' she repeated.

The big man caught her by both hands.

'Oh Thumby!' she faltered.

'Listen, dear,' he ground out. 'You know all I want to say—all I would give ten years of my life to say; but I can't say it.'

'You can't say it?' she echoed.

'Maisey,' Thumby told her, 'Herbert Massey is alive!'

And Massey's wife when she heard that bowed her head—ashamed.

CHAPTER V.

'CLOSIN' time,' gruffly announced the landlord of the 'Golden Cross;' and the outcast stumbled into the road, his pockets considerably lighter, his head heavier than when he entered.

The change from the stuffiness of the taproom to the biting night-air brought on a paroxysm of coughing. He caught on to the rail and leaned against it, while the keen wind from the Humber blew through his rags.

'Perhaps to-night will finish me off,' he muttered; and he looked to the hedge as if meaning to throw himself down by it.

The two tramps who had drunk through the evening at his expense eyed him as they lit their pipes, and then, with an ostentatious 'Good-night,' informed him that they were bound for Hull, and set off down the road.

The ragged loafer was alone—alone in the cold and darkness—alone and an outcast within a stone's throw of where he had once been welcomed and honoured.

The longing to creep back, to look once more at the old house, took hold of him and, before many minutes were over, possessed him.

He stumbled away from the inn; he avoided the village; he crept down by the church wall, certain that he would have that path to himself, since every villager believed that a 'boggus' walked by night.

The gate from the graveyard to the park was locked—they still carried out his orders—so he clambered through the hedge, and hugging the laurels and the rose-bushes, made to the front of the house.

Several windows were alight. Was the one on the left still Maisey's boudoir, and was that one

the other end still the 'den'? Perhaps that big man—in the old regiment, too—and he loved her—he would make her his wife as soon as her disgrace of a husband was out of the way—went in there and smoked as he used to do.

Later the lights would glimmer in the upper rooms, in Maisey's and Aunt Lucy's; and perhaps if the night were still Maisey would throw up the window and look out as she used to do, and he would see her again.

He sank on to a bench, bowed forward, his head between his hands, and cowered there until the snapping of the twigs behind him made him start. Before he could do more than half-turn, he was seized; his arms were held fast to his sides by the two tramps with whom he had been drinking at the 'Golden Cross.'

Briefly one of them explained that this was their 'crib,' that 'gold and joowels' were to be had within, and that they two meant to have them.

The entire situation flashed across the outcast's brain, and brought with it a feeling of exultation. He saw in a flash that there was a part to play—a part which he might play if he chose. He took up his rôle without hesitation. Curtly, sulkily, he intimated to the men that they would do well to retain him, as he knew the lie of the whole house.

'Gave you the sack, did she?' commented the man who did most of the talking. 'Thought you'd seen better days as soon as I set eyes on you.'

This solution fitted so well with the scheme taking form in the outcast's brain that he acquiesced in it, embroidered on it a little, and wound up by demanding details of their plan.

The tramps intended to wait until the guest whom they knew to be dining at the great house had taken his departure.

'He'll go any minute now,' the vagabond finished, 'and then there'll be nothing but women left; and as for them'——

An expressive gesture indicated their treatment.

The outcast sat still and waited. His eyes, no longer blurred, but shining, alert, were fixed on the white door and on the flight of steps down to the drive. Though he knew the distance, he measured it again and yet again with his eyes.

Everything, Maisey's very life, depended on how quickly he could cover those few yards of greenness. In the old days—the drops came out round his brow—ah! the road—and all downhill—he had traversed from the old days when his swift-footedness was the pride of the regiment.

He had no delusions as to the outcome of his interference; he estimated the cost, and patiently waited to pay the price. For once when he threw out a suggestion about stealing round to the back of the house to see what could be done with a pantry window, the pair gruffly assured him that he was not going out of their sight. If he played squarely with them, well and good; if not, no gun would spoil things with its report; but they had that which would work just as effectively, and one man thrust a knife before him, and the long blade gleamed dully as the moon swept out from a bank of cloud.

The vagrants greeted the brightness with a curse, and in another moment the sky was overcast again.

'He's late,' grumbled one of the men; and then a square of redness suddenly showed in the middle of the house.

'He's going. Let him go,' the leader admonished.

The outcast did not as much as raise his head.

A little tip of flame showed that the departing guest was lighting a cigarette.

'He'll walk; he always walks,' muttered one of the tramps. 'Let him get well away—not that I mean there's to be any screaming.'

Still the bent figure in the centre of the group never stirred.

Voices came down to him, a cheery 'Good-night.' He just wanted the door to close.

The redness was shut out; only the windows glimmered along the front of the house.

With a sudden bound the outcast was on his feet; one loud, warning cry echoed in the darkness.

It echoed in and out among the stillness and the trees—echoed even when it was followed by a growl of execration, and seemed only to die away before a sob and a dull thud.

. . . . . .

It was Maurice Pilkington who found the outcast lying there on the damp grass. The knife had done its work; a sickly, oozing stream was making yet deeper stains on the shadow-swept lawn.

'Did you shout? Why did you shout? What made you warn me?' Thumby asked anxiously as he bent over the dying man.

It was Maisey herself who brought up a lantern, and by the flickering light the outcast looked at her once with an expression half-triumphant, half-pitiful.

After that one look he turned his face aside.

'Send her away,' he whispered. 'It is no place for her.'

And Thumby, as he saw a crimson stain on the hem of her white gown, thrust her behind him.

'Go to the house and call some one to go for a doctor,' he said.

The woman looked down doubtfully at the tramp on the grass, but Thumby pushed her masterfully away.

'Now,' he said as soon as he and the ragged derelict were alone.

'It doesn't matter why I warned you,' the outcast returned. The words came out with difficulty—with pauses between them, and sharp struggles for breath—but they came out distinctly. 'What does matter to you and her is that it is the end at last.'

The educated voice, the sudden refinement, a certain whimsical intonation—above all, the intimate grouping of himself and the woman he loved—made Maurice Pilkington start.

'Who are you?' he demanded. 'Who are you?'

The dying man smiled.

'I'm easy enough to identify, I assure you,' he continued in the same easy tone. 'Do you mind pulling up my sleeve? I shall not mind if you tear it. No! Sergeant Bushby did that this morning. I forgot.'

He paused as if measuring something which was a very long distance away.

'Look,' he went on, feebly pushing out his right arm; 'the scar is plain enough.'

'Who are you?' reiterated Thumby; and the words would hardly come, his tongue was so dry.

'Herbert Massey,' answered the tramp.

THE END.

REJECTED BY THE PUBLISHERS.

PUBLISHERS are no more infallible than other men, and therefore they make mistakes which rankle in the memory, especially if a certain book which has been rejected is accepted by a rival house and turns out a great success. It takes more than average magnanimity to rejoice thereat; it takes more than average openness of mind to own that this or that blunder has been made over a series of years. Every publishing house has its skeleton and its series of unwise rejections—your masterpiece, my dear reader, included, which is still unprinted and upon which the dust of years is settling. For there could be no shorter cut to the bankruptcy court than for a publisher or editor to print just what has been offered without severely weighing the chances of its success, without considering the character of the work, its timeliness, quality, and general suitability. A well-known critic connected with a London publishing firm has frequently said that we should know a great deal better as to the state of the case if publishers made public some details of sales from their ledgers; but, as said critic has not led the way, we stand where we did. The publisher sometimes gives the number of editions or thousands; it is usually through the rejected that we hear of the rejections. Publishing, at the best, is a speculative business. It is quite possible that we have too many publishers, too many new books; and far too many people, from the costermonger to Royalty, attempt to write. Quite a large number of new books are paid for by the ambitious author. Publishers and editors, if they did nothing else than protect the public from the avalanche of written matter hurled at their heads, deserve well of the public; but if they strangle a work of genius and fail to discover 'mute, inglorious Miltons,' that is another matter.

Authors have this comfort, that when one door closes another may open. The appeal may have been made to the wrong house, the secret of many declinatures, especially in the case of articles. It takes some bravery to sink money in the work of a comparatively unknown author, yet this course has had many brilliant justifications. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, refused by Smith, Elder, & Co., and accepted by Low, was in its thirty-eighth edition in 1893. The life of a novel to-day may be counted by weeks instead of years. It sinks like a lump of lead in the mighty waters almost at once or rides on a wave of popularity. Publishers make mistakes as to the value of certain works, and so do the authors. 'When a publisher,' says Mr Marston, 'happens to have accepted the work of a young and unknown author, which has proved a great success, he is at once accredited with profound insight and sagacity, and all his brethren who had passed that author by are looked upon as incapables. That one bit of luck clings to him for years, *for mere luck or chance* it mostly is.' This octogenarian would have publishers to be humble. It sometimes happens that when an author with many early rejections finds the tables turned he lets the publisher who lacked the prophetic soul know something of it. Like Dr Johnson, in his reply to his would-be patron Chesterfield, he is generally equal to the occasion. Edna Lyall's *We Two* was rejected by half-a-dozen publishers. 'One firm,' says her biographer, 'from whom she had hoped great things, kept the manuscript for a month, and then declined it with thanks, and two years later, when her fame was made, must indeed have been chagrined to learn, in answer to a letter begging her to write and let them publish a novel like *We Two*, that they had missed the opportunity of bringing out that very work.'

Mr James Payn has a pretty story of this kind, in *Some Literary Recollections*, which turns against himself. He succeeded Mr W. Smith Williams as reader to Smith, Elder, & Co. This is how Mr Payn tells the story—we give the facts later: The publisher's reader one day pointed out a statemen in a book of literary gossip to the effect that tha eminently successful work, *Disloyala; or, The Doubt ful Priest*, which had run through fifty editions, ha been rejected by their firm some years before. Th publisher made light of it, and tried to dissuade th reader from protecting the good name of the firm as he thought, by a contradiction. 'I wouldn't d that if I were you,' said Mr Paternoster, still mo quietly than before. 'But why not? I real must.' There was a twinkle in Mr Paternoster's e and a smile at the extreme corners of his mou which attracted the other's attention and interrupt his eloquence. 'Is there any reason why I shou not contradict this man?' 'Well, yes; the fact is, did reject the book.' Mr Paternoster stuck to point. 'And you never told me! Never let a word of it all these years!' 'Certainly not. thought it might distress you. I should not h told you now, but that I was taken unawares.'

Mr Sidney Lee has confirmed this story, wh refers to the rejection of Shorthouse's *John Inglesa*

which went to Macmillan, and was very successful. Mr Paternoster was Mr George Smith, of Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co., who showed Payn the letter drafted by himself refusing the novel, adding that he should never have mentioned the matter had he not been taken unawares.

It was the tactful and courteous way in which Mr Smith Williams of this same firm declined the *Professor* by Charlotte Brontë which led to their securing the brilliantly successful *Jane Eyre*. Mr Marston is wrong in saying in his *After Work* that this novel went the round of the publishers. It was another novel, and the packet containing the manuscript of the *Professor* very unwisely showed the scored-out addresses of three or four publishing houses when it arrived in July 1847. The note rejecting this sent by Williams to 'Currer Bell' was to the effect that he believed the writer could do a work which would command success, and that a story in three volumes would receive attention. The mysterious author replied to the effect that 'Currer Bell' was on the point of finishing a new book, which would be sent in as soon as completed. Mr Williams, after perusing the manuscript of *Jane Eyre*, handed it to Mr George Smith on a Saturday. By Sunday night Smith had galloped breathlessly through its pages, having broken an engagement, and scarcely paused for meals, and on Monday the tale was accepted at once. The story of how Charlotte and Anne Brontë came to London to prove their identity has been told in a most interesting way both by Mrs Gaskell and Mr George Smith.

When, in 1831, Thomas Carlyle came up to London from the solitudes of Craigenputtock with the manuscript of *Sartor Resartus*, in search of a publisher, he met with many rebuffs and rejections. There were no literary agents at that date to soften the shock of refusal. Lord Jeffrey had done his best for Carlyle by giving him an introduction to John Murray, who would have been his first publisher if the author of *Sartor* had not meanwhile consulted Longmans and others. This caused Murray to fall back upon the judgment of his reader—very likely J. G. Lockhart—which was unfavourable. Carlyle's diary, under date of October 25, 1830, contains this entry: 'Written, a strange piece on clothes; know not what will come of it. I could make a kind of book, but cannot afford it.' This original draft was declined by Fraser when the author enlarged it and completed it in August 1831. Carlyle called on Murray and left him a portion of the manuscript and an outline of the proposed volume, with a note asking an early decision. He called a second time, and found Murray from home and the manuscript unopened. A letter followed, backed up by a visit from Lord Jeffrey, which led to an offer from Murray to print seven hundred and fifty copies at Carlyle's cost, on the half-profit system. Carlyle accepted the offer, and wished the book published by November 1831. Meanwhile, Murray discovered that Carlyle had offered the book elsewhere. Fraser, of Regent Street, was willing to print *Sartor* if Carlyle would pay him one hundred and fifty pounds; Longmans declined it, as they had declined his German Literary History; Colburn and Bentley would have nothing to do with it. Murray, alarmed at this, appealed to his reader, who thought the book might be a translation from the German. The work, he said, displayed here and there felicities of thought and expression, with considerable fancy and knowledge; but whether or not it would take with the public was doubtful. Murray took this view and dropped the negotiation. Mrs Carlyle's criticism was nearer the mark when she said, 'My dear, this is the work of a genius.' In the autumn of 1834 Fraser agreed to publish *Sartor* in his magazine. He soon had cause to repent, as the writer was thought by many subscribers to be a literary maniac, and Fraser feared his magazine would be ruined. Fifty copies of *Sartor*, as printed in *Fraser*, were stitched together in pamphlet form, and any one of these to-day would be a rare prize to the bibliographer. Emerson, in America, issued an edition in 1836 of five hundred copies, and another was soon called for. It was issued here in 1838, and only reached a third edition in 1849. The publisher would not at first print the work until he was assured of selling three hundred copies at least. Harriet Martineau was one of those who canvassed for subscribers. As Smiles has said, Carlyle himself was to create the taste to appreciate *Sartor*. In 1841 Carlyle wrote to his mother: 'I have bargained with Fraser for my lectures. They are now at press, that kept me so very busy. He would give me only seventy-five pounds, the dog; but then he undertakes a new edition of *Sartor* too (the former being sold), and gives me another seventy-five pounds for that too. It is not so bad: one hundred and fifty pounds of ready-money, at least money without risk. I did not calculate on getting anything *at present* for Teufelsdröckh. . . . Poor Teufelsdröckh, it seems very curious money should lie even in him. They trampled him into the gutters at his first appearance; but he rises up again, finds money bid for him.' Professor Copeland calls the book the 'passionate history of a soul, with its motive so strangely drawn from the Holy Bible and the great, unholy Dean.' Dr Garnett calls *Sartor* an extraordinary book, giving the very essence and quintessence of Carlyle, with the best right to be called the author's typical book. Besides the authorised editions, there are two with annotations, and a sixpenny edition as well. When published in the People's Edition it had the largest sale of any of the author's works.

The refusal by Messrs Bradbury & Evans, when the publishers of Charles Dickens's works, to print a statement in *Punch* regarding the novelist's separation from his wife in 1858 led to a difference. The result was that Dickens stopped *Household Words*, in which publishers and editor had joint-proprietorship, and a new series was begun under the title of *All the Year Round*. Dickens also transferred his works from Bradbury & Evans to his former publishers, Chapman & Hall. Thackeray refused to print a continuation of the papers on political

economy according to John Ruskin which had been appearing in the *Cornhill* under the title of *Unto This Last*. The papers were thought at the time to be too socialistic. Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co., however, publishers of the same magazine, did not scruple to issue *Unto This Last* in volume form, with the rejected chapters.

Many years afterwards, Ruskin, following the bent of his own peculiar ideas as to publishing books, transferred his copyrights from Smith, Elder, & Co. to the care of his engraver, Mr George Allen, who henceforth issued them. By this means the later years of the author of *Modern Painters* were needfully enriched, after the spending or giving away of a fortune approaching one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and a now flourishing publishing business was founded. The vitality of Ruskin's works is shown from the fact that one London bookseller lately took orders for the new collected edition to the extent of three thousand pounds. George Smith gave George Eliot seven thousand pounds for *Romola*, but declined *Felix Holt*, which went to Blackwood's, her first publishers. Tennyson declined a proposal from Smith for a poem of the same length as *Idylls of the King*, for which he was offered five thousand pounds. The poet, however, sent 'Tithonus' to the *Cornhill*.

Dr Donald Macleod, in the biography of Norman Macleod, tells us that when his brother was editor of *Good Words* he had asked a well-known novelist, a personal friend for whom he had the greatest respect, to furnish him with a story for the following year. When the novel was submitted and read, Macleod decided that it was unsuitable for the magazine, although its tone was all right; 'but as all its religious people were drawn of a type which justly deserved the lash of the satirist, he felt that to publish it in *Good Words* would be to lend the sanction of its conductors to what he had long considered the injustice of modern novelists in ignoring healthy Christianity.' The editor had a friendly conference with the novelist, and found that there had been a misunderstanding. The matter, however, did not end here. Determined not to compromise the character of the magazine, editor and publisher agreed to pay the forfeit of five hundred pounds, and the story was declined. The name of the novelist was not given, but will be found in the Life of Millais. This is how Anthony Trollope —for it was he—relieved his feelings, however, in a private note to John Everett Millais, who was to have supplied illustrations for the story:

'*June 4th*, 1863.—X—— has thrown me over. They write me word that I am too wicked. I tell you at once, because of the projected and now not to be accomplished drawings. They have tried to serve God and the devil together, and finding that goodness pays best, have thrown me over, and the devil. I won't try to set you against them, because you can do Parables and other fish fit for their nets; but I am altogether unsuited to the regenerated. It is a pity they did not find it out before.'

We need hardly remark, forty years later, how much public opinion and the usage of publishers has moved away from this point of view.

And yet, three years before, Mr George Smith insisted on having a 'clerical story' from Anthony Trollope for the first year of the *Cornhill Magazine*, the sale of which then mounted up to one hundred and twenty thousand copies.

It requires great tact to write about Robert Burns so as not to inflame the susceptibilities of Scotsmen. R. L. Stevenson, in the article which he wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, was extremely plain-spoken. Professor Baynes, thinking this would not do, paid for the article, although he returned it to the author. It is printed in *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*. Stevenson's essay on Raeburn was several times rejected. George MacDonald's *David Elginbrod*, which was accepted by Hurst & Blackett on the recommendation of Mrs Oliphant, showed on the wrappings that it had been frequently rejected. Smiles's first book, *Physical Education*, was rejected by William Chambers because he had something of the same kind on hand.

To-day, the attitude of author and publisher has changed since Defoe hawked *Robinson Crusoe* over all the London trade, and sold it at last to William Taylor for an old song. The publisher reaped a good harvest, and there were ten imitations of the book within a brief period. Now the publisher courts the successful author: by means of the literary agent his wares are sold to the highest bidder and prices forced up artificially. Whether this is healthy or not is doubtful; but the author is saved much trouble. A successful novelist usually has all his possible work engaged for half-a-dozen or more years ahead. Nemesis is on his track, however, if there should be over-production, and literary reputations are now remarkably short-lived. It is the unknown genius and the amateur, apparently, who now stand most chance of rejection. The successful author has only too many doors open, with the temptation to over-write and over-produce. Much writing is now done to the order of the publisher. When he is wise for himself, the author may checkmate the publisher and refuse to do work that is not his best. Any means that lessen the production of useless books and articles should be welcomed, and there is only one way for the publisher and editor with perhaps over 90 per cent. of what is offered.

DAWN ON THE FIORD.

The glorious sun ascends the airy steep,
And turns the sable clouds to pearl and snow;
The sea-birds' call is heard as on they sweep
In graceful circles swift, above, below.

The whisp'ring wavelets purl on pebbled shore,
And break in shimm'ring showers in wanton glee;
The fearless eagles cry, and sunward soar;
The fisher draws his net from 'neath the sea.

On frugal fields the hardy cattle browse;
In mimic war the fiord's children play;
The craftsman's clanging blows the tardy rouse
To greet the golden morn—the living day.

MINTO WADE.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

'WANTED: A CHRISTMAS GROCER.'

By KATHARINE BURRILL, Author of *Corner Stones, The Shell-Gatherers*, &c.

I AM looking for a Christmas grocer—seeking him sadly and well-nigh hopelessly, for I greatly fear the genuine old-fashioned Christmas grocer has ceased to exist. Of course there are still grocers, but they are shorn of their glory. Most of them have turned themselves into brand-new stores; others—more unfortunate—have been ruined by the plate-glass-windowed palaces whose marble halls and popular prices attract the attention and custom of a fickle populace. Stores, be they ever so marble and gorgeous, can never be a Christmas grocer. To begin with, the popular prices are cut far too fine to allow of any conspicuous generosity at Christmas-time or any other time; also, the assistants and shop-walkers are merely owned by the management—they do not own the store. Now, the real old-fashioned grocer owned everything: his shop, his tea-chests (so fascinatingly Chinese), his biscuit-tins, his wife (who kept the books), and his sons who assisted him in the business. Did he choose to present you with a crimson-plush castle filled with French plums, who dared say him nay? Did he give the small person a heaped-up packet of acid-drops, and royally return the proffered penny, whose loss was it but his own? When he pressed a box of gaily coloured Christmas candles into the expectant hand of the customer's offspring, were they not his own candles to sell or burn or give away as he felt disposed? Generous all the year round with biscuits, with sweets, with crystallised ginger, at Christmas the old-fashioned grocer became positively prodigal, showering his gifts upon his customers with a lavish hand. Looking back, we wonder how he ever made a living at all! The absolute magnificence of his Christmas presents: the sapphire velvet boxes embossed and gilded, lined with white satin and the very best prunes; the flowered-brocade pagodas tightly packed with fancy biscuits, hard but sugary; the delicious French plums, so round and beautiful, with paper flowers pinned in their button-holes! Surely our grocer was no mere ordinary merchant, but must have been a disguised millionaire indulging his childhood's dream of 'keeping shop'! I cannot imagine a *thin* and generous grocer. All my princely givers were stout. A Cassius-like grocer would be as incongruous as a portly and cheerful chemist! Stage tradition clings round a melancholy and starveling apothecary—we know Smike played the part to perfection—and in our hearts we consider a lean and hatchet-faced individual the proper person to dispense drugs and potions. Of course you could have a plump and rosy-faced apothecary concocting beverages for Romeo and Juliet, but it would be an uncalled-for innovation. Equally, of course, you might have Eugene Aram slicing bacon and wielding a cheese-scoop; but he would not be satisfactory. Most certainly he would not give us Christmas-boxes. No, I prefer a Falstaffian grocer—'he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat'—and I like to remember my favourite grocer as one of the plumpest, jolliest, *butteriest* looking men I ever saw. His very voice suggested 'the best butter' (with no suspicion of intruding crumbs), so soft was it, so insinuating, so amiable. He kept a particular fat whisper for small people that was positively alluring. The way in which he gently murmured, 'And what will little Missie have to-day?' can never be forgotten. Needless to remark, 'little Missie' (who had been anxiously awaiting this auspicious moment) became totally incapable of making any choice. Who could choose amidst such an array of bewildering attractions? Then that Emperor among grocers would put an end to the agonies of indecision by producing a wonderful composite package containing a pink biscuit, sugar-candy, peppermints, a stick of cinnamon, and, to crown all, a French plum of extreme magnitude. Ah me! there are no such grocers nowadays; and even if there were, we, alas! are no longer 'little Missies.' I doubt our successfully negotiating a pink biscuit; and can any one over the age of ten eat a stick of cinnamon high and dry? Liquorice—another joy of early

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youth—seems to be a singularly offensive compound, and cocoa-nut tablet has lost its savour. But in the days when I knew Falstaff both of these condiments could be purchased—only he always gave them—while the grown-ups were ordering such mundane things as rice and tapioca, blacklead and furniture polish. If Falstaff's shop was fascinating all the year round, at Christmas it surpassed itself. The windows were a marvel: banks of raisins and currants, arches of orange and lemon peel, graceful festoons of green and red candles—wonderful candles that were all sizes from very large, unwieldy grandpapas down to tiny babies only fit for a baby's Christmas-tree! Then there were packets of crackers in gaudy gelatine papers all the colours of the rainbow, and a great many colours that rainbows have to go without. They were not very good crackers, and, considering their inferior quality, most unconscionably dear; but we knew no others, and were therefore quite delighted with them. The gelatine covers had peculiar attractions that lasted for many weeks, long after the mottoes had been spelt out—and lost—and the pink and white sugared almonds eaten. Could we not turn the whole world into the lugubrious key of blue or incarnadine creation in a wave of crimson by the simple expedient of gazing through pieces of crackling paper? Even when the papers were torn and ragged, could they not be decoratively stuck on our faces in most unwholesome spots till we suggested several kinds of Plague? Modern crackers are exquisitely beautiful—Fairyland crackers made for Titania's amusement by 'Good Master Peasblossom,' Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed; but they are not nearly so pleasantly gelatinous! Perhaps the modern child has more regard for its complexion, and does not pine to be a spotted monstrosity; also, it may not care for coloured-paper spectacles. Is it left to the grown-ups to long for rose-coloured cracker papers, the rose-coloured misty veil of youth; to wish for glasses in their spectacles that are neither drearily gray nor hopelessly, dolefully blue? Perhaps it is only when we are quite grown-up that the necessity of seeing things in a bright light becomes so very important. What a pity there are no spectacles labelled 'Make-the-best-of-it-glass' or 'See-your-mercies-big-and-your-troubles-small-glass.' Well, well, we might not buy them even if they were to be had. However, Christmas is the time to put away all gloomy, smoke-shaded eyeglasses, and bring out the dear little old rosy spectacles that we keep—all of us have them *somewhere*—hidden away with sweet thoughts and bunches of lavender, and, perhaps, some old cracker papers!

It is not mere greed that makes me long so ardently for the return of the Christmas grocer. The joys of French plums have waned and faded, and I do not pine for peppermint-balls; but there was something very heartening and cheering about a shopkeeper who gave you presents. Once, be it told—about ten years ago—I thought I *had* discovered a real Christmas grocery-man; but it was a sad mistake. It was the day before Christmas, and with a large consignment of dull groceries arrived a superb box of sweets and chocolates. Visions of my childhood returned; once more I saw brocade pagodas. Full of grateful pleasantness, we cheerfully ate the delicious cates. Alas! the day after Christmas Day there came an anxious and apologetic note regretting that a box of sweetmeats had been sent by mistake; 'twas some one else's order, and 'owing to the pressure at this season,' &c. &c. &c. It was indeed a blow, especially as the very excellent sweets were no more, and, being eaten, had to be paid for! How much we wished they had been of a cheaper and more inferior quality! Should a mysterious packet arrive *now* from any grocer I would look upon it with suspicion; 'once bitten, twice shy.' I would not again bite the sweetmeat, however excellent it looked, unless I was perfectly sure it was a gift and not merely a mistake of a flurried packer. I suppose, with the increased competition, it is quite impossible for the grocer of to-day to turn himself into an old-fashioned Christmas one surrounded by a halo of holly and mistletoe and an atmosphere of Charles Dickens. What a pity there *is* so much competition; it's so depressing. Competitive examinations are bad enough—so misleading; but competitive grocers! The mean man will, of course, tell you that in the good old days you paid for your palace of prunes—and handsomely, too—in your weekly bills; but I prefer to think the old-fashioned grocer was really kind and generous—as Mrs Gamp would say, 'friendly dispoged'—and in the exuberance of his friendly disposition wished us the compliments of the season in plush and plums.

Lovers of *Cranford*—and who cares to stand outside the circle of those who love Captain Brown and all the other dear Cranfordians?—will remember that Miss Matty's system of shopkeeping was somewhat too generous. Did she not add one large almond-comfit to every four purchased by the small child, totally forgetting that each almond weighed a quarter of an ounce? Dear Miss Matty! her answer when remonstrated with was: 'The little things like it so much.' Even when she was persuaded to stop giving the extra comfit because almond-comfits were not strictly wholesome, she still lost on their sale; for she felt bound to present each small person with a few ginger lozenges or peppermints to act as a corrective to the indigestibility of the almonds! I should not like to think that those kind grocers—of shall we say twenty-five years ago?—lost heavily when they presented us with sweets and decorated biscuits. I really hope the teas and the rices and the butters and the cheeses made up for the lavish giving; but I do not believe they deliberately calculated the price of the gifts and lumped it on to the bills.

Whether it was the Chinamen painted on the tea-chests, or the pagodas in which the biscu

lived, or the associations of pantomime with Christmas and Christmas presents; but our grocer and Aladdin were always inextricably mixed up in my juvenile mind. We did not rub any lamp, old or new—we had no lamps to rub—and yet the Genie of the grocer's shop gave us rich gifts and delectable dainties. Now that some of us possess lamps, we rub them and rub them, and—nothing happens; rub them with the very best metal polish, anoint them with our tears, and—the slave of the lamp is obdurate or in a bad temper, or has been 'got at' by Uncle Abanazar!

> Mr Abanazar, the brother of my papa, Sir,
> Are you really who you are, Sir?
> Yeo ho! Yeo hey! Yeo ho!

I am not sure that we did not sometimes think our grocer was really Mr Abanazar; at any rate, we were quite prepared to go hopping round the shop for joy—'once so merrily hopped we, twice so merrily hopped we, thrice so merrily hopped we'—when he was specially generous.

If the Christmas grocer was a joy, are there words to describe the rapture of a Christmas pantomime? There is a peculiar *gassy*, stuffy smell—you only meet it occasionally nowadays in somewhat inferior theatres—that brings back all the old excitement; it's a singularly unpleasant smell, but very remembering. The gaseous atmosphere clung to the stairs. You went upstairs to a box, but you never walked—you had no legs; they had completely *gone* at the knees—you floated up on a wave of suppressed emotion, breathless but happy! Oh, 'Mr Abanazar, the brother of my papa, Sir!' what a delightfully mysterious villain you were, what an angel of beauty was the Princess Badroulboudour, and how entrancingly humorous and 'braid Scots' was the maternal parent of Chinese Aladdin—Aladdin who was not only 'sae weel-faured and sae genteel,' but also 'quite the beau of Pekin'! I cannot remember who it was—Thackeray? Charles Lamb?—who asked some one if he cared for the theatre; and on receiving the answer, 'I like a good play,' remarked, 'Ah! I perceive you do *not* care for the theatre.' Every true theatre-goer understands exactly what that little anecdote means. Hamlet tells us 'the play's the thing;' but to those who love the playhouse even a poor play is acceptable if well acted, and the players always interesting. With advancing years we are able to walk rationally upstairs, even if it is to see our greatest actors; but the real playgoer always has a pleasurable thrill of excitement somewhat akin to the old joy that we felt in the days of Christmas pantomimes.

It is something to have pantomime still with us, even though it is bereft of clown and pantaloon, and shorn of the Harlequinade; it cannot make up to us for the loss of the Christmas grocer. But possibly the latter *is* no loss to the modern child, as I am credibly informed that 'coming in to dessert' has gone out of fashion. Perhaps Miss and Master Modernina do not care for 'confectionery plums.'

The Christmas presents of the old-world grocer were ever suggestive of dessert!

> With the apples and the plums
> Little Carolina comes;
> At the time of dessert she
> Comes and drops her new last curt'sy:
> Graceful curt'sy, practised o'er
> In the nursery before.

It seems a pity that little Carolinas no longer appear with the dessert; it would be such excellent training for them to practise their curtsies slowly and carefully in the nursery, and then sink gracefully to the ground when they come round the dining-room door—all white frills and socks and fluttering blue ribands. Alas! the old-time things are changing, changing, and one must remember that when 'little Carolina' made her 'curtsy' papa and mamma and their guests dined somewhere about the hour of four o'clock, and neither at seven-thirty nor eight o'clock nor a quarter to nine; even a graceful 'curtsy' would be harmful at an hour when all good little Carolinas should be in bed and asleep. However, if there is no longer a luscious dessert provided by a kindly Christmas grocer, and if Carolina is a more hygienic person packed off to bed *without* 'something for the morning'—of a sweetish plumish nature—I hope she never forgets to hang up her Christmas stocking, and is not too modern to be pleasantly excited over Santa Claus and his presents; and never, never forgets to wish everybody—even an *un*present-giving grocer—A Merry Christmas and A Very Happy New Year!

THE DUKE PAYS.

CHAPTER IV.—MR INCHCAPE AND THE GRAND DUKE.

IT was the ambition of the Whichester horticulturists to establish a festival which in magnitude and popularity should rival that of Shrewsbury, and no effort had been spared to secure this result. The only fear was whether the representative of Royalty, known to be an eccentric and sour old curmudgeon, would not disappoint the multitude and thus cast a shadow upon the whole event. Even before noon, however, rumours were brought in that His Highness was really one of the pleasantest old fellows it was possible to meet, and quite a gentleman. Thus, when the Corporation *cortège* approached the gates it passed between packed lines of spectators who were quite willing to be pleased and anxious to

judge for themselves. On these dawned a rosy face warm with good humour and a Royalty that does not belong to all crowned heads; and the Grand Duke had conquered many hearts without speaking a word.

At the gates the whole party alighted, to be received in state by the President and officers of the committee. This was the ordeal which Captain Armytage dreaded, and to which he went very much as he might have gone to execution. He could not imagine what terrible thing might take place, but he realised that he could not help himself. His Duke had taken the reins, and they must go over the precipice together.

Under a great floral arch bearing the inscription, 'Whichester Welcomes Royalty,' stood the Earl of Bannerbridge, a pale little peer with a singularly fussy manner. He focussed his glasses in considerable bewilderment upon the group which was advancing towards him. The Mayor he had met before, and he guessed correctly at the identity of Captain Armytage; but he could not see the visitor of the day—a querulous, half-crazy old cynic, with sour and weary eyes that never looked kindly on any living thing. He was full of an impression he had received some two years previously, and he gave a distinct start when he was addressed by the central figure in the group.

'Why, my lord, this is a cold welcome. People will think we have never met before!'

There was certainly a note in that voice that Lord Bannerbridge remembered—the querulous note which Mr Inchcape had caught so usefully at St Pancras. Then the little peer recognised also the Grand Duke's moustache, which was sufficiently distinctive; and, having got so far, he was filled with confusion.

'Your Highness will pardon me,' he said nervously. 'My sight, I am afraid—and your Highness—er—looks so much—so much better!'

'*Ach*, yes!' said the Grand Duke in the grand manner. 'I am better—much better. I am, indeed, quite a different creature. I am pleased to see that your lordship has recovered.'

It was the expression, his lordship decided, that made the difference in the Duke. Yet what a mighty difference it was that lay between this august visitor and that sour-visaged old man with whom he had spent an hour at Saxe-Munden two years before—an hour which he remembered as one of the most uncomfortable in his life! It came to him as a revelation that a man's appearance depends very much upon the expression of his face—almost as much, he was inclined to say, as upon the face itself! With this remarkable conclusion he pulled himself together, seeing that by his blindness he had almost, if not quite, stultified himself. Had he not made it a matter of public knowledge that he was present to-day, at great personal inconvenience, simply for the sake of meeting his old friend the Grand Duke?

'I thank your Highness,' he answered quickly. 'I am glad to say that I am much stronger. It is my privilege—my pleasant privilege—to welcome you to the first Whichester Horticultural Exhibition.'

When that point was reached at least one person in the immediate circle gave a deep though unnoticed sigh of relief. A moment more and the Grand Duke was being made known formally to the stars of the committee, and the danger was splendidly over.

Then began what may fitly be described as the Duke's Progress; but when the writer attempts to give an idea of what really took place he finds that the facts of the story defy all attempts to do so adequately. For instance, it seems almost impossible to convey a fair impression of the mingled grandeur and benignity of the Duke's manner, a development which amazed no one so much as it did the gentleman who had met him for the first time on the previous evening. There were many in those grounds who ever afterwards had a distinct and lofty conception of how real Royalty lived and moved and went about its public functions. Nor is it possible to describe without suspicion of exaggeration the effect which was produced on those who had expected so little. In a crowded area an item of news or rumour spreads with incredible swiftness, but it is almost matched in speed by the communication of an idea or an impression, an opinion or a prejudice. In this case it was an impresison that spread, and in a very short time the impression had become a conviction—a general conviction—that His Serene Highness the Grand Duke John of Saxe-Munden was a brick. And nothing occurred that day to disturb the conviction when it had once been formed.

From tent to tent, through the long afternoon the Duke's party passed, followed by a changing stream of spectators and heralded by a bustle of interest and suspense. Its centre was a somewhat warm old gentleman of sixty-six, whose heart was yet warmer than his face, and who seemed to have a word of the right character or a smile of the right quality for every call. People whispered strange things about his tact, holding that tact was something to which rulers have a special disposition and a special right; and indeed the only explanation must be that this particular Grand Duke had learned his lesson in the best of all schools—a world of business in which he had learned to know men of all grades, and afterwards a quiet life in which he had considered what he had seen and had correlated the lessons and experiences of life to form for himself an outlook that was as wise as kind and as keen as gentle.

For instance, there was the exhibitor with a grievance. There are generally several of them at such exhibitions, and the great, gay crowd passes them by with something less than a glance of hasty ignorance, for if these folk win respect at all, it is only in the columns of a technical journal which the people do not read. At Whichester the man with a fad

a jealous-eyed enthusiast who kept guard over his treasure in an out-of-the-way corner of a great tent. The treasure had been given place because there was place to give, but it had claimed no prize. Because it had no prize, and because there was nothing remarkable in its display, thousands of eyes had already passed it unheeding.

Sourly the man watched the approach of the Grand Duke's group, knowing what must come, and, because he knew, attempting to screen his treasure with his own body. To him the glance of polite ignorance from serene altitudes seemed desecration more to be resented than the blindness of the masses. But, just as the throng was passing, this man's face seemed to stand out before His Highness from the midst of the faces about him, and he recognised it at once. From his window at Herne Hill he had seen that face passing down the highways of life, time after time—the face of the Man with the Idea, walking through the unseeing crowd and forming one of the world's innumerable little tragedies. Turning suddenly, he looked at the owner of the face and saw the poor little treasure that he guarded.

At once he stopped, and one frail plant and blossom became the cynosure of all eyes.

'What is this, sir?' he asked, stooping to look at it. 'Something of your own? Unless I am mistaken, a new variety.'

And then, to the general amazement, His Highness named two undistinguished roses, and declared that this specimen seemed to him to represent a blend of the best qualities of the two; and the enthusiast, starting to life, explained that such was really the case.

'Your Highness is right,' he stammered, almost hysterical with emotion. 'This is not a good result; but I have great hopes. With more favourable circumstances'——

'You should have a better reward,' said His Highness. 'I agree with you, sir, and I congratulate you. It is refreshing to meet a man who can find a new path and is not afraid to walk in it.—My lord,' to the President, 'I should advise you to keep your eye on this gentleman's experiments.'

And then, with a bow and a smile, he resumed his course, having given much comfort to a discontented and dejected spirit; but he had scarcely gone five paces before the enthusiast was at his heels.

'Your Highness,' he cried eagerly, 'if you will permit me! The new rose has no name. May I have the honour of calling it by yours?'

The Grand Duke paused. How much understanding there was in his look, and how much humour in his view of the situation! He caught Captain Armytage's smile, but was remarkably quick to answer it.

'You may call it the Saxe-Munden,' he said calmly. 'But the honour will be to the name, sir, not to the rose;' and then he passed on again, reflecting, perhaps, how easy it was to make a man happy; and the enthusiast's rose flourished through two days of the Show as the Saxe-Munden, and has since gone a considerable way under that sounding title.

It was refreshing, declared many well-known exhibitors, to have a visit from a Highness who knew one rose from another, and who could show a really intelligent interest in almost everything he saw. Indeed, it began to be understood, at last, that the Grand Duke had been specially chosen by His Majesty as his representative at Whichester simply because he did know something about horticulture. When to this knowledge was added his unfailing tact, his abounding geniality, his consideration, and his courtesy, it could not be denied that probably no other person living could have filled his place so well. What a shameless jade was Rumour, who had persistently reported John of Saxe-Munden as sour and selfish and so eccentric as to be scarcely responsible for his actions!

Under these golden opinions, His Highness closed his tour of the Show and came at last to the great marquee, where refreshments had been laid. Here gathered the committee, the majority of the Corporation of the town, and a select number of guests from the local seats of the mighty, some of whom had prepared a pretty tableau to greet the appearance of His Highness. As he entered, a little maid of the bewitching age of twelve stepped forward to meet him, and offered him a choice bouquet of roses.

His Highness was visibly affected. He accepted the gift without hesitation, and with a simple kindness that suited the occasion well.

'I will keep these,' he said, 'and take them back to London with me.' And then he startled the interested assembly with a strange question.

'My dear,' he said, 'do you ever pray?'

The child was understood to answer in the affirmative.

'Then,' said His Highness, as he laid his hand upon her shoulder and moved to his place at the head of the centre table, 'let me ask you to do one thing for me. Pray, my dear, for the Grand Duke of Saxe-Munden. He needs your prayers.'

Naturally, the company was charmed by the incident. 'What is remarkable about His Highness,' whispered little Lord Bannerbridge to the equerry, 'is—is his humility, if I may say so, as well as his lofty conception of the privileges and duties of his position.'

The equerry assented with very much mingled feelings and more bewilderment than enthusiasm. In fact, Captain Armytage felt more and more that he had been deceived in Mr Inchcape, and the feeling was not agreeable to his vanity. Since their first words together in the morning, the positions of the two men had been reversed, and, instead of being the guide and controller of his Duke, he had fallen quite into the background, and had seen his charge take matters entirely into his own hands. Certainly

he was doing it well—inexplicably well—dangerously well; but the equerry found his chief discomfort in the feeling that he had lost control, and was being carried along by a will whose power and purpose he did not know. The idea which had vaguely suggested itself to him in the morning—that Mr Inchcape had formed a programme—had been vaguely confirmed, and the difficulty was that he did not know what further items the programme might contain.

This difficulty, however, was soon to be solved. A certain number of speeches had been arranged for during the meal, and as the Duke had to leave soon, they commenced early. One was by the secretary of the committee, and dealt chiefly with facts and figures; another was by the Mayor, who raised the enthusiasm of the gathering to a high pitch by giving certain instances of benevolence and kindness on the part of the distinguished guest. Another, and of course the greatest, was by Lord Bannerbridge, who dealt largely with himself and his personal interests and influences in high places, and at more moderate length with the charms of their guest and the purpose of his visit.

Naturally, the Grand Duke was expected to reply. For some time Captain Armytage had been trying vainly to get a word as to his intentions; indeed, he almost began to suspect at last that Mr Inchcape was avoiding him. As Lord Bannerbridge closed, however, he managed to reach his Duke's ear.

'You will speak?' he asked anxiously.

'Oh yes. I feel that I must,' said Mr Inchcape soberly.

The equerry was lost in a mist. 'You will need to be cautious. You will not forget?' was all he could say as the chance passed.

Mr Inchcape nodded so cheerfully and composedly that the captain's doubts were doubled. There was something in his Duke's benevolent smile that made him feel mysteriously uneasy, and brought to his mind, in some incomprehensible way, their first meeting at St Pancras, when the Grand Duke had been brutal, and he, Armytage, had seconded him by blank rudeness. He did not know why, but he wished it had not been so.

But in another moment his Grand Duke was up.

He was received with long-continued applause, which he acknowledged gracefully. Those who were near him saw a great deal in his face, and those afar off perceived that he was smiling. In fact, he did not cease smiling until he sat down. To Captain Armytage's surprise, he spoke well, with a very effective German accent. After all, you can never be sure that any man you meet is not a natural orator; and as to the other point, Mr Inchcape had once employed a German cashier.

'My Lord,' he began, 'Mr Mayor, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—Let me first tell you that the kind things which have just been said about John of Saxe-Munden are entirely undeserved.' (Cries of 'No, no,' and a distinct uneasiness on the part of Captain Armytage.) 'Well, let me qualify that statement by admitting that perhaps I do not know His Highness as well as you do, and that I only speak from my own impression of him.' (Much laughter.) 'I thank, however, those who have spoken, and I am quite willing, under the circumstances, to take to myself all the compliments offered.'

A pause, wherein Captain Armytage smiled strangely as the remarks came home to him, while there was some laughter and a little bewilderment. The conviction that His Highness was a perfectly grand old fellow was quite unshakable after that. As soon as the commotion had subsided he resumed his speech.

'It is not at all likely, ladies and gentlemen,' he went on, 'that I shall ever again visit you in this capacity. But you must believe me that I shall not forget Whichester, and that the fortunes of your horticultural festival will always be a matter of great and peculiar interest to me.' ('Hear, hear!') 'As time is short, however—I perceive that my equerry looks distinctly uneasy—will you permit me to turn from the public aspect of my visit to a more private and personal one?' ('Hear, hear!' and more distinct uneasiness on the part of Captain Armytage.)

'From a very early age, ladies and gentlemen,' continued the benevolent speaker, 'I have kept before myself a certain clear conception of the duties of those who walk in high places.' ('Hear, hear!' but deep bewilderment in several quarters.) 'You would be surprised, I believe, if you knew the character of this conception of mine. You would be more surprised if you could know how impossible it has generally been for me to act up to my conception. Alas, my lord, what a great gulf often lies between conception and action!' (Here little Lord Bannerbridge shook his head mournfully, and several other persons who had heard Dame Rumour mention the Grand Duke's name now and again glanced at each other meaningly.) 'However,' went on the speaker, 'they say that opportunity comes once to every man, and at last she has come to me.' ('Hear, hear!' and great applause.) 'I am able to-day, under circumstances most unexpected and remarkable, to give you an indication of what power and place should do with a day's opportunities. That is, of course, according to one humble man's idea of things.'

There was considerable sensation at this point, followed by silent suspense. Captain Armytage fixed and rigid, staring at his plate. After a pau the Grand Duke went on with evident enjoymen

'Ladies and gentlemen, what are we but stewar What am I to-day but a steward of the powers treasures of Saxe-Munden? I realised this kee as I drove through the streets this morning w His Worship the Mayor, and heard of the benevo institutions that needed assistance.'

The Mayor of Whichester was roused to ex

ment by this sudden turn. A slip of paper had now appeared in the Grand Duke's hand. The silence that reigned was one of great expectation.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' said His Highness impressively, 'I will read the list to you. It is as follows: The Children's Hospital—God bless the children! ladies and gentlemen—two thousand pounds in debt. The General Hospital—most noble of institutions—five thousand pounds. The School for Deaf and Dumb Children—this call is clear if inarticulate—eleven hundred pounds. The Institute for the Blind, nine hundred pounds. The total sum is nine thousand pounds.'

There was another long pause. Lord Bannerbridge and probably several others present clasped their pockets convulsively in secret. Only the trembling equerry did not imagine that the speaker was going to make a touching appeal for subscriptions.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' continued the Grand Duke—and, as he spoke, grandeur and benevolence seemed to ring in every tone, while his fine old figure appeared to grow more and more imposing—'I have already hinted at the nature of my conception. Never again shall I have the opportunity of putting it into practice here, and who shall blame me if I do so now? To all those needy institutions, then, I say, Be free! The burden of debt is removed, and you take up your beneficent labours to-morrow with a clear course, a clean sheet. The'——

Before the sentence could be concluded the speaker was interrupted by a tumult of cheers, a deafening clamour of applause. No one observed the painful start given by Captain Armytage. In a minute or two, however, as the Duke remained standing, the noise subsided into a tense silence, and he was enabled to finish.

Apparently he had only half-a-dozen words more to utter, and these completed a pregnant and satisfying sentence:

'Ladies and gentlemen, *the Grand Duke pays!*'

Then Mr Inchcape sat down.

(To be continued.)

OLD MADRID.

PART II.

THE six months Charles I. spent in Madrid were one continuous gala. The new king was himself but a boy, and found a boy's pleasure in proposing and sanctioning one scheme of amusement after another. To Spanish critics of the bull-ring the Stuart's visit is memorable for the fact that then for the first time the dead bulls were drawn from the arena by mules. Histories of the time tell us how cordially, yet not without due regard for etiquette, our prince was encouraged to pay his court to the king's sister, the Infanta Doña Maria. The lady in public wore white favours, the prince's badge; and before the eyes of the multitude in the Plaza Mayor, the king and his Court would leave the young couple alone on a balcony, with but a slight iron screen between them for decorum. Spanish hospitality could go no farther than this of young Philip IV., then in his teens. One is loath to remember that it served no purpose except to convince the Spanish people that kings were a very expensive institution, though ordained by 'the grace of God.'

The bull-fights of this famous *plaza* were for many reasons more attractive than those to which our Madrid flocks so hungrily past the park. Take that, for example, at which the young French Princess Marie Louise of Orleans was present on her eventful marriage with Charles II. The Court, the ambassadors, and all the other highest personages in the realm (including the Inquisition) were in the tapestried balconies of these high houses. Before the bulls appeared the Court ladies were diverted with gifts of many kinds: caskets of gloves, bonbons, perfumes, and purses of gold; and the spirit of joy reigned supreme. This, too, though it was mid-January, and no doubt sufficiently cold here, two thousand five hundred feet above the sea. The dust of the *plaza* was laid by fifty barrels of water being emptied about it, and a cordon was formed, not by wooden barriers, but by guards armed with halberds. It was the speculative office of these soldiers to close up in case of need and meet the bull's charge with the points of their weapons; if the brute thus slew himself, theirs was his body as a perquisite. The fights also were more stirring and less stereotyped than now. The first combatant was a young and handsome visitor at Charles II.'s Court, the Swedish Count of Königsmark. He rode no worn-out hack, but a stately thoroughbred, and was attended by a troop of servants mounted and on foot, all richly dressed in fancy costumes—Hungarian, Turkish, Moorish, and Indian; these paraded before the Court and then retired, leaving the bold young Swede to his fate. The bull was a particularly fierce one; but it was not until the second dart pierced him that he got on terms with his assailant. Then, with a rush, he outmanœuvred the Swede, who was carried off, badly hurt, while the jingling mules dragged away the dead bull, deftly run through in a trice by one of the count's own servants in the garb of a Moor.

To the young queen this sanguinary fun all seemed very terrible. She covered her face with her hands in the moments of danger. But it was at any rate a spectacle that would not lower her adopted people in her eyes. These took fair

risks in their duels *à mort* with the bull. The national pastime had not developed into a degrading and coward show of organised brutality and beastliness.

Time after time the Plaza Mayor was devastated by fires, once when a crowd of fifty thousand people was assembled at one of its festivals. But the damage was always made good, and Madrid continued to rely on it for its choicest laughter and tears. Year after year the pious confraternities attended executions here. The brotherhood of St Miguel took charge of the bodies of the garrotted, and that of St Gines the hung. The burned called for no such attentions; and they were numerous enough in all conscience, seeing that on 30th June 1680, alone, twenty-one here met their fate at the hands of the Inquisition, the cheerful and instructive proceedings lasting till midnight. Religious enthusiasm and religious fanaticism have done much for Madrid. One likes to picture the cloaked brethren of these orders of pity going on Palm Sunday from gate to gate of the town and reverently collecting the withered heads and limbs of the year's harvest of traitors. But the Inquisition set a curse upon the people from which they have not yet got free.

When the Bourbons came to Spain and Madrid the Great Square fell into disrepute. Too much blood had soaked its soil to please these pleasure-loving despots, whose absurdly foolish faces astound the visitor to Madrid's picture-gallery and the various palaces upon which they first squandered the nation's reluctant dollars, later garnishing them to repletion with clocks, mirrors, huge chandeliers, and their own unedifying portraits. It lapsed into a mere market-place, with nothing more exciting than its own conflagrations to enliven it. Under Alfonso XIII. it has become more than ever like Bloomsbury, for it is both dull and respectable, and it has a garden and a statue in its midst. Variegated nursemaids wearing much jewellery dandle their babes where the Inquisition flames rose high. The arches leading from it to the crowded thoroughfares of Madrid's more earnest life are its most suggestive remaining feature of age.

The War of the Succession upheaved Madrid literally to her foundations. The presence of British and Portuguese soldiers in streets that were believed to be inviolately Spanish taught the nation that its pre-eminence in Europe was really at an end. The blow must have been crushing to so proud a people; but it at least prepared them for the far keener indignities of the next century. When the allied army sullied the capital by proclaiming the Archduke Charles in its streets, many of the citizens exiled themselves in the heat of what they chose to term their patriotism. Worse still happened when by-and-by the Bourbon king asserted his supremacy. He made Valladolid his capital, and thirty thousand of the men, women, and children of Madrid went thither with their goods and chattels, their wagons climbing the passes of the harsh Guadarramas in stern procession. Madrid was then a deserted town.

Yet only for a time. The monarchy settled once more, the Court inevitably gravitated back to this citadel-centre of the Peninsula, and the French influence began to inoculate such of the nation as were under the influence of the Court. For Madrid as a town nothing could have been better. But for the Bourbons, Spain's capital might to this day have been a confusing labyrinth of alleys and medley of decaying churches, convents, and grass-grown walls, like Toledo. French breeding, however, demanded an environment of French magnificence of architecture, gardens like those of Versailles, statues, and fountains. In the streets of very old Madrid a fashionably dressed man, much more a fashionably dressed woman, was an inconvenience, if not a positive obstruction. It was also essential to breathe. Spade and pickaxe were brought into play in the town during the first half of the eighteenth century on a truly colossal scale of energy. That decree of 1677 by which lanterns were to be placed on the balconies of all houses after dark save where the tenants pleaded poverty had, like so many municipal decrees, failed of its purpose. 'There were few lanterns, because many poor.' The only regular night-lights of the town were those of the shrines at the street-corners. This, also, had to be remedied by the Bourbons, who objected to the rule of the bravoes and cut-purses from sunrise to sunset or thereabouts.

The Alcazar was the most notable of Madrid's great antiques to vanish. It had changed, of course, with the changing times, and by then wore only a tower or two of its original medieval building. But it had the feudal rather than the gay air, in spite of the prodigious bronze statue of Philip IV. on a horse which towered above its chief façade. Looking at this majestic representation of an ignoble man—nine solid tons weight of bronze, now in the gardens before the royal palace—one marvels how it is balanced so that the uplifted fore-legs of the horse do not fall. Galileo is said to have lent his mind to the matter. It must, however, have been almost as serious a task to hoist it to its first position on the old Alcazar. Nor did it stay there long. The pasquinades of the period tell us something about the gradual impoverishing of a people whose kings were both the richest and most spendthrift of a millennium. Don John of Austria's coming to Madrid in 1678 gave point to them:

> **Why did Don Juan come here?**
> **To lower the horse and raise bread.**

A second is of the same kind:

> **Bread at fifteen and meat at eleven,**
> **As in the year just past.**
> **Nothing is lower than it was**
> **Except the horse of bronze.**

This statue is still one of the best and largest things in Madrid. It interests more than the long line the vast white palace in front of it, with its setti

of statues, by which the Bourbon Philip V. taught Madrid that he was a cultured as well as a mighty monarch. In the peasants of Old Castille, coming into Madrid by the Toledo bridge, this snowy apparition must have evoked many reflections and racy comments on the new dynasty. Philip V. prohibited the bull-fights, declaring that he wanted the money for his wars. On this subject, also, they would have much to say. The unemployed *toreadors*, the town wits, the young bloods, and the horde of idlers who already gave character to the clubs and wine-shops of the Puerta del Sol—that celebrated centre of the empire's capital—would have still more to say on a subject that touched their pockets and appetites so intimately. In these days the Cuban question still smoulders with deep resentment in the national mind; but the blame is not ascribed to the present king or his indefatigable mother. On Sunday mornings the bizarre peasant of the arid plains, who has wrestled his way with others into the royal chapel to peep between the arms of the stalwart and gorgeous royal bodyguard at the queen-mother, kneeling in her diamonds and white silk before the altar, dares to call out a blessing on the first lady of Spain as she passes smiling through the crowd when mass is ended. And there is such response from the queen-mother, alike in her eyes and on her tongue, as assures Spain that her royal personages as well as her capital have changed their nature.

Of the cardboard splendours of El Buen Retiro in the seventeenth century nothing adequate can be said in a few lines. This 'pleasant retreat' was the seductive bribe of the unscrupulous Olivares to his weak and frivolous sovereign. It was an old move in a time-worn game. The king was to be charmed and the people were to be distracted by amusements from thinking how heavy a price they were paying both for their own entertainment and the abuses to which El Buen Retiro served as a radiant concealing curtain. At the word of the Minister all the eastern side of Madrid was transformed into a garden: hillocks were levelled, lakes and fountains, woods and arbours, arose, and a palace in which Philip IV. was encouraged to divert himself without thought of the morrow. This the king did unstintingly. El Buen Retiro in 1650 anticipated the license of the Courts of our Charles II. and the French Louis XV. The royal princes, the royal ladies, the courtiers, and the royal dwarfs all danced to the skilful string of the Duke of Olivares. Here many of Calderon's best dramas were first acted. Lope and others looked to 'the pleasant retreat' for fame and the king's smiles. The theatre was so arranged that the gardens themselves aided the canvas scenery. The royal patience and submission to Olivares were extreme indeed—or Calderon's genius irresistible—to keep the Court sitting for seven hours at one of the latter's dramatic pastorals. Pageants on the lake, picnics in the gardens, fireworks night after night, and dances without end informed Madrid that her and Spain's king was either a mere butterfly or a contented fool. The royal statue was dismounted from its earlier position on the front of the Alcazar and brought to this royal Cremorne, as if to prove that Philip IV. had done with dignity.

A century later El Buen Retiro was still in favour with Spain's kings. The Court dresses of 1750 brightened it like those of 1650. By then its trees had grown, its gardens were of established beauty, and Madrid was proud of its white palace on the one side of the town and its square mile of artificial rusticity on the other. But the hundred years had been a time of progress nowhere else in Madrid. The town was the dirtiest and worst-ordered capital in Europe. Ladies alighting from their sedans in the cobbled streets needed high-heeled shoes to keep them decently above the level of the filth which hid the points of the cobbles. The air was poisoned by the general neglect of sanitary matters. Visitors complained, marvelling at the quickness with which the gold and silver lace on their coats began to tarnish. It was like living in an open drain. There were no cemeteries, and to ensure room in the vaults of the churches for the dead of the day there were periodical clearances: carts laden with disinterred corpses struggled out of the town and tipped their freights on to the capital's great rubbish-heap. It was a lament that a dress-shirt which in any other town would pass as an heirloom from father to son was done for in Madrid in less than a year: it became black and brittle as a cinder.

The *sereno* hails from this auspicious epoch, and little else meriting to be remembered. These burly watchmen with lanterns and five-foot pikes still startle the ignorant foreigner who comes home late to his lodging in Madrid. They do not seem of much use in an age of electricity and accredited police; but it must be admitted that as a rule their voices are not discordant. They proclaim the hours and the weather, and no doubt rejoice that it is the twentieth century instead of the eighteenth, when it was extremely advisable for the man abroad in the small hours in Madrid to have a weapon of his own ready for use, as well as an active ally in the *sereno*.

Madrid then teemed with beggars by day and rogues at night. One could wish, if it were any good, that London of the same age were no worse off. Madrid's beggars now are not an offensive crew. They pack the church-porches, as ever, with outstretched hands and the badges of their certificated mendicancy plain for the eyes; but they do not revile those who are too poor to give and too proud themselves to beg. And then, as now, no doubt were to be seen quiet maidens seated in the crowded, narrow Toledo street, with the thick severed plaited tresses of their dark hair to sell, and nothing else.

When the French came to Madrid they played the part of Nemesis upon El Buen Retiro. They smashed its playhouses, looted its palace, and cut down and burned its trees—save a few upon

which they thought it advisable to hang refractory Spaniards. The French army camped where Spain's kings had amused themselves like spoilt, idle children. There were then, as subsequently, many palatial houses on the Prado, with chains over their lintels to show that their lords had enjoyed the privilege of entertaining royalty at one time or another. Even some of these grandees of Spain were not quite sure that it was not well that France's gunpowder should come to clear the impure air of Spain's capital. But it was essential afterwards to write '*El dos de Mayo*' in red letters in the national calendar.

Madrid's faith in royal rulers was shaken to its roots by the French Revolution. During the trouble of 1841 this pasquinade was stuck on the walls of the palace of Espartero: 'Here lives the Regent; but he who rules us lives opposite.' It was the British ambassador who lived opposite.

It is more often than not presumptuous to be dogmatic on any subject; but one may hazard the assertion that the French influence, though it has regenerated and beautified Madrid, has been the bane of Spain. The reproach of being a pocket-edition of Paris may be endured by Spain's capital; but it will, one fears, be long even now before Spain herself arouses an appreciable amount of that famous old individuality which cannot yet have died out in her protracted sleep.

CARMELITA: AN EPISODE OF IDAHO.

ON looking over a map of the United States we may notice a long strip of territory running from latitude forty-two degrees up to the Canadian boundary. It bears an Indian name: Idaho—*Anglicè*, the 'Gem of the Mountains;' and only a few years ago the whilom 'Territory' had acquired a sufficient population to entitle it to admission as a full-fledged 'State' in the Union.

Idaho is a land of arid sage-brush and lava-strewn desert, seamed by lofty mountain-ranges whose summits are covered with everlasting snow. About 1861 a small party of white men penetrated this wild country—needless to say they were prospectors, hunting for gold. For the first few years Indians were very troublesome; and although the United States Government established strong military posts at commanding points, small parties of immigrants or prospectors were frequently cut off and massacred; but the gold-hunter of those days was a fearless fellow, and not to be turned back by all the Indians that ever wore a red skin.

The first prospectors met with phenomenal success, as every stream and gulch in that section of the country known as the 'Boise basin' yielded enormous quantities of gold-dust. Then came the great rush of 1864; and, in the wake of the miners, it would seem as though every western State and Territory had disgorged its quota of evil-doers into the new El Dorado. Stage-robbers, cut-throats, and ruffians of every shade of rascality, and from all parts of the world, flocked into the Territory; many had been driven out of Montana, Nevada, and Arizona by the 'Vigilantes' of these States; and nearly every one of this delectable horde was a fugitive from justice, for whom baffled sheriffs were on the lookout.

Notwithstanding the trouble given the civil and military authorities by highway robbers and Indians, fine roads and bridges were being built, and the towns of Lewiston, Idaho City, Boise, Rocky Bar, and Silver City sprang into existence as though by magic. One great advantage enjoyed by the hardy pioneers was the abundance of fine timber—on every mountain slope could be found splendid bodies of white and sugar pine, spruce, and fir; and as many sawmills had been erected, it did not take long to build up a town. The Great American Express Company (Wells Fargo) had established lines of six-horse coaches to all the principal mining-towns, and became responsible to the owners for all the gold-dust or coin shipped through them to the Mint in San Francisco or to the banks in Portland. Naturally, it was to these treasure-laden coaches that the attention of the 'road-agents,' as the highwaymen were styled, was chiefly directed, and many desperate affrays took place between them and the 'shot-gun messengers' employed to guard the treasure. Every advantage was on the side of the robbers; they could select the place and time for the attack, and, once clear with their booty, it was a difficult matter to track them over the mountains. Many drivers and messengers would throw out the box at the first summons, especially if there were any lady passengers on the coach, as they did not wish to draw the fire of the enemy and never could tell how many rifles might be covering them from behind the rocks or trees by the roadside.

Among the many adventurers who crowded into 'Boise basin' in '64, there was a Mexican named Manuel Lopez, accompanied by a remarkably pretty girl, Carmelita, whom he represented as his niece. There was no striking peculiarity in the man's appearance to distinguish him from the average middle-class Mexican, or to warrant more than a passing glance, save perhaps the bright, black, restless eyes which seemed to be ever on the alert; they were the treacherous eyes of a man to be avoided. He was about thirty years of age, and quick and active in every movement, walking with the lithe springy step of the mountaineer; his forehead was disfigured by a great scar over the eyebrows which he said he had got in an Indian fight it

Mexico. On first coming to the Territory, Manuel and his niece settled in Idaho City; but as he had not been able to find anything there to suit him within three months of his arrival, he moved to Boise City, the territorial capital, where he occupied a comfortable log-house about a mile from town.

It does not take a man long to get acquainted among Western miners; but it was frequently noticed among the few neighbours with whom Lopez was on speaking terms that he was very reticent about his business affairs, merely telling them that it was his intention to take up a timber-claim a few miles from town, over the high bluffs that formed the cañon of the Boise River. It was a locality much dreaded by the Express Company and the drivers of their coaches, as it had been the scene of many stage-robberies. There was one man, however, whose friendship Lopez seemed very anxious to cultivate, and that was Dave Updyke, proprietor of the principal livery stable in Boise City. Updyke had arrived in Boise about a year previously from Oregon; he was a frontiersman, and known to be utterly fearless of danger, so he was elected sheriff of the county, a very lucrative post. It required a bold, determined man to fill the sheriff's office in Idaho in those days, as he had so frequently to risk his life arresting road-agents or fugitive criminals from other States, fellows who never failed to use knife or revolver to escape arrest.

If Lopez was looked upon with suspicion and distrust, from his forbidding countenance and a deportment showing he had something to conceal, it was totally different with Carmelita. She was a beautiful girl, about nineteen years of age, evidently of pure Spanish descent, without a trace of Indian blood, with clear olive complexion and lustrous brown eyes; she had a wealth of silky black hair which she wound into a careless roll. Her figure was simply perfect; and as she tripped through the ill-paved streets of Boise City, showing such bewitching little feet, one could not help wondering how such a charming little fairy had ever found her way into a rough mining-town in the 'Wild West.' Carmelita soon became a great favourite with the people of Boise; there was something peculiarly winning in her manner, as she had a smile and a pleasant word for every one. She spoke English with purity, having been educated by the nuns at the convent in Los Angeles, California.

At the time of which we write there was a strong force in garrison at Fort Boise, consisting of two troops of the Fifth Cavalry and two companies of infantry. To break the monotony of barrack-life, with its endless routine of drill and parade, varied only by an occasional scout after marauding Indians or cattle-thieves, the officers used to give a ball about once a month, to which all the presentable residents of town were invited. In lieu of ceremony there was any amount of jollity at these receptions, at which, we may be assured, Carmelita was always the belle. She danced as only a Spanish girl can, and the officers, young and old, married and single, were all equally eager to have her as a partner. One young officer, Charley Ormsby, who had just joined the Fifth Cavalry, soon fell a victim to the charms of the fair young Mexican, with whom he had danced several times. He was the only son of a New York railway magnate, and a splendid specimen of a cavalryman. A fine horseman, an unerring shot, he took the lead at all athletic games, and Carmelita's bright eyes and the tell-tale blush that mantled her cheek showed how happy she was when whirled round in the waltz encircled by the arm of the handsome young dragoon. She was left pretty much to her own devices, as Lopez was frequently away from town looking out for his timber-claim, as he represented, and young Ormsby and she used to ride out together whenever the weather permitted. The young fellow had to bear with a good deal of mild badinage from his brother-officers, but he turned it off with a laugh, saying that they were only jealous; the ladies of the garrison being already married, he said that he felt in too much awe of their husbands to attempt even the slightest flirtation with them.

The commanding officer at Fort Boise, a grizzled old veteran of the Mexican war, was an intimate friend of Ormsby's father, and probably did not wish to see the son become seriously entangled with Carmelita, however beautiful she might be; and, moreover, he was well aware that the old gentleman was most anxious to bring about a match between his son and a Miss Van Dorn, only daughter of one of the old Knickerbocker families of New York, who would inherit the vast paternal estate. So, wishing to promote the young officer's welfare, and taking an almost fatherly interest in his military career, he issued an order for him to join Captain Campbell's troop, which was to start in a couple of days on an Indian scout through the Sawtooth Mountains.

Ormsby was not too well pleased when the adjutant called at his quarters and informed him of the colonel's orders; but the other rallied him unmercifully, and told him he might think himself a lucky dog in escaping riding-school and garrison duty, with a certainty of getting some splendid shooting. 'You young beggars from West Point,' said he, 'never know when you are well off. Here you have the range full of ground-game, a good chance of finding a grizzly or two, and elk and bighorns till you can't rest, and yet you kick. After all, it will be only a fourteen days' scout, as you must be back by the time the paymaster gets up from Portland. Perhaps you would like the ambulance for Carmelita?' At mess that evening his brother-officers were profuse in their congratulations on his good luck, while the funny man of the regiment had some weird stories to tell of Indian atrocities and the fearful tortures to which their prisoners were subjected. 'Ormsby, my boy,' said he, 'don't you worry the least bit about these Snakes and Pintes up here; for scientific torture they are not "in it" with the Apaches of Arizona.

Why, they can make a captive last two days, before turning him over to the squaws and papooses for the finishing touches. These fellows, however, have had a pretty hard winter and no meat; I expect they all have got wire edges on their appetites. They are not often accused of doing the cannibal; but you do look nice and plump, old fellow, and there's no telling what may happen, so pray keep out of danger as much as possible. I recollect one poor fellow, Harry Thompson, our trumpeter; he strayed away from camp one morning after a band of antelope. He had dismounted for a shot, and so intent was he in watching the quarry that he never noticed a couple of Apaches who sneaked out of the cañon on his right rear. His horse was stampeded, and a rope was thrown over him while on his knee taking aim. The red devils wheeled their ponies, and started up the cañon on a dead run, dragging poor Thompson after them, with a raw-hide lasso round his chest. Nasty experience that—being bumped up a rocky cañon about ten miles an hour at the end of a rope! Well, you youngsters would hardly believe it; but two days after, when we struck their camp, that poor fellow was still alive, and able to whisper to us how he had been caught. I will not enter into details as to how he had been tortured; it is too horrible to think of. He died on the stretcher as he was being carried to the ambulance, and we had the satisfaction of making seventeen *good* Indians—a fine bag; only two bucks escaped, who had bolted after the first volley from our Spencers.'

On the following morning Ormsby sent his groom over to Carmelita's house with a note saying it would be his last day, and asking her to ride with him that afternoon. His servant soon returned with the reply that she would anxiously await his coming; and as he had a couple of hours to spare, he went round the stables to see the preparations that were being made for the departure of the scouting party. It being his first experience of active service, he was astonished to see how rapidly the two-hundred-pound load for each mule was made up and packed in a very small compass on the *aparejo*, or Mexican pack-saddle, which is perfect in its way for the protection of the horse's back. As for the personal baggage allowed to officers, that was reduced to a minimum. British cavalry officers might learn much from their American brothers-in-arms which would be useful to them in African or Afghanistan mountain warfare.

After lunch he rode over to Carmelita's house, and found her pony, with saddle on, tied up at the door. She was alone in the little sitting-room, and awaiting him. The poor girl seemed to have no companion of her own age, and spent much of her time in solitude. When she came to the door to admit him, Ormsby noticed that she had been weeping, and there was an expression of fear in her face for which he could not account. Her features, which had always brightened up on his approach, were now drawn as though some bitter care were preying on her heart; her eyes were downcast, and she looked away from him. The young officer soon realised that something more serious than his departure was troubling her, as in reply to his questions she pretended it was only a slight headache, and that perhaps a gallop through the sage-brush would cure her; and so they mounted and rode away. The fresh air seemed to revive her, and, with a faint smile, she asked Ormsby how many Indian scalps he was going to bring home; and when he said that he hoped to bring her some elk-horns, or possibly a bearskin for her room, she looked wistfully in his face and answered, 'Charley dear, I hope you return before the paymaster comes to the fort.' At the time he could not guess the full significance of her words; within two short weeks, however, he realised their dreadful import.

In those days when there were no railroads, telegraphs, or even banks in the little towns on the north-west frontier, army paymasters had to travel from headquarters to the outlying military posts, carrying with them the 'greenbacks' for the soldiers' pay as well as for all the expenses of the quarter-master's and commissary's departments. It was deemed safer for the officer to travel in as quiet and unobtrusive a manner as possible, and he was not supposed to drop a hint even to his own subordinates as to the day on which he would start off. The officers at the posts knew, as they had to be ready with their accounts, and Ormsby had carelessly told Carmelita some time previously the exact day on which the paymaster would arrive on the stage from Portland.

When the hour came for leave-taking, Carmelita, clasping her arms round her lover, besought him to give her a little locket with his miniature which he had lately received from home; and as he fastened it round her neck by the tiny chain she whispered, 'Charley dear, if anything should happen I want this—where you have placed it—buried with me.'

The dragoons had now been out on scout about twelve days; and one evening Carmelita told her Chinese cook that she was going down to Granite Creek early in the morning, and might be away two or three days. She said she would make a very early start, prepare her own breakfast, and saddle the pony herself. She cautioned him not to allow any visitors inside the house during her absence. At Granite Creek, which was about fifteen miles distant from Boise City, there was a roadside inn where the Express Company's coaches from Portland changed horses for the last time. An early milkman driving into Boise mentioned that he had passed a young Mexican on the road, mounted, as he thought, on the pony Carmelita always rode. He hailed him, but the man clapped spurs to his mount and galloped off.

About eight o'clock one cold, foggy morning in March, the stage from Portland was slowly ascending the long and steep grade which led past the mouth of the cañon through which the river flowed. On one side of the road was an open stretch of grass

land, and on the other were to be found occasional clumps of fir-trees and mountain mahogany. Some two or three ladies had the interior to themselves; and on top there were but two passengers: Major Maxwell, paymaster of the district, and a young Mexican whose face was partly concealed by a wide-brimmed sombrero drawn well down over the eyes, and with poncho wrapped closely around him, for the morning was cold. When the coach had got within a couple of hundred yards of the mouth of the cañon, a mounted man wearing a black cloth mask suddenly rode out from behind the trees, and pointing a Henry rifle at the driver, ordered him to halt and throw out Wells Fargo's treasure-box. On the box-seat at the driver's left sat Jim Blair, the Express guard, with double-barrelled shot-gun across his knees; and without raising the weapon to his shoulder he thrust it forward towards the robber and sent a heavy charge of buckshot into his breast, dropping him from his horse dead before he struck the ground. Before the echo had ceased two shots rang out from behind the timber; Major Maxwell fell forward with a bullet through his brain, and the guard was hit in the shoulder, causing him to drop his gun. It was a sad fate for a gallant soldier like Maxwell to be murdered by a cowardly ruffian concealed behind a tree, for he had served with distinction in many of the fiercest battles of the Civil War, and had won his promotion step by step at the sword's point. He had risen from his seat behind the driver, and was trying to get his revolver from beneath his heavy overcoat when he fell. The young Mexican on a back seat, who was protected from any stray shot by a heavy mail-sack on top of the coach, now leaned forward, seized the paymaster's leather bag, and, dropping lightly to the ground, threw it over the horn of the dead robber's saddle just as the other two road-agents rode from cover and dismounted alongside the coach. The driver was again ordered to throw down the box and drive on; he had no choice but to obey, and drove off at a walking pace. The whole affray had taken but a few minutes. A short whispered conversation took place between the young fellow and the two men; and after a hasty glance at the face of the dead Mexican, one of them helped him into the vacant saddle and he rode up towards the cañon. That conversation, short as it was, cost him his life.

The scouting party was due at Fort Boise that morning, and young Ormsby, riding ahead with an advance-guard of six troopers, was coming along over the rolling grass land at a gentle trot when he heard the shooting on the stage-road not more than half a mile away. Instantly he ordered the gallop, and each man, cramming the spurs into his charger, came tearing up to the scene of the robbery just as the young Mexican dashed up the road with the dead paymaster's money-bag over his saddle. The two dismounted robbers who were carrying the heavy treasure-box into the brush were instantly surrounded and made prisoners, while Ormsby, in obedience to the driver's signals, rode after the fugitive. The latter took the rocky trail leading up to the high bluff over the river, and his horse being quite fresh, was leaving his pursuer behind, when the officer, realising that he could not overtake his quarry, drew his revolver and fired. He had taken a steady aim; and the ball striking the horse on one of his hind-legs caused him to swerve to one side, he lost his balance, and with his rider toppled over the precipice, landing on a huge flat boulder near the river-bank, a sheer drop of nearly a hundred feet. Ormsby, noting with grim satisfaction that his shot had not been wasted, returned to the road and learned the full particulars of the robbery from the driver and poor Blair, who was suffering intense pain from his shattered arm. He was terribly shocked on seeing the body of Major Maxwell laid out on top of the coach, and then gave orders to his men to bind the arms of the two prisoners securely and carry the treasure-box back to the coach.

The river was very low as the winter snows had not commenced to melt; and Ormsby, taking a trooper with him, was able to ride along a narrow sandy trail by the water-side for some distance, until he espied a few feet above him the dead horse on the rock, with his rider crushed underneath. The paymaster's bag, with all the greenbacks safe inside, was dangling from the horn of the Mexican saddle. The young officer dismounted, and climbing over the intervening rocks, detached the bag, which he threw down to the trooper. He was about to descend, when, prompted by some powerful influence for which he could not account, he turned to look at the dead robber, whose body was not completely concealed beneath the horse. The head, partly clear of the animal's neck, hung over the edge of the boulder; the sombrero had fallen off, exposing a long tress of hair which was saturated with blood from a terrible wound at the back of the head, which was completely crushed in. He turned down the poncho, or short riding-cloak, the collar of which was crumpled over the mouth and chin. The cheeks had been disfigured by some dark-brown pigment, and a false moustache was glued on the upper lip; but as he bared the white neck—oh, horror! there was the tiny gold chain and locket resting on the bosom of the dead Carmelita.

With trembling fingers Ormsby pulled up the poncho over the livid, upturned face of the dead and gently closed the eyes, whose vacant stare seemed to follow his movements and filled him with horror. He slid down from the rock, and seeing the trooper awaiting his orders, he simply pointed up the road, for he had no power to utter the word of command; and as the man moved off, mechanically he grasped the bridle of his horse and walked after him. To depict his feelings when he fully realised that it was his hand which had sent the unfortunate girl to her doom would be impossible. Gradually, as his scattered senses seemed to return, he recollected how earnestly she had begged him at their

last interview to allow his miniature to be buried with her, and he vowed that the promise he then made her should not be broken. As the poet sang, 'Coming events cast their shadows before,' and Carmelita's presentiment of her tragic fate was fearfully verified.

When he reached the road, Ormsby—who by a powerful effort had recovered his self-control—found the whole of Captain Douglas's troop assembled, and was able to inform that officer that he had recovered the paymaster's bag, and that the fugitive Mexican was a woman connected with the road-agents. It was some days before he had the courage to reveal her identity, and the congratulations he received from his superior officer for his splendid work were almost more than he could bear. The mask had been removed from the face of the dead Mexican, and many present recognised the features of Manuel Lopez, leader of the band.

The command following, the stage moved on to Boise City, where the two prisoners were at once turned over to the civil authorities. The court was in session, and within three days both men had been convicted and sentenced to death. The day before their execution one of them, who had known Lopez in Mexico, told the story of Carmelita. He said she was the daughter of a wealthy banker in Mazatlan, and had been kidnapped by Lopez when a mere child. Her father offered a large reward for her safe return; but Lopez, either through some misunderstanding, or fearing treachery on the part of those who were to pay over the ransom, fled to California, taking the child with him. For some years he led an honest life, cultivating a vineyard and placing the little one with the Sisters to be educated. Unfortunately he again fell in with some of his old companions, and once more took to the highway. When she was about sixteen years of age Lopez removed her from the convent school, and for a long time was able to keep her in ignorance as to his mode of living. When she made the discovery she threatened to denounce him, and was locked in a cellar for three days without food or a drop of water by the cruel bandit. He threatened her life if ever she proved disobedient to his orders. The poor, terrified girl henceforth yielded implicit obedience to her captor, even aiding him by gathering information that might be useful to him and the band. He had promised her faithfully that after the robbery of the paymaster he would set her free, and give her the address of her parents in Mexico, besides furnishing her with all the money she required for travelling expenses. But it was not to be—the Fates were against her.

Two or three days after the return of the scouting party, an ambulance containing a plain coffin left Boise City at an early hour; a couple of men with picks and shovels went with it, and Ormsby rode ahead as guide. On arriving at the cañon the coffin was borne down to where the horse and rider fell; the former was cast off the rock, and the crushed body of the girl tenderly lifted into its last resting-place. On a moss-covered bank of earth at the base of the cliff a grave was dug, and the coffin lowered into it; a cairn of stones was piled up at the head of the grave, and all was over. Carmelita's last wish was gratified: the miniature rested on her bosom.

There remained but one accomplice in the crime to be dealt with—Dave Updyke the sheriff. The horses ridden by the highwaymen had been identified as belonging to his stable; but the civil law could hardly convict him as being a party to the robbery. The Vigilance Committee of Boise City was a power in the Territory, many of the leading citizens being members of it; they did not recognise any nice legal technicalities, neither did they hang a man unless they felt sure that he deserved it. A meeting was called, and after due deliberation the unanimous verdict was that Updyke was in league with the murderers, and so his death was decreed. Within an hour four resolute men were selected by the executive committee and despatched to carry out the death sentence. Updyke had left Boise City the day before the robbery, telling his deputies that he was going out on the overland road to get information about some cattle-thieves who had been stealing stock. The four well-armed men rode out in the night, and by six in the morning reached an overland stage station—Long Tom—about thirty miles from town. The sheriff was still in bed, and the men quietly tied up their horses and awaited his coming down to breakfast. About half-past seven he walked into the parlour of the inn, and was immediately covered by four revolvers and ordered to throw up his hands. He seemed astonished, but had to obey, and was disarmed of knife and pistol; his horse was brought round from the stable, and the party started back for Boise City. He was told by his captors that his presence was required in court to identify some prisoner then on trial. The horsemen had only travelled eight miles before they came to a small abandoned station at Syrup Creek, where there was a low, one-storied house built of adobes, or sun-dried bricks. The man who seemed to be the leader called a halt, and all dismounted and entered the building. There Updyke was informed of the charge against him, and that he had to die. He confessed that he had furnished the horses to the road-agents, having been tempted by the promise of a large share of the money to be taken from the paymaster. His own *riata* was taken from the horn of his saddle, a noose made on the end of it was placed round his neck, and he was hung from a projecting beam in the woodshed.* A notice was pinned to his breast warning all evil-doers to mend their ways. Rough Western justice, but it was absolutely necessary in those days when the West was 'wild and woolly.'

It was some time before Ormsby was himself again. When he had recovered from the shock of

* A fact.

the stage robbery incident he applied himself diligently to his regimental duties and the study of cavalry manœuvres, so much so that when the vacancy occurred he was appointed adjutant by his commanding officer, and brought the regiment to the highest state of efficiency. The name of the poor girl who was more sinned against that sinning is never mentioned in his presence, for he is most popular with officers and men, and his comrades notice that oft he looks wistfully towards the distant cliffs under whose gloomy shade sleeps Carmelita.

ARMOUR IN ANCIENT CHURCHES.

By Sarah Wilson.

THE armour of dead warriors is a pathetic item in many of our ancient churches. Perhaps it is a corselet only, or a helmet; or, as at Llanrwst, merely a pair of spurs; or either of these may be associated with each other, or with gauntlets and weapons, and a faded pennon also may form part of the sad memorial. Neglect, doubtless, has done away with numbers of them; nevertheless, examples are still not far to seek in most counties. In many venerable edifices—as we glance past the arcades of the aisles (noting the sunshine that lights them up or the shadows that veil them, as the case may be), the deeply splayed and bedimmed windows, the still void of the chancel arch, the altar-tombs with the sculptured effigies upon them saying their endless prayers in stone (as if 'for past omissions to atone,' as Jane Taylor has it), the openwork screens, the carved pulpit, the stalls with their misereres and other details—we are arrested by the items in question, either standing out from the walls on brackets or kept suspended by large nails, or placed out of reach on some ledge or other coign of vantage. Over the tomb of the Black Prince in Canterbury Cathedral hangs the surcoat so minutely reproduced by the sculptor on his effigy; and in touch with the tomb of Henry V. in Westminster Abbey we may see the helmet, shield, and saddle that were part of his equipment at Agincourt. Old griefs, in the sense of injuries it was incumbent to avenge in the days of old, and old sorrows are brought vividly before us by these relics, as well as thoughts of olden chivalry. Perhaps some of them may have been mortuary gifts or dues; in later examples they were probably considered in the light of memorials merely; and in a few cases they may have been dug up on battlefields, and placed in the sacred edifice as most fitting for them, as at Kilhampton, where we may see a visor and gauntlets that were disinterred after many years of burial.

In Bamborough Church—so sea-worn and sea-bleached, so inscrutable in its calm proximity to the grand castle piled on the rock on the verge of the shore, and to the still grander ocean dotted with seaweed-covered islands inhabited by myriads of sea-birds—there is a helmet. The existence of the old Saxon crypt was forgotten; the identity of a mail-clad knight has been merged in that of Sir Lancelot of Arthur's days; the old 'odour of sanctity' that should have accrued from the memory of St Aidan and his followers has been winnowed away by the zephyrs of later legends—those concerning Dorothy Forster and Grace Darling, to wit; but it has always been in the heart of the custodians of the fabric to allow this helmet to remain. Hemingburgh Church has a helmet and a pair of gauntlets, as has the fine fabric at Broadwater. Middleton Church has a helmet, a sword, and a pair of spurs, with, moreover, a banner that fluttered over Flodden Field. Saintsbury Church has a shield and a sword. The very interesting church at Hatfield has examples, besides chained books and other old-world attractions. In the spacious church of St Mary in Warwick there are four helmets; and in the same fair county, at Stratford-on-Avon, there is another. Holt Nevill Church, too, in the same Shakespearian district, has two helmets and two swords. Cobham Church, in the neighbourhood so dear to Pickwickians, has four helmets that may have been part of the accoutrements of the stalwart knights whose presentments in brass are let into the chancel floor; and there is a pair of gauntlets in Cranbourne Church in the same county. In Cheam, Surrey, a new church has been built on a new site at a considerable distance from the old one, which has been razed to the ground with the exception of the tower and a fragment known as the Lumley Chapel, and in this portion of the old edifice so considerately preserved there are various handsome monuments, amongst which stands a helmet worn in some old time by some unknown warrior. St Peter's Church at St Albans has a helmet and chain, a mere speck in the vastness of the edifice, but a link with the past not to be undervalued. In short, look where we may, we still light upon these tokens that tell us their entrancing tales.

The armour, or harness, as it is sometimes called, and weapons for military service for the use of those parishioners who were enrolled to defend their respective parishes were often kept in the church for want of a more suitable place, especially in the Border counties. We may see by the entries in churchwardens' books that they were a constant source of expense. A Pittington book, under date 1597, says: 'Given to Robert Flemin for dighting of harness, iij*s*.' Later, in 1620, a special cessment was made to provide for the purchase of muskets and costolets (cutlasses); and a note was made in August 1622 to the effect that it was agreed, with the consent of the

gentlemen and the twelve of the parish, that the common arms, being three muskets with the furniture belonging to them, and three custolets with the pikes and all the furniture belonging to them, should be kept complete at the charge of the whole parish. In one of the books at Houghton-le-Spring, dated 1599, there is the following expenditure recorded: 'To the Armerer for dressing the Armer belonging to the parish, vj*s*.' In 1624 there is a list given of fourteen persons to whom fourteen swords were apportioned, which, with their belts, cost £4, 18s.; and there are entries of expenditure: 'Dressing the common armour, 1s.; for a sworde and a worm [instrument for cleaning, ramming, and drawing charge from a musket], 6s.; for a pyke, 3s. 8d.; for dressing a sword and a new scabberd, 1s. 6d.' Again, in 1638, there are further charges: for a sword, 1s. 6d.; for a bandolier, 3s.; for a scourer and a worm, 1s. Among items set down by churchwardens in All Saints' Church, Hereford, in 1661, we read: 'Pd. George Atkins for adorning that which houldeth the sword in the church, vii. Pd. the joyner for mendinge it, x. 1661, April ye 7th.' A Cheddar account-book has: '1632. Thomas Smith for mindinge the stockes, iij*d*. Pd. the same Thomas for settinge uppe a frame in the church to hang the armour upon, xij*d*.' Easington Church, in the county of Durham, was the place chosen for the deposit of the armour and weapons of the villagers.

There are marks on some piers and porches in churches where weapons have evidently been sharpened. The facility given by the custom of keeping them in the sacred edifices may account for the occasional practice, and there are not wanting traditions of ardent vows on the eves of battle concerning them. There are also bullet-marks on several churches that have aroused the curiosity of antiquaries. Some of them consist of a group about the height of a man from the ground, which have been interpreted to mean that in some old time, in each case, a spy or some other kind of delinquent had been caught and summarily executed there. Such a concentration of aim may be seen on the south wall of the chancel of Alnwick Church. Another, likewise deemed the consequence of an execution, has been observed at Northampton. On the south porch of Warkworth Church there are marks of a volley, as though fugitives had made a rush to the building for safety with a following of many shots. Ledbury Church, in Herefordshire, has several of these testimonies; but they are known to be the result of a skirmish in the churchyard in the days of Prince Rupert. This gallant soldier, too, is said to have succeeded in perforating the vane on Stafford Church by way of practice. The south side of the tower of St Sampson, York, shows fissures made by the shot of the Parliamentarians in 1644.

Some bullet-marks on the tower of Haworth Church are attributed by several of the residents in the locality to the Rev. Patrick Brontë, and by others to his curates. The vane of another church with literary associations, Cowper's church at Olney, has also been bored through by a bullet. There is a motto on it to the effect that it is to show the way the wind doth blow, and three of the letters have been shot away.

It is good to enter any of the old churches and look up at the roof spanned with majestic timbers, perhaps upheld by carven angels, or at the dark, cavernous triforium and light clerestory over it, or down upon the floor where there are engraved brass memorials showing semblances of those who passed away hundreds of years ago, or great stone slabs with coats-of-arms and names laid there in the days when intramural burial was considered proper. It is restful to note in the placid silence some almost inarticulate sculpture on the cap of a pillar or elsewhere, carved by a Saxon mason before William the Norman put his foot on the Sussex shore, side by side with flags that are like pæans, or garlands that are memorials (faded and dry) of young girls, or a niche where may have been buried an exile's heart which faithful friends brought from afar in the long ago, or a recess (now doorless) that once held the silver chalices and flagons, patens, and brass almsdishes. In some of the larger edifices we may see a minstrels' gallery, or a watching chamber with a stripped shrine close by, or a cell for penitents or punishments or for anchorites; and in others we may observe bread-shelves for doles, round which crowds of recipients have gathered in coifs and farthingales before hoops and powdered hair were thought of. The contemplation of the work of so many hands in all devoutness in so many centuries is fraught with peace. And when we see the items of ancient armour, Crecy and Poitiers, Bosworth and Flodden, seem neither so far away nor so long ago.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE DAY.

A SONG.

THERE is an hour when mystic night is nigh,
And lengthening shadows steal across the sky;
And through the deep-blue darkness far away
Fadeth the solemn twilight of the day.
Hope seems to fail as in the crimson west
The golden sun-ball sinks into its rest
In twilight of the day,
Far away, far away.

A maiden standing by a window pane
Dreams of a lover far o'er stormy main.
A warm tear trickles down her soft, cold cheek,
Her bosom throbs with thoughts too deep to speak;
And still the shadows pass and fade away
Into the solemn twilight of the day—
The twilight of the day,
Far away, far away.

And so, for us, the twilight ever brings
Another span in the eternal rings
Which Time encircles for each one and all,
Till there resounds the trumpet's grand recall;
And then it matters not if grave or gay,
When steals the solemn twilight of the day—
The twilight of the day,
Far away, far away.

WALTER SMITH.

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REMINISCENCES OF SIR HENRY IRVING.

By A. STODART WALKER.

IN reading the many notices that have appeared regarding the life and death of the great actor, it has struck me how little has been said as to the main characteristic that obtruded itself on the observer when called upon to enjoy the privilege of his personal friendship. It has been my fortune to know many men of outstanding personality. I recall the absorbing fire of William Ewart Gladstone, the perfervid enthusiasm of John Stuart Blackie, the Celtic intensity of Robert Buchanan; but in weighing, in each case, the meed of personality with that of Sir Henry Irving, the balance is always markedly on the side of the actor. In his case it was something beyond the power of the mere analysis of words. He seemed virtually enveloped in an atmosphere of charm. There was nothing commonplace or prosaic in his smallest word or most insignificant action. The mere raising of a finger as he addressed you seemed eloquent of subtle and picturesque expression. He conveyed in the movement of his lips, in the raising or lowering of his eyelids, a fullness of meaning that did not require words to make his thoughts intelligible. Every single line of his body was potent with feeling and expression, flexible to emotion, a delicate instrument for thought. The merest tyro in perceptions and feelings recognised something great and also somebody eminently lovable. And when his voice was heard, the instrument of a language invariably rich and comprehensive, one realised a view of life, taken at a level which was so elevated as almost to lose itself in the clouds of dream and fancy. To the man who looks for human expression on the level of common everyday life there might have seemed something almost fantastic in the picturesqueness of the man's point of view. It may have been that the glamour of the stage clung to him when he passed from the boards on to the pavement. I shall never forget the day when he came to bid a last farewell to my uncle, Professor Blackie, lying on a sofa in Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh, patiently waiting for the end. As Sir Henry Irving entered the room it was impossible to miss that subtle comprehension and appreciation of atmosphere which showed itself in the attitude of the great actor. In a moment he seemed to realise to the finest point the solemn issues at stake, and there was nothing overdrawn or inappropriate in the picturesque bend of the head and the murmured words of reverence and sympathy to which he gave expression as he stooped to kiss the hand of the dying man. It was all very simple and free from histrionic emotion; but it was only possible to a man who realised clearly the potentiality of every atmosphere into which he entered. He read the scroll of life as he read the scroll of literature. He grasped the meaning of fate and circumstance as he grasped the meaning of an author. He realised the depth of the forces at work in a flash, and brought himself into line with a rapidity and a subtlety that may only be described as astounding. Some may say that it represented merely the apotheosis of art, but to me it seemed more than that. It was the apotheosis of sympathy. And it lent to his art a more comprehensive and a more delicate touch.

That incident of a deathbed is indelibly engraved on my memory, and I recall it even more forcibly than that other more public expression of his superb insight: I mean the scene in *Becket* when John of Salisbury warns him of the presence of his enemies. Many will recall it from their stores of precious recollections: the thundering at the doors, the passionate appeals of John, serving as a forcible dramatic background, yet almost made irrelevant by the detachment of the central figure as he recalls on the brink of eternity the hidden memories of his childhood: 'In my father's house there lived a Norman maiden.' How these words linger in one's thoughts, seeming to accentuate one of the most tragic contrasts in the whole history of the stage!

It was my privilege to meet Sir Henry Irving very frequently during the past twenty years. I recollect well the first time I went to see him on

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matters pertaining to the Edinburgh University Dramatic Society, of which I was president and he honorary president, and I remember how gracefully he expressed a desire to co-operate practically in the work of the society. He desired that we should produce *The Merchant of Venice*, and that he should be permitted to play Shylock and Miss Ellen Terry Portia. With boyish enthusiasm he threw himself into the details of the scheme, inquiring as to our material for the parts of Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and the rest; following this up by wise advice as to the rehearsals. That project came to nothing, through no fault, it may be added, of his. The following day he visited the Union, and met with a reception that caused the welcome that had been accorded to other public men in that hall to sink into insignificance. The grace and charm of his address on that occasion dwells with me still, commencing as it did with the wise reminder that the oak which wishes to mount its branches to the sky, sinks deep in earth its roots. He reminded his youthful hearers that his *alma mater* was of a much less benignant nature than theirs, and had been the rough boards and squalid dressing-rooms of the old Theatre-Royal.

From that day we met on many occasions, and of these—all touched with graceful and memorable associations—there is one that stands out forcibly as being the only occasion on which I heard the great actor praise, or rather appraise, his own work. It was in the summer of 1902, when, on the occasion of the visit of the Colonial Premiers to this country to take part in the Coronation festivities, he entertained them to a reception in the Lyceum Theatre. It was a notable function, comprising probably the most brilliant artistic and literary assembly that had ever gathered together in London. When I was about to leave, the graceful host pressed me to stay. 'I should like to have a talk with you,' he said simply. So, when the vast concourse had departed, six of us sat in a circle on the floor of the theatre, cleared for the occasion, and talked together of many matters pertaining to the stage. I remember our small circle consisted of Sir Henry Irving and his son Mr H. B. Irving, his most intimate friend Mr L. F. Austin (whose recent death accentuates the tragedy of circumstance), Mr Bram Stoker, a well-known American actor whose name has slipped my memory, and myself. It was during this conversation, which, it may be remarked in passing, lasted till six in the morning, that Sir Henry Irving made a memorable confession. It was made in no spirit of personal aggrandisement, but in one of grave responsibility as to the statement involved. 'I am going to say something,' he said, 'that I have never said before, and I know none of you will misunderstand me. Looking back upon my life's work, and attempting in all humility to appraise it, I feel certain of one thing: mine is the only great Shylock. Of that I am convinced, and the circumstance which first inspired me to the conception of the part is of interest. I was once walking through a street in London where the Jews are numerous, when I was interrupted in my reflections by observing a girl of markedly Semitic appearance resenting the attentions of one whose features bespoke him a Gentile. As I paused to observe the outcome of this interview, an old Jew approached, and running forward with threatening step, hurled at the Gentile a grimace of angry disdain, as if indeed he would have liked to slay the Philistine in the passion of his resentment. It seemed to me that in the contempt, in the withering snarl which he flung at the younger man, I saw concentrated the whole hatred of the Jew for the Gentile, and it was from a study of the possibilities underlying that expression of crushing enmity and disdain that I conceived the character of Shylock. I seemed to see in it the embodiment of the whole history of the Jewish race since the *débâcle* of two thousand years ago, and to realise the great wall that stood between any possible *rapprochement* between the faithful Jew and his conquering enemy; and whenever I go on the stage as Shylock, the memory of that picture remains with me; and the Jew's "*Ach!*" as he flung himself on the intruding Gentile sounds forcibly in my ears.' And, unlike most judgments delivered by persons on their own work, that one of Sir Henry Irving's is undoubtedly true; and when in the course of time it is given to the historian to recall the great Shakesperian actor, he will no doubt select Irving's Shylock as the greatest of all the personifications of the supremest character-study in the history of the stage.

THE DUKE PAYS.

CHAPTER V.—MR INCHCAPE EXPLAINS AND CONCLUDES.

PRESSED for time, His Highness left the grounds immediately after the speeches had come to an end. The carriage was now waiting without, and he entered it with his equerry, the Mayor, and Lord Bannerbridge. The news of his remarkable beneficence having been spread broadcast, his way to the gates was a triumphant procession along a highway of admiration and applause. In the midst of it all he sa and smiled, an incarnation of benevolence.

At the hotel he spent some fifteen or twent minutes, appearing at last in his tweeds and h Homburg. There was nothing ducal about hi now, though he could not shed with the duc garments that look of benignity and human-kin ness which had suited them so well. He w driven rapidly to the station, just in time to catch

moderately good train; but it was understood that His Highness was not going on to London to-night. He would break his journey at Padgworth, where he intended to visit an old and valued friend.

The little peer and the burly Mayor, standing side by side upon the platform, bareheaded and encircled by a considerable crowd of spectators, was the last picture that Mr Inchcape saw as the train moved off. Then he gave an imperceptible sigh and turned to glance at his travelling companion.

The equerry sat in his corner, fingering his moustache and with a somewhat set expression of face. Mr Inchcape spoke, with that genial humility so characteristic of the old gentleman.

'Sir,' he said, 'the experiment is over. May I ask whether you are satisfied?'

'Sir,' answered Armytage slowly and painfully, 'I am more than satisfied.'

That was all he said, and his expression suggested that he did not intend to add to it. Mr Inchcape bowed, therefore, and moved to the other end of the compartment, taking with him his own bag, which the equerry had placed upon the rack, a parcel of literature supplied by Lord Bannerbridge at the last moment, and a bouquet of roses.

Nothing further passed between them. Mr Inchcape sat musing, and the equerry spent some little time in scraping from the inside of the window with a penknife the legend 'Reserved.' Soon after this had been accomplished they ran into Padgworth.

There was no difficulty with regard to the rest. Without a word, without even a curt 'Good-night,' Captain Armytage alighted, and, passing to the station gates while the officials were still looking for a compartment marked 'Reserved,' vanished without notice. The officials did discover in a first-class compartment an old gentleman who looked like yesterday's Duke; but he took no heed of anything but his paper, and was evidently going on to London. Apparently the Serene Highness was not travelling by this train after all, and they were obliged to give the matter up.

Thus Mr Inchcape went on to London in peace, and arrived at St Pancras just twenty-three hours later than he had left it. He reached home without further adventure of any kind.

Later on the same evening Captain Armytage, arriving in London, found his way with some difficulty to the presence of an Exalted Official who moved in an orbit very near the throne. It was one of the privileges of this official to deal with requests for royal visits from centres such as Whichester, and it was he that had sent down the Grand Duke.

The equerry had an amazing story to tell, a story which became more and more amazing as it was unfolded. The Exalted Official was only convinced of its truth by the desperate earnestness of his visitor, who, after vainly seeking a way out for himself, had resolved at last to make a clean breast of it all. In fact, he had reached the point of despair.

'And His Highness absolutely refused to go!' said the official, not for the first time. 'Simply made different arrangements, intending to send you on to make ridiculous excuses! Then suggested—himself—that you should take this—this person—instead, and left you to make the best of it! And to avoid scandal, as you say, you carried out his suggestion! To avoid scandal—to avoid scandal! To *avoid* scandal!'

'What could I do, my lord?' groaned the equerry. 'You know His Highness's disposition.'

'I do, I do,' the Marquess—for he was a Marquess among other things—answered quickly. 'Unfortunately—hem!—I do. Yet he was quite ready to go when it was arranged. In fact, he wanted to go. Something must have disturbed him later—on the eve of the journey—and he is sometimes so—so reckless. But go on with your story. What happened? What happened?'

The captain proceeded a few paces further in his narrative. 'What?' broke in the Exalted Official presently. 'The thing was a success—a success! And nobody scented the deception—not even Bannerbridge! Amazing! Amazing! The likeness must have been marvellous, and the man a genius! But go on—go on!'

Again the equerry proceeded, stumbling desperately to his climax. 'Yes, my lord, everything was a pronounced success. No one at Whichester suspects; indeed, my Grand Duke left the place full of enthusiasm for him. But it is here that the difficulty comes in. He insisted on acting the benevolent visitor, and he gave away, or promised—to public institutions—rather more than nine thousand pounds of the real Grand Duke's money!'

The Marquess had been standing at the table listening with almost impatient interest. At this point he sat down.

'What?' he cried. 'Say that again!'

The equerry obeyed. He even gave a résumé of the remarkable speech made by the hero of the day's adventures; and when all was told the Marquess gave a grim smile.

'Have you seen His Highness since?' he asked.

'No, my lord. I did alight at Padgworth, but on consideration, decided—er—not to see him. So I sent a messenger to Sir Robert's with a note for the Duke, telling him that I was coming to report to you. I fear that he will be very much—very much disturbed.'

The Marquess was a man who filled his exalted position admirably. It was no sinecure, and required in its possessor a great knowledge of mankind and the ways of the world, as well as an almost infallible judgment and a good eye for the essentials of a situation. When the equerry had spoken he said nothing, but kept silence for about the space of a minute; but in that minute, having put out of consideration for the time all the humour of the business, he had taken a bird's-eye view of it as it concerned himself, the Grand Duke, the Whichester people, and two or three others who might be

brought in. And it seemed to him that one conclusion stood out so plainly that it might be set down forthwith.

'Of course,' he said, 'the money must be paid.'

Armytage was amazed, and his amazement irritated his superior into further speech. 'The one thing that must be avoided always,' he said, 'is a public scandal—the blunder that is worse than a crime. Certainly, and for that reason, this money must be paid. To-morrow you will go down to Padgworth and explain. There will be trouble, of course, but you will simply refer the Grand Duke to me. And you may hint that behind me there is one—you may hint, I say, only hint—there is one who has an extremely strong objection to any—er—eccentricities calculated to provoke a public scandal. You understand? There is one Person the Duke does not wish to offend.'

Armytage's face lightened visibly as he saw that in certain cases a private scene might be used as a powerful argument to prevent a public scandal.

'You know your case,' resumed the Marquess, 'and you must be decisive. There must be no pub—— By the way, you pledged this person to secrecy, absolute secrecy, of course? What! you did not?'

'I—I am afraid not, my lord. In fact, it did not occur to me. And—and I was very angry with him.'

The Marquess sighed. It was so difficult to make other people see essentials. Yet patience was also one of the virtues he practised.

'And this is the season of no news,' he said, 'when such a story would be an absolute godsend to the world. Where does this man live? Herne Hill, you say—a suburb, is it not? Get all particulars from a directory at once, and I will see him myself in the morning. It is too late to-night—unfortunately.'

The equerry obeyed with great willingness, intensely relieved to find that capable hands were now at work on this business; and thus it came to pass that in the morning an Exalted Official went down to Herne Hill to find Mr Inchcape, while the equerry, a considerably chastened man, journeyed from St Pancras once more to interview the Grand Duke.

After a night of healthful and peaceful rest, Mr Inchcape had taken a seat in the garden with his morning paper, prior to resuming his interrupted daily campaign against the red spider. He had just read a brief account of the Whichester Flower Show for the second time, and was turning it over in his thoughts. It was headed 'Nine Thousand Pounds for Whichester Charities,' and it closed with a brief biographical summary of a Serene Highness's undistinguished career.

He was not at all disturbed by the appearance of the visitor's card, and when the Marquess joined him in the garden the reception offered him was marked more by calmness than eagerness. Thus it was that the nobleman sat down with the unpleasant impression that this modest old garden-lover not only held the key of an awkward situation, but was perfectly aware that he held it. This was not exactly the case, but he was not well acquainted with Mr Inchcape, and was accustomed to the devious ways of a world of intrigue.

'Possibly you have guessed the reason of my visit,' he began in his blandest tones, after the first greetings. 'Captain Armytage described to me the remarkable occurrences at Whichester, and I felt anxious to see the gentleman who had so strangely taken up the rôle of—ah—an eminent personage.'

'At the suggestion of that eminent personage,' put in Mr Inchcape gently.

'Ha! yes, exactly so. From what I have heard, Mr Inchcape, your impersonation was entirely successful. Under the circumstances, you are to be congratulated. And yet I cannot but feel that if the facts became known, even among your friends, the results might be somewhat embarrassing, and not—hem!—altogether pleasing to some of those concerned.'

It was in this tortuous way that the Exalted Official sought his ends, speaking with a weight and gravity which well became his office, and which had often achieved his purposes. Mr Inchcape, however, was not to be hurried into any unconsidered remark, either by the visitor's importance or by his manner. For some moments he ruminated, and an infallible instinct led him to the heart of things.

'I do not exactly follow the argument, my lord,' he said. 'The story seems to me a rather amusing one—that is all. Frankly, I cannot see that I have any cause to conceal it.'

'My dear sir,' cried his lordship, in his eagerness to please falling innocently into the trap, 'I do not suggest that you have. But'—and then he suggested, not without lucidity, that this innocent and amusing story might, if given freedom, develop into that horror of horrors to the official mind, public scandal. And he emphasised the danger a little heavily because Mr Inchcape did not appear to comprehend its magnitude; after which the simple old man once more took the situation in hand.

'Then, if I understand your lordship,' he said, 'you are anxious that this amusing story—as it seems to me—shall not be repeated, shall not become public property.'

The Marquess was rather surprised that a point issue had emerged so quickly. Here, evidently, was a man who had a remarkable eye for essentials. And this was the person whom a coxcomb like Armytage had undertaken to 'manage'!

'Well, yes, Mr Inchcape,' he said with some little embarrassment, but with distinct relief. 'It may be put in that way.'

And then he waited uneasily for a reply—waited so long that he began to calculate the possible cost of a silence that should avert a public scandal involving not only a Grand Duke but also an Exalted Official. He decided that this very

possessed suburban gentleman was some one to be reckoned with, thus reaching a conclusion which Captain Armytage had grasped on the previous day, though not so quickly. What a disaster for any Grand Duke to come into conflict with a man of this stamp!

'There must be a condition,' said Mr Inchcape calmly.

'A condition?' echoed his lordship, in assumed surprise.

'Yes, my lord. On a condition, I will deprive myself of the pleasure of telling this story.'

'H'm! And may I ask what the condition is?'

It was remarkable, certainly, that the negotiations had become so pointed and clear. Mr Inchcape took sufficient time in making his reply.

'That the Duke pays,' he said quietly.

There was a pause. 'I beg your pardon?' queried the Marquess.

'My condition is that the Duke pays,' repeated Mr Inchcape, 'the nine thousand pounds and the smaller sums also promised. That is all.'

The Marquess succeeded perfectly in disguising his relief. Indeed, now that the whole situation was open to him he quickly made himself its master, and was even able to initiate an attack. After a pause:

'Don't you think, Mr Inchcape,' he said pleasantly, 'that you are making His Highness pay rather heavily for having been rude to you?'

Mr Inchcape flushed. 'You are unjust,' he said, 'but excusably so. You have taken the only motive that was apparent to you, but I have another to plead. It is not my desire for revenge that makes the Duke pay.'

'Indeed!' said his lordship.

'No. If you will permit me, I will explain.'

His lordship waited. Mr Inchcape had a little hesitation in beginning, because he was dealing with a singular subject. But he had the courage even to give himself away on occasion, and thus it was that he revealed another side of his character to his interested visitor.

'The fact is, my lord,' he said, 'that I have always had a vague idea that I should like to experience place and power, if only for one day of my life. It was not an ambition—nothing so definite as that—but a fancy, which has lingered with me since the days of my boyhood. I see that your lordship is not smiling, so probably you realise that most people entertain, or have entertained, such fancies as that.'

'Certainly,' said the Marquess. 'Go on, Mr Inchcape.'

'Lately,' continued that gentleman, 'that fancy has often recurred to me—a sign, perhaps, of second childhood—and as I am now possessed of abundant leisure, I am afraid that I may have encouraged it. I had even formed some idea of what I should do if the chance—this unlikely experience—should ever be offered me. I had formed, I may say, some kind of programme for my one day of kingship. There is nothing remarkable in all that either, until you consider what took place on my way down to Whichester. The little god Circumstance took that journey with me, and was evidently in a mischievous mood. Consequently, I was offered my chance—nay, it was absolutely forced upon me. I had place and power for a day, with a practically free hand; and what I did yesterday was the best that I could do, under the special circumstances, with my programme.'

Listening, the Marquess wondered that any one could ever have taken this man for the Grand Duke of Saxe-Munden. What a mole Bannerbridge must be! True, there was the same substantial build, the same mould of feature, the same heavy white moustache. But then the rest—all the rest was so different!

He did not laugh even to himself at Mr Inchcape's explanation. In this little rose-garden, with its pure, untroubled atmosphere, there seemed nothing in it to deserve laughter. Besides, where is the man—where is even the marquess—who has not entertained fancies even more quaint? He could scarcely speak unkindly even of the programme.

'H'm! A trifle elementary, don't you think?' he suggested gently.

'Yes. I admit that. But may it not be a good thing to get back to that point?'

His lordship was evidently dubious, but he wondered again at that mole Bannerbridge.

'We should see a great deal of the healthily elementary—the delightfully elementary,' continued Mr Inchcape, 'if Circumstance played many such tricks as this last. Suppose that for one day all positions of power were filled by persons who had sometimes dreamed of filling them, and had formed elementary programmes.'

'God forbid!' said the Marquess, in some alarm; and he had a swift vision of what might happen if, say, Mr Inchcape were suddenly pitchforked into his own exalted office. Mr Inchcape laughed.

'There is little danger,' he said. 'In spite of an occasional outbreak, Circumstance keeps well to the deep ruts of existence. But now, my lord, you see what it was that made the Duke pay?'

'I certainly do see,' answered the Marquess. 'And I am glad that it is so. I may say that it is a relief to come upon such a motive as yours.' And it was at that point that he finally owned himself conquered.

'I thank you,' answered Mr Inchcape. 'But I also wish to suggest, my lord, that the Duke receives value for his money. Yesterday he had scarcely a friend in the world. To-day he has thousands. Until yesterday you could not claim for him a single act of nobility or generosity, and to-day he is famous for kind-heartedness, benevolence, and charity. And he pays only nine thousand pounds for all that—a sum so trifling that he can never miss it except in imagination. Can you say that he does not get good value for that expenditure?'

'The sum is an unusual one,' said the Marquess. 'But I am inclined to say yes.'

There was a pause, after which he proceeded. 'Well, Mr Inchcape, I think I must promise you the fulfilment of your condition. Undoubtedly the Grand Duke has only himself to blame if he considers himself a loser. Whether he pays for his rudeness or for your programme, he must be made to see that he is only paying for his own jest after all. Indeed, considering everything, he gets off lightly. If necessary, pressure shall be brought to bear upon him—from the Highest Quarters. The money shall be paid.'

He rose as he spoke, and there was so much decision in his tone and manner that Mr Inchcape never entertained another doubt upon the subject. Nor was his confidence betrayed by the result. What the Grand Duke said before he paid is not ours to know, nor is it possible to say whether the Highest Quarters had to interfere; but what is quite sufficient, under the circumstances, is the fact that Whichester duly received its cheque, and that the Grand Duke immediately returned to his dukedom to plague his own subjects. He has recently died, and the only salient points in his obituary notice were the length of his title, running to sixteen names, and his remarkable gifts to the town of Whichester.

'Then that is sufficient,' said Mr Inchcape. 'I thank you for your visit, my lord. It has been a very pleasant one.'

Then he led the way out through a tiny tessellated hall, where the scent of roses was fresh and fragrant; and they stood together at the gate, with cordiality on the one side and something more than respect on the other. In spite of his instinctive alarm at Mr Inchcape's sentiments, the Marquess could not help seeing him, in his mind's eye, in a place of power, with that good-humoured, shrewd, and altruistic outlook and those curiously elementary conceptions. And he could not but feel that there was something great in the picture.

Yet when he looked round he saw the undeniable facts of a trim little red brick villa, whose bay windows, shorn turf, pseudo-rustic gate, and tiled forecourt were all repeated at least a hundred times in the length of that sleepy suburban road. There was something reassuring in these plain facts.

'Good-morning, Mr Inchcape,' he said, extending his hand.

'Good-morning, my lord.'

And after another glance around him, the Marquess got into his hansom and went rapidly back to his orbit.

No, the little god Circumstance is conventional to a degree. Sometimes, indeed, he plays a prank which indicates that he has not only a sense of humour, but also a certain idealism in his composition; but as a rule he hesitates to disturb the ancient order. The man with nothing but sixteen names retains his dukedom, and the other is sent back to his suburb.

So, with a wistful glance after the retreating hansom, Mr Inchcape closed the gate upon it, and went back to his roses. Walking slowly down the little garden and examining its blooms, he closed his remarkable experience with a few lessons which seemed to present themselves clearly. As a rule the old gentleman who entertains singular fancies is also a good deal of a moralist.

'When all is told,' he murmured absently, 'civility always costs nothing, while incivility may prove untimely. You cannot know how soon you may want the help of the man you have insulted. Further, you can never tell what is going to happen on even the shortest and most ordinary journey; and you cannot be sure that any old buffer you meet may not have a Programme of his own.'

Then he turned back, and reached at the same moment the conclusion of it all. Having the faults of his virtues, he was very human; but there are few who will not forgive any spice of natural satisfaction they may discover in his final remark.

'And anyway,' he said, 'the Duke pays.'

THE END.

THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

By ALEXANDER W. ROBERTS, D.Sc., Lovedale, South Africa.

WHEN a country has to be surveyed, the first step in the undertaking, and very often the last, is to measure with all possible accuracy a base-line. To this standard line all other measurements of distance are related, and any error in its estimated length will of necessity be perpetuated all through the network of lines and triangles which form the materials of the survey. The accurate determination of the length of a base-line is, accordingly, the first essential in any terrestrial survey; and frequently more labour is expended on the measurement of this one line than in determining the length of the other thousand which depend upon it.

What a base-line is to terrestrial measurements the distance of the sun from the earth is to astronomical measurements. It is the base-line of celestial distances, the measuring-rod of the universe. The amount of our ignorance with regard to the sun's distance is accordingly a measure of the inaccuracy which qualifies all our astronomical tables of size and mass and distance. If we are faulty in our reckoning of the length of this funda-

mental astronomical unit, we are equally in error regarding every value derived from or dependent upon it.

Four hundred years ago Columbus set sail from the shores of Europe with an erroneous value of the earth's diameter to vitiate all his views of terrestrial proportions and distances. Thus, when he touched the western isles of America he thought he was somewhere in the golden East; he deemed the isles that rose out of a hitherto inviolate sea to be the long-sought Indies, and the name he gave them will remain for all time a memorial of his error. So also if some voyager set out over the star-studded sea of space, the value of the sun's distance that he took with him as a measuring log-line would colour every judgment he formed of the size and weight and distance of the worlds he passed in his strange journey.

We need not wonder, therefore, that all through the history of astronomical research the problem of the sun's distance, 'the noblest problem in astronomy,' as a great English astronomer called it, has never lacked the attention of thoughtful men, and that one generation of astronomers after another have given of their best to secure a satisfactory solution to it. Even money, that commodity so often scarcer in scientific investigations than brains, has been spent freely and ungrudgingly by governments and individuals for the furtherance of the inquiry. It has been estimated that the various Transit of Venus expeditions, which had for their object the determination of the sun's distance, must have cost no less a sum than half a million sterling.

But, some one may urge, the progress of astronomy in our day has been, and is still, along other lines than the well-thrashed-out question of the sun's distance. The charting and photographing of the heavens; the detailed scrutiny of lunar and planetary markings; the search for new and variable stars; the spectroscopic analysis of light; the evolution of stellar and planetary systems; the why and the how, the whence and the whither, of material things; the great problems of the infinity, the eternity, the habitability of worlds—these are apparently the matters that chiefly occupy the attention of astronomers to-day.

Now this 'new' astronomy has much to recommend it. It appeals to the lay mind because of its breadth, its attractiveness, even its humanity, much more than the older and more prosaic determinations of size and weight and distance; yet, notwithstanding the charm of the newer lines of research, they have failed as yet to oust some of the older problems from their acknowledged pre-eminence. It will ever be not only the 'noblest' but also one of the foremost problems in astronomy to determine how far distant the sun is from our earth.

Instead, therefore, of the old, perhaps the very oldest, problem in astronomy being neglected amid the uprising of new and far-reaching questions, there has been going on silently and persistently—never more persistently than in the present day—one attempt after another to reduce the margin of error that surrounds the sun's distance to its lowest possible limit. Now the problem is attacked one way, now in another. Then, again, some fertile potential thought rises in the clear view of some master-mind. Ever and always the drift is truthwards. As each worker drops the problem into the care of another, he knows he has carried it one step nearer the unattainable goal of absolute accuracy.

It may be of more than passing interest to indicate briefly the historical development of this outstanding problem, one of the oldest, one of the most important, one of the most interesting in the whole range of astronomical endeavour; interesting, because the history of the determination of the solar parallax—as the sun's distance is scientifically termed—is in no uncertain way an epitome of the history of astronomical progress and discovery.

The first determination we have any record of is that made by Hipparchus more than two thousand years ago. Of instruments the founder of exact astronomy had but few; but his was the comprehending wisdom to know that any instrument he could invent or devise would avail him nothing in a question of such refinement as the measurement of the sun's distance. From a consideration of the duration and magnitude of solar and lunar eclipses, he concluded that the distance of the sun was six hundred and fifty times greater than the earth's diameter; that is, about five million miles, a value eighteen times too small. The wonder is, not that Hipparchus was so far wrong, but that his genius enabled him to come to any conclusion at all.

For eighteen centuries this value of the sun's distance remained uncorrected. When in 1609 Kepler made known to the world the three famous Laws that are known by his name, astronomy ceased to be an empirical science. There was henceforth to be no place for crude conjecture on the one hand or the speculations of the schoolmen on the other. Kepler's Laws, by relating the distances of the planets to their periods, and thus uniting by one common bond the members of the solar system into one ordered whole, raised the question of the sun's distance into the very forefront of the then newer problems demanding solution. For the determination of the sun's distance now meant the determination of the distance of every planet and comet circling round it.

To put the matter simply, Kepler's discovery did this signal service to astronomy: it drew an exact plan of the solar system. It is true the *size* of the scale was wanting; but since the plan was accurately drawn, a single measurement would yield the dimensions of every object that found a place on the plan. Let us suppose that by some mischance a certain map-maker forgot to put a scale of distances in the corner of his maps of Scotland. As a representation of *relative* distances the scaleless maps

are as good as any we could get; but as charts yielding exact, *absolute* numerical measurements they are useless and worthless. We may, however, by a single determination create a definite scale of distances for the whole map. Let us, for example, measure with the utmost care the distance between Perth and Dundee, either by pacing it or surveying it; and, lo! forthwith we have the means of determining the distance that lies between the capital, Edinburgh, and every town and village and hamlet marked on the map. Our single measurement has given us a standard line by which we may reduce all relative distances to absolute values. Kepler drew an exact but scaleless map of the solar system; it only remained for some one to determine with great care *one* distance in that system.

The first determination under the new condition of things was made by Kepler himself. An examination of certain observations of Mars made by the Danish astronomer Tycho Brahé enabled him to arrive at a rough estimate of the distance of that planet. This distance gave him forthwith the distance of every other planet from the earth, the sun included. This latter distance, Kepler was able to say, could not be less than ten million miles. It must be remembered, however, that this determination rested on naked eye observations of Mars, and that the smallest angle discernible by the naked eye is ten times greater than the value of the angle on which the sun's distance depends. Until the discovery of the telescope it was accordingly impossible to make any further progress with the practical side of the problem.

A century after Kepler's day the French astronomer Lacaille, from telescopic observations of Mars made simultaneously in the northern and southern hemispheres, estimated the sun's distance from the earth at about ninety million miles, a conclusion which was supported by Cassini, another French astronomer.

Twice every one hundred and thirteen years Venus passes between the earth and the sun, and at these times of transit it is seen as a round black spot crossing the sun's disc. Let us suppose that as Venus passes across the face of the sun it leaves behind a dark trail to indicate the position and direction of the transit. Then, because Venus is much nearer to us than the sun is, the position of this dark trail or line will not be the same for all places on the earth's surface. An observer at Greenwich will see the trail a good deal farther south than will an observer at Capetown. This apparent displacement is called the relative parallax of Venus. It is evident that if we know the amount of this displacement, and also the distance from Greenwich to Capetown, we are in possession of all the data necessary for a determination both of the sun's distance and that of Venus.

In the eighteenth century the two transits of Venus took place in 1761 and 1769, and a discussion of the observations made at the many stations scattered all over the globe resulted in a value of the sun's distance equal to ninety-five million miles. So accordant were the various reductions that no ordinary confidence safeguarded the permanence of this value. For nearly a century it was accepted almost as a canon of astronomical faith that the sun was exactly ninety-five million miles distant from our earth. Indeed, half the nineteenth century had run its course before any doubt was expressed as to the accuracy of the figures that for so many years had found an apparently abiding lodging-place in astronomical text-books and journals.

In 1854 the celebrated Danish mathematician Hansen published his researches on the motion of the moon. Our satellite, as is well known, is pulled to no small extent out of her regular orbit by the attraction of the sun. The strength of this pull depends upon the distance of the sun. Now, Hansen found that the monthly 'sagging' of the moon was greater than it would be if the sun were at a distance of ninety-five million miles; a distance of ninety-one and a half million miles would, according to his researches, agree better with the periodic errancy of the moon from its perfect allegiance to the earth.

At the same time that Hansen was investigating the motions of the moon, Leverrier, the co-discoverer with our Adams of the planet Neptune, was prosecuting his researches on the motions of the planets. These researches led him to the same result as that found by Hansen; and, to make matters more conclusive, the physical determination of the velocity of light by Foucault in 1862—namely, one hundred and eighty-five thousand miles per second—when combined with the time light takes to travel from the sun to the earth, in 1862 supposed to be four hundred and ninety-five seconds, resulted in a distance of ninety-one and a half million miles.

Thus the pendulum swung back in the direction of the older and smaller distance found by Lacaille and Cassini, when as yet modern astronomy was in the morning of its long and brilliant day. Still, although the larger distance was practically ruled out of court, men were unwilling to accept implicitly the newer values; for the loss of faith in the old meant also a want of confidence in the new.

Knowledge regarding the sun's distance was in this sad pass when a young Scotsman from Aberdeen took up the problem, and with the tenacity and courage of his Northern race, halted not nor faltered till he had placed the matter for all time in the region of things certain and sure.

But to go back to our story: forty years ago the uncertainty with regard to the sun's distance amounted to no less than five million miles; that is, the distance might be anything between ninety and ninety-five million miles. The first real attempt to bring this ample area of error within reasonable limits was made in 1874 by Lord Lindsay, now Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. In that year he equipped his well-known Mauritius expedition for the determination of the distance o Juno. The head and heart of the expedition wa

Lord Lindsay's assistant at Dun Echt, Mr (now Sir David) Gill, whose skill and genius was to do so much for astronomy in after-years. Old traditional ways of observing were forsaken, new instruments were devised, more improved methods of reducing the measures made were adopted, and altogether the Mauritius expedition marked the beginning of a new age in the science of exact astronomy—an age of consummate skill in making and marshalling observations and endless patience in dealing with them.

In announcing the value of the sun's distance arrived at—namely, ninety-three and a quarter million miles—the leaders of the expedition stated that 'it is distinctly to be understood that the result arrived at is not presented as an example of the accuracy of which the [new] method is capable, but to be regarded as a first imperfect experiment made under somewhat trying and unfavourable circumstances, from which conclusions can be drawn as to the capabilities of the method for the future.'

'The capabilities of the [new] method' were again put to the test by Sir David Gill in 1879, when at Ascension he made the classical series of observations of Mars which gave ninety-three million miles as the sun's distance. The curious may learn all about this noteworthy expedition—its inception, its history, its result, in that charming book, *Six Months in Ascension*, by Lady Gill.

But both the Mauritius and Ascension expeditions were in a certain sense experimental. They were stepping-stones to a much more laborious and final determination of the sun's distance which has recently been carried through at the Royal Observatory, Capetown.

His Mauritius observations had assured Sir David Gill of the soundness of his newer methods of dealing with the problem; his Ascension observations warned him to leave Mars alone as a distance-goal, but to choose rather the star-like disc of a minor planet. The three asteroids Iris, Sappho, and Victoria were selected as the stars to be operated upon.

Twenty-two observatories associated themselves with the director of the Cape Observatory in securing the necessary preliminary observations; but the burden of the work—its direction, its energy, its character, its completeness—is alone due to the man who originated it.

It took ten long years, 1889–99, to bring the task to a satisfactory issue. There were sudden emergencies to be met, grave difficulties to be overcome, important and unexpected discoveries—as, for example, an error in the accepted value of the moon's mass shot forth from the maze of figures and lines and curves, which had to be dealt with; new and more extensive tables of logarithms had to be constructed; a new and improved system of reduction had to be invented. It was, indeed, for ten full years a daily pitched battle between nature on the one side, reluctant as ever to surrender her secrets, and man on the other side, resolute—doggedly so—to wrest them from her.

We often pass the scientific values that find a place in our text-books—the distance of a star, the density of a gas, the velocity of a ray of light or of heat or of sound—with indifference, unmindful of the weary days and toilsome nights that men have spent in arriving at these results.

Sir David Gill's 1889–99 determinations of the sun's distance gave a final value of ninety-two million eight hundred and seventy-four thousand miles. The writer well remembers the strange feelings, almost amounting to awe, with which he looked upon the great bundles of foolscap used in working out the necessary calculations that culminated in the foregoing result. Gathered in one heap, they would make a pile fourteen feet high; placed end to end, the separate sheets would form a pathway ten miles long. Yet the ordinary man looks on the above value with the same feelings as he would on a number above a street-door.

The discovery of Eros in 1898 brought again the question of the sun's distance into prominence, for the position of this remarkable asteroid affords the most favourable method of determining the sun's distance as yet known. At an International Conference of Astronomers which met in Paris in 1900, a plan of observing Eros was outlined by which the certainty regarding the length of the celestial unit of measurement that Sir David Gill's magnificent work had begotten would be materially strengthened.

We have already stated in a previous portion of this paper that the history of the solar parallax is in a certain sense the history of astronomical progress. This is amply borne out in the case of the observations of Eros. For the first time in the history of the problem, photography was made use of in determining the exact position of the planet with reference to its surrounding network of stars; that is, a picture of Eros and its neighbourhood was imprinted on a plate, and then, at leisure, this plate was placed under a powerful microscope and the various distances and directions read off. These quantities, when properly treated, ought to yield a very exact value of the sun's distance.

Two determinations were made public towards the close of 1904—one by the Oxford Observatory and the other by the Lick Observatory. The former finds from its series of photographs of Eros a value of the sun's distance equal to ninety-two million nine hundred and thirty-five thousand miles, and the latter ninety-three million miles.

It will make for completeness if in the present article reference is made to two indirect determinations of the sun's distance that have been carried to a successful issue within the past decade. Although they cannot be considered as determinations of the first rank, still they are of weight as affording supplementary proof of the value of the sun's distance obtained by the more direct methods we have just described.

We have already referred to what is called the

physical method of finding the sun's distance. It was by this method that Foucault in 1862 gave prominence to the smaller distance of ninety-one and a half million miles. It consists in determining the velocity of light either from observations of the annual aberration of the stars or from actual physical experiments carried on on the surface of the earth. Then, since we know with considerable exactness the time light takes to travel from the sun to the earth, a simple sum in multiplication yields the result we are seeking.

Thus stated, the physical method seems simple enough; when put into actual practice, however, it is beset with difficulties. Still, no difficulty is quite unsurmountable, and so about twenty years ago certain American scientists found from experiments made with revolving mirrors that light travels at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand three hundred and twenty-eight miles per second. Recent research indicates that light takes four hundred and ninety-eight seconds to come from the sun. These two values multiplied together give as a product ninety-two million seven hundred and ninety-one thousand. This is the distance of the sun in miles as obtained by the physical method.

We have also referred to the indirect method of determining the sun's distance, called the gravitational method. It was by following out this method that Hansen in 1854 first raised doubts regarding the accuracy of the older values. We may witness the principle that underlies the gravitational method every time we bring a powerful magnet near a compass-needle. The sensitive, slender steel band responds to the attraction of the magnet and moves out of its true direction a greater or less degree according as the magnet is near or far. Indeed, if the magnet were hidden away, one skilled in such matters could readily find it from the displacement of the needle as it is taken from spot to spot in the vicinity of the undiscovered disturbing influence.

As the magnet acts on a needle, so the sun acts on the moon, now accelerating its rate, now retarding it, in its journey round the earth. Astronomers knew of this periodic inequality in the moon's motion more than two thousand years ago, although they could not explain its cause. Now, the amount of variation in the rate and from the road which the moon would follow if there were no sun can be determined from observation, and this amount when known yields, among other things, a value of the sun's distance.

During the past twenty years Professor Newcomb, of Washington, has been dealing with the problem of the sun's distance from this side, and his results have recently been made known to the astronomical world. He finds that certain well-known variations in the movements of the moon and planets can be well accounted for by assuming the sun's mean distance from the earth to be ninety-two million nine hundred thousand miles.

Perhaps it would savour too much of the text-book to bring all these results together in the form of a table. If we do so, our apology is that such a table does not find a place in any text-book yet published, and also that such an ordered presentation of important scientific results must be of more than common interest. The most important recent determinations of the sun's distance are:

Determination.	Distance.
Observations of Victoria (Sir David Gill)	92,874,000
Observations of Eros (Oxford Observatory)	92,935,000
Observations of Eros (Lick Observatory)	93,000,000
Physical Method (Professor Newcomb and Dr Chandler)	92,791,000
Gravitational Method (Professor Newcomb)	92,900,000

These five values when combined give as a mean value of the sun's distance ninety-two million nine hundred thousand miles.

Our article has already laboured into undue proportions, but two remarks on this value require to be made: First, it is a mean value. As the earth moves round the sun in an elliptical orbit, it is always approaching or receding from the sun. The amplitude is small, but nevertheless it is there. In the early days of January of each year the sun is ninety-one million three hundred thousand miles distant from the earth; and six months later, in the beginning of July, it is ninety-four million five hundred thousand miles away. Between these two values it ever swings to and fro. Then, again, it is a dependent value. It depends upon the value of the earth's diameter that we consider most correct. And thus we come back to earth again, as we always must. We are tethered to it even when we are casting sounding-lines across the universe.

To determine the number of miles that lie between us and Sirius requires that we first ascertain the distance of the sun. But we cannot arrive at a knowledge of this important standard without previous and accurate knowledge of the length of the earth's diameter. And the value of this terrestrial unit of length depends upon surpassingly refined measurements of certain base-lines; while our base-lines, again, whether out on the Cape Flats, within sight of the Solent, or away in the frozen plains of northern Russia, are only multiples of a standard bar that a little box can hold. Every day the links in this connecting chain that relates a platinum rod one yard long to almost infinite stellar distances are being strengthened.

Now it is the sun's distance, now it is a surveyor's web of lines running right across the African continent, now it is the abyssmal distance of a star, now it is the length of a bar no longer than a man's arm; yet the unity and spirit of the endeavour is a single whole. And that whole is to bring all nature, remote or near vast or minute, massive or meagre, within the domain of definite facts and exact numerical relations and proportions.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A CURE FOR HAY-FEVER.

THE distressing symptoms of hay-fever, to which some people are peculiarly sensitive, are caused, as is well known, by the pollens of certain grasses and other plants, which, carried on the wind, gain access to the body and introduce poison to the blood. Professor Dunbar, of the Hygienic Institute of Hamburg, has been thoroughly investigating the matter, and has even gone so far as to make some satisfactory experiments in the production of an anti-serum for the complaint. He found that it was possible to extract from the pollens of the plants in question a poison which, on introduction into the system of susceptible individuals, produced all the well-known symptoms of hay-fever; and he found, moreover, that the activity of the poison resisted the action of heat and of dilute acids as well as of the ferments of the digestion. By inoculating rabbits he was able to prepare an anti-serum which, on application to the outside of the human body, gave immunity from hay-fever. The preparation is sold commercially under the name of pollentin.

CHECKING HAILSTORMS.

The method of shooting the sky with explosive bombs, with a view to preventing the formation of the hailstones which periodically cause such ravages among the crops, has recently received a valuable demonstration of its efficacy. Monsieur Vidal, the inventor of the scheme, has presented a note to the Academie des Sciences describing the progress of a storm in Switzerland. A severe storm gathered over the Bernese Alps, came down through the valley of the Rhone, and passed at great speed over the north end of Lake Leman and over the plains of the Vaud Canton to the Lake of Neuchâtel, where it ended. With the exception of the two small towns of Lonay and Echichens, the entire district was badly damaged by hail. These two towns were the only places from which hail-destroying bombs were fired into the air. M. Vidal gathers from the fact that all localities lying above two thousand two hundred feet above sea-level escaped damage, that these storm-clouds keep at a comparatively small height above the ground, and this makes them so easily vulnerable to the bombs. He is of opinion that the tracks of these storms should be carefully mapped out, and stations placed at likely points whence the bombs could be discharged into the air whenever a storm threatened, so that the hail might be prevented from forming. The bombs and rockets explode in the air at one thousand two hundred to one thousand five hundred feet altitude, and are easily fired. Considering the immense damage which the hailstorms cause, the suggestion that the governments of the most affected countries should take the matter up appears to be a reasonable one.

RIVETING BY HAND-PRESSURE.

Every one is familiar with the noise of riveting, and it is easy to understand that delicate constructions may be damaged by the constant concussion of the hammers. Hydraulic and pneumatic riveting-machines there are in plenty; but many an out-of-the-way rivet cannot be reached by any of these contrivances, and must be dealt with by hammer and anvil. The *Scientific American* describes a clever mechanical device for riveting by hand-pressure without concussion. The apparatus consists of two heavy levers linked together in their centres and bearing at one end the two jaws between which the rivet is squeezed to the required shape; the other ends are separated with almost irresistible force by a system of levers and a double-acting screw furnished with a heavy flywheel. The machine is operated by two men, one of whom places the jaws in position on either side of the rivet, while the other gives to the flywheel as rapid a motion as he can. The jaws come slowly together, and then, by virtue of the momentum of the flywheel acting through the various levers, the motion continues until the rivet is crushed around the plates. It is said that a rivet of twenty-six millimetres diameter (about one inch) can be completed in about two minutes.

THORIANITE.

Although the mantles used in incandescent gas-lighting are constructed of so small a quantity of the rare earths, yet the tremendous number of these mantles required to satisfy the very large demand for them lends considerable importance to the minerals concerned. There are some fourteen minerals which may be regarded as sources of thorium, and most of them contain but a very small proportion of the precious metal. Hitherto monazite has been practically the only mineral occurring in sufficient quantities to give commercial practicability to the extraction of thorium, although thorite, found in some quantities in Norway, is said to have occasionally interfered with the practical monopoly enjoyed by the exploiters of the former mineral. Monazite yields from 1 to 14 per cent. of thoria (dioxide of thorium), while thorite contains from 45 to 70 per cent. But a new mineral called thorianite has recently been discovered in Ceylon, and the amount of thoria obtained from it is as high as 70 to 78 per cent. It is found only in certain gem gravels at present, but its occurrence and distribution are being carefully investigated. It is described as essentially a mixture of thorium and uranium oxides, and it was originally confused with pitch-blende, so familiar in connection with the startling discovery of radium. The staff of the Imperial Institute—always ready to investigate anything of

importance to the colonies—is devoting considerable attention to the study of thorianite, which may prove to be a valuable asset to the country of its origin.

THE MANUFACTURE OF GAS-MANTLES.

A rough outline of the methods employed in the making of an incandescent gas-mantle may be of interest in connection with the above paragraph. It is not easy to obtain exact particulars of the production of thorium nitrate from monazite, because the details of their various processes are naturally somewhat jealously guarded by the firms engaged in the industry. The various means employed are all somewhat complicated, and in this respect the new mineral thorianite presents the great advantage that it can be at once converted into thorium nitrate by a simple treatment with nitric acid. In the manufacture of the mantle a sleeve or stocking of the familiar shape of the finished article is first made from a netting of cotton or other suitable material drawn up or 'gathered' at the top by a thread of asbestos, and bridged across by a stronger loop of the same material to form the means of attachment to the central supporting-rod. This sleeve is then soaked in a solution of the nitrates of thorium and cerium mixed in the proportion of ninety-nine of the former to one of the latter. As soon as the fibres are thoroughly impregnated with the liquid, the fabric is wrung out and dried on conical moulds which preserve its shape. When it is dry the cotton base is burnt away by applying a flame to the upper end and allowing the flame to gradually creep down until all the cotton is consumed and the nitrates converted at the same time into the refractory oxides. The very fragile skeleton which remains is strengthened by dipping in collodion, which is in turn burnt off again by the user when the mantle is finally placed upon the burner.

PUMPING WATER TO COOLGARDIE.

An excellently written and very interesting account of the Coolgardie waterworks scheme is given in the October issue of *The World's Work*, from which it is clear that the undertaking was one of vast magnitude, reflecting the greatest credit on the British engineers who carried it to a successful conclusion. When the inevitable rush consequent upon the discovery of gold at Coolgardie occurred, the very poor natural supply of water in the district proved entirely inadequate to meet the demands of the miners. Gruesome stories are told of wretchedly bad water at half-a-crown a gallon, of resultant typhoid and its ravages, of the discovery of salt-water in the mines and its condensation and sale at three pounds ten shillings per thousand gallons, of the railway company which consumed one thousand pounds worth of this water every day, and of the unsuccessful borings by the Government in determined attempts to reach good water. Three hundred and thirty miles away there was good, pure water in any amount, and to bring this at the rate of five million gallons a day through a barren, trackless waste, mountainous and rugged, was the appalling task laid before the engineers. A huge dam was constructed and a valley converted into a lake. Here a pumping-station was erected, from which the water is pumped uphill to a small reservoir a mile and a half away against a rise of four hundred and twenty-one feet. From here it is forced by another set of pumps through twenty-three miles of pipe, rising another three hundred feet to the next reservoir. The next two sections are downhill, after which the water has to ascend again. There are eight of these pumping-stations, each with a reservoir into which the water is delivered and taken up again by the pumps and sent on to the next reservoir. The pumping-engines, steam-engines, and all necessary parts were made by James Simpson & Company, of London, erected in this country, and every part lettered and numbered for identification purposes. Then the machines were dismantled, packed in five thousand packages, shipped to Freemantle, and conveyed thence inland through the most difficult country, and erected in the pumping-houses. This was accomplished within twenty months from the signing of the contract. The pipe through which the water is forced is two and a half feet in diameter, and is of quite a novel sort. Instead of being made in one circular piece, the pipe is made in two semicircular halves, and afterwards jointed by a hydraulic clamping-machine. The whole length of three hundred and thirty miles is patrolled daily, any leakage being at once reported and attended to, while the pumping machinery and engines are all in duplicate, so that the failure of water at Coolgardie through the breakdown of the system at any point is happily a remote contingency.

THE CINEMATOGRAPH IN POLITICS.

A new use has been found for animated photography in the production of pictures to illustrate the views of politicians at election meetings. At the offices of the Primrose League a few weeks ago several animated cartoons were exhibited to the committee with a view to their liberal—or perhaps it would be better to say conservative—use in the active campaign to be waged this winter. In most cases the photographs were from acted scenes expressly produced to depict the producer's particular opinions on subjects of current political interest; but some of the views were of actual occurrences or conditions, as in the case of those having a bearing upon the alien question. The fiscal controversy came in for a considerable share of attention; and if the views expressed by the cartoons were of a wholly one-sided character, this is only to be expected from a scheme formed expressly for party purposes. Presumably the pictures will be seen over many a platform, in preparation for the coming contest, and they should at least serve to adorn the tale and point wh

moral there be, even if they do not actually convince in themselves. In a circular issued by the proprietors of the venture, the cinematograph is described as a new weapon in the hands of the propagandist. 'Weapon' is distinctly good.

SIGNALLING AT SEA.

When ships are passing one another at sea during the hours of darkness, the flags with which in daytime they communicate with one another are superseded by signal-lamps utilising the Morse code. The lamp is almost invariably a small electric glow-lamp operated by a switch. The signaller holds down this switch one second for every dot and three seconds for each dash in the message, and it is found that the personal equation enters so largely into the question that one man's dots will be almost as long as the dashes of another. Moreover, the voltage of a ship's electrical supply is generally low, and the lamps take an appreciable time to light up and die away. This, together with the signaller's vague idea of a second of time, leaves considerable uncertainty in the messages, which in consequence often have to be repeated. It even happens occasionally that there is no time for the repetition while the ships are passing one another, and the messages are consequently lost. An ingenious signalling-lamp has been invented to obviate these difficulties; it is known as the Burrill Signalling-Lamp, and in appearance it is very like an ordinary bull's-eye lantern. Just behind the bull's-eye is a clever form of shutter controlled by a pneumatic brake, the shutter being of somewhat similar design to those which are familiar to photographers under the names of time and instantaneous shutters; that is to say, it may be actuated in two ways, under the control of two separate levers. On pressing one, the shutter opens quickly, remains open for exactly one second, and then closes with a snap; under the influence of the other, it remains open for exactly three seconds. The operator has, therefore, merely to depress the two keys, one for dot and one for dash, as in the case of the old-fashioned telegraph instrument. It is claimed that the signals are far more easily read; and as the lamp may be illuminated either by electricity or oil, there is no reason why it should not at once displace the cruder form of apparatus.

BOATS DRIVEN BY GAS-ENGINES.

A few months ago mention was made in these columns of the boat invented by Herr Emil Capitaine, in which the motive-power was derived from a gas-engine consuming gas produced as it was required. It is being daily proved that the gas-engine worked by producer-gas is the most economical source of power at present available to engineers, and the idea of utilising the gas-engine for the propulsion of marine vessels is rapidly gaining favour. Trials were recently made in the Solent of a boat built by Messrs Thornycroft & Company, of London, on the lines laid down by Herr Capitaine, and the trials proved very satisfactory indeed, both on the score of reliability and economy. The boat is a small yacht, sixty feet in length, with a beam of ten feet and a draught of two and a half feet. On the first day of the trials she covered a non-stop run of eighty miles in a little over nine hours, and it is said that the boat is capable of considerably higher speed. The consumption of anthracite coal was four hundred and sixty-seven pounds during the ten hours' run, and this represents a cost of less than five shillings. It appears that a comparison of the cost of this system with that of others shows that the producer-gas plant works at half the cost of an average steam-engine, and about one-seventh of the cost of an oil-engine. The patent is soon to be applied to much larger vessels, and the result will be looked for with keen interest.

VACUUM CLEANING AT HOME.

The principle of cleaning by air-suction, by which the dirt and dust are drawn away into a closed vessel instead of being partially redistributed about the room, as is so often the case with dust-pan and brush and household duster, is alluring, and many a one who has suffered from the clouds of dust which so often arise when the homely method is in operation must have wished that the principle could be introduced into the ordinary household. There are vacuum cleaning companies who will bring little engines and many yards of piping and clean a big factory in a very short time; but the knowledge of their operations is of little comfort to the ordinary housewife. An attempt to apply the same principle to the requirements of private houses has been made by Mr Harvey, of Kidderminster, whose instrument consists of a small and quite portable pump operated by hand and a length of piping terminating in what is known as a renovator, which, applied to the surface to be cleaned, immediately sucks up all the dust upon it. The dust is collected in a bag in the interior of the apparatus, where it is held for subsequent removal. Whether the instrument is more efficient in its working than an ordinary dust-pan and brush remains probably for the housemaid to say, but at all events the dust it does remove is taken without creating any 'smother' in the atmosphere, and that alone should be a recommendation in its favour.

THE PROTECTION OF WOOD AGAINST WHITE ANTS.

All timbers, with the exception of a few of the more expensive kinds, are subject to the depredations of white ants, whilst so far no treatment for the protection of wood against these pests has been commercially successful. Creosote and other mineral oils have been tried, but they are not lasting, only partially impregnate the wood, and cannot be used for indoor work. Various chemicals have also been employed, but in general these are inefficient or too costly. The method introduced, however, by the Powell Wood-Process Syndicate (Temple Bar House, E.C.) appears to have effectually overcome

these objections. This process consists in first boiling the wood in a saccharine solution which expels the latent air. In the subsequent cooling the solution is absorbed by the tissues, with the result that the wood is strengthened and improved in quality. It is afterwards artificially dried, and the ordinary process is then complete, the wood being thoroughly seasoned. In order to render wood proof against the attacks of white ants it is only necessary to combine with the saccharine solution certain substances obnoxious to these insects, which substances are absorbed by the wood along with the saccharine solution. The extra expense is thus confined to the bare cost of the materials added, which is very small. The application of this treatment may now permit of the more extended use of wood in tropical countries for all purposes, and may lead in many cases to the substitution of ordinary timber for the more expensive hardwoods.

THE DYNAMO AS AN AID TO GAMBLING.

To the list of praiseworthy reports from the Ontario Department of Agriculture there has been added another dealing with fairs and exhibitions. Although local authorities have power to arrest any persons with games of chance and to confiscate the apparatus, it is evident that much gambling is carried on even under the eye of the law. The sharpers make as much out of the fairs during September and October as keeps them all the winter. In the case of one gambling outfit in Niagara district, the gambler had a table, underneath which, out of sight, was a drawer containing twenty-three dynamos. He had loaded dice, and invited the public to try their luck by betting to see who could make the highest throws. By simply leaning against the edge of the table he could control an electric current and cause the loaded dice to fall any way he desired. The method adopted was to allow the person throwing to win several times, and at the same time gradually to increase the size of the bets. As soon as the sharper was sure his victim was betting all his money he immediately cleaned him out. So prevalent has this become that special detectives are sent from the department at Toronto. The worst exhibitions are found close to the United States borders, Detroit and Buffalo sending out contingents. It is found that when an agricultural show ceases to be that for which it was organised, immediately it degenerates. When horse-racing is added, there frequently follows immoral side-shows, women contortionists, and ballet-dancers. The department has confiscated quite an interesting collection of wheels of fortune and other gambling outfits.

PROLONGING LIFE BY CURDLED MILK.

We are all interested in prolonging useful lives. The method hinted at in the researches of Professor Elie Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute is very simple, as described in the October *M'Clure's Magazine*. The red corpuscles of the blood distribute oxygen; the white corpuscles or leucocytes protect and heal, or act as workmen and repairing material at the same time. They swallow and digest noxious germs. The Professor believes that man does not now live the natural span of life, and that 'middle age' should and will be three or four score years. He daily takes a sort of curdled milk containing microbes which combat the cellular activities that hasten old age. He believes it is possible to avail ourselves of our knowledge of the struggle between microbes and phagocytes (cells which devour) to prolong life. By absorbing milk in which the curdling process has commenced it is possible to replace deadly germs by germs which are beneficial. The Bulgarian mountaineers, notable for consuming sour milk, are famous for longevity. The *yaghort* or *kéfir* germ of sour milk brought from Bulgaria to Switzerland and France is now on sale in Paris.

SOME GERMAN METHODS.

Britons are tired of having German and American methods held up for imitation. Yet much may still be learnt from seeing ourselves as others see us. A German head-master who was lately in England is impressed with the fact that workmen are better cared for in Germany, where fifty millions of marks are given annually to the aged poor. Then there is the system of help in illness or accident, and the methods of making known where work is to be had. The German schools try to give a good average education to every child; the English seem to foster individual talent. The father of a backward boy in Germany is pretty sure that school discipline and education will bring him up to a certain standard. Another observer—Dr Oliver, Professor of Physiology at the Newcastle Medical School—remarks that the Germans recognise more freely than we do the desirability of removing factories from congested districts into the country, and adopt means to prevent the excessive escape of smoke and effluvia from factories and workshops. As a result, in German towns we see a much larger proportion of tall and well-developed men and women than in an English manufacturing town. Nowhere in Germany will there be found such undersized, ill-developed, and sickly-looking people as are to be found in the poorer districts of London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other large towns. The world is rapidly approaching a shortage of timber. Sir Herbert Maxwell advocates the State investing ten thousand pounds a year in the purchase and planting of land; at the end of fifty years it might be yielding a handsome revenue. There is no pulping-mill in the United Kingdom. We import wood-pulp and wood-paper to the value of three million pounds annually. There are six hundred pulping-mills at work in Germany, where 25 per cent. of the total area is under wood, and receives as much attention as agriculture; and in Prussia alone the forests bring in five million pounds annually to the national exchequer. The moral is obvious!

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

By JULIAN KINGSTEAD.

THE curtain has fallen!

My lords and ladies have swept from their boxes and fauteuils, and Mr Hoggenheimer and my Lord Duke have driven off in their respective equipages. See how old Covent Garden empties itself into the street! Look at young Mr Monocle over yonder! Look at him as he parades himself amongst the mêlée of pretty women, *grandes dames*, footmen, and chauffeurs! He carries his programme in his hand and his glasses ostensibly hung over his coat, so that all the world may know he is a right regular opera-man and no end of a fine fellow to boot. Look at the little bunch of people round the corner in Floral Street waiting to catch a glimpse of those august personages who have access to the Royal Box. The curtain has fallen! Madame Bel Canto is off to a supper at the Cecil, and Signor Basso to ten courses (not to mention the *hors-d'œuvre*) at the Savoy, with as many glasses of champagne as there are healths to drink them to.

Look, my friend; what a glitter of light outside, what a hurry-scurry everywhere—horses quickly drawn up, policemen shouting and trying to keep order, dapper little motor-broughams swishing along to carry people home to their beds, good gentlemen and good ladies who cannot find John and Thomas, and the same John and Thomas who cannot find my lord and lady! This is the Greater London; Sala knew it and wrote charmingly about it in the sixties. It is Cosmopolis.

But hold! Let us return to the old opera-house we have just left. Come, my friend, we will out of this din and back each to our own box again. In a dream I find myself once more in the Grand Tier upon the O.P. side. There is little sound in the big, empty place. The noise of a few foot-falls comes from behind the massive curtain where but a short time ago stood Don Giovanni's palace, where we caught a glimpse of Signor Puccini's Japan, where we saw Rigoletto and Gilda for the twentieth time, the sweet-voiced Mimi in the studio of the Quartier Latin (for was it not our own Melba?), and then before that Herr Van Dyck and the wonderful Ternina, with the whole host of followers of the great Wagner obedient to the rhythm of Dr Richter's bâton.

The curtain has fallen! The footlights have vanished, and only their sconces seem to mark the gulf that lies between Stageland and the habitations of men. All is quiet. Let us watch the scene. You and I, my friend, are hidden in our boxes, and as we look down from above, a few solitary figures come and go amongst the chairs and music-stands. Others move quietly about, covering up the stalls and putting the rich fauteuils to bed.

The hour moves round. For, see, the figures below move no longer. Not a sound is to be heard in the vast empty building. The lights have all vanished, and the auditorium is plunged in darkness. Madame Opera is asleep.

. . . . . .

Listen! there is music somewhere in the darkness. It is the memory of great things past. Perhaps it is Cilea's beautiful *intermezzo* from *Adriana Lecouvreur*. Or perhaps it is 'La ci darem,' and, softer still, an echo of that first duet in *La Bohème*. And again it is the *intermezzo*. There is silence for some seconds, and then suddenly one fancies that one hears voices. Surely, are they not the notes of Catalani and Malibran, of Jenny Lind and Patti, that ring out clear and strong in the darkness? Yes, for they are in the prologue to my opera. I look round from my box and peer into the darkness. The music grows louder. *Scherzo* gives place to *adagio*. For many minutes it continues till all at once it stops. There is silence; and then, as I gaze, lo! the vast auditorium blazes out bright with a thousand lamps, and the whole building is lighted again *a giorno*. There are crowds everywhere. Do you see the flashing necklaces, tiaras, and other head-dresses? Do you see the smart, stiff shirt-fronts of the gentlemen, the imposing jewel-bedecked *décolleté* of the ladies? His Gracious Majesty and his beloved Consort are over yonder. All are in their seats before the curtain rises to-night. For this is dream-opera! The orchestra are in their places ready. The footlights flash up. A figure is threading his way amongst the players, and takes his seat and raises his bâton. A little clapping from the 'gods,' and then a murmuring 'Hush'—the plea for silence. It is Monsieur Messager. The music sways forth; the bows swing up and down together upon the strings. Every one is happy. Look at the brilliant lights! Look at the splendid array of beautiful women and gallant men, *bons camarades* and all good friends; fans, laces, and silks, fopperies of one sort, kickshaws of another! Look! the footlights are bright, and all is elegance and refinement and beauty and *la dernière mode*.

The curtain rises. Nellie Melba appears; Edouard de Reske returns to us again; Caruso is at his best. Mademoiselle Bauermeister is still here to give us 'Marta,' for we must long remember her thus in our dream-opera. It is a familiar scene, in this opera of my dream—the market-place, the church, the chorus of soldiers, the townsfolk and idlers. There is a great burst of clapping and stamping, cries of '*Encore*' and '*Bis-bis*.' The stage clears. The old, old familiar waltz strikes up with memories of our own dances, of brilliant salons, cool terraces and balconies, and the Blue Viennese amongst the

palms at the far end of the room. Look! Do you see who comes now like a flash, dancing by on her toes with remembrances of the great Taglioni, of Ellsler, and Cerrito? This is my Utopian opera, and the Prima Ballerina comes into her own again. Terpsichore is queen of all now. With a pirouette here, a turn there, it is a vision of silk and gauze, of tinsel and tulle, that dances before us. Throw down your bouquets, gallant gentlemen! Wave your dainty lace handkerchiefs, fair ladies! The great Adeline Genée in England's opera-house treads in the footsteps of Taglioni, and the Prima Ballerina lives again!

The scenes changes. It is a great tragedy now. Dream-opera! dream-opera! The climax is coming. All eyes are fixed on the figures—the puppets upon the stage. The music becomes louder; the notes are wild; the tension increases. Monsieur Messager swoops down with his bâton. You can hear the loud tones of the bassoon, the rumbling of the drum, the great agony of the strings in unison. And then, crash! Silence—the silence of death.

'*La commedia è finita!*' says Canio in *Pagliacci*. It is dream-opera. And the curtain falls.

THE FINAL PAGE.

With weary hand he laid the pen
  Beside the finished, final page,
And wondered if the eyes of men
  Would read it in some future age;
Or if, forgotten and unread,
  The volume would oblivious lie,
Like some lost memory of the dead
  Who lone and unremembered die.

But inly conscious of their worth,
  Though conscious of their weakness too,
He sent the humble pages forth,
  And *slept* as weary toilers do.
Sweet is his rest. No pen, no voice,
  His slumb'ring heart and ear can thrill;
But God and Time have made their choice,
  For, 'being dead, he speaketh' still.

W. Blane.

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CONTENTS.

THE STORY OF ANSTER.	By MARY STUART BOYD	PAGE 1
SONG OF BRAGELA, QUEEN OF SKYE.	By LILIAN NAPIER	" 25
THE LADY OF THE CHAPEL.	By KATHARINE TYNAN	" 26
THE WIND IN THE CHIMNEY.	By LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT	" 31
WHEN JOYCE GREW UP.	By CHARLES EDWARDES	" 32
A LEARNED LADY.	By R. E. FRANCILLON	" 38
SERENATA.	By C. H. ST L. RUSSELL	" 48

CHRISTMAS 1905.

THE STORY OF ANSTER.'

BY MARY STUART BOYD,

AUTHOR OF 'CLIPPED WINGS,' 'THE MAN IN THE WOOD,' &c.

CHAPTER I.

IN SHADOW.

THERE had been little that was beautiful in Anster Grey's life. So long as she could remember, she and her grandfather, David Gow, had lived alone in the red-tiled cottage in the bleak Fifeshire village of Pittendrevie.

Little more than thirty years earlier, Gow's only child had married a young engineer whom work connected with the new single-line railway had brought into the district. He was a Dumfriesshire man, with some education and many aspirations. The daily task left him discontented, irritated by the prospect of its resumption on the morrow, and rebellious against fate at the anticipation of the years of unceasing toil that appeared to stretch before him.

Fired by dreams of speedy fortune, he had sailed for Australia, leaving behind his wife and infant daughter, who were to follow as soon as he had saved money enough to defray the cost of their passage thither. Then all communications from him ceased abruptly; and after languishing a few years, Mrs Grey, convinced of her husband's death, died, leaving Anster to her grandfather's care.

The little child, thus thrown upon his hands, Gow brought up with rough intolerance, angry at having this burden added to his weight of years. And now that the old man was spent, crippled by that arch-enemy of the farm-labourer, rheumatism, he failed to realise that their positions were completely reversed: that he it was who was impotent, Anster puissant.

A paternal parochial board recognised David Gow's late respectability and present infirmity by a weekly dole of three shillings. Viewed as the backbone of a family income, seven pounds sixteen shillings seems a meagre yearly allowance; but, supplemented by Anster's earnings when field-work was to be had, it sufficed. They pay women one and threepence for a full day in Pittendrevie; but the ungracious weather often interrupted field-labour, and Anster was glad to be able to employ her enforced leisure in knitting coarse woollen stockings for the store at the fishing town six miles distant.

Every little helps, and in Pittendrevie one can live in comparative comfort on an income that in a city would seem beggary. Accommodation is cheap in that out-of-the-world nook, and the annual rent of their but-and-ben, with the ram-

shackle weaver's shop attached, and its strip of fertile garden ground, was almost covered by Anster's fee for 'taking a harvest.'

It was a hard life for the motherless girl; but Anster did not know it. She had always been accustomed to the stern conditions prevalent in like northern villages, where there is little of sunshine, of laughter, or of merrymaking, and much of sorrow and of sin.

One portion of her home-labour Anster really did enjoy, and that was working in the long, narrow garden that, divided from the neighbouring patches by no visible landmark, ran down to the edge of the loch. It was a typical garden of the poor. Potatoes, greens, and leeks formed its staple crops. Shallots, turnips, and parsley held a less important place. Carrots never succeeded. A crapulent reptile vaguely referred to as 'the worm' claimed the Pittendrevie carrots as his own. The few gooseberry-bushes were old and moss-grown, their fruits few and small. But the red and white currants planted by her grandfather long ago still bore plentifully. In the moist soil by the loch the black-currant bushes had, for lack of judicious thinning out of the old wood, grown into a barren hedge. In a tumble-down outhouse a few hens subsisted on the scant house-scraps eked out with what grain Anster could glean after the harvest-fields were bare.

In the flower-bed by the back door, a slender border grudgingly spared from the strictly utilitarian portion, grew wallflowers, a fragrant clump whose culture was of the simplest in that the plants obligingly seeded themselves, and Anster's sole labour consisted in drawing out the mother-plant, leaving the seedlings to take her place. Inbreeding and lack of change of soil had made the blossoms small; and their colour, originally blood-red, was now mottled brown and yellow. But their perfume was still fragrant, and Anster had a passion for sweet smells—a passion gratified by the sweet-briar that, growing close beside the back door, always seemed to her to waft a breath of welcome when she escaped from the stultifying atmosphere of her grandfather's querulous complaints to the pure outer air.

To Anster's knowledge, the little bush had never blossomed. But it is only in favoured parts of Scotland that bloom is expected from the sweet-briar. Its fragrance is gladly accepted in place of the flowers that cover the dog-rose. And it was in perfect consonance with Anster Grey's unquestioning acceptance of life that, unnoticing her sweet-briar to be a stunted little bush void of blossom and scant of leaf, she yet treasured it for what it gave.

Anster was not popular among the village folk, and indeed it would have taken a close student of human nature to discover the depth of feeling that was hidden in the quiet girl. Her natural reserve they ascribed to pride, a belief favoured by her reluctance, both from lack of time and inclination, to join in the gossip that supplied the savour of existence at Pittendrevie. The very fact that her father had been a native of other parts—an 'incomer'—was accounted against her. She made few friends, the village opinion being that a girl in her position need not hold her head so high. But hard-working, lonely Anster Grey walked in all humility, quite unaware that her head was deemed high.

The one semblance of a girl-friend she owned was Bella Wyse, the pretty red-haired daughter of the Earl's head-gamekeeper.

During Anster's brief period of education, Bella, who also attended the village school, had condescended to patronise the dark-haired little girl who evinced so genuine an admiration for her more favoured school-mate.

Something in the reserve of Anster's deeper nature proved attractive to the frivolous Bella, who after they had grown to maidenhood still experienced spasmodic bursts of friendship that induced her to pay visits to Gow's cottage with the purpose of showing off her new gowns and of making Anster recipient of confidences respecting the sweethearts she had flouted. A narrower mind than Anster's might have resented these attentions as invidious under her straitened circumstances. But there was not a fibre of selfishness in Anster's nature. She approved the smart garments, listened with unfeigned interest to the tales of Bella's lovers, and thought how kind it was of Bella to visit her.

Anster's twenty-first summer had come and gone. With the autumn damp—that, take what precautions she might, succeeded in penetrating the little cottage—the rheumatism had taken a firmer grip of its victim, and Anster was glad of the lull in field-labour that enabled her to give her undivided attention to her grandfather. Never had nurse a more intractable patient. Her efforts to relieve his pain merely called forth scathing comments on her incompetence. To judge by his attitude towards her, old Gow appeared to look on Anster as, under Heaven, the origin of all his suffering. And Anster, probably because she was too accustomed to his standpoint to regard it as aught than matter of course, accepted his blame as tolerantly as others accept praise.

The winter proved a severe one in Pittendrevie, one of the hardest the Fifeshire village had known. For many weeks the loch lay ice-bound, and during the brief daylight the whiz-z of the curling-stones and the excited shouts of the players reached the cottage. The lively clamour did not tend to the mellowing of the old man's temper, for in his day he had been an ardent curler, and the sound of sport in which he could no longer join irritated him almost beyond endurance.

Anster was glad that their half-yearly rent had been paid, and that their weekly three shillings was assured to them; for even the quickest knitter progresses but slowly when she has an exacting invalid to attend to. And at the best Anster, whose fingers were roughened by field-labour, was not a quick knitter.

One bleak January day found Gow's ailment marked by an increase of feverish pain. There is no medical man in Pittendrevie, and the Gateside doctor, caught at eventide, when driving through the village, by Anster, who had watched for him all day, grunted a little over the worn, pain-racked body, and ordered plenty of good nourishment, and friction with some special lotion for which he left a prescription.

It being the dead of winter, money was at its scarcest; and Anster had an ingrained horror of debt. The nourishment she supplied by the sacrifice of one of her few fowls. Hastily preparing it, she set it in a pot of water on the hob to simmer down for strong soup. Then wrapping herself in the thick tartan plaid that had been her mother's, she took an empty medicine bottle—for in an income whose only certainty is three shillings a week every penny counts—and set forth on her walk to the village, a mile and a half distant, that boasted a chemist's shop.

It was a bitter night. The Siberian-born east wind seemed to pierce the folds of her thick shawl. The ice-coated ground made walking difficult, but Anster bravely plodded on. To a country-bred girl a walk of a mile and a half is nothing, though the keen wind and the slippery state of the frost-bound roads combined to lengthen her journey.

The lotion procured, Anster set off homeward, carefully carrying the bottle. The wind was at her back now, and eager to make up for the delay unavoidably caused by the making up of the prescription, she was making good progress when her clumsily shod foot slipped and she fell, smashing the bottle of precious liquid.

Appalled at the catastrophe, Anster struggled to her feet, meaning to hasten back and try to induce the chemist to give her another bottle on credit. But the first steps brought on such an agony of pain in her foot that she was fain to lean for support against the bank, sick and trembling.

Two-thirds of the homeward journey had been covered. The remaining half-mile stretched before her stark and rigid under its frozen mantle, without compassion for the weak woman who, shuddering with pain and cold, sought to nerve herself to face it.

Cowering against the bank, Anster's helplessness found issue in dry, painful sobs. Struggling to overcome deadly faintness, she thought of the sick man lying helpless, knew that the minutes must seem hours to him, wondered what he would do if she were unable to reach home.

'I mustna faint. If I faint, I'll die,' she assured herself by way of rallying her wavering senses. 'An' if I die, grandfather'll die too.'

The knowledge that sooner or later some one must pass along the high-road brought her a ray of comfort. She resolved to wait a little, and then, if no one came, to try, handicapped as she was, to reach home.

On that still January night, travellers, never plentiful on the Gateside road, were fewer than ever. The time of waiting had elapsed in unbroken solitude; and, holding by the bank, Anster was painfully dragging herself along, when the sound of a quick footstep echoed on the frozen road.

The new-comer was whistling as he walked, and for a moment Anster shrank back into the darkness of the hedge, reluctant to address a stranger. He had passed, when Anster, realising her folly when she saw her sole chance of aid in danger of evading her, called to him tremulously.

On that dark road, her voice, feeble, hesitating though it was, smote eerily on his ear. Turning abruptly, 'Who is there?' he called, a note of defiance, the warlike tone of a startled man, dominating his voice.

Anster tried to explain, but with the relief of knowing that help was at hand her power to control her wavering senses dwindled; and before he had more than gathered that she had met with an accident while on her way back to Pittendrevie with medicine, Anster had slipped down at his feet unconscious.

Anster came to herself a few moments later, propped against the bank, with her good Samaritan moving round in the helpless manner of one to whom charge of a fainting female is a new and undesirable experience. He wished for water, but it was all frozen solid; longed for whisky, but there was none nearer than the tavern at Pittendrevie; remembered vaguely what he had heard or read of the arousing influence of burnt feathers applied to the nostrils, of the efficacy of cutting stay-laces, and did nothing, for gradually Anster's eyes unclosed. And after a space she, with many apologies for giving him trouble, professed herself able, with his eagerly proffered assistance, to overtake the homeward journey.

Her rescuer proved to be Walter Beaton, a recently appointed under-gardener at the Big House. When he told her his name, Anster remembered Bella Wyse's comments on his good looks and her openly expressed desire for his better acquaintance.

They reached the cottage to find that bodily torment and the natural anxiety caused by the delay had worked the old man into a state of

unreasoning anger, which the tardy arrival of Anster, accompanied by a young man, only accelerated. Gow greeted their entrance with a storm of vituperation delivered in his most trenchant style.

'What d'ye mean stravaigin' about till this time o' night? Gallivantin' wi' lads when ye should 'a bin attendin' to your wark.'

Seeing that Anster was unable to reply, Beaton gave a brief account of the accident; but his explanation, instead of improving matters, only aroused in the grandfather a sense of strong injustice.

'Senseless crater! Stupit woman!' he grumbled. 'Whatever need had the lassie tae gang an' hurt hersel'? As though there wasna plenty o' trouble in the house already. She's been naething but a fash an' a toil to me all her life. I've enough adae wi' mysel', without keepin' her in idleset.'

The discovery that the lotion to which he looked for alleviation had shared Anster's downfall incited him to yet more pungent rhetoric.

Hot words rose to the lips of the younger man. He would fain have retorted, but a pleading look from Anster checked him. She had sunk into the old arm-chair by the fire, and lifting to his a face that was white and drawn with pain, whispered counsel of patience.

'He has been that bad. You dinna ken what he's suffered this lang time, an' he was lookin' for the medicine to ease him.'

Tears of humiliation and misery were rolling down her cheeks.

'The chemist's shop is shut langsyne; but I'll fetch the bottle down from Gateside by the back o' breakfast-time,' Beaton hastened to assure Gow in as soothing a tone as he could adopt.—'Now,' turning to Anster, 'you'd better get away to your bed. I'll tell the woman next door. She'll come in and bathe your foot.'

'What's that?' queried the caustic voice of the old man from the kitchen bed. 'I'll ha'e nae strange women in here.—Mind that, Anster. Claverin' besoms!'

'No, no; dinna tell anybody,' Anster whispered, with a grateful look. 'He canna bide strange folk, an' I'll dae awa' fine.'

His quick eye noting that one of the stoups that stood in the recess by the kitchen door was empty, Beaton lifted it, and, departing before Anster had time to protest, carried it to the village pump, and speedily returned with it filled.

'If you would tell me where you keep your coals,' he said, in the shamefaced manner of one who offers a service, 'I'd fetch you in a rakin' coal.'

A minute later he had gone, leaving Anster with a pleasant glow at her heart, a warmth that not present pain and the possibility of future disablement could conspire to chill.

CHAPTER II.

IN SUNSHINE.

YOUNG Beaton proved better than his word. Convinced that Anster's injury was of a nature demanding prompt treatment, he felt it impossible to delay till the morrow before summoning advice; so, taking the precaution of drawing a pair of old woollen socks over his boots, he set forth for Gateside to see the doctor.

Good Dr Mickle, grumbling in an undertone at the unchristian weather, the unspeakable roads, the amalgamated worries of existence, hastened to put his tired horse back into the shafts and his tired self back into the professional harness that he thought he had laid aside for the day.

Anster, whom he had known from her earliest infancy, was a favourite of his. He had often secretly respected her for her silent endurance of old Gow's gibes, and now he felt himself in a measure to blame for her accident. It was not a night for a lassie to be out, and his conscience reproved him for not having saved her the walk by ordering the lotion himself and seeing that the chemist despatched it by messenger to Pittendrevie.

Arrived at the cottage, he was relieved to find that the injury, though painful, was not dangerous. A small bone had been displaced, and after setting it, and firmly bandaging up the ankle, he counselled Anster to remain in bed for some days.

Needless to say this advice was hotly combated by the old man, who resolutely refused to be ousted from his position of invalid-in-chief and contested, less hotly but more persistently, by Anster herself.

'My grandfather 'll no' let anybody do a thing for him but just me, doctor,' she pleaded. 'I maun be up to attend to him. It 's no' as if i was a leg that was broken. I 'll just sit by th fire with my foot up, or gang about canny. Th work can stand till I 'm better again.'

Throughout the days that elapsed befor Anster's foot regained its strength, Beaton mad frequent inquiries for the welfare of the inv lids; and, Scotsman-like, he rarely came empt handed: it might be the previous day's newspap discarded by the head-gardener, for old Gow w an ardent politician, whose cravings after co troversy his weekly copy of the *People's Journ* failed to appease; sometimes it was a pacl of snuff for the old man or a cluster of hothou flowers for his granddaughter.

Anster having engaged a village urchin carry her water and coals, Beaton's relati with the household were wholly social; and, visits being paid after the early winter dusk l

fallen, their friendship had time to take root before the tongues of the gossips had the chance to blight it.

Anster was not one to offer confidences, but before summer their growing attachment was no longer a secret. As the days lengthened, Beaton occupied his evenings with the self-imposed task of 'planting' the cottage garden, working ostensibly for the helpless old man, but really for the pleasure of being with Anster.

With the brighter weather the rheumatism had subsided and was bearable. Leaving the young folks to their own devices, Gow was able to hobble half the length of the village street to join his cronies at the cobbler's, where they discussed the affairs of the nation and severely criticised the action of the powers that were.

Beaton resolutely refused to permit Anster to share his toil; so when her field-work for the day was over and the house 'redd up,' she delighted to take her stool out to the shelter of the back door beside the sweet-briar, and knit her stocking as she watched her friend's energies on her behalf.

Strange vegetables whose names Anster had never even heard flourished in the sunny little garden that halcyon summer. New annuals—probably familiar enough to others, but new to Anster—bloomed in the circumscribed flower-border. In spring Beaton had brought her a purple clematis, which Anster gave the place of honour on the opposite side of the back door from her treasured sweet-briar; and in fair weather or foul it was her never-ceasing delight to watch the juicy green shoots appear on its withered, insignificant stems, and to train its luxurious festoons up the rough, whitewashed walls of the cottage.

Anster was perfectly happy. Her grandfather was comparatively well. She was able to earn enough to keep them comfortably. These might be but negative causes for joy, but her new-found friendship was a positive delight.

It was on a sweet May night down by the loch-side—where the old overgrown black-currant bushes hedged in the lop-sided patch of washing-green, and the wild-mint crushed beneath their feet sent up pungent aromatic odours—that Walter told her that he loved her.

Anster was filling her tubs with loch-water for next day's washing, and Walter's strong arms were saving her feebler ones.

A confession of heart-felt affection is rarely distinguished by florid speech.

'Anster, do you care for me? You ken I 'm real fond of you, Anster,' he had said.

And Anster's reply had been equally unmarked by rhetoric.

'Ay, Walter,' she said simply. 'I never liket anybody but you.'

Beaton entreated for an early marriage; for though his income was not large, it ranked as affluence when compared with the meagre sum Anster had been accustomed to dispense; but Anster urged her grandfather's dependence as an all-powerful reason for delay.

'He 's real far through. I canna leave him,' she pleaded.

'I 'm sure you 're no' that beholden to him,' Beaton argued. 'You 've maist kept him ever since you could gang to the fields. Let somebody else look after him now. I 'd pay a woman to come in.'

'But he wouldna have anybody but me. And, forby, nobody else would thole him; for ye ken he has an awfu' ill tongue.'

Anster referred to her captious relative's power of vituperation as though it were a calamity, some dispensation of Providence over which the owner had no control.

'But we 're real happy as we are. Are we no', Walter?' she asked eagerly, her heart sore at the disappointment in his face. 'I 've never been near so happy before. Can we no' bide like this a wee?'

Thus pressed, Walter agreed to the marriage being indefinitely postponed. He respected Anster for her tenacity in adhering to what she believed a duty, the while he inwardly reviled old David Gow for his selfishness. For, with the arrogance of healthy youth, he regarded the clinging of the helpless aged to those who were once their dependants as rank 'thrawnness.'

So Anster's golden summer sped by. The new-found sense of loving and of being loved filled her life with radiance, bringing a clear light in her earnest gray eyes, a soft bloom on her cheek.

'My! but you 're lookin' real bonnie, Anster,' Mrs M'Queen, their neighbour, remarked when she came in to borrow a bakie of coals. 'Ye were that white-faced and black-a-vised a wee lassie, I had nae notion ye 'd grow up sae bonnie. I aye thought you 'd ta'en after your father; but ye 're as like your mother as ye can look the day.'

It was in the early autumn that Anster rejoiced to experience a renewal of civilities on the part of the inconstant Bella Wyse, who, having more important fish to fry, had for months chosen to ignore Anster's existence.

One glorious autumn evening while the lovers lingered by the now blooming clematis, watching the last flush of evening fade in the western sky, a knock at the shut door broke in upon their repose; and, opening, Anster admitted Bella.

She was gaily attired. In another, the bright-blue blouse and the hat wreathed with pink cotton roses, which made so daring a contrast with her red hair, might have been esteemed vulgar. But a combination that might have vulgarised anybody else only made Bella prettier than ever, as Anster's generous heart acknowledged gladly, well pleased to have so smart a visitor to show to her sweetheart.

'I was down at the shop a message,' Bella

explained, indicating the basket she carried in confirmation of the statement, 'and I thought I 'd run in to ask how Mr Gow was keepin', and to rest a bit. My basket is that heavy. I was daft to try to carry that much. I doubt I 'll never manage it the length of the house my lone,' she added, with a sigh and a plaintive glance at Walter.

Thereupon Anster kindly suggested that if she would rest a little, Beaton would be going home at the darkening, and that as his road lay in the same direction as hers—a matter concerning which Miss Bella was already cognisant—he would help her with her burden. The offer was somewhat grudgingly seconded by Walter, who was naturally incensed with the uninvited guest for breaking thus rudely upon their solitude.

Half-an-hour later, when Anster stood by the open door of the cottage and watched her lover and her girl-friend walking eastward into the darkness, Beaton carrying the basket, that after all did not seem so very heavy, and Bella tripping lightly by his side, she felt—as she had sometimes reproached herself for doing when they were school-children together—as though Bella Wyse, who already had so many good things, had coveted one of her poorer companion's few possessions. But she put the thought far from her as unworthy of either Bella, Walter, or herself; and when Bella fell into the habit of dropping into the cottage on the evenings when she was most likely to find Walter there, Anster welcomed her as kindly as she could.

The autumn proved unusually wet for the east of Scotland. Anster's harvest-fee, on which she depended for the rent, was hardly earned. From early to late the workers toiled among the wet grain, their soaked garments clinging to their chilled limbs, and their labours seemingly little nearer conclusion.

When Anster crawled wearily home to where her invalid querulously demanded her services, and the arrears of her household duties levied a fresh claim on her weary limbs, she had but little strength left to enjoy Walter's visits, and did not wonder that they gradually became less frequent. Though, to her regret, even when the harvest had dragged to an unsatisfactory close, a change seemed to have fallen upon their happy communion.

'It was that different in summer,' Anster told herself. 'Grandfather could move about a bit, an' Walter an' me could sit in the garden. I canna blame Walter, for nae man likes to sit an' listen to an auld body's girns. No, I canna blame Walter.'

Her field-work was over for the season, and Anster was glad of the leisure to get her 'providing' ready for her prospective wedding. Anster's fingers were roughened by toil; but encouraged thereto by the refining influence of love, they contrived to fashion dainty garments from the coarse materials at her disposal.

With the New Year, the head-gardener at the Castle had gone; his departure giving Beaton a step up and the excuse of extra work as his reason for having so little time to spare at the cottage.

To Anster's unconfessed relief, Bella's concern regarding David Gow's health had vanished as suddenly as it began. Sudden enthusiasms succeeded by abrupt indifference had always been characteristic of Bella, and Anster experienced no surprise when week after week slipped past without bringing a visit from her; though a remark dropped by Mrs M'Queen the morning after Beaton had delighted her with an unexpected call awoke a tinge of uneasiness.

'Bella Wyse is surely gettin' more of a fine lady than ever. Seems she canna dae without the len' o' your lad to convoy her hame. I met them last night when I was comin' down the Balbriggan road, an' they were walkin' thegether quite jocose.'

One dank February night, when the mist hung heavy over the loch, Beaton's knock fell on the door, and Anster sprang up to give him warm welcome. To her disappointment, he seemed moody and preoccupied, revealing little interest in their chat, and uttering incoherent replies to the detailed account which Gow, who was now bedridden, gave of his aches and pains.

'Come out to the back door a minute, Anster,' he said when, leaving the warm kitchen, she went into the passage to bid him good-bye. 'Put your shawl round your head an' come out. I want to speak to you.'

Throwing her worsted wrap over her head and shoulders, Anster followed him out to the garden. The mist-wreaths from the loch sent clammy fingers far up the garden. To Anster it looked as though a wet blanket encircled her little world, blotting out the sunshine and free air, and shutting her up inside. In place of the keen sense of exhilaration Beaton's presence had always brought her, a shadow appeared to have crept over her soul. The prescience of coming trouble lay heavy upon her.

'What is it, dearie?' she asked anxiously.

For a moment Beaton stood silent, his face averted. Then turning, he spoke abruptly:

'Anster, will ye marry me now? If you will I 'll put the banns up the night, an' we 'll be cried on Sabbath an' married next week.'

He spoke with dogged determination, almost as though defying some antagonistic power to prevent their union.

Anster shrank away with a little cry. 'But Walter, ye ken—ye ken fine—I canna leave my grandfather now that he 's that helpless. The doctor was sayin' yesterday that he 'll neve leave his bed again. It 's night-work an' day work too. I 'd like real weel to marry you Walter'—her voice faltered over the words tha meant so much to her—'ye ken that; but couldna leave him to dee among strangers.'

[*Christmas Number.*

Walter, muttering something between his teeth decidedly uncomplimentary to his grandfather-in-law elect, was turning away with an impatient gesture, when the grief in Anster's expressive eyes arrested him.

'Any auld wife could look after him,' he said more gently. 'Why should you think of naebody but him?'

'But, Walter, I canna forget that he took in my mother an' me when my father deserted us. He wasna sae ill to live wi' then, Walter. He was aye real good to my mother. An' after she died he brought me up, though he aye had an ill-will to me, thinkin' I was like my father. I canna leave the auld man to dee his lane. Have patience a wee while, dearie. The doctor says he's awfu' far through.'

'Well, if he's more to you than me'—— Beaton began hotly.

'Oh Walter! ye ken fine that it's no' that,' Anster sobbed. 'An' I'd marry you the morn if you'd come here to stop.'

'That I canna,' Walter answered decisively. 'I have the night-charge of the fires at the hothouses now, an' I daurna sleep away from the place. Forby, we would be the laughing-stock of the village, you down here and me up there.'

'There's another thing.' Anster hesitated before broaching an uncongenial subject. 'The doctor was saying my grandfather should gang into the pöorhouse. But I couldna thole that though I was to work my fingers to the bone. No, Walter,' she added with renewed resolution, 'I'll bide with him as long as he needs me. An' after that I'll come to you—if you want me.'

The querulous call of the old man broke the silence that had fallen upon them.

'Well, I've done what I could to persuade you. Ye must gang your ain gait,' were Beaton's parting words. And the note of fatalism in his voice, as though he had staked much on the issues of his request, and, having been denied his desire, was resolved to let matters drift whither they listed, struck coldly to Anster's heart.

CHAPTER III.

FOOLISH BELLA WYSE.

THE spring was drawing to a close, and old David Gow still lay supine. The prophecies rife among the 'skilly' folks of the village that he would never live to see March out had been refuted. With limbs cramped and twisted out of shape by long-drawn suffering, he lingered on, tenacious of life, his intellect unclouded, his demands for attention as exacting as ever.

Many a time since she had refused to agree to Beaton's wish for an immediate marriage Anster Grey had felt her resolution fail within her. She had to wrestle with herself to keep from hastening to tell her lover that she would throw duty to the winds and wed with him at once. With many others, she had made the discovery that renunciation is comparatively easy. It is in adhering consistently to one's determination that the hardship comes in.

Had her grandfather been a more amiable character, a loving word, a grateful look, would have repaid her. But Gow had lost the habit of gratitude. Probably it was one of the habits he had never contracted. All his life he had prided himself upon his independence. His weekly dole from the parish rates he considered he had earned a right to by paying taxes for fifty years.

One night late in April, Anster, who had been in close attendance all day upon her invalid, was sitting by the kitchen fire, her hands resting on her lap in unwonted idleness.

A hush lay over the house. Though there was no apparent sign, she knew that her grandfather's hours were drawing to a close. There was little to do but wait for the end. After an uneasy day, Gow had fallen into a fitful, opiate-given slumber; and Anster, fearful of rousing him by lighting a lamp, sat dreamily gazing into the fire.

Her weary period of probation was nearly over. Before her lay the unclouded prospect of a life of happiness with the man she loved. Yet somehow, sitting steadfastly looking into the red glow, Anster found it difficult to believe in the reality of her visions of future bliss.

The knowledge that her waiting must soon end had supported Anster through the thankless toil of the long chill winter and of the dreary spring. No doubt of Walter Beaton's loyalty had crossed her mind. It is always easy to forge excuses for those we love, and had any distrust arisen Anster would have explained it away. Yet she could not help contrasting the April of last year with the one so nearly ended. Then Walter had spent every spare moment at the cottage. Now, with his rise of position, he had but few spare moments; or, if he had many, he chose to spend them elsewhere.

To-night, even with the certainty that the old man's retentive grasp of an existence scarcely worth endurance must speedily relax, leaving her free, the future seemed dimmer than it had been months earlier. It was harder now to visualise that wedded life of which she had recently cherished such joyous anticipations. The happy dream that but lately had been so vivid was misty now and blurred.

Seated in the old arm-chair, she was idly musing, when she was aroused by the sound of the street door opening cautiously, and a woman's voice hoarsely whispering, 'Anster, are ye in?'

'Who is it?' whispered Anster in reply. She had slipped into the entry, closing the kitchen

door gently behind her. 'Oh, it's you, Mrs M'Cruvie,' she added, recognising the figure with the shawl-muffled head as that of a widow who resided at the farther end of the village, an inveterate gossip endowed with something of the ghoul in that she scented a death from afar.

'Deed ay, it's me, Anster. I just cam' along to speir how'——

'Come awa' in here. It's no' that dark wi' the moon shinin' in.'

Knowing that her visitor would not depart until she had satisfied her curiosity, and unwilling to run the risk of arousing the sleeper, Anster drew her into the deserted weaver's shop, which, its original purpose vanished, had long served the dual offices of coal-house and lumber-room.

'An' how is he keepin'?' Mrs M'Cruvie motioned with her head in the presumable direction of the patient's bed. 'They were tellin' me he was near by wi' 't. An' I thought I 'd offer to bide the nicht wi' ye.'

'Thank ye kindly, Mrs M'Cruvie. Grandfather's real far through, but he's no needin' much attention the noo. The doctor's gi'en him something to mak' him sleep, an' he's lyin' awfu' quiet-like. I can manage fine my lane. But thank ye kindly all the same.'

'Weel, if you 'd rather no'. But isn't it fair wonderfu' that the auld body has lasted sae lang? They were tellin' me he's that twisted wi' the pains that he canna lie straucht in his bed. But what 'll you be daein' when yer grandfaither's awa, Anster? Ye 'll be rael lonely here yer lane. Ay'—with a long-drawn sigh of commiseration—'this is a sair time for ye, my lassie. An' they 're tellin' me ye had a' yer providin' ready for Wattie Beaton. Sirse me! it's an awfu' peety yon glaiket lass sud ha'e come between you an' him.'

'What do ye mean?' Anster spoke in a strained whisper. 'Whatna lass are you talkin' about? There's naething ever cam' betwixt Wattie an' me.'

'Div ye no' ken?' There was an ill-concealed note of triumph in Mrs M'Cruvie's tone as she peered curiously into Anster's face, watching its expression as closely as the ray of chill moonlight that entered by the tiny window permitted. 'Ay, it's juist as I was sayin' 'til Mrs Imrie: "It's them that the news concerns maist that's aye the hindmost tae hear it." A'body in the place kens that yer lad took Bella Wyse to Edinburry for the spring holiday. Ay, an' boucht her a terrible grand feather-boa for her neck.'

'I dinna believe it.'

'An' what's mair, Bella gangs aboot sayin' that gin Wattie Beaton had his ain wey it's her he would be marryin' wi', but that he doesna like tae break his word to you. She says he gied you a promise because he was vexed for ye, seein' the auld man used ye sae ill; but that lang an' bitter's the day he's rued it.'

'Walter wadna dae it. He's aye been faithfu' to me.' Anster, at bay, fought for her wounded love. 'He never liket Bella Wyse. An' it's a' my ain fau't that we werena married langsyne. Ye shouldna cairry sic' clavers.'

Mrs M'Cruvie nodded her shawled head sagely.

'Ay, that's juist what I said to auld Mrs Imrie. I said I 'd get nae thanks for lettin' ye ken what wis goin' on ahint yer back. But maybe it's no' true, after a'.' Having wrought all the mischief in her power, Mrs M'Cruvie, struck with tardy compunction by the pain in Anster's face, by the dumb despair in her dark eyes, made a half-hearted attempt to eat her words. 'Bella was aye a maist awfu' leein' lassie.'

The door at length bolted behind her unwelcome visitor, Anster returned to her seat by the kitchen fire and tried to think coherently.

Her world had been a pitifully narrow one, but such as it was, it seemed fast slipping from her grasp. Her only relation lay dying; her lover was reputed unfaithful.

For a time she failed to readjust her mind to the new balance of affairs. At first she resolutely refused to believe Walter untrue. Still, despite her determination, things small of themselves but big when taken as corroboration of the report occurred to her.

That Walter Beaton had gone to Edinburgh on the spring holiday she already knew; and no later than the previous Sunday she had seen Bella Wyse go past to church wearing a smart gray feather-boa. Anster distinctly remembered thinking how it set off Bella's pink cheeks and red hair, and she had wondered if it might be possible to include a black one, somewhat similar, in the wedding trousseau she was preparing.

Even as the conviction gathered strength Anster felt as though Mrs M'Cruvie's story had held no revelation, as though, indeed, she must already have anticipated its purport. To one straw alone she clung desperately: until she heard from Walter's own lips that the story was true she would esteem it false.

She tried to plan how best she could contrive a meeting for the following day, only to realise that she could not endure to let a night elapse before questioning him.

By the time Anster had resolved to put her fortune to an immediate test by seeking Beaton and asking him directly concerning the truth of the allegations she had heard, it was already late as Pittendrevie accounted time. The sounds of the village had ceased.

When her grandfather stirred she gave him a nourishing drink, and murmuring in his scarce-conscious ears that she would not be long out, she waited until he had again dozed off, then,

[*Christmas Number.*

taking her tartan plaid from the back of the door where it hung, slipped quietly from the house.

It was nearly eleven o'clock. The village was hushed in slumber, and the moonlight lay cold over the empty white road. There was a touch of late frost in the air; but it was not until Anster was far beyond the houses that she noticed that the shawl she had taken to guard her from the chill air hung idly over her arm, while her head was uncovered.

Breaking off from the high-road at the Earl's lodge gates, Anster turned along the rough cart-track that, skirting the southern wall of the park, led to the gardeners' cottages. The way was familiar to her. One Sunday evening scarcely a year ago Beaton had taken her there to show her the pretty creeper-covered cottage that he hoped would one day be her home.

A faint light shone through the drawn blind, but all else was dark. Anster tapped gently at the lighted pane, but there was no reply. Waiting in the shadow of the rustic porch, she looked across at the neat square of grass lawn edged by the closely-set border of blossoming primrose-plants. Primroses are scarce at Pittendrevie, though the cowslip is common enough, and a memory of the fragrant cluster Walter had brought her last April caught her breath sharply.

While she waited trembling, sick at heart but nerved with the purpose of her visit, the far-off chimes of the church clock thrilled the silence. Eleven o'clock! At that hour, she remembered, Beaton had to see that the hothouse fires were properly banked for the night. By the furnace attached to the orchid-house she found him. Stooping down, intent on assuring himself that there was no danger of a fall in temperature before dawn, he had no warning of her approach until, turning, he discovered her standing silently beside him, a slender figure wrapped in the dark tartan plaid.

'Anster!' he cried involuntarily, 'what brought you here at such an hour?'

But even as he spoke the knowledge flashed to him, and he stood before her self-convicted.

Few words passed between them. It was a time when silence is more incisive than speech. Seeing that the girl was shuddering in wordless distress, Beaton unlocked the door of the nearest conservatory and led her to its moist warmth. She leaned against the staging, faint but resolute.

'Oh Wattie, it isna true?—say it isna true,' she pled piteously.

'What isna true?' he answered with feeble doggedness, refusing to meet her beseeching eyes.

'What they're sayin' down in Pittendrevie'—Anster's voice faltered, but she forced herself to utter the words that might separate them for ever—'that you and Bella Wyse have been courtin' thegither?'

'If she hadna come hangin' about, an' aye throwin' hersel' in my way'—— Beaton began in eager self-extenuation; but the look of finality in Anster's pale face silenced him.

'Then it wasna a lee?'

'An' if it is true, it's yersel' that's to blame, Anster. If ye had ta'en me when I askit ye this would never have happened.'

'Ye ken how I was placed.'

'Ye pit everything afore me. Ye never considered onybody but juist the auld man, an' I 'm sure he gied ye nae thanks for 't.'

'There 's nae use speakin' about what 's past an' gane, Walter. I acted for the best. But I maun hurry back; my grandfather 's real far through.'

Anster's task was accomplished. She had gained the knowledge she sought. As she spoke she began with trembling fingers to refasten the shawl that, in the humid atmosphere of the hothouse, had slipped unheeded from her shoulders.

'Anster—I never intended it. She was naething to me. It was you I was wantin'. If you had'——

'That 's a' by noo, Walter.' Anster spoke drearily, as though, through Walter's tacit confession, she had reached the end of all things. 'I canna thole to speak about it yet. But we 'll never be aucht to ither again.'

Without farewell, she turned and walked quietly off; and Beaton, humiliated, ashamed of the despicable position into which he had been led open-eyed, stood abashed before the quiet endurance of one on whose already heavily burdened shoulders he had laid the heaviest weight of all.

Keeping at a distance, he followed the swiftly moving figure until it had reached the first house of the straggling village. Then he retraced his steps, cursing his own folly.

CHAPTER IV.

THREE OLD LETTERS.

DAVID GOW was buried, and Walter Beaton had married Bella Wyse. The two events occurred in the same week; and the neighbours who called to sympathise with Anster leavened their condolences with information regarding the festivities at the gamekeeper's. Wyse, apparently well satisfied with his prospective son-in-law, had marked his approval of the occasion by giving his daughter what the gossips agreed to designate 'just a real grand down-settin'. A wardrobe nae less, an' a chest o' drawers forby. Just as if she 'd been a princess!'

There were well-authenticated rumours that Bella was the proud possessor of six teaspoons

and a pair of sugar-tongs—'a' real solid silver, mind ye.'

Her dresses, too, provided matter for much interested speculation. Bella and her meek, down-trodden mother had made a special journey to Edinburgh to buy her 'kirkin'' silk. It was blue in tone—a strident blue, for sober hues had no attraction for Bella; and the utter impossibility of their ever achieving even a remote copy of her best hat harassed the dreams of the village maidens for many nights.

As for Bella, the part she had played in deliberately robbing Anster Grey of her lover did not weigh heavily on her light mind. A less paltry soul might have shrunk from flaunting her presumable bliss in the face of Anster's misery. But no such delicacy of feeling characterised Bella, who paid frequent visits to Pittendrevie ostensibly to the shop or post-office, but really with a view to parading her new finery.

Beaton there was little chance of seeing. Avoiding the village, he stuck to his work with a pertinacity that gained the respect of his master; and if his wife found him gloomy and inclined to be surly, she was discreet enough to keep her own counsel.

When they walked together to church—Bella prinked out in her wedding braws, carrying a sunshade, and wearing tight lavender kid gloves and shiny boots that creaked; Walter stepping grimly by her side, uncomfortable in broadcloth and a tall hat—the village esteemed them a 'wise-like' couple. Their dual treatment of Anster was not calculated to breed mutual respect. The better nature that taught Walter Beaton to despise himself had in no way heightened his opinion of the woman who had led him to act thus meanly. But though dissensions had already arisen, they had sense enough to keep the fact to themselves, and as yet nobody suspected the hidden rancour that marked their marital relations, or guessed that the union had not been the love-match it seemed.

'We aye thought it was you Wattie Beaton was after, Anster, an' I 'm sure he courted you weel last summer,' Mrs M'Queen remarked, with no intention of wounding. 'But it 's thae kind o' glaiket lassies that the men aye fancies. An' you had nae time to encourage a clanjamfry o' lads about the house. But now that the auld man 's awa'—an' I 'm sure it was time 'til him, an' just a relief to himsel' an' to a'body else—ye 'll maybe get leisure to think o' a man. For you 're no' that bad-lookin' a lass yoursel', Anster, though you 're most awfu' thin an' pooket-lookin' the noo.'

In the early days succeeding her grandfather's death Anster's mind was a chaos. Bodily and mentally exhausted, she collapsed. The neighbours, alarmed, summoned Dr Mickle, who ordered her complete rest. Unfortunately, inaction did not suit one who had never spent an entire day in bed during her life.

Lying in the stillness of her empty house, her over-active mind tormented itself with painful thoughts. The ignominy of her position lay like iron upon her soul. Corroding thoughts gnawed at her heart. The galling fact that Bella Wyse, who already had so many of the good things of life, should have thus treacherously stolen her only treasure kept recurring with agonising insistence. Ofttimes, seized by a frenzy of impotent fury, she girded at herself for having allowed her lover to slip from her grasp.

The actual conditions of life with Anster were less harassing. She had only herself to care for. With but one mouth to feed, and no invalid to make constant demands on her time and strength, life should have been a comparatively easy matter. Yet, as the days wore on, Anster felt her mental worries lie more and more heavily on her spirits.

Worn out by a hard day's work in the fields, she would fall asleep the moment her head touched the pillow, only to find herself stark awake a few hours later, staring wide-eyed into the darkness, while her memory recounted again and again the whole story of the shame she had endured. With the first light of dawn she would get up and try to chase away the evil spirit by working in her garden. But the labour she had formerly delighted in brought no relief. The garden was filled with memories of those months wherein the sunshine of her bleak life seemed centred.

If only she had not let Walter go! If only she had married him as he urged her when he first began to fear that Bella was trying to entangle him!

'Oh! I was daft—daft,' was Anster's bitter wail of self-accusation. Matters would have gone less hardly with her had she been able to disburden her mind of the haunting troubles. But the habit of reserve is the hardest of all to break.

It was difficult to say towards what mental *cul de sac* this unceasing self-reproach might have drifted her had not Anster providentially made a discovery that sent her thoughts into another and healthier groove. Rising from a sleepless night—throughout which the rain had hissed unceasingly on the low red-tiled roof, a night haunted by the wan ghosts of her might-have-beens—Anster, terrified by her lack of power to turn her thoughts from contemplation the subject that day and night obsessed her began to fear lest her reason might fail under the strain.

It was scarcely daylight; but, dressing hastily she broke up the lump of coal beneath which the fire smouldered, and eagerly sought some distraction. As she moved restlessly into the weaver's shop, her aimless gaze caught sight of falling drops that had already formed a little pool on the earthen floor. Even the prospect of

leak to investigate was a relief. Fetching the rickety ladder that leaned against the wall, she placed it under the trap-door and mounted up till, standing with head and shoulders through the opening, she saw by the dim light of her tallow candle where a cracked tile admitted the rain.

Bringing a tin basin, she placed it under the drip, and in moving some lumber to make room for it, came upon a small, shabby trunk. Anster had believed herself familiar with the contents of the cottage, but this was new to her.

It was a mean little chest covered with worm-eaten leather and dotted with tarnished brass-headed nails. It was jealously locked, and Anster, remembering a key she had discovered in her grandfather's snuff-box, brought it up, and, kneeling in the dusty loft, surrounded by the pallid wrecks of bygone weaving implements, opened the box, and with it opened a new phase of her life.

Turning over the faded relics of circumscribed experiences, Anster felt as one who treads in sacred places. She would have replaced the lid, but that something stronger than herself urged her on.

After all, there appeared little to reward her search. The tattered remains of two or three old Bibles, hoarded up probably from one generation to another, for the reverent spirit shrinks from destroying a page of Holy Writ, however ragged and defaced it may be. A Free-mason's certificate of membership was there, and certain other papers, long invalid; and wrapped in the yellowed sheet of a newspaper was a packet tied up with string. The date of the twenty-year-old newspaper, Anster noticed, was that of her mother's death.

Loosening the string, she found three letters and a photograph in a mildewed case. The likeness was that of a stereotyped family group —young father, young mother, and first baby, taken in their best clothes against a background of purely professional accessories.

Before the bitter thought that perhaps death had been merciful came to her, Anster sighed over the faded semblance of the girl-wife whose tenure of life had been so short. It was a distinct shock to her to discover that so great a likeness existed between her dead mother, whose name she bore, and herself. She had never before seen a portrait of her father, and she examined him curiously. Grey was tall and dark. Even as viewed through the blurred presentment of the cheap photographer's art, there was the impression of force in his features, a sense of power in his bearing.

Turning to the letters, she discovered them to be from her father. The first and longest, which had been posted at Capetown, told of the voyage, its cramped accommodation and hard conditions, and of the writer's relief at the prospect of even a few hours on land. It spoke affectionately enough of the wife and child he had left behind, and referred to the prospect of their joining him when he had succeeded in making a home in Australia.

A second, written when in sight of his destination, was little more than a note. Probably the connecting letter had been lost, for the third, which was dated nearly a year later than the others, was evidently a reply to his wife's inquiries as to when she and the child could join him:

'How can I tell when you can come out? It 's hard enough work making a livelihood here for one, let alone three. I 've tried different things here, but found nothing I like. There is talk of a new goldfield. A lot of men are going there, and I may have a try. So, if you write, address to the care of Mr Chisholm, Post-Office, Koomaroo, Victoria, and it will be forwarded.'

There was little love in the letter. From the note of irritation that sounded through its strain, Anster guessed that the wife at home, sick with deferred hope, had grown importunate in her desire to join her husband—a husband who, to judge from the tone of his curt letter, had already begun to consider her a drag.

So far as Anster was qualified to judge, the writing was that of a well-educated man. She looked eagerly for further communications from him, but there was none. For aught she could tell, this petulant, heartless note had been the last news received from her father.

It was nearly twenty years now since her mother died, deserted and hopeless, in bleak Pittendrevie.

Anster had never thought to question the accepted belief that her father had met an untimely end in the country to which he had sailed in search of fortune. Yet, oddly enough, with the sight of his till now unknown handwriting came the conviction that her father was yet alive.

Kneeling there in the dimly lit loft, amidst the dusty mementos of long-past lives, with the drip of the rain-drops falling into the basin for sole accompaniment to her thoughts, Anster knew that somewhere on earth she had a living father; and, knowing that, she resolved to find him.

She did not consult the minister. The minister of a Scotch village is rarely so omnipresent a being as he is represented in fiction, and the minister of Pittendrevie was too much engrossed in his own affairs to feel much interest in those of his poorest parishioners.

When he came to the cottage to hold the service at her grandfather's burial, Anster had noticed that he wore his oldest coat—the one whose hue the suns of many summers had changed from black to green; and, with the keen pride of the poor, Anster had resented it. He had contracted the short service, too, that he might not be too late to join a foursome on

the golf-links three miles away. No, it was not to the minister that Anster cared to go for counsel.

Her mind once made up, Anster felt as though she grudged every moment that passed without bringing her nearer her quest. There was nothing to hinder her beginning at once. The heavy rainfall had made work in the fields impossible. So, putting on her thick boots and the tartan plaid, and carrying her grandfather's cumbersome old umbrella by way of protection to the crape bow on her hat, Anster set forth to walk to Gateside. Dr Mickle did not begin his rounds until half-past nine. But though well aware that she had plenty of time to pay him half-a-dozen visits before he started, Anster's eager feet hurried her up the road leading to the sleepy little town.

CHAPTER V.

DR MICKLE AGREES.

IT was eight o'clock when Anster turned into the one street of Gateside. At the family grocer's a young apprentice was taking down the shutters. The glass in the baker's window was opaque with the steam rising from the batch of newly baked bread that was set on the counter to cool.

Afraid of disturbing the doctor too early, Anster lingered about the wet street, keeping a watchful eye on his house in case he might leave home without her knowledge. At length, seeing his housekeeper, her head muffled in a checked handkerchief, set the front door ajar in order that she might repolish the rain-bespattered brass plate, Anster summoned up courage and inquired if the doctor was up.

'Up? Hoots, ay, lassie, this hour back. Gang ben the parlour and you'll see him.—Doctor, here's Anster Grey outen Pittendrevie wantin' to see ye,' she added, opening a door and pushing in the girl.

'Well, Anstruther'—Dr Mickle was the only one who remembered the correct pronunciation of her name—'and how are you? You're surely an early bird to be out on such a wet morning.'

He spoke lightly, but as he gave her a chair by the fire his professionally sharp eyes noted the hollows of her cheeks, the purple shadows about her eyes, the suppressed excitement of her manner.

'It must be something important that would bring you out in rain like this. D'ye want a tooth drawn?'

'No—it's no' that.' Anster was nervously clasping and unclasping her hands. 'Doctor, I'm gaun away—I'm gaun to find my father!'

'Like a prodigal daughter?' Dr Mickle spoke with simulated playfulness, wondering the while if her reason were faltering, for he too had accepted the prevalent notion that Grey was long dead.

'A'body thinks he's dead, but he's alive; I ken he's alive, an' I must go to him. I found those letters, an' I must go. Naebody must prevent me.'

'Had you any breakfast?' Dr Mickle inquired, *à propos* apparently of nothing, as he took the little packet of letters from her trembling hand.

Finding that she could not remember, he broke a raw egg into a cup, and after beating it up, poured in some milk. 'There, drink that,' he said gently, 'and then we'll have a talk. You need something after your walk.'

Gulping down the unpalatable mixture, Anster watched eagerly while the doctor, putting on his spectacles, carefully read the three letters.

'The last is dated 1880. Have you heard nothing since?' he asked gently.

Anster shook her head. 'There's no' been a word ever since I can mind. I aye thought he was dead; but when I was readin' these letters this mornin' I kent he was alive. I dinna ken how I kent it, but I just kent it. Oh doctor, I canna bide here! I'll gang out o' my mind if I stop my lane in Pittendrevie. Let me gang. I canna thole my life here a day longer.'

Hot tears brimmed in her tired eyes. She was agitated, tremulous; and, knowing the stringent self-repression of her life, Dr Mickle realised that only some urgent need for physical and mental diversion could have bred this imperative craving for change.

'Yes, yes. I don't see why you should not,' he answered soothingly, eying her closely the while. 'We're all the better for a little novelty sometimes. And you've never been far from Pittendrevie, have you?'

'I was once at Dundee. It was a cheap trip. But I maun gang to Australia. An' I ha'e nae money,' she added desperately. 'I ha'e naething at all, but I maun gang. I canna tell you why, but I canna bide here any longer. I maun gang.'

Voices in colloquy with the housekeeper sounded in the hall. The doctor was a busy man, and other claims were being made upon his time. Anster could not hope for longer audience.

'Let me think this over,' Dr Mickle said, pointing to the letters. 'It's a far cry to the other side of the world, Anstruther, my lassie. But there are times when we feel our roots have outgrown the flower-pots we were bred in, and we must have a change of soil, or we die. I'll look in at night when my work is over, and we'll discuss the matter.'

After Anster, with a lightened heart, had fared forth into the rain, Dr Mickle, heedless of the demands for his services that were accumulating upon the housekeeper's slate, sat pondering Anster's story.

[*Christmas Number.*

Her idea of setting out to the farther ends of the earth to seek her father, guided thereto by no better clue than an address on a twenty-year-old letter, he felt would be a wild-goose chase. Still, stern experience had taught him the danger lurking in wait for a racked mind that can find no fresh surroundings to turn its vexed thoughts into new channels. More than once he had seen the thwarted yearning for change turn to apathy, and from thence sink to confirmed melancholy.

By means of the village gossip he had heard of the rupture between Anster and the young gardener, and probably he guessed the real story of their broken troth. A year ago his quick perception had noted the happiness that glorified Anster's sordid life. Now it needed no intuition to reveal the depths of misery she was fathoming. He remembered her mother tied hand and foot by poverty, eating her heart out because, for lack of money, she had to remain behind when her husband went to seek their fortune. She had been little older than Anster when she died.

Late in the afternoon, when he returned from his long round of visits, Dr Mickle hurried over his frugal dinner, and, neglecting his customary siesta, sat and pored over the few sheets of yellowed paper that were Anster Grey's sole family documents. Getting out his big atlas, the doctor looked up Koomaroo, the Australian coast-town to which the exile's wife had written so often without receiving a reply. That old David Gow had sent the husband information of his wife's death was certain. Dr Mickle could recollect addressing an envelope to contain the letter that the old man's already cramped fingers had difficulty in penning. That there had been no reply received he knew too, for at long intervals he had asked.

As the theory of Grey's death began to meet with acceptance among the villagers, Dr Mickle ceased his inquiries. Had there been news he knew he would have been the first to hear of it. The fact that Gow maintained unbroken silence on the subject gradually convinced him of the likelihood of the rumours being true. Now he realised that in all probability pride had kept the dour old man from acknowledging that his son-in-law had deserted his wife and child.

He felt he would be wrong to advise Anster to remain at home against her overweening desire. The mainspring of her determination, he realised, was the need for escape from herself—the necessity for leaving her old home and all its humiliating memories behind.

Australia was a fine country. Labour was well paid there. A respectable young woman could more easily earn her bread in the colonies than in bleak Pittendrevie. Only a few months before, his sister at Sydney, Mrs Knox, had written bewailing the scarcity of capable domestic servants, in spite of the exorbitant wages people were willing to pay. The climate was good, too,

and a look on Anster's face had reminded him painfully of the young mother whom he had watched pine away. Pittendrevie, with its nipping east winds, its dank sea-fogs, was no place for Anster, and at best a field-worker's life was a hard life for a woman.

'Yes, father or no father, it 's better she should go.'

In her cottage, which the unceasing rain encircled like a shroud, Anster passed a restless day awaiting his verdict; although she knew that, whatever the doctor's decision might be, it would not alter her resolution. To go without his advice and assistance would be difficult; but, even though it might necessitate her pinching and saving for months, Anster was prepared to face it. Whether her already faltering strength would hold out until, by working hard and living meanly, she had scraped together the money for the journey, she did not—dared not—think.

Just now, while the weather made field-labour impossible, Anster busied herself about her stock of clothes, the prospect of departure giving her courage even to open the drawer wherein she had packed away the garments prepared with so much tender thought against her wedding. Ever since she could remember, her mother's black silk had lain carefully folded away in the bottom drawer, its dignified repose undisturbed save for periodic airings.

Shaking out its little-worn folds, Anster was gratified to find that in height and build she greatly resembled her mother. With the lapse of twenty years the pendulum of mode had swung back. In the sight of a votary of fashion, the black silk with its tight skirt and little knife-pleatings might not have resembled the prevalent fashion; but to Anster's unqualified eyes the cut was in perfect accordance with the style of the day. A very slight alteration, she decided, would be needed to make it a handsome costume, suitable for the most important occasion that might occur.

Then she already had the plain black dress bought as mourning for her grandfather, and the prune cashmere that for the past two years had been her church gown. Except for her coarse working clothes, there was little else, and even in her inexperience Anster realised that it was but a meagre outfit wherewith to face the world.

What the price of a steerage passage to Australia might be she could only guess vaguely. She wondered if the sale of all her worldly goods would bring enough to pay, and feared it might not, knowing that, though the cottage was uncomfortably crowded with furniture, it had been poor to begin with and was now very old.

The day dragged wearily by. The shadows had fallen before the doctor came; but the first words that fell on her anxious ears set her apprehensive mind at rest.

'I 've thought it over. I think you 'd better

go. You may find your father, and you may not. It 's not for me to say whether I think him much worth the trouble of seeking; but you 've little to keep you here since the old man is gone, and you 'll find a better climate there, and work that can't be harder and is certainly better paid. I 've got a sister in Sydney—Mrs Knox. I 'll give you a letter to her, and I 'll write to her myself. The place your father last wrote from —Koomaroo—is only a few hours' sail from Melbourne; from there to Sydney is only a night's train journey. So, if you don't find him, go on to her, and she 'll get you a situation.

'You 'll see what your things here fetch,' he went on, cutting short Anster's attempted thanks; 'and I 'll advance you the rest. Whisht! You can pay me back the money when you get it, and with interest, too, if you like. I 'm not above making a good investment any more than any other man.'

Anster was murmuring something about working for the money and no' bothering him, and maybe after harvest—— But Dr Mickle cut her short.

'You 'd better go soon than syne. Never mind the field-work—you 've done with that. Get your things ready, and I 'll find out about the passage. I 'll be taking my holiday in two or three weeks; I 'll maybe see you on board your boat. And after that I wash my hands of you, and you can make a kirk or a mill of yourself.'

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

ANSTER'S journey was nearing its end. More than six weeks ago she had turned her back on dreary little Pittendrevie, and with an empty, aching heart, but dry-eyed, had gone forth into the world. Yesterday she had reached Melbourne, where, after spending a night on board the ocean liner, she had transhipped into the coasting-steamer that was to convey her to Koomaroo. They had sailed betimes that morning; early afternoon would see her at her destination.

Anster's breath came quickly when she thought how near she was to the goal she had set forth to reach. Oddly enough, her father appeared less actual now that she was almost touching his tracks. At Pittendrevie, with his letters in her hand, he had seemed a living entity. Now he seemed elusive, visionary, like some one only imagined in a dream. She clung tenaciously to the fact that he had written from a certain town. And in that town, Anster assured herself, she would find him. That over twenty years had elapsed since he wrote the letters, and that in twenty years many things may happen, Anster tried hard not to remember.

The uneventful voyage had given her the absolute bodily and mental rest she so badly needed. The long, lazy days, the ozone-laden air, had combined to ward off the nervous exhaustion that had threatened to overcome her. The food, which, though plain, was plentiful and varied, had enriched blood that privation had thinned. She slept now without those sudden awakenings on a painful thought—a thought that would set her heart palpitating furiously and turn her soul to bitterness. Now, looking back to Pittendrevie, she could remember something besides her injuries. For the sympathies of the village folk, aroused by what they openly denounced as foolhardiness, and secretly esteemed as praiseworthy enterprise, had made her the recipient of many a thoughtful kindness. During the few weeks that elapsed between the announcement of her determination to emigrate and her actual departure, Anster scarcely needed to think of preparing a meal; there was always a portion of somebody's dinner awaiting her. When she left Pittendrevie, it was burdened with a cumbersome parcel containing farls of oatcake and rounds of scones, the kindly, if somewhat unnecessary, offering of Mrs M'Queen, who laboured under the delusion that from port to port Anster would never taste fresh bread, but would be obliged to subsist upon adamantine ship-biscuit.

When the household plenishing of the cottage was sold the neighbours mustered in strength at the auction—not perhaps so much with a wish to help Anster by bidding up prices as in quest of bargains—and the old furniture brought a price beyond its deserts.

The tattered Bibles Anster buried in the garden. She could not bring herself to burn or destroy those leaves thumbed by reverent fingers long grown cold. So, digging deeply in the brown earth, she gave them solemn sepulture.

One thing she took with her into her voluntary exile, and that was the tiny old bush of sweetbriar. For years it had wafted a little fragrance into her life, and she could not leave it behind. Throughout the varying temperatures of the voyage she had watered and tended it sedulously. It was the one bit of her old life that Anster would have wished to transplant into her new one, and as they neared land it grieved her to see that it was drooping.

A possession that had greatly added to he enjoyment of the journey was an odd collectio of literature huddled up in an old cotton pillow slip—an omnium-gatherum of boardless book cheap editions of popular works and pape covered novels—the residue, indeed, of th library of Dr Mickle, who found his sole recre tion in reading fiction.

Little literature had come in Anster's wa but, though untutored, she owned a quick,

tentive mind, and had a keen appreciation of good work. So from these books, reading carefully without missing a word, she learnt much of the minds and manners of that outer world that before had been a closed volume to her.

In the hope of gaining information, she had spoken of Koomaroo and of her quest to those of her fellow-passengers who interested her. But most of them were emigrants bound for other parts of the colony. To them also Australia was merely a land of promise; and it was not until she was on the coasting-steamer bound from Melbourne to Koomaroo that her inquiries first bore fruit—of a kind.

Anster was sitting on her trunk on the fore-deck, almost too excited at the near prospect of landing to be able to gaze interestedly at the coast scenery, as the sturdy little boat steadily ploughed her way onwards.

Consumed with the idea of beginning her search the moment she set foot on solid ground, Anster, naturally anxious to present as good an appearance as possible to her father, had put on her best gown—the one remodelled from her mother's black silk—though for its immediate protection she had pinned the skirt carefully up over her drugget petticoat. With her green tartan plaid wrapped loosely about her shoulders, she sat looking bravely ahead, seeking with eye and brain to pierce the future.

In her preoccupation she did not notice that she had taken her place in front of a pen of fowls.

'If you don't mind moving, miss, I won't bother you more than a minute'——

It was the owner of the fowls who interrupted her reverie. He had brought a pan of water, and found he could not attend to his live-stock without disturbing her.

He was an active little man, with blue eyes and crisply curled fair hair that reminded Anster of the fleece of a young lamb. She remembered having noticed him on the wharf among the expectant crowd that awaited the arrival of the liner at Melbourne on the previous night, and recollected wondering vaguely which of her fellow-travellers the bright, smart-looking man had come to meet. Now she understood. It was to him that the pens of fowls, that had been so carefully tended all the way, were consigned.

Their owner, having finished his ministrations to the birds, turned to her with a smile.

'Little bit of all-right they are. Aren't they?' he said, the pride of possession in his tone. 'D'ye know anything about the fancy?'

He might have been talking Coptic for all poor Anster understood. It must be confessed that she regarded him blankly.

'Know anything about fancy breeds of poultry?' he interpreted pleasantly.

'I've kept hens all my days, but they were just the common kinds, no' like these at all. They're real bonnie,' Anster acknowledged, looking with genuine admiration at a pen wherein disported three pullets and a cockerel whose plumage was glorious in auburn reds and buffs.

'I've had the ordinary stock too,' the man acknowledged, 'and did well enough with them. But all the money is in the show kinds. Getting prize sorts runs away with a heap of money to begin with; but, after they're once paid for, the most valuable fowl on earth doesn't eat a grain more than the cheapest, and your money soon comes back in prizes and selling eggs for setting.'

'I've never seen thae kinds before,' Anster acknowledged.

'There's not many of their kind in this part of Australia. Fine birds they are; certain layers and sure prize-winners. I sent home for them to the top of the fancy. The buff Orpingtons are Cook's strain—he was the man that originally raised them, you know; and the black Minorcas are from Fawkes—they're his speciality. They came out by the *Trojan*, and I took a holiday from my work—I'm a baker by trade—and went into Melbourne to meet them.'

'Oh! I came out with the *Trojan* too. We must have been fellow-passengers.' Anster spoke quickly, feeling even this slight connection a bond of union in a strange country.

As she spoke, a familiar word on the address-label attached to the nearest pen caught her eye:

'Thackeray Jupp, Esq., Koomaroo, by Melbourne, Australia.'

'Oh! d'ye live in Koomaroo?' she asked eagerly. 'That's where I'm going too. Maybe ye'—— She hesitated a moment, then continued bravely, 'Maybe ye ken my father?'

Excitement had flushed Anster's cheeks, and expectation lent animation to her usually quiet manner; and as he watched the fresh breeze play with the little rings of dark hair on her forehead, Jupp thought what a pretty girl this was.

'I know most everybody in the place. I've lived in Koomaroo over five years now. What did you say his name was?'

Anster had not said, but she did now.

Her companion shook his head.

'Grey—Robert Grey. No, there's never been a Robert Grey there to my knowledge. There was a Robert Green; but that's different, of course. What address did he give?'

Opening her purse, Anster showed him the slip of paper whereon she had copied the address. The original document was safely hidden in a little bag in her bosom.

'Robert Grey, care of Mr Chisholm, Koomaroo. Why, I know Chisholm! He's the big man here. Owns half the land—the little place I rent belongs to him—and represents the district in Parliament. Somebody of importance

Mr Chisholm is. If he's the same man,' he added doubtfully.

Anster drank in his words thirstily. She did not heed the limitation expressed by his concluding words, and the knowledge that a Chisholm did exist in the flesh went far to restore her wavering confidence.

'Then he'll be able to tell me where my father is. D'ye think he'll be at home?'

'He's as often as not away at Melbourne. But you can easily tell if he's at home, for when he's there the flag is flying from the flag-staff. I'll point you out the house—you can see it from the boat—and he'll put you all right.' Jupp spoke cheerily, as though, once in Chisholm's hands, the success of Anster's quest was a foregone conclusion.

'It's twenty years an' more since my father wrote home,' Anster said, desperately confessing to the weak point in her case.

Jupp's smiling lips contracted and he emitted a low whistle. 'It's a good time is twenty years,' he said guardedly, unwilling to throw cold water on her scheme. 'But Chisholm's there sure enough.'

'Is Mr Chisholm a married man?' The near prospect of an interview with the great man was already making Anster nervous.

'Yes. She was a widow when he married her, but that's an old story now. They say it was her first husband that owned most of the land. He bought it when it was cheap, and Chisholm sold out a lot at a big profit in the land boom. Then he bought again when things were at their lowest. Oh, he's a warm man is Chisholm.' Jupp laughed as though it gratified him to think of another's success, and Anster liked him.

'They've a young daughter that he thinks no end of. A fine high-stepper she is. Just home from a boarding-school at Sydney.—Yes, these are the birds I sent home for. Not bad, are they, eh?' Another poultry enthusiast had claimed Jupp's attention, and Anster was free to digest the information he had given her.

As the hours dragged on and the distance from Koomaroo lessened with every pulsation of the engines, Anster's nervousness increased. Long before the time for landing she carefully redressed her thick dark hair, and, putting on her best hat and gloves in readiness, sat by her luggage, the pot of wilted sweet-briar in her arms, trying to counsel her soul to patience.

They entered the lake-like harbour through a narrow passage between rising ground on one side and a high conical rock on the other. At the head of the bay nestled the sleepy little town. A long row of shops followed the curve of the beach, and pretty bungalows set in greenery and blossom dotted the wooded slope behind. And Anster's heart beat tumultuously when she saw that from the flag-staff in front of a large bungalow that stood apart, as though esteeming itself above its neighbours, there floated the Victorian flag.

'That's his house—Chisholm's, I mean—the big one. And he's at home. You see by the flag.'

Startled by the voice at her elbow, Anster turned quickly to find Mr Thackeray Jupp, who had torn himself from the contemplation of his new possessions to point out the lions of Koomaroo. 'That's the Star Hotel, and yonder is the Presbyterian church. My little place is just over the hill there; you don't see it from the water. You won't have any difficulty in finding your way to Chisholm's if you go up that road on the right, and in by the white gate on the left. You can't miss it.'

In Anster's opinion the whole town seemed to have gathered on the wharf to welcome the arrival of the steamer. From the greetings shouted to him, Mr Jupp appeared to be popular with his townsfolk, most of whom were conversant with the object of his journey to Melbourne, as revealed by the inquiries levelled at him as soon as the boat got within hailing distance.

Overcome with shyness now that she found herself, as it were, stepping into what she had hitherto considered the future, Anster, reluctant to face her fate, shrank back behind the little crowd of passengers, who, eager to land, thronged the gangway.

What would she do, Anster asked herself, with tear-dimmed eyes and contracted throat, if her father chanced to be amongst those meeting the steamer? She had forgotten that her recognition of him depended on his resemblance to an old photograph, and did not pause to calculate that the two decades separating the comparative youth of thirty from the mature man of fifty could scarcely lapse without marking their passage by vital changes in his appearance.

It was impossible to avoid seeing that the sensation of the arrival of the steamer centred in the poultry-pens of Mr Jupp.

Life moves easily in Koomaroo, and those interested in what Mr Jupp delighted to term 'the fancy' had managed to find time to saunter down to the wharf to enjoy a personal inspection. Before Jupp had been ten minutes on land he had received and refused enough orders for settings of eggs to have kept his pullets laying hard all summer.

Despite the adulation heaped upon his acquisitions, Jupp was not too engrossed with his own affairs to have a thought to spare for Anster.

'You can leave your luggage here if you want to go right off,' he said kindly, noticing her lingering anxiously. 'I'll go bail nobody'll touch it till you come back.'

So, trusting to the word of her new friend, Anster set off, leaving her shabby trunk and the old leather portmanteau the doctor had

given her, and the precious pot of sweet-briar, on the wharf.

As Anster climbed the steep slope leading towards the dwelling of the great Chisholm, she felt as one who within the next few minutes is going to stake her all upon a single throw of the dice. But she climbed resolutely on.

Her steps slackened as she neared the big white gate. Through the luxuriant shrubbery beyond she caught a glimpse of well-kept flower-beds, of gay dresses, and heard the sound of careless young voices. It seemed so unlikely that her father could have any association with people in such affluent circumstances that Anster hesitated, then decided not to venture through the white gate but to approach the house by some less ostentatious route.

Moving farther up the road, she came upon an entrance leading to the back premises. Opposite the trim stables a man was washing down a smart buggy, and of him Anster made faltering inquiry for Mr Chisholm.

'Go round to the front; you 'll find them all about the verandy,' the man replied, going on with his work without turning his head to see who his interlocutor was; and Anster, blindly following a narrow footpath that led among flowering shrubs, suddenly found herself standing at the end of a wide veranda that ran along the entire front of the house.

On the courts at the foot of the broad lawn sundry young people were playing tennis; a fashionably attired elderly lady was dozing over a book at the farther end of the veranda; and near Anster—almost within reach of her hand—seated in a bamboo lounging-chair, was a gentleman who read the *Melbourne Argus* while he smoked.

All around was a luxuriance of bloom such as Anster had never dreamt of, but she did not see it. Up the tall veranda-posts rioted cloth-of-gold roses, their yellow buds just opening their first freshness; from overhead the wistaria depended in a shower of fragrant lavender tassels; but Anster had eyes for no one but the man who held, as she believed, the secret of her father's fate.

Even now, though separated from her by so narrow a space, he seemed unapproachable. Had Anster been conversant with the construction of verandas she would have known that a few paces farther on she would find steps; but, not knowing, she waited. Fearful of disturbing the great man, Anster might have stood a long time had not some involuntary movement, or perhaps the unconsciously compelling power of her gaze, arrested his attention. Turning suddenly, he saw her. As he was seated on a low chair, Mr Chisholm's head was but little higher than that of his unheralded visitor, and for a moment his eyes looked blankly into hers.

Anster's first twinge of disappointment came from finding Mr Chisholm physically unlike what she had anticipated. Somehow she had mentally pictured her father's friend as a young working-man, one who earned his bread by the toil of his hands, as had her father. This man was of commanding presence, and wore that air of assurance that comes only from the certainty that one's orders will be obeyed. His hair was white, and his heavy white moustache made strong contrast to his sun-tanned skin.

For what seemed to the apprehensive girl as a long time, though probably it occupied but few seconds, they regarded each other in silence. Then an expression that Anster interpreted as annoyance at her unwarranted intrusion darkened Chisholm's keen eyes.

'Oh, sir! I didna mean to intrude,' Anster hastened to apologise. 'But I 've come all the way from Scotland seekin' my father, an' I thought you might help me to find him.'

Mr Chisholm had risen from his chair, and now stood looking down at her as though from a superior platform.

'Who are you?' he asked, as though the answer were of little interest to him, and in her diffidence Anster was quick to interpret his tone as meaning that she had taken a liberty in thus approaching him.

'I'm Anster Grey—from Pittendrevie—in Fife, ye ken, sir.'

'From Pittendrevie!' He echoed her words as though unconsciously. 'And what brought you to Koomaroo?'

'My father came here over twenty years syne, an' he sent your address. My mother was to address her letter to you,' Anster hastened to explain.

'Who was your father?'

'He was Robert Grey, an' he married my mother, and she was Anster Gow. I 'm real sweirt to trouble ye, sir; but when my grandfather died I found my father's letter written from Koomaroo, so I came here to look for him.'

Fumbling in her bosom, Anster produced the little cotton bag containing the letter she had guarded over so many thousand miles. Taking it from her hand, Chisholm quietly read it through, then, turning back to the first page, read it again.

Breathless, impatient, Anster awaited his verdict, quite unconscious that in her eagerness she had overstepped the path, or that she was treading under foot the graceful, many-hued ixias that flourished in the bed by the veranda.

'Yes, I remember your father,' Mr Chisholm acknowledged, handing back the letter. 'But it is many years since he was seen or heard of. He left Koomaroo, as in this letter he speaks of doing, and nobody heard anything further of him. Do you think you were wise to come so far without a fresher clue to his whereabouts?'

'There was naebody left belonging to me,'

Anster said simply, answering the disapproval implied by his question. 'My mother died langsyne. And my grandfather died last April. I was all by my lane, an' I thought if I could only find my father—— Oh, sir, you 're sure ye dinna ken where he 's likely to be?'

Her subdued voice sounded like a muffled wail of despair. For the first time Anster realised the utter hopelessness of the pursuit that had lured her so far from home.

'I have heard nothing of Robert Grey since the date of that letter. He disappeared then. Nobody has heard of him since; that I can assure you of. A search would prove useless.'

'Then you can't tell me'—— Anster's voice caught in her throat.

'I can tell you nothing.' Mr Chisholm spoke in the same impassive way, and Anster felt intuitively that any prolongation of the interview would bore him.

'Thank ye,' she said quietly, trying hard to regain her self-control. 'An' I beg your pardon for troublin' you.'

'What will you do now?' Chisholm asked, with a suggestion of interest in his tone, as she was turning away.

'I have a recommendation to a lady in Sydney. She is our doctor's sister'——

'Sydney? Yes, you should certainly go there. The boat starts early to-morrow, and they 'll let you sleep on board. Take my word for it, there 's not the slightest chance of your finding your father by waiting in Koomaroo. Have you plenty of money?'

Anster's dignified gesture arrested the motion of the hand with the large signet-ring in the direction of a pocket-book.

'I have what 'll do my turn, thank ye.'

The set was over. Across the lawn the tennis-players were advancing. At the farther end of the veranda a maid was arranging a tea-table, and the somnolent lady revealed signs of returning consciousness.

Without a word more Anster moved away; but as she reached the bend of the little path she looked back and saw the man who had failed her standing as she had left him, gazing intently after her as she moved, a sombre, black-clad figure against a background of glowing azaleas.

CHAPTER VII.

MR JUPP'S COUNSEL PREVAILS.

ON quitting Mr Chisholm's inhospitable precincts, Anster walked blindly along the first road that offered. She had come to a raw end of her life. It was left for her to decide whether to go back or to go forward without a guiding-line. For the moment her power to think was gone. She had not realised how great had been her faith in her father's existence until she found herself stunned by the too evident impossibility of tracing him.

Quite oblivious to her surroundings, unconscious of the new scents in the air, heedless of the strange flowers blooming by the wayside, Anster wandered on until, reaching a quiet by-road, she suddenly realised that her trembling limbs refused longer to support her, and sinking down on a grassy bank beside a clump of blue gums, let blank despair brood over her soul. She had staked her all upon a vague possibility, and, having lost, felt as though she had reached the end of all things.

Even the approaching sound of a man's voice singing light-heartedly failed to induce her to rally the remnant of her self-respect. Half-crouching with averted face beside a bush covered with blue flowers, Anster waited for the intruder to pass. But the sound of wheels stopped, and an already familiar voice broke upon her misery. It belonged to Thackeray Jupp, who, having borrowed a wheelbarrow, was engaged in the congenial occupation of trundling home his fowls.

He had no need to ask if Anster's quest had been successful. Her very attitude spoke despair. Had it been otherwise, Jupp, being anxious to get his treasures safely housed before dark, and to see how his old stock had fared during his night's absence, might have passed on. But the dull misery expressed by the listless, black-clad figure proved more eloquent than words. Drawing up the barrow to the side of the path, he advanced a step towards her.

'Did you find him?' he asked kindly.

'No. He must be dead. He must be dead langsyne,' she answered, with dreary resignation.

'Did Mr Chisholm remember having seen your father?'

'Yes; but no' for more than twenty years. An' twenty years is a long time—an awfu' long time.' Moved by the sense of desolation wrought by her own words, Anster's voice broke into a sob.

'What will you do now?'

Anster shook her head apathetically. 'I dinna ken what to do.'

'But what did you mean to do if you didn' find your father?'

'I have a letter to a lady in Sydney—our ol doctor's sister. He said she would find me place.'

Anster's tone betrayed how little she cared that moment what became of her. On the fra possibility of her father being alive she ha raised a stately edifice, only to find it crumb at her feet. Now she was sitting amidst t ruins, and the dust from the fallen fabric st obscured her vision of the future.

Pity for her helplessness moved the lit man's heart to quick sympathy.

[*Christmas Number.*

'Sydney's a large place. Have you any friends there?'

'No' a body,' Anster confessed.

'Well, why should you go there? Better stay here. You've one friend here at least, and that's me. Koomaroo is a fine place. I wouldn't compare Sydney with it. You'd soon get a good situation here. And if you didn't like Koomaroo you could easily travel to Sydney.'

Anster pondered his words. She knew his advice was totally disinterested; and in a strange land one friend—even though he be only of a few hours' standing—is worth a dozen in the security of home. Besides, the unavoidable incidental expenses of the voyage had lightened her by no means heavy purse, and she knew that the journey to Sydney would make a further serious inroad upon her slender funds.

'But where can I go if I stop here? I have naewhere to go.'

'There's Mrs Eaglesham's. She's a respectable old party. I lodged with her till I got a house of my own,' Jupp suggested after a moment's consideration. 'She lives just up that road on the left. It's not far out of my way home, and I'll take you there. If you go to her for a night or two you'll soon hear of something to do—that is, if you don't mind work,' he added dubiously, for the enforced leisure of the voyage had softened Anster's hands, and her black-silk gown was expressive of shabby gentility rather than of honest servitude.

'I dinna mind work. I have aye worked hard,' Anster said simply.

So, Jupp propelling the barrow, and their progress accompanied by the cackle of the protesting poultry, who objected to carriage exercise, they moved slowly in the direction of Mrs Eaglesham's dwelling.

A sibilant sound accompanied by a savoury odour revealed that Mrs Eaglesham was frying chops for supper when Jupp trundled his load up to the front of the little wooden house. Multi-coloured garments hanging on the palings to dry—Mrs Eaglesham was by profession a laundress—by giving the effect of a display of bunting, lent an air of festivity to the scene.

The hostess was Ayrshire born and bred, and her heart warmed at the sound of Anster's accent. For though in Scotland Fifeshire and Ayrshire rank as far apart, their denizens meeting on the other side of the world account themselves near neighbours. And Mrs Eaglesham welcomed her visitor with acclamation.

Anster could see that here also Jupp was a favourite. Ignoring his impatience, Mrs Eaglesham refused to allow him to go till he had drunk a cup of tea, though he was resolute in his refusal of a chop from the large panful that—with what Anster, who was ignorant of the price of colonial mutton, deemed culpable extravagance—was hissing over the stove. In spite of his haste, Jupp spared time to explain Anster's position in so delicate a way that she felt grateful to him.

Over their meal, when the two women were left alone, Mrs Eaglesham warmly seconded his advice to stay in Koomaroo.

'Sydney's a terrible gay place. You'll get big wages there, but the siller'll just run through your fingers. It's steam trams here, an' entertainments there, an' everything a ransom. No, lassie; if ye take my advice you'll stop on where ye are till ye get your feet redd. An' never you fash your heid or be down-hearted. If we say our prayers an' act for the best, a'thing's sure to come right in the end.'

And Anster resolved to take their advice. The excitement of the day, culminating in the crushing disappointment, had exhausted her endurance, and she was glad to creep to rest in the tiny bedroom, which, however circumscribed its limits, yet seemed spacious after her meagre steerage berth on shipboard.

Though only to herself did Anster confess it, it was the fact that her father had been last heard of at Koomaroo that decided her to remain there. Somehow she feared that by going farther afield she might lose any remaining chance of finding him. And in her secret heart Anster still cherished the hope that had brought her so far. Besides, her debt to Dr Mickle was already beginning to haunt her sensitive conscience, and her best hope of repaying him lay in settling to work as soon as possible.

Thoroughly worn out, Anster slept heavily. It was with almost a sense of exhilaration that she awoke to her first colonial morning. The air was so soft and balmy, so sweet the perfume of the familiar flowers—for Mrs Eaglesham was patriotic in that she permitted none but home-flowers to enter the garden that surrounded her rickety little wooden cottage—that Anster drew in deep breaths of delight.

There were fresh eggs and real Scotch scones for breakfast, which was served in the living-room, at whose open door pansies and wall-flowers peeped in.

'Do you keep hens too?' Anster asked, as she cracked the shell of her egg.

Mrs Eaglesham laughed. 'No' me. I've nae room for hens here. They would just get among my clean claes an' scart up my flowers. No; it was Jupp that brought them on his way down to the bake-shop this morning. I found them on the doorstep when I opened the door. Yon's a terrible laddie tae work. He's a baker by trade, ye ken, an' his work being done so early, it gives him maist o' the day to himself. An' he's a terrible droll laddie, never a moment idle. Aye some new norie in his head, an' that kind an' mensefu' wi' it all. He's been that uplifted thinkin' o' they grand cocks an' hens that he paid sae much money for! An' when I

looked out expectin' to see hens, here he'd brought a young lassie too!'

Good Mrs Eaglesham laughed at her own joke till her plump shoulders shook, and Anster smiled. 'But I mauna sit hand-idle,' the latter exclaimed when her hostess combated her intention of at once setting forth to look for work. 'Let me help you with the ironing.'

Thus it came that when the banker's lady, having heard of Anster from Jupp's employer when she was paying her weekly bread-bill, arrived hot-foot on the lookout for a nurse for her two little girls, she found Anster, clad in a neat print frock, busy among the clean linen, and after but few preliminaries, engaged her.

The duties required of her proved, from Anster's point of view, to be merely pleasures. The daily bathes with her little charges in that portion of the bay from which a stout fence jealously excluded the sharks, a glimpse of whose ominous-looking fins might sometimes be caught just beyond the enclosure; the long, sunny mornings on the beach, when she sat in the shade and sewed while the children built sand-castles; and the quiet afternoons in the shady garden, did not come under Anster's idea of work at all.

Of Mr Chisholm she saw but little. Much of his time was passed in Melbourne, where the family had their town-house. Anster had been several weeks in her situation before she met him, and their chance encounter left her with the same uncomfortable sense of having unwittingly incurred his displeasure that had haunted her after their first interview.

A balmy evening having followed an extremely hot afternoon, Anster had taken her little charges out for a walk in the cool of the day. They had followed the wood winding upwards towards the bush, and had paused to rest at a point where one could see down over the scattered town and across the placid waters of the harbour to the blue ocean beyond.

The children were gathering wild-flowers for her to make into dolls' nosegays; and Anster, having used the best of the short-stemmed blossoms picked by the eager little hands, sat dreamily looking at the sunset while she waited for fresh supplies, when a party of four rode by.

First came a young man who had eyes only for his companion, a pretty, slender girl, who sat her mount with the graceful ease of one accustomed to the saddle from childhood. A few paces behind followed a stout lady who bobbed uneasily on her seat, and whose flushed face and anxious expression betokened riding exercise a penance rather than a pleasure. A pace in the rear Mr Chisholm rode silently. He was smoking a cigar, and seemed deep in thought.

'Anster! Anster!' one of the children, happy over a new flower, chanced to cry as he passed where Anster was sitting by the wayside. And, turning, Chisholm saw her.

Anster could tell that he knew her, though his only sign of recognition lay in an involuntary tightening of the reins he held.

Looking after his retreating figure, Anster saw the riding-crop fall from his gloved hand. Had she not known the idea to be preposterous, she could almost have believed that he had dropped it deliberately.

Anster had hastened to pick up the whip, but before she could warn its owner of his loss the riders were out of sight and hearing. She was standing with the lost property in her hand, wondering how best to restore it, when Chisholm, riding quickly and alone, turned the curve of the road, and she knew that he had come back with the intention of speaking to her.

'Then you did not go on to Sydney?' he said, almost sharply, as he took the whip she handed up.

'No, sir,' Anster answered; and, finding him await a fuller reply, added lamely, 'I thought I would juist bide on here.'

'It's absurd folly your deceiving yourself with regard to finding your father. You might as well try to find'—he paused in search of a sufficiently trenchant simile, and discovered one in the distant ocean—'an individual fish in the sea as a man who disappeared so long ago in Australia.' He spoke with apparent acerbity, as though annoyed at having his advice disregarded. 'You will be far wiser to go on to Sydney, where you have a recommendation. If it is a question of money that is keeping you here, I told you before I was willing'——

'I have plenty of money for all I have to do with it. And I've found a good situation here,' Anster answered with quiet resolution, uplifting calm eyes to his. 'It's real kind of you, sir, and under other circumstances I might have been glad of the money; but there's just one thing that's keepin' me in Koomaroo. It was here that my father was last heard of, an' if I bide on, it's here that I ken I'll find him.'

Something in the firm conviction of her tone froze the retort on Chisholm's lips. For a long moment he returned her gaze with keen eyes that held suspicion in their depths. Then, hearing the sound of approaching hoofs, he turned abruptly, and, without a word, rode on.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW HOME.

ALTHOUGH she failed to realise it Anster's casual acquaintance with th genial, warm-hearted poultry-fancie had much to do with her settlin down happily in Koomaroo. The energeti little man was everywhere. From early daw till ten o'clock he was busy in the bakehous That legitimate duty over, he was free for t

day. Needless to say, the care of his poultry engrossed the greater part of his leisure. The new birds had succeeded admirably. True, both the buff Orpington pullets seized the first opportunity of 'going broody,' and it took some time and much persuasion before they realised that they were too precious to sit, that their entire energies must be concentrated upon laying, while common hens mothered and nursed their fledglings. The Minorcas did their work nobly. Incited thereto by the gracious climate, they set themselves to make a record in egg-production, and by autumn Jupp's fowl-runs were full of sturdy young cockerels and pullets, among whom were many likely prize-winners. The imported birds had already nearly repaid his primary outlay by taking money-prizes at shows, and Jupp could have disposed of his spare eggs a dozen times over at fancy prices.

'Nothing venture, nothing win,' was his motto, and in the matter of importing fresh blood at least, it had proved right.

One serious loss had been narrowly averted. A feud begun between the Orpington cockerel and the Minorca cockerel on the voyage from England had smouldered, their confinement in separate runs giving them no chance of doing battle, until one unlucky day when Jupp, being unable personally to escort his birds to a show, entrusted them to the care of others. Finding on the journey that their pens had unwarily been placed side by side, the enemies conceived the bright idea of fighting out the matter then and there. Seizing the opportunity, they set to work, and the spectators, rejoicing in the prospect of a free cock-fight, did not trouble to separate the combatants, with the result that, instead of welcoming home his birds covered with honours and glory, Jupp received back two dilapidated warriors, with ragged feathers and torn combs, whose sad condition necessitated careful nursing before their pristine elegance was restored.

But in spite of his varied interests, Jupp never lost sight of Anster. Scarcely a day passed that he did not contrive to cross her path. Her young charges began to look forward to meeting the little man who had always a laughing word for them; and Anster, in whose life smiles and jokes had been but rare, found his gay, happy nature attractive.

As the summer wore on, Anster could not help noticing that when, on her evenings out, she called on Mrs Eaglesham, Jupp chanced always to drop in; and, being there, he naturally insisted on escorting her home. On the occasion of a general holiday he got up a picnic specially for the purpose of showing Anster the country. Inviting Mrs Eaglesham to act as chaperon, and borrowing a ramshackle trap and horse from a friend, he drove far into the bush, where they picnicked on the profusion of viands —sufficient to have fed a small army, indeed—

that had been provided by their host. And Anster, laden with exquisite wild-flowers and ferns, returned to her work with the memory of a day of unruffled enjoyment to help to exorcise the bitter thoughts still lurking in the recesses of her mind.

One glorious Saturday afternoon in late autumn Jupp hired a boat, and, rowing his two friends across the placid waters of the wide harbour, moored the boat in an inlet, whence they walked over the narrow peninsula to where the ocean was tossing and frolicking in the sunshine. Boiling their billy in a cleft of the rocks, they made tea; then the two younger folks, leaving Mrs Eaglesham—who revealed an obliging disposition to be overcome with sleep at the most acceptable moments—strolled along the margin of the wave-kissed beach.

It was then that Jupp let Anster into the secret of his hopes with regard to her. But much as she liked him, Anster shrank from the thought of loving him. In common with the majority of womankind, Anster treasured the notion that with her to love once was to love for ever.

In her innermost soul she despised Beaton, who had acted so dishonourable and unmanly a part towards a defenceless girl. She did not understand that the loss of respect acts as an antiseptic dressing to the wound caused by one of Cupid's poisoned arrows, and that even while the sore stings it is rapidly healing.

'I 'm no' thinkin' of marriage,' Anster replied. 'You 've been real kind—oh, *that* kind!—an' if it was anybody it would be you. But marriage is no' for me.'

And Jupp, finding all his arguments fail to alter her decision, was forced to postpone his hopes to some future date.

The brief, bright colonial winter had come and gone. The narcissi that follow closely on the heels of the departing chrysanthemums were in bloom, when, visiting Mrs Eaglesham one evening, Anster found the good soul in genuine perturbation. She was bending over her long ironing-table; a pile of lace-trimmed garments freshly pressed and goffered was on one side; on the other a heaped-up basketful awaited her ministrations.

'I 'm fair distracted about Jupp,' she began without prologue. 'The laddie that brought my milk the noo says he met a terrible accident down on the quay, an' that his head 's fair split in two. I would gang out to speir about him, but I canna leave my irons a minit. The folk sent up to say they 're leavin' first thing in the mornin', an' they must have the washin' home the night.'

'Where is he?'

'He was ta'en to the doctor's first—that 's a' the laddie kent. But he 's no' the man to stop out o' his own house if he could creep hame. An' him wi' a' thae beasts to look after! If he

just was like other men and had a woman-body to attend to him!'

There was a decided hint of asperity in the vicious way Mrs Eaglesham dumped her iron on the fine muslin robe to which she was putting the finishing touches.

Mrs Eaglesham never concealed her opinions; and, as Anster was already aware, the motherly woman, who had Jupp's interest at heart, had not yet forgiven her for refusing to marry him.

'If you'll trust me with the irons I'll be gettin' on with the work if you run up to speir for him,' suggested Anster, unbuttoning her jacket.

Mrs Eaglesham gasped with astonishment at her proposal. 'Keep me, lassie! d'ye think I would let anybody put a finger on such fine work but mysel'? These are Miss Chisholm's things. Did ye ever see sich fine lace on a lassie's petticoats before? Fair extravagance I call it. An' a'thing else maun stand till I get them out the house. But as I was sayin',' she went on, shaking out a camisole that to Anster's eyes seemed entirely composed of Valenciennes lace and insertion, 'I'll never haud off that laddie till he gets a wife. Though he wisna good enough for you, there 's plenty would grab at him. I'll bet you half-a-crown he 's mairret before Christmas.'

The incipient match-maker glanced slyly at Anster to see the effect of her words. But Anster was standing with averted face, rebuttoning her jacket with fingers that trembled.

'I'll gang up an' speir for him, an' come back an' tell ye,' she said, and, without waiting for a reply, went out into the darkness.

The news that Jupp's life had been in danger awoke Anster to the knowledge of how great a matter his well-being was to her. During the short walk, that seemed so endless, Anster alternately hoped, feared, and prayed. Were Thackeray Jupp to die she would indeed be friendless.

A light burning in his cottage assured her that Jupp was at home. Walking with faltering steps to the door, she knocked. The sound of splashing water within had evidently prevented her feeble knock from being heard, for her summons was unanswered. She repeated it.

'Come in,' cried a voice, and Anster's heart leaped high to find it that of Jupp.

Pushing open the door, she entered upon a scene of such confusion as under other circumstances would have stirred her housewifely soul to compassion. Just now she had eyes for none but Jupp, who, standing by the table, a bandage encircling his head, his shirt-sleeves rolled up above the elbows, was busily rinsing his favourite buff Orpington cockerel in well-blued water; while before a glowing wood-fire stood a row of wicker pens wherein moped disconsolate fowls waiting till the heat would dry their bedraggled plumage. To-morrow was the day of the Koomaroo poultry-show, and that Jupp was washing his birds in preparation for it was attested by the presence of the melancholy birds and of sundry zinc baths filled with warm soapsuds.

For a second Anster stood in the doorway tongue-tied. Then relief at finding her lover alive and well broke down her habitual reserve.

'Oh, man, man! they telt me you were killed!' As her voice broke in a sob, Jupp, relinquishing to its own devices the bird he held, sprang forward and caught her to his heart. His arms were wet, but neither of them remembered that. There was little need of speech between them. Anster's tears of joy had washed away all their differences.

They had returned to the sphere of words, and Jupp was pleading, successfully, for an early wedding, when a sound behind arrested their attention. Turning, they discovered that the cockerel, after remaining quiescent for a considerable time, had escaped from the water, and was busying himself with the remains of his owner's supper, which still littered the dresser.

There was an involuntary twinge of dismay in the 'Oh!' wherewith Jupp greeted the discovery that his favourite's feet were dyed an azure hue; for, as every fancier is aware, blued-water, while admirable for rinsing the feathers of show-birds, requires to be continually stirred or the dye will sink to the bottom.

Needless to state, the cockerel was not exhibited at Koomaroo poultry-show next day; though some time after, at Melbourne, he was awarded first in his class and a special cup for the best bird in the show. But Jupp did not grudge the local honour falling to a rival, for had he not won something a million-fold more valuable?

One wet afternoon, a month later, there was a quiet wedding in Mrs Eaglesham's house; and at eventide Thackeray Jupp, laden with that kindly dame's tearful good wishes and the brass preserving-pan which was her contribution to the household plenishing, proudly escorted his bride to her new home.

As he opened the garden gate a well-remembered fragrance rising on the soft, moist air smote her, and Anster paused, her senses quivering under a sensation of mingled pain and pleasure.

'Sweet-briar!' she said. 'Where is it?'

Jupp, highly gratified, hastened to explain.

'See! It 's all round the border. It will soon be quite a hedge. Do you remember bringing a poor shrivelled little plant all the way from Scotland,' he said tenderly, 'and how sorry you were because it died? Well, when I knew that I wanted you to be mistress here, I got sweet-briar plants, and set 'em all round the flower-plot I was making for you, hoping that in time you would associate sweet-briar with me as well as with your old life. When you refuse

[*Christmas Number.*

to marry me, I did not tell you. But while they flourished I thought it was a sign everything would come right in the end—that some day this would be your home.'

In every natural man's heart there is a deep-laid strain of superstition, that looking for signs and omens that is as old as the stars and younger than to-morrow. And Anster, being a true woman, sympathised with her husband's ideas.

It seemed to her a happy augury that a Scotch letter was the first communication to which she opened the door of her new home. Just after she had left to be married it had arrived at the banker's, and had been sent after her by a special messenger.

It proved to be from Dr Mickle, acknowledging the final instalment of her debt, and giving her Pittendrevie gossip. One item of news brought a quick flush to her cheek:

'Walter Beaton has taken a situation near Perth, and Mrs Beaton—Bella Wyse that was—is back living with her parents. It is common talk that they were unhappy together. Perhaps if their child had lived matters might have been different, but it died when a few weeks old.'

With the letter in her hand Anster found herself back in the little Fifeshire village, which was settling down to meet its long, hungry winter. The returning steps of her husband, who had gone out to feed the fowls and to shut them up for the night, recalled her to her happier condition.

Starting up, Anster threw herself into his ready embrace.

'Oh, thank God, thank God for a good man's love!' she whispered.

Her reserve had melted—all her heart spoke through her voice. And Jupp, his arm still encircling his new-made wife, turned and bolted the door upon the world.

CHAPTER IX.

ANSTER FINDS HER FATHER.

IT was in her new home that Anster first experienced the delight that lies in working for those we love; and Jupp reaped the benefit of a perfectly ordered house, well-cooked meals, neatly mended clothes, and a wife who yet could spare time to relieve him of all the lighter work connected with the poultry and garden.

It was she who doctored the ailing birds and reared the chickens, dated and packed up the sittings of eggs that had been bespoken. A natural aptitude qualified Anster to take charge of her husband's accounts. Her old love of gardening taught her how to keep the enclosure devoted to flowers radiant with bloom during the greater part of the year.

It were a hard matter to put a limit upon the amount of labour that two diligent, healthy young people, working in their mutual behalf, can overtake. In spite of their multifarious duties, the Jupps found abundant leisure wherein to make the little excursions that lent a holiday flavour to their lives; though, had Anster voiced the bald truth, she might have confessed that she was never happier than when pottering about within the confines of their own ground.

Anster was not one to go on without inaugurating improvements on existing conditions. Jupp was acting on her suggestion when in autumn he sowed most of his spare ground with early peas, and he succeeded the following summer in marketing peas in time to reap the advantage of top prices.

In accordance with the rigidly inculcated tenets of her Scotch upbringing, Anster strictly adhered to her habit of church-going. Every Sunday, wet or dry, she put on her black-silk gown and attended divine service. Occasionally Jupp accompanied her, but not often.

'I can worship God better sitting out among His creations than when I am shut up within walls that men have raised,' was his somewhat trite remark; and Anster, appreciating his sterling goodness of heart, was well content to let her husband worship where and when he pleased.

During the occasional months that they passed in Koomaroo, Mrs and Miss Chisholm were regular attenders of the church. Looking across to their pew from her seat in the side aisle, Anster used to admire the girl's fresh loveliness, and, thinking her dainty enough to be a princess, feel that she understood Mr Chisholm's devotion to his young daughter.

Mr Chisholm's public duties rarely left him leisure for enjoying religious observances; but one Sunday morning, during a prayer, an uneasy consciousness that some one was looking at her made Anster lift her eyes to find Mr Chisholm's gaze fixed upon her.

Something unfathomable in his expression—a look as of knowledge behind—set Anster's heart palpitating to the perturbing thought that he might at length have heard news of her father. Possessed with the notion, she lingered in the church porch hoping he would take the opportunity of speaking to her; but, to her disappointment, he brushed past without vouchsafing the slightest sign of recognition.

With a view to extending his poultry connection, Jupp, shortly after his marriage, applied for and received the lease of two additional acres of land adjoining the ground he already rented.

After the lease had been signed, Mr Chisholm, who chanced to be in an unusually affable humour, congratulated Jupp on his success with

fancy poultry; whereupon Jupp, with the natural pride of a young husband in his spouse, laid the credit to his wife.

'Your wife! I understood you were a bachelor,' Chisholm remarked.

'Only got married ten weeks ago, sir,' Jupp hastened to explain, with his customary frankness. 'I married a Scotch girl—Anster Grey, from Fifeshire, she was. You may remember her, sir. She said you once knew her father.'

'I 'm wondering if Chisholm lost money by your father, Anster,' Jupp conjectured when retailing the interview to his wife. 'Up till the time I mentioned your father he had been quite genial-like. But after that he stiffened up at once, just as if he had an ill-will to him.'

'I aye kent Mr Chisholm had an ill-will when he spoke to me, but I aye thought it was to me,' Anster pondered, a new light seeming to break upon her. 'I 'm thinkin' what you say is like enough. My father wasna that dependable a man, an' the two mauna have parted good friends after all.'

Oddly enough, concurrent with Chisholm's discovery that Anster was fixed in Koomaroo, various influences seemed to combine to induce Jupp to leave the place.

The management of an important bakery in Adelaide was offered him on terms that, had his taste really been towards his trade, would have proved most tempting; and on the heels of the offer came a proposal from Mr Chisholm to relieve him of the lease of his house and ground, and to give him a tidy sum as premium.

But Jupp being perfectly content to remain where he was, both offers were respectfully declined. Mere money-making possessed little attraction for him. His wife, his home, his fowls, his garden: these summed up his idea of bliss. Had he but owned a small assured income so that he might be freed from the necessity of spending the sweetest hours of the morning in a hot bakehouse, Jupp would have had no wish ungratified.

Soon after Jupp had resisted the temptation to lure him from Koomaroo came the news that Mr and Mrs Chisholm had set off on a six months' European tour with the object of showing their colonial-born daughter something of the other side of the world.

Occasional paragraphs as to the travellers' gay doings abroad found their way into the local papers. Miss Chisholm was presented at Court. A photograph of the girlish *débutante* in all the bravery of her Court dress appeared in a stray copy of a popular ladies' paper that found its way into Anster's hands.

Jupp chanced to be on the wharf when the party returned to Koomaroo, and, not having heard that Mr Chisholm had been unwell, was appalled by the change in his appearance.

On the homeward voyage he had been seized by serious illness; and the only medical skill available failing to diagnose the case, he perforce lay supine for many weary days, enduring extreme pain, and consumed by a craving to leave the narrow confines of the ship-cabin and to find himself once more in his airy bedroom at Koomaroo. But even home failed to work the cure he expected. The exertion of removal from his berth to the house brought a further increase of the malady. The doctors, hastily summoned from Melbourne, in consultation agreed to call his ailment phlebitis—the result of the heat of the Red Sea acting upon a weak heart; and for a space his life hung in the balance.

Then the danger slowly passed, and some time later Jupp, calling at the bungalow to pay his rent, reported his landlord as able to sit up, but sadly shaken and aged.

With the opening of the rose-buds on the sweet-briar hedge surrounding the cottage flower-garden, the birth of a girl-babe brought a crowning glory into the lives of Anster and her husband. Their joy was five weeks old, when, one balmy summer evening, Anster, the babe in her arms, sat among the flowers watching for the return of Jupp, who had gone down to the town. He had fixed a rustic seat by the gate, and there they rested while waiting for him.

As she sat crooning with all a mother's beatitude over her first-born, Anster's quick ear heard the sound of far-off footsteps on the gravel road, and, looking up expectantly, she caught sight of a man's figure, bent and feeble, advancing slowly. As it approached nearer, she was shocked to recognise Mr Chisholm. Remembering his past harshness, and fancying he might resent her witnessing his weakness, Anster drew back a little, marvelling at the disastrous change a few weeks of suffering had wrought in one formerly so robust. He was walking unsteadily, as though scarce conscious of his surroundings. Observing him narrowly, Anster felt convinced he had no idea where he was, but still he moved onwards with eager, stumbling steps, as though making for some fixed goal. When abreast of the low wooden gate, he looked up and saw Anster sitting with the babe in its long white robe nestled in her arms. For a moment he seemed bewildered; then a light broke over his pallid, dew-wet face. Tottering to the gate, he outstretched quivering hands towards her and the child.

'Anster—Anster Gow—let me in. I 've come home at last,' he said breathlessly, his broken accent full of yearning.

Trembling in every limb, Anster obeyed silently. Opening the gate, she half-led, half-supported him to the seat.

'I 've been lang, lang away, Anster, but I 've come back hame again,' he murmured, with a sigh of relief.

[*Christmas Number.*

And it added to Anster's perplexity that in his weakened mental state his tongue had forgotten the cosmopolitan accent acquired by travel, and had gone back to the discarded dialect of his boyhood's days.

'I 've been a bad man to you, Anster, and a bad, bad father to our bairn. But you 'll no' remember anything against me? You 'll no' say anything against me now?' he pleaded eagerly. 'You 'll no' tell anybody the ill I 've done ye?'

'No, no,' Anster promised, to soothe him, not yet realising to what she was pledging herself.

She was praying for her husband's return, but the road stretched dusty and void in the evening sunshine. That Chisholm's mind was wandering she saw, but how to deal with him she knew not.

'Come ben the house an' lie down. I 'll give you a wee drop brandy,' she suggested; but he did not hear her, or if he did, her words failed to convey any meaning.

'It 's been a weary, weary way, Anster,' he said, in a voice that was scarcely audible; 'an' I 'm real glad to win hame.' With a quivering sigh his head fell heavily on her shoulder, and rested there.

Through what seemed an endless period of time, Anster sat rigid, afraid to move a muscle though the babe was whimpering on her lap, supporting a burden that grew colder and heavier with every moment. Hours appeared to have dragged past when Jupp's cheery 'Coo-ee,' echoing from far down the road, brought the knowledge of speedy succour.

. . . . . .

'A clot of blood entered the heart. I had warned him repeatedly of the danger of exertion,' explained Mr Chisholm's family doctor, who felt righteously annoyed that a valuable patient, who under his advice had so far progressed favourably, should, through sheer recklessness, have rushed upon death. 'To walk uphill, and at the most fatiguing hour of the day! His mind had been wandering a little during the afternoon, though he seemed in tolerable bodily health, and was able to walk about the grounds. Mrs Chisholm says he laboured under the delusion that he was in some foreign country, and that he must get home before nightfall. I suppose his late tour accounts for that. She persuaded him to lie down, and sent at once for me. But when I got there we found he had slipped out unobserved. You know the result.'

A few days later, when, after his funeral, the contents of Mr Chisholm's will were made public, a codicil of a nature likely to puzzle his widow and daughter, and to prove more than a nine days' wonder to his townsfolk, was discovered.

It was in his own handwriting, had been added during his apparent recovery from his serious illness, and ran:

'To Anstruther Grey, wife of Thackeray Jupp, I give and bequeath the cottage and four acres of freehold land at present occupied by her husband, Thackeray Jupp. Also, five thousand pounds in recognition of the wrong I did her.'

Many and varied were the conjectures to which this enigmatical bequest gave rise. But as no one had ever seen Chisholm speak with Anster, and as she, remembering the promise exacted by the dying man, kept silence, none save herself and Jupp ever guessed that, at last, Anster Grey had found the father she had travelled so far to seek.

THE SONG OF BRAGELA, QUEEN OF SKYE.

HEART of the West,
In the midst of the corrie!
Love of the West,
On hills barren and steep!
Shield thee, my love,
And my prayer be o'er thee;
Far lies between us
The foam of the deep.

Light of the West,
There is darkness without thee;
Weary my heart
For the seeing of thee.

Song of the West,
There is silence about me;
Still is thy voice
That was music to me.

Life of the West,
May the Veil-Hidden guard thee,
Watch o'er thy rest,
When thou seest not, see;
Keep thee in life,
'Mid the shadows be near thee,
Hear thy heart's cry,
And at dawn set thee free.

LILIAN NAPIER.

THE LADY OF THE CHAPEL.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

IN Paris they were forgetting the Terror in a saturnalia of mirth—mirth that struck a false note to me, being accustomed to simple, more wholesome things. The very last night I had stayed my hosts had dragged me to a ball, unwillingly, for I was tired of Parisian ways. It was for some of the emigrée ladies who had returned and were in dire poverty, to build them a béguinage. The First Consul was there, and Madame Josephine Beauharnais in a gown of white satin with a gold cincture. The Corsican hung above her like a love-sick boy.

I had left Curragh Court behind in the lilacs and blues and golds of spring to make the Grand Tour. I thought of it now, and of how happy I could be seeing to the affairs of my estate, and riding home of evenings with a loose rein when the hawthorn smelt like a swung censer, and the mountains were mysteriously gray, and the dews heavy so that the black slugs came out and dragged themselves along every grass bank, and the thrush and blackbird sang with the dew in their throats.

I had been quite satisfied to stay at home, but my father had left it in his will that I was to do the Grand Tour like any other young gentleman of fortune.

The Abbé Fitzsimons, who was our chaplain and had been my tutor, was to have gone with me; but at last, when all our preparations were made, the abbé had the misfortune to slip down half-a-dozen marble steps and break a limb. So it was that I went forth without him, with my servant James Byrne to attend me.

The ball was in the Parisian taste. Indeed, I dare swear that it could have happened nowhere in the world but in Paris. Certain of the guests—those whose friends had been beheaded in the Terror—were marked by a thin red line round the throats, while those of the Revolutionary party with whom they danced carried little representations of the guillotine as a badge. I confess it sickened me, though I had grown fairly used to the Parisian lightness, to which nothing, not even death, is sacred.

I left Paris behind me with a feeling of relief. I felt that I wanted to bathe my spirit in quiet country places, in dew and clear waters, among simple, pious people who led peaceful, country lives.

There was one friend of the abbé's to whom he had specially commended me. She was a Madame de Guiche, and she lived with her granddaughter amid the sand-dunes and the sea-flats of northern France.

When the abbé spoke of her he had always used superlative terms. 'Ah, the dear saint! the suffering martyr! the sweet woman!' he would say, with his old eyes withdrawn upon his memories. From his talk of her I gathered that the poor lady had suffered much. It seemed that her one son had belonged to the party and was devoted to the person of Philip Égalité, Duc d'Orleans, whereas she was a Royalist of Royalists, who would have given him cheerfully for the King and Queen and the Lilies of France, but counted it as ten thousand times worse than death that he should have taken part with the regicides. Worse, he had never repented, but had died with 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' on his lips.

'Why, he might have had worse words,' said I; 'for, after all, it seems to me that the Maker of us all must have had some such ideal in His mind when He constructed the world and peopled it with men.'

'You are presumptuous, Jocelyn,' said the abbé, to whom I am always the small boy into whom he ground with such difficulty the ancient classics, and the polite languages, and what other matters it becomes a gentleman to know, 'and I am surprised that the head of the ancient house of the Kilwardens should say such a thing. In the sight of God our souls, indeed, are equal, and in the service of God we have all true liberty. Fraternity, too, is a sentiment to be commended. Yet the words, taken together, were but the cries of murderers, who murdered all that was noblest and best. As Mr Burke has said beautifully'——

He went on to quote a passage from Mr Burke on the French Revolution, while I marvelled at his memory; and afterwards he rehearsed for me for the hundredth time the pathetic tale of his friend the Abbé Edgeworth of how the French King and Queen had died. Not, indeed, that I was tired of the tale—and my sympathies were naturally with the Royalist party—yet I had known high-minded men to be on the people's side, like the patriotic Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom the abbé himself had taught me to revere. I suppose at my age it was not to be expected that the watchword of the French Revolution

should have no magic for me, however it had been misused and dragged through the blood of martyrs.

It was about two days after leaving Paris that the diligence deposited my servant and myself at cross-roads, of which one arm was a fishing-village running steeply downhill to the sea.

Our first concern was to find an inn which should house us for a few days, and in this there was no great difficulty, for the driver of the diligence had warmly commended to James Byrne a cabaret kept by a couple of Parisians who had lost their all in the Terror.

Above the cabaret itself were two excellent large bedrooms. I was not at all averse to the idea of eating my meals in the pleasant room on the ground floor, tiled underfoot, and having a deal of old furniture and pictures and crockery, and everywhere the fleur-de-lis, where the rustics came in for their drinks and to discuss the latest news with our host. James Byrne, indeed, would have had a private sitting-room for me, and I found him explaining to my host, who knew not a word of English, in voluble English dashed here and there with a word of Irish, that I, Sir Jocelyn Kilwarden, was so very great a man at home in Ireland that I could not possibly be expected to eat in the common room of the cabaret. To which the polite Frenchman replied by nods and shrugs and flinging out of his hands, not knowing a word that was said, while his handsome wife stood by in bright-eyed curiosity looking from her husband's face to my servant's.

However, I could trust James, whether he knew the language or not, to procure all that we wanted, and once he understood that my Honour preferred the common room for the greater variety and life it presented, he was satisfied.

After I had had a meal and washed and dressed I went out to discover the château, which was no very difficult thing, for it lay towards the foot of the village street just before it sank to the beach. When I asked my way to it I saw that my host and hostess were full of a lively interest.

'The Château St Joseph?' said my host. 'Monsieur can hardly miss it. It lies in the path of his foot as he goes down the street. Come, I will point it out to monsieur. It is within those walls'——

At this point his wife interrupted.

'Perhaps monsieur does not know,' she said, 'that Madame de Guiche sees no one—no one except one or two very old friends and M. le Curé.'

'I think Madame de Guiche will see me,' I said. 'I come recommended by a very old friend.'

'If monsieur were not so young, so debonair,' she began.

'Come, then, Clémence,' said her husband, 'thou art indiscreet, little one! Do not discourage monsieur.'

I noticed that as I went down the street the couple stared after me from their doorstep; and while I stood at the wooden gate of the château, having rung the bell, the villagers came to every door, as it seemed, and stood out in the sunny street, shading their eyes with their hands while they watched me.

Presently a grille in the gate slid back and a girl's brown face looked out. I asked if I could see Madame de Guiche. Over her honest and simple face there came the greatest bewilderment.

'Madame la Comtesse does not receive,' she said.

'Madame will receive me,' I said, 'if you will be good enough to deliver this letter to her.'

She opened the grille and took the letter.

'At this moment Madame la Comtesse sleeps,' she said. 'She does not sleep well at nights.'

'Perhaps madame will see me later,' I said. 'I shall return presently.'

'Perhaps, monsieur.'

I turned away from the gate and went down towards the beach. The tide was out, and I walked over the smooth sands for some distance. Presently turning about, I had a view of as much as might be seen of the Château St Joseph. It struck me that château was too big a name for the house, which was apparently a building of one story, enclosed in its gardens by a high wall. Only the roof of the house, which was of red tiles, showed above the wall. Some windows in the roof caught the rays of the sun and glittered. The twisted chimney-stacks stood out against a sky of dazzling blue. It was a good place for madame to bury her sorrows. The air was invigoratingly pure and clear. The château basked in the sun and the sea-wind. Above it the white village with its red roofs climbed the hill to the great stretches of moorland. It seemed a simple and innocent place, a spot in which to forget the world and be forgotten by it.

I turned back and walked along the beach. The fishermen's boats were drawn up under a craggy wall of cliff. Farther on, the cliff beetled and rose to a great height. Above the beach where the boats were there was a flight of steps, leading apparently to a little chapel on the heights. I was minded to explore it, so I left the beach and climbed by the steps. The chapel was a tiny place. Its door stood open for the fresh wind to enter it. On the altar was a statue of the Virgin and Child. Before it, in some cheap, garish vases, were the artificial flowers which the French employ tastelessly at their shrines; and it is somewhat remark-

able that their taste should fail them in this particular.

I knelt down on one of the prie-dieus in the little chapel. I was not alone there. Two figures were kneeling in front of me near the altar. Both were attired in black, but the figure of one was clumsy; broad and elderly, it prepared me for the uncomely peasant face I should see when it turned about. The other figure was slender and delicate. I had a sense of protesting against the black veils that wrapped it about like symbols of grief.

While I knelt, the elderly woman looked round and her eyes took me in with an odd kind of alarm. She looked away again, then she rose from her knees, and with an air that reminded me of a hen with chickens who catches sight of a hawk, she half-followed, half-drove her young mistress from the chapel. But not before I had seen that face, the face which was to fill my thoughts to the exclusion of all else so long as I lived. It was the face of a very young girl, eighteen at the outside. Never have I seen a face that expressed as hers did the innocence and mystery of girlhood. Its complexion was of a creamy pallor, which had more suggestion of health than milkmaid colour. The skin was exquisite in grain. The eyes were lowered, but I saw that the lashes were golden brown and curling upwards. She had fine, straight, delicate eyebrows, and her little nose was a delight in itself. Through the lips, softly parted, I caught a glimpse of teeth like a child's.

And yet the face had not the tranquillity of a child's. Something of grief and sorrow lurked about the mouth, in a tiny pucker on the forehead; something so slight that it might have been the shadow of the wings of one of the innumerable gulls that flew about in the sunshine outside. But I was sure the shadow had lain there and was a prevision of sorrow, if not the sorrow itself.

I followed them as soon as I might, wondering at what distance it would be safe to keep, for the hot white sands gave no cover. But when I emerged from the little chapel there was no trace of them. It was not till later I discovered that there was a way over the rocks behind the chapel which they had taken.

By this time it was five o'clock, and I judged that it was time for me to call a second time on Madame de Guiche, so I retraced my way along the sands, wondering all the time where they could have disappeared to in that little space.

This time I was admitted. I found the Château St Joseph a delightful place within, although of no great pretensions. I entered first a little courtyard where the pale leaves of spring were out on a trellis that covered the house. There was a great singing of birds, and through the house door that stood open, facing me, a friendly poodle, clipped and curled, came out wagging its tail.

We entered the house through a little glass porch, which made a pleasant room of itself for the summer. There was a table there with writing materials, as well as some fine pots of flowers all in bloom, and there were several very comfortable chairs standing about. There were also some hats and gloves lying carelessly on the chairs and table, and a lady's hooded cloak was suspended from a peg on the wall.

The little corridor beyond was fair and bright, the walls hung with a chintz covered with roses which had a very gay appearance. So far as I could judge—and my uncle Anthony's collection of engravings at Curragh Court is almost unique—the pictures on the walls were excellent. Facing us as we walked along the corridor was a door leading down to a sunny garden in which roses were in bloom already. The door being half glass, the garden was full in view as I glanced out a moment while the maid opened the door on the left-hand side of the hall.

As she announced me and I followed her within I saw a face which in its youth must have been just such a face as that I had seen lately in the chapel, the memory of which was all about me like the smell of roses. At the sight of the old, pale, proud, grief-worn face my heart leaped up. There was no need for me to seek the lady. She was, she must be, madame's granddaughter.

Madame's greeting was gracious. She was holding the abbé's letter in her hand as I entered, and I could see that she was eager for news of her old friend. She thanked me for coming out of my way to visit her, adding that she was out of the world and saw few visitors nowadays, but that a friend of the dear friend of her youth must be very welcome to her.

It was a delightful room, like a garden, for it was flooded with sun, and the brocade of walls and hangings, of the gilt-backed chairs and settees, was all in a pattern of a rose-trellis. Madame, although she wore the melancholy black, did not misbecome her setting. She was a very pretty old lady, fair and delicate-looking, with soft brown eyes. Her hands were covered with beautiful old rings, and while she talked to me she sewed at a garment of coarse linen which was out of keeping with its surroundings.

I had an idea that while she was eager to hear all I could tell her of the abbé, and also wished to be civil to me for his sake, she yet was anxious to impress on me that she did not expect me to repeat the visit. She asked several times when I was leaving, and lamented the few attractions of the neighbourhood. Also,

she was quick to point out to me how much better a place for my sojourning was Davres, a town some thirty miles away.

As for me, I sat longer than manners required, and all the time I watched the door, hoping that the lady would come. But at last I could wait no longer. I had said everything I could say of the abbé; and while madame's politeness never failed, her eyes begged me to be gone.

But I was not going to Davres. I would stay where I was, and the Grand Tour might go hang for me. My thoughts were in a flame about the Lady of the Chapel. I said hotly to myself as I went down again to the beach, thinking I might meet her, that if I could not have her for my wife I should have no one and the name might die out. Then I had a wild idea of writing to the abbé and praying him to transport himself over the sea, even if he were in splints, to plead my cause. But that I discarded. When I knew that she cared for me it would be time enough, and if I had that knowledge, what power on earth would keep her from me?

I did not meet her, but I came face to face with M. le Curé as I walked back to the cabaret. He was a little brisk man with a head covered with red curls, and as I saluted him a flash of amiable good humour lit up his face, redeeming its plainness.

I turned to look after him as he went, and I saw with something like a pang of jealousy how readily the château gates opened to his knock. Madame had bidden me an effusively polite farewell. She did not mean me to come again; but I should come though 'twere a thousand mile, as the new Scotch ploughman-poet has it.

My hostess of the bright eyes could not restrain her curiosity.

'Monsieur, then, has seen Madame la Comtesse?' she said.

'Certainly, madame, since I come from her oldest friend.'

'And Mademoiselle Aurore? Has monsieur, then, seen Mademoiselle Aurore? Alas, poor child!'

Aurore! So that was her name. Why, it could have been nothing else, my star of the morning. In happier circumstances she would be as rosy as the dawn. When she was Lady Kilwarden she would be the most beautiful woman in Ireland.

I haunted the beach and the little chapel and the roads over the moor in the days that followed, but I saw nothing of her. I think my secret must have been written on my face, for madame my hostess whispered to me one day that Mademoiselle Aurore walked only in the gardens of the château nowadays.

'You see, monsieur,' she added, 'she goes to the Convent of the Reparation at Nancy this summer. Madame la Comtesse will then be altogether alone. She has to expiate her father's sins, poor child! I dare not say it if Berjeau were here'—M. Berjeau was my host—'but it is a thousand pities that she must go to the convent. It is not as if she chose it. Then, indeed, it is happiest. But she has been destined to it from her cradle.'

I suppose I was mad. I took the capable hand of madame in my own.

'Madame,' I said, 'she shall not go to the convent. I swear it.'

I went off in a frenzy to the château, only to be told that Madame la Comtesse did not receive, not even monsieur. I thought the pretty, brown-faced girl looked at me with sympathy as she lingeringly closed the grille. Whether Madame Berjeau gossiped, or whether the thing was written in my face, I fancy half the village knew that I was in love with mademoiselle. Her face had taken possession of me in a most extraordinary way. I could not eat or sleep for thinking of it, and though I walked miles over the moors inland, because I could not haunt the gates of the château, and came back weary enough often, yet at nights I could not sleep for thinking of her.

Then one day my servant came to me. As I have said, he was a fellow of resource, and now he looked full of sly triumph and rubbed his hands together in a well-pleased way.

'Your Honour,' he said, 'I have found out about the young lady. I never thought to leave my heart in foreign parts, but that little Margot that lives at the château has fairly bothered me. There wasn't a word passed between us that ayther of us could understand except kisses. Glory be to goodness! there's few women don't understand that way o' spakin'. She's on your side, sir, and the young lady's, though it's only dumb show I've to go by. And that ould Zélie is a divil, if ever there was wan. Maybe you'd be after spakin' to Margot?'

We met Margot up on the wide moors, in a lonely grass-track, after the evening had fallen. While I talked with her we could see the church spire and the chimneys of the village against a broken sky of umber and primrose. She was voluble enough once she had started. Mademoiselle had been unhappy, had wept; and Madame la Comtesse had been unhappy too, but had reminded mademoiselle that the day of her entering the Reparation had been fixed and to draw back now would be a scandal. Her trousseau was ready. 'Alas, poor mademoiselle!' said Margot, 'such coarse linen for her delicate body! Such rough serges for her habits! They live, the good nuns, on coarsest fare. Alas, poor mademoiselle! what will she do?'

'She will not go to the convent, Margot,' said I almost roughly.

'Would monsieur prevent it, then?' Margot asked in an awe-struck whisper.

'Ay, Margot,' I answered, 'for I will marry her, and I shall take her back to Ireland. And lest she should miss France too much, you must come too and make this man of mine happy.'

She murmured something about *beau garçon*, looking shyly at James Byrne. Then she looked up at me again.

''Tis not altogether madame,' she said. 'Madame is tender to mademoiselle and might yield. But it is the bishop, mademoiselle's uncle, and M. l'Abbé de Courcel, and M. l'Abbé de Fécamp, and M. le Curé d'Arcassone, and twenty others. 'Tis a pious family, monsieur. There are some who say that so many priests in the family drove poor M. Gaston into the arms of the Republic. I have something more to tell you, monsieur. I do not think that M. le Curé is satisfied about mademoiselle's vocation. I heard him say so to madame. The door was a little bit ajar, and I listened, since M. Jacques had bidden me to. Madame wept, but kept on sewing those garments of mademoiselle's that are like a shroud. M. le Curé is very wise, very holy, though he was only a fisherman's son. You could not expect madame to give in when all those of her own blood have said that mademoiselle must expiate her father's disgrace.'

As I went back through the village I saw a light glimmer in the cottage window which had been pointed out to me as M. le Curé's, and a wild thought entered my mind. I knocked at the door, and he himself opened it. He beckoned me into the room where he had been sitting. The lamp was lit. There was a litter of books and papers on the table, a crucifix on the wall with a prie-dieu before it. The May evening had turned cold, and there was no fire, and the tiled floor struck cold to the feet. When he had given me his most comfortable chair, and had sat himself down in one less comfortable, his cat jumped on to his knee. He sat there smiling at me and stroking the creature with an air of great benevolence.

'Monsieur,' I said, not being minded for delay, 'I desire to marry Mademoiselle de Guiche.'

I was certain his eyes sparkled.

'Are you not rash, my son?' he asked. 'The young lady is destined for the convent by her grandmother. In France we do not do things in your rash way. There should be meetings of relatives, conferences, deliberations. You are a stranger to us. I know you do things differently in your country. You talk a deal of the heart. Our girls, especially our noble demoiselles, do not love before marriage. I will not say that it is always so. The human heart is much the same all over the world.'

His eyes twinkled more than ever. What was it he knew—would convey to me?

'Monsieur,' I said, 'Madame de Guiche knows about me from M. l'Abbé Fitzsimons.'

'I know, I know. M. l'Abbé was loud in your praises; I have seen his letters. There can be nothing against you, monsieur—young, comely, honest, of good estate, ancient family. What would madame have more? I have always said that mademoiselle should not be shut out from honourable marriage because of her father. They think differently, these aristocrats!'

I could have taken him to my heart, and he was looking at me with an air of fatherly kindness.

'I am to see madame to-night,' he said suddenly. 'Will you come with me, monsieur, and plead your own cause?'

'That will I willingly,' I said.

The gate of the château opened to M. le Curé that would have been denied to me. This time it was not Margot who opened it, but the old, harsh-faced woman whom I had seen in the chapel with mademoiselle. She scowled at me, while she smiled at M. le Curé.

I remember that as we crossed the threshold of madame's drawing-room he took my hand as though I were a child, and led me with him. We had heard a sound of music. Mademoiselle was playing the piano, her profile, as she turned, beautiful against the flowered silk of its high back. She turned, and when her eye fell on me a wave of rose swept her dear cheeks. Her gaze went on to M. le Curé, and I saw a wild hope spring up in her innocent eyes. Then she was gone, like a shadow, through the door behind the screen. I heard it close softly after her. Madame was looking at me with parted lips, and the coarse needlework had dropped from her hand.

'The gentleman asks the hand of mademoiselle,' M. le Curé said, not giving her time to recover. 'I am sorry for you, my friend, that you must lose your grandchild, unless indeed you will go to Ireland with her. Monsieur is unexceptionable in every way, as M. l'Abbé Fitzsimons has testified. It is the hand of Providence, my friend.'

'But—the convent?' madame gasped.

'The Sisters do not want an unwilling nun. Mademoiselle Aurore has no vocation.'

Suddenly madame burst into tears.

'I have been cruel to my own flesh and blood,' she said. 'The child has been unhappy yet I only desired her happiness and safety Her proud old face softened to the utmost humility. 'Monsieur knows,' she said, 'the stain on our family history. My poor Gaston Since the days of St Louis we were always good Royalists.'

'Monsieur knows,' the Curé said. 'As I

M. le Vicomte, he was misled. God has forgiven him. It is time that we forgave.'

Then madame burst into tears, and I kissed her hand, and knew my cause was gained.

At first there was opposition from the bishop and the abbés and the curés of the family; but in time they came round, seeing that opposition was vain.

So Aurore became mine, and I am her lover till I die. And presently, after we had made the Grand Tour together, Madame de Guiche came back with us to Curragh Court, where she sits one side of the fireplace and the abbé the other, and they talk perpetually of the old times and how much poorer a place the world is to-day. But Aurore and I have no fault to find with it. Year after year we return to the Château St Joseph and see our friend the curé and all the kind, simple people. At last even Zélie forgets to frown at me, and keeps the château for us during the winter. Margot is now Lady Kilwarden's maid; but she has changed her name like her mistress.

THE WIND IN THE CHIMNEY.

THERE's a funny little man lives up the chimney-can,
And he sings and he sighs all night.
When I waken in the dark I sit up in bed to hark,
And I cannot sleep again for fright!

Once I looked out of the window of my own wee room,
And I pressed my sleepless face against the pane;
And I heard him running by, just sobbing like to die,
Chased and driven by the angry rain.

He wanders in the glens when the sheep are in the pens,
And he rattles at the sleeping shepherds' doors;
And he lashes up the sea where the sailor-people be,
And in silent streets and lonely stairs he roars.

Proud people's backs he slaps, and he whisks off ladies' caps,
Till after flying things the crowds must run;
Then a sudden door he slams, and he laughs behind the jambs:
What a bad old man to frighten folks for fun!

But you he'll never catch, though he rattles at the latch,
If at night, when you've been good all day;
Just your eyes and ears shut tight, and then sleep till morning light
Drives the darkness and the dreams afar away!

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

WHEN JOYCE GREW UP.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

EVAN PROSSITER had the nose of a humourist and the mind of an unreasonable saint. Therefore (at least, perhaps it was therefore), when his friend Clarendon could not, on doctor's counsel, risk his daughter's life again in the tropics, it was not so very wonderful that he should ask Evan to take charge of the child. Joyce was then ten, a pickle with a slightly celestial nose, very blue eyes, and an infernal temper as well as a delicate constitution. Evan forced a smile and said that he was sure his sister Judy, who then lived with him, would be delighted to be a mother of sorts to little Joyce. And it was settled.

But poor Clarendon, a widower at the time, died in that hot Madras Presidency only eight months later, and left his little girl to Evan in trust until she married.

Another year passed, and Judy Prossiter departed to a home of her own, with a husband. She had much affection for her brother; but an alien young orphan maiden in the house made a surprising difference to her.

'What *am* I to do without you, with her?' asked Evan of Judy in mild dismay when his sister announced her engagement.

'Positively, my dear, I don't know,' said Judy, smiling sweetly at the prospects of her own blissful future. 'That is, of course, you *must* marry now.'

Evan stroked his chin and shook his head.

'She'll have you. You know that as well as I do. She's not good enough for you; but it's the only way out of it,' pursued his sister.

Evan continued to shake his head. He knew that Mary Steyne would marry him if he asked her; but, though he liked her, he did not like her altogether. She was dark, gently mirthful, and of a suitable age (twenty-two to his twenty-seven); but—no, he did not feel that he could propose to Mary Steyne merely because of the embarrassing and often almost terrible young Joyce.

He did not do it. He fluttered a little on the borderland with her, and then fluttered back. She touched him with the golden point of her irony, and still he stayed unresponsive. And then she seemed to give him up, and he was content.

'It's all too delightfully obvious for words, Evan,' she said of him and *his* future. 'She'll grow up into a pretty girl—she has the promise of it—and you'll marry her. Heaven bless you both!'

Evan could bear such irony without much effort when it was accompanied by such pleasant ease of manner. He playfully mocked her words.

'That,' he remarked, 'is looking very far ahead. She's only twelve, and I may die, like poor Clarendon.'

Mary Steyne appeared to be impressed by the thought.

'Ye-s,' she said. 'Of course there's always the chance that she may stab you with a fork in one of her fits. But I hope she won't. Then your doom may be taken for granted.'

'It won't happen,' said he. 'I know it happens in novels; but here it's too ridiculous even to dream of.'

'Yet,' Mary Steyne amended.

But this was a truth that did not need to be proclaimed from house-tops, and so no more was then said about it. And ere Joyce was twelve and a half Mary Steyne also married. She married an elderly Mr Irons, who had asked her four times without success before his gallant fifth effort.

Evan's sister came round to condole with him about this blow, against which he had so wilfully declined to protect himself.

'You foolish old fellow!' she said to him. 'What *are* you going to do with yourself?'

Evan could but shrug, look a little down that humorous long nose of his, and reply that he didn't let such irrelevant problems trouble him.

'We get on very decently,' he murmured. 'Mrs Wex [his housekeeper] believes she's improving.'

'And you?' said the incredulous sister.

'Oh, I'm no judge of girls. I've got used to her little ways; I don't mind them. She's begun to call me Prossy when we're alone. I rather like it than otherwise, though she is such a demon at times.'

And then, as though it were *her* first perception of the possibility, Evan's married sister prophesied like Mary Steyne before she had changed her name.

'I do believe you'll tolerate her until she's—well, old enough, and then you'll marry her, Evan.'

He blocked the insinuation as if it hurt him.

'Don't say such things. Time will show, I expect, how fanciful you are,' he said.

Soon after this, time did show something. It saddled Evan with a fresh responsibility, twin to

that other, so that the faces of his friends, kinsfolk, and acquaintances all set towards him either in pity, consternation, blank amazement, or blooming laughter. His sister flew to him on the first intelligence.

'It isn't *true*, Evan?' she cried.

'What could I do?' he retorted. 'Poor Wheeler made the request on his deathbed. He was struck by what he called my success with poor Joyce. I admit that I hesitated; but I could not worry him at such a time. Besides, the boy is fifteen, and will be at school most of the year.'

'It's a—shame,' said his sister Judy. 'People presume on your good nature. Where's it to end? Every one will be leaving you his children to take care of when he dies.'

But Evan declined to see that. He even for once justified that nature's gift of a humorous nose in the rejoinder that he proposed to safeguard himself against more such legacies by a notice in the papers: 'Mr Evan Prossiter begs respectfully to say that he can adopt no more orphans. Friends will please accept this, his only, yet positive, intimation on the subject.'

'You are incorrigible, dear,' said his sister; and as an incorrigible she abandoned him to his fate.

And then the schools broke up and Rupert Wheeler brought his box and cricket-bat to Evan's house, and was insolent to Joyce on the very first evening. He told her he didn't think much of girls. Their long, useless legs and abundant hair rather sickened him, he said, and if she thought he was going to play cricket with her she was mistaken.

In a hurricane of a temper, Joyce rushed to Evan to tell him what Rupert Wheeler had told her. She stormed at him as if *he* had insulted her, and not the boy; and she wished herself dead with her father and mother in India.

Greatly concerned, Evan breathed a soft 'Good Heaven!' patted his ward's long hair, and said he would speak to Rupert about it.

'If you do,' she cried, 'I'll run away. I won't *have* him think I'm a sneak. He's a horrible, conceited brute, but I'll not have him told.'

'Then what can I do for you?' asked Evan, patient if perplexed.

'You can leave my hair alone, to begin with,' said she. 'I brush it with a brush when it happens to require it. And—and'——

She swept from him, giving a first glimpse of her sex's power of stateliness, and leaving a memory of tear-stained, very blue eyes, knitted brows, and wrathful, rosy cheeks. Not, however, before he had repeated his question modestly.

'What *am* I to do, then?' he asked.

'Why, nothing, of course,' said she, as if defiant of him as an authority, and thoroughly contemptuous of his merely masculine brain.

She left him still perplexed and almost sad. But she returned, stole upon him unawares, and worming her arms (disproportionately long and slender, like her legs) about his neck, administered a kiss.

'You're such a donkey, Prossy,' she purred, after the kiss. 'Of course I know what boys are, and I shall be ever so nice with him. I can hide it from people when I hate them, and I will from him. You are so good, Prossy, so detestably, impossibly good.'

Evan stroked her wrathful, rosy cheek.

'Don't be a little duffer, Joy,' he said, rising. He preferred 'Joy' to 'Joyce,' and so did she. 'When you're a bit taller, and so on, you —you—— That is, it's a splendid idea, that programme of yours about Rupert. You'll shake down all right together, I hope sincerely; and besides, it's the poor chap's only home, you know, this, during the holidays. He's fond of photographing. Try and get up a liking for it. Boys are funny beggars; but so, for the matter of that, are girls.'

'And men!' said Joyce.

When next Evan saw her, her elbows were on the table while she listened with flattering eagerness (a glorious sham) to Rupert's condescending explanation of the mechanics of a certain miniature motor-car which was one of his more recent treasures.

'That's right,' said Evan fervently.

'She's not half bad when you know her a bit,' muttered the boy, as if he had made a humiliating discovery. Whereat the girl smiled, behind the convenient screen of her hair.

Four years slipped by, with Rupert home for the holidays thrice each year. Joyce's hair grew longer and longer, her eyes bluer and bluer, and her temper less and less conjecturable at sight.

Mary Steyne (*née*) had foreseen the truth about the girl. She was beautiful at sixteen. Even the moderate tilt to her nose-tip, which as a child she had blasphemed for its ugliness, was now a grace in her. It made her look, Rupert said, as if she were in an eternal state of interrogation. If so, it was because her eyes also asked questions, or provoked them. She left that form of exercise much more to her eyes than of yore. Evan noticed it, and didn't like the change.

'I'm afraid, Joy,' he said, 'when you are quite grown-up you'll be dumb.'

'Oh no, I shall not,' she said. 'But one can't help thinking about things, can one?'

She seldom now called him 'Prossy.' He missed her childish cheek in the matter absurdly. 'Mr Prossiter' seemed wintrily cold to him instead of it, especially when they were alone. They were not, however, so much alone as before. There was a governess in the house, a semi-elderly Miss Butterby, who wore a pince-nez and believed in Mrs Sherwood as an in-

structress of youth. The innovation was trying to Evan—she was so severe an object of contemplation at the dinner-table. What it was to Joyce herself no one exactly knew after her one fierce, indeed savage, revolt when Evan unfolded Miss Butterby as a project. She called him names, molly-coddle being the best of them. But the storm died away, and after a gust or two of hysterical laughter she begged his pardon, dropped him a curtsy (mainly ironical), and said she was ready for the lady, be she what she might.

'How long will she stop, though?' Joyce asked as an afterthought.

Evan had worked it all out.

'Well, you know,' he said, 'I've been talking it over with people, and they think, with me, if she suits, she ought to be a—a fixture until you—er—marry, Joy. We'll call her a companion after a while.'

That almost set the girl off again. But she gulped down her emotions.

'How nice it will be for you, dear!' she remarked sweetly. 'But don't you think, if she suits, as you term it, you mayn't be the one first to marry? I hope she wont be too fascinating, dear. I can't imagine you marrying; but the unlikely so often happens, doesn't it? And she may be very artful, you know.'

But the semi-elderly Miss Butterby was not artful in that way. Joyce's tolerance of her, and even affection for her, were among the most admirable of the girl's traits hitherto.

Of course that earlier prophecy now revived vigorously. Almost every one told Evan that he was inevitably destined to wed Joyce. When he smilingly spoke about the disparity of age, nearly every one said it wasn't at all excessive. The girl had developed so interestingly under his care that even Mary Steyne (*née*) and his sister Judy thought well of her.

'You will marry her, as sure as you live,' said his sister Judy.

And again Evan said, 'Time will show.'

His own plan was by now quite built on a solid foundation. Those wise others didn't know half so much as they thought. He meant Rupert to marry Joyce. That, if you like, was an obvious operation of fate, circumstances, and propriety. In its way it was, moreover, a cunning enough contrivance—with comfort all round and the consciousness of fulfilled duty towards his dead friends—for Evan to crow to himself about.

From school Rupert went to Sandhurst to be made into a soldier; and Joyce continued to increase in the number and quality of her charms, also in surprising demureness.

'I do not think,' said the gratified Miss Butterby one day to Evan, 'I have ever known any young person with so engaging and unselfish a disposition. She is a pupil with whom it is a privilege to be associated.'

Evan passed on that fulsome compliment to Joyce, who scoffed politely.

'Little *she* knows, doesn't she?' said Joyce.

'But *I* know what it has cost you, my dear,' said he; and then he sighed.

It was the first time he had sighed before her.

'What is the matter?' she asked.

'I was thinking of the time when I must lose you, Joy.'

'Then don't,' said she.

'I can't always keep off it,' he insisted; 'and there's something I want to talk to you about—something immensely important which—— But I think I will postpone it a little longer.'

'I would if I were you,' said she. And then suddenly she had one of her now rare attacks of disrespectful fondness. 'Oh, you silly old fellow! I wonder if you will ever be like other people. I hope—not.'

She left him with that riddle.

Again, again, and again he tried to say that which he had meant to say on this occasion. Indeed, Rupert was twenty-one and about to be gazetted ere he forced himself to speak. At eighteen and two months Joyce was a lovely girl, a living picture for the delight of all eyes.

'Joy,' said Evan to her in the garden one May afternoon, 'you like Rupert very much, don't you?'

'Very,' she replied promptly.

She slipped her hand into his arm. The faint raising of her brows was a private demonstration, and so was her smile.

'Of course you do,' he said, with emphasis. 'He's a splendid lad. Do you know what I've been hoping?'

'What?' said she.

'You won't mind?'

'If it's as pathetic as you look I shall mind very much,' she said, 'and I don't want to hear it. Do you know, dear, you're prodigious!'

She sometimes treated him like this now.

'Oh,' said he, endeavouring to give her laughter for laughter, 'it isn't in the least pathetic. Quite the contrary, I trust. It's only this: Rupert is very fond of you, and, some day, why shouldn't you be his—wife? Not in a hurry. And yet, perhaps, the sooner the better for my sake, for the longer you're here with me the harder it will be to lose you. I tell you what. I'll leave you to think it over now. Miss Butterby is asleep in the drawing-room. It's a good opportunity to think it over. As I said, there's naturally no hurry, but there's nothing like breaking the ice.'

She held him fast, however, when he would have disengaged himself from her. She was rather pale, and her beautiful small lips had a curious curl to them.

'You're not angry, are you?' he stammered.

'Just tell me this,' said she: 'Have you—dared to speak like this to *him* about me?'

'Why, bless the child! what if I have?' he asked, looking scared and almost stupid.

'*Have* you?'

'No, I have not,' he admitted. 'Time enough when he has to flit somewhere. But I don't mean him to miss you.'

The girl breathed as if she had three pair of lungs, all seeking audible relief.

'That's a mercy to be thankful for,' she said. 'I'm going to take Miss Butterby a walk now. She's getting fat and lazy, and I want a lesson on the ways and customs of beetles. But don't ever talk such rubbish about Rupert again. Promise.'

'You mean'——

'That it's the most futile and idiotic rot in the world. Sorry about the rot, but of course it is. Do you think I'm a girl to stand that kind of thing? No, thank you. Rupert's just Rupert. He's nobody else; and you may think what you like about my saying so, but he isn't good enough for *me*.'

He assented feebly to the last words.

'But why not in time, when he has done something?' he asked, with the wrinkles of sixty-five instead of thirty-seven.

'Thank you, dear,' said the girl. 'That will suit me admirably on one condition. Promise you'll not whisper a syllable of such stuff to him, and I'll forgive you. And it's for me to tell you when I think he has done a something sufficiently big to make me want him for a husband. There! *You* can stay here and think it over. The air's clearer now, I do hope, Prossy.'

She patted him on the arm, and with a smile of bewildering sweetness and serenity, stepped towards the house.

To be called 'Prossy' by her at eighteen years and odd months was an experience that differed strangely from those previous ones. He wasn't entirely sure that he liked it. He wasn't sure about anything for several minutes, indeed. He paced the lawn and felt indescribably. Only when she came out, straight as a young pine-tree, with a green tam-o'-shanter rakishly dipped to one side, did he feel more at ease with himself.

'We're going a long walk,' she informed him, 'and may get our tea at a cottage. You'll do very well without us, won't you?'

'I must do as I can,' he said. 'I hope I'm not wholly dependent upon your incomprehensible sex for my peace of mind.'

'Dear me!' said she. 'How self-contained we are all at once!'

'Yes; and look here, Joy; I have something to ask you. I like it in a way, but we're both too old for such frivolities. I'd rather you *didn't* call me "Prossy" again. Sounds too—cool, I think.'

'Oh! Really?' said she, looking him through and through with her blue eyes, and smiling. 'What *shall* I call you then, when I feel like it—Evan?'

It was pure mischief in her. She ran laughing to Miss Butterby, instead of awaiting her reproof. From the garden wall he watched them both climb the road in the distance. Something catastrophic had happened. He knew now that his sister Judy and Mary Steyne (*née*) had long been wiser than himself. They had said he should marry the girl when she grew up. That implied, of course, that he should love her as one loves one's bride. This he did. It was the revelation of that May afternoon; and so far the prophets were justified of their wisdom. But there of course it ended.

He walked to the post-office and wired to Rupert ere Miss Butterby had found a single new specimen of a beetle.

. . . . . .

'Hullo!' he said the next morning at the breakfast-table. 'Rupert's coming. The two o'clock train.'

The girl looked up from her own letters; but he preferred not to face her full battery of interrogations. She returned to her letters, smiling.

'Why's he coming?' she asked simply.

'He must tell us that when he comes,' said Evan. 'Why does one long for a change in the spring? It's in the blood.'

She laughed a low and very musical laugh.

'Is it so, Miss Butterby?' she inquired. 'Is it a natural history fact that one longs for a change in the spring?'

Miss Butterby had no doubt about it. She replied with the precision of a machine touched at the right lever.

'It is pre-eminently, my dear, *the* season for change,' she said. 'It is the season of new life as well as resurrection. But I am sure you know that.'

'Rather!' said the girl. 'Of course I do. *I'll* meet the train.'

That tried Evan. His face showed it. But he said nothing at the time. Only afterwards he urged Miss Butterby to persuade Joyce to spend the whole morning in the country; indeed to picnic somewhere, with cycles if possible, and not return until well in the afternoon. He told Miss Butterby that he wished to meet Rupert alone.

Miss Butterby persuaded Joyce with comforting success, and they rode away with sandwiches and things.

Evan was oppressed that morning in his loneliness. He couldn't settle himself to anything. His letters refused to be written. He paced the garden and remained dissatisfied. He told himself that what he was about to do was for the best (Heaven's best, and earth's), but that soothed him as little as anything else.

Luncheon by himself was a farce. He could not eat. Afterwards, however, he made manfully for the railway station with a high head.

He would carry it through at all costs, and all should be well.

On the way to the station he met his sister, and hailed her with gladness as if she were an accomplice in well-doing.

'Is anything the matter with him?' Judy asked when he had given her the news.

'I will tell you what it means,' he said boldly.

He told her instead what he meant it to mean. The boy was soon destined for India. He was approaching twenty-two, and he loved Joyce, and what more reasonable than that he should seize the spring-time opportunity of securing Joyce for himself?

'You are *sure?*' asked the astonished Judy.

'It can be only that,' said he, still audaciously.

'And she?'

'Oh,' said he loftily, 'I don't think there should be any difficulty with her. Isn't he one of the handsomest lads in the world? With everything to recommend him, he's bound to win her.'

'And you, if it comes off, Evan—what in the world will become of you then? Why *have* you let yourself be tied to the belts of those two orphans? It isn't fair.'

But he parried that question and went on by himself, smiling awkwardly.

Having met the train, he began upon the boy with magnificent self-command and quite the right tone of affectionate gravity.

'You'll wonder what I'm up to, Rupert,' he said, even on the platform. 'I'll tell you. I want you and Joyce to marry by-and-by, and I suggest to you that you open the subject with her to-day. Let her believe you have come down expressly for that. Don't give me away, whatever you do; me and my telegram. She is a girl whom any man would be fortunate to marry, and'——

But Rupert laughed dryly, and checked him.

'You're a marvel, old chap!' said Rupert. Time had much shortened the difference between their respective ages, and ere this Rupert had often treated Evan as nothing more distant than an appreciated elder brother.

'Never mind what I am,' said Evan. 'Marvel or not, I can see what is good for both of you.'

'Think so?'

'Yes, I think so.'

'Then,' said the boy, taking his guardian by the arm, 'you'd lose your money. I don't mind running down like this. Woolwich isn't a particularly sweet spot when the trees are leafing. But, to save time, let's drop that romance of yours, once and for all. I don't want to marry Joyce, and it's a pound to a penny she doesn't want to marry me. There's something I *do* want, though, and that's grub.'

'But, Rupert, she'——

'*Drop* it, old chap,' said Rupert, with a frown of martial quality. 'I've done with it. It isn't for *me* to talk, or I might give you information. I—wish I had your innocence, for some things.'

'But this is crushing, Rupert,' Evan protested.

'Then be crushed by it, and be—blessed!' said the boy. 'Any more about it and I cross the platform and wait for the next up-train.'

Then they left the station, and the boy made casual remarks. They were not all casual. He was listed for India at last, and that was serious and good news. Moreover, it was news to explain to Joyce his coming thus abruptly. Evan held on to this fact. It behoved him to remember it, to use it on the girl at the very first moment. And, laughing again, Rupert promised that he also would try to remember to apply the like duplicity.

But Evan deceived himself. He deceived himself in his estimate both of his strength and self-possession.

When the ladies returned for tea, Joyce blooming as never before, he seemed to see mystery even in Miss Butterby's greeting of the boy. Her 'How do you do?' was accompanied by a side-glance at him and a curious twitching of the eyebrows. Joyce's 'Hullo, Rupe!' was also not so excited as he expected it to be. Furthermore, even while they shook hands the two young people smiled, as if they had an intimate secret.

Evan became suddenly moist with inexplicable fears, and left the trio to themselves. 'I don't want any tea,' he said.

Something was in the air. He knew it as one knows when a thunderstorm is about to break. His plans had failed, and he was glad—feverishly, culpably glad. What was he to do? Something had to be done, if only to aid him towards peace of mind.

And then a tap sounded on his study door, and Miss Butterby entered.

'Do I intrude, Mr Prossiter?' she asked at the threshold. 'I—have a confession to make.'

It was a very momentous confession.

She had been coaxed into a disingenuous proceeding that day, and her conscience smote her. She had, moreover, just told Joyce that she proposed to ease her conscience, and Joyce had offered no objection.

'It is this, Mr Prossiter. I allowed Joyce to persuade me to ride with her into Graisby this morning and meet her cousin there wher he changed his train. I did not at the time think it was an indiscretion; but one step lead to another, and when I had to dissemble in your presence and act as if I had not see Mr Wheeler until this afternoon, I—I realise that it was wrong.'

Evan listened, and tried to smile.

'Oh!' he said, 'is that all?'

But even while he said it, he perceived that might be a significant all, though not much

the common eye. Why had not Rupert mentioned the meeting?

Miss Butterby was glad to admit that it was all.

'I suppose they had a little chat together?' Evan suggested.

'At Joyce's particular request, I went into the refreshment-room and had a bun and a glass of fresh milk, and when I came out I had a difficulty in finding her. Mr Wheeler was in the Potherton train, and Joyce was with him. She said she wished to frighten me; but, of course, that is absurd.'

Evan rose to complete the tranquillisation of Miss Butterby's susceptible conscience.

'It's nothing to worry about—nothing at all,' he said. 'You are exquisitely scrupulous, Miss Butterby.'

'There was also another incident, Mr Prossiter,' said the exquisitely scrupulous lady, with a blush of pleasure. 'Joyce asked me to stay with the bicycles in Gate Street while she went into a jeweller's shop. In itself such an event may seem trifling; but she remained in the shop a very considerable time, and the assistant being a young man of refined appearance, perhaps I—I ought to mention that also.'

Alone with his thoughts again, having definitely persuaded Miss Butterby that she had nothing wherewith to reproach herself, Evan locked the door. He sometimes locked himself in like that when he had matters of business to consider. And then, with his head in his hands, he saw visions.

First, the long-legged and petulant little Joyce, who so soon became less petulant and called him 'Prossy.' Then the long-haired and not quite so visibly long-legged damsel, with whom to walk and talk and expound life's wisdom was always a secret pride in him. And oh! the charm of her smiles for him, and the grace of her movements! And now—he lost himself in a blur of these several merged visions. With shut eyes, he was content thus to be lost. He did not hear the French window scrape on its hinges; did not know that it was a little ajar; didn't want to know anything much, until he started to see whose hand was on his shoulder.

'What *are* you doing?' the girl asked him. 'No; sit still, please. If I didn't guess that you were in the dumps! Poor old fellow! Sit still, I say.'

She was almost strong enough to force him to sit still. Not quite, though. He rose against her and smiled.

'I'm coming for some tea, Joy,' he said.

'No, you are not,' she declared. 'Do sit down again, dear. I've something to tell you. Miss Butterby and Rupe are in the paddock looking at the poultry.'

'Oh, I know it,' said he. 'Don't tell me it all over again. Miss Butterby covered herself with sackcloth and ashes just now. You needn't, my dear. Don't you know by this time that I would forgive you anything?'

'Would you?' she whispered.

'In reason, Joy, yes.'

'Then sit down and let me test you—Evan.'

That shocked him so that he gasped for breath in gazing at her.

'Anything but that, Joy,' he stammered. 'You mustn't do it, or else'——

'Well?' said she, with the smile of an honest siren.

He sat down again.

'You will not understand, my dear girl,' he said drearily.

'But I do—I do,' she cried, clasping his neck with her arms. 'You are so wonderfully soft and blind and ridiculous. There's no one like you, Prossy. You know you want me in your heart, and—and—the idea of thinking you could splice me and Rupe together like a—rope! Why, my dear, every one sees it. Even Miss Butterby. Mrs Irons told me years ago that if I was a good girl she'd be glad of it, and—— Oh, but you *are* a donkey, Evan.'

She held him hard. His struggles, at first rather forcible, soon ended.

'Do you know, Joy,' he asked, with an effort of severity, 'what you are talking about?'

'Perfectly,' said she. 'And so do you; so don't pretend. Put up your left hand, dear, and stretch your fingers. You won't? Then I must be shameless, and do everything myself.'

With her cheek warm to his, she took his hand and in a moment had slipped a gold ring on the proper finger. It stuck at the first joint, but that didn't matter.

'I bought it on purpose, dear, this morning,' she said. '*Now*, what do you think of me? Am I too awful?'

She stood away from him, still smiling that beautiful smile of absolute confidence and contentment. But before he could break the spell she had set upon him with the ring, she spoke again.

'Of course, I love you, dear,' she whispered. 'And I know you want me. I'm grown up now, and can please myself. Good-bye, and think it over, if you like.'

She patted him on the back, and returned to the flowers whence she had come. For a few enchanted minutes Evan listened to her singing in the garden, and then went out to her.

The obvious had come to pass.

A LEARNED LADY.

By R. E. FRANCILLON,

Author of 'A Dog and his Shadow,' &c.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was not a vacant seat in the Townhall—not even in the front benches, where all the very best people had assembled in their best array: the vicar, with his wife and daughters; both the curates, one of them a baronet's son; Mr Gust (who owned the bank and the brewery) and Miss Gust; Major Hay (that distinguished Indian officer) and Mrs Hay; old Mr Power (Lord Piercefield's agent), and young Mr Power the lawyer (considered the cleverest as well as the best-looking and best-dressed man in Branksham); and, far from least, both the Misses Findon, from Pallas House, with the six eldest of their young ladies. Nor were these all that are worth naming; but they are enough to tell everybody who knows Branksham that this November evening was no ordinary occasion for that quietest of little towns.

'Clever chaps, curates!' whispered Tom Reynolds, from Gust's brewery, to his hero and patron, young Mr Power.

'Didn't know it,' said young Power.

'Oh, of course I didn't mean in your sort of way, Frank. I mean getting a swell like Mrs Truman of The Edge to show herself off in her diamonds at a penny reading. Why, there's ten pounds in the house if there's a penny! I wonder how those chaps do it, upon my word.'

'Turn parson yourself, Tom, and you'll soon find there's nothing so easy as to get on the blind side of an elderly widow. I've a few minds to enter myself for the Truman stakes, and cut out the parsons. I could do with 'em,' he sighed, directing his eyeglass upon a quietly dressed and decidedly pretty girl who came in alone through the door at the side of the platform, and seated herself in a remote corner after throwing a smile and a nod to the Pallas House party.

'We shall have a treat to-night, Power,' said one of the curates—not the baronet's son—snatching a minute from managerial bustle. 'I've just been introduced to Mrs Truman; and, talk of intellect, she's just the most wonderful woman! If she only reads as well as she talks! Why, do you know, we got talking about Shakespeare, and that led us on, and I don't know what she isn't going to do for the schools. But we must get into our seats; they're going to begin.'

The curate bustled off and took his place next Miss Annie Truman in the corner, thinking, no doubt, that he could not be better off than next the pretty daughter of so learned and so wealthy a mother. Nor was young Mr Power alone in thinking likewise, or in silently anathematising the fellow's impudence in not forgoing so merely a professional advantage. For a little romance had just taken place in Branksham, which was to become this evening, in a measure, visible. Everybody there knew everybody; and so, though without taking any real interest in so trivial a matter, everybody had known that for the last dozen years at least among the Misses Findons' young ladies was a certain Annie Truman, who at seven years old had come there from nowhere in particular, had grown up without friends or holidays, and was going to be a governess as soon as she could find a situation. She was an excessively uninteresting young person, who never seemed to have eyes for anybody even in church, until the breath of Branksham was one day taken away by learning that poor little Annie Truman, now in her twentieth year, was the only child of a rich widow from foreign parts, who had bought the old manor-house called The Edge, and was going to take up her abode as a Lady Bountiful in the quiet country town which had been so blind to the merits of her daughter. Nobody could quite make the story out; but it was terribly clear that Branksham had been terribly blind. How had it not discovered that Annie Truman was a beauty? Why had it never invited her to play tennis? Why had it left her throughout her schooldays without a holiday or a friend? Why had it excluded her from the companionship of its daughters, and—with still greater short-sightedness—of its sons? It was to make up all at once for these neglects and shortcomings of twelve years that all Branksham had met to-night in its scores to do honour to the mother of the girl whom it discovered that it had all along loved so dearly. There had been no common plan; but everybody had been moved by the same impulse of repentance, and everybody had come; and doubtless everybody was equally vexed to find everybody there.

But a romance must have a hero. And th

hero was not Tom Reynolds, nor either of the curates, nor even Frank Power. It was the young man at the piano, to whom the coming of Mrs Truman to Branksham had been as the scattering of a dream by a whirlwind.

John Cliff—so he was called—was one of those uncomfortable people who seem to make a perverse point of being born either out of their place or out of their century. The son of a rolling stone, he should have been born in a great city where his gift of music could have put out wings to bear him high and far until he reached congenial air. He had actually entered the world at Branksham, where lack of means, of vanity, and of likeness to others taught him to regard himself as successful beyond his merits when he obtained the posts of parish organist and music-master in Pallas House. And here—being, after all, less unlike his fellow-creatures than he fancied—what ambition could soar beyond the unmerited happiness and glory of saving Annie Truman from the fate of having to earn her own living all alone?

But he was an honest and honourable young fellow, and so had forbidden himself to speak while she was still his pupil and a schoolgirl. And now she was Miss Truman of The Edge, to whom he could no more dream of speaking than if he had been dumb.

While, therefore, mechanically accompanying song after song without more than once letting his eyes wander to the corner where the curate was establishing what looked like an exceedingly promising flirtation, he was, in his perverse way, rating honour for cowardice, and himself for a fool; so that he cannot be held wholly destitute of self-knowledge after all.

But a rustle among the audience presently aroused him to the great fact that he was about, for the first time, to see Annie's mother, that hateful woman who had robbed him of his dear and only dream. Well, she did not look so very hateful; indeed, she looked like one who, under ordinary circumstances, would be much fonder of saying 'Yes' than 'No.' But nobody would ever have taken her for Annie's mother; and as little could she be summed up as, in Frank Power's phrase, an 'elderly widow.' She was tall and something more than stout; looked fifty, and was very likely more. Her jewels were disappointing in the matter of quantity, but she wore a few which were really fine—especially a diamond which fastened her aigrette of feathers. She might not look like rank, but she unquestionably looked like money.

The applause of welcome having subsided, Mrs Truman, coming well to the front of the platform, opened her book and began to read, of all things in the world, the lugubrious old ballad of 'The Mistletoe Bough.' It was an odd selection, John Cliff could not help thinking even in the midst of his trouble, for a notoriously learned lady, with the whole of literature behind her whence to choose; but perhaps she underrated the culture of her audience—a not uncommon mistake of superior people; or perhaps her strength lay in the pathos of the familiar and the simple. Nor, on the whole, did she do much injustice to the tragedy of the lost bride. She had an awkward way of keeping her eyes fixed upon her printed page instead of using them upon her audience. But then she had a good, rich, natural voice, evidently unspoiled by elocution lessons; and when she reached the point where

> The children cried,
> 'See, the old man weeps for his fairy bride,'

she broke into an honest, homely sob which set half the audience crying luxuriously, and disposed John Cliff to hate her even more than before he had seen her. What right had this woman to make a sort of stage-play of broken hearts and lives and lost loves, when his own love was lost, and his own heart and life were breaking?

'I must really thank you in the name of the parish,' the vicar was saying, as John Cliff came into the room behind the platform to get his hat; for his humble share in the entertainment was over. 'But you know the way of the world, my dear Mrs Truman, and the old definition of gratitude—a lively sense of favours to come. When may we count upon you again?'

Mrs Truman was beaming.

'It's uncommon kind of you to say so,' said she, 'and you've all been uncommon kind. Any little thing I can do I'm very pleased, I'm sure. To educate the masses—that's what I want to see. What's life without books? say I.'

'You wouldn't say that if you'd got to do with *my* sort of books,' said Mr Gust the banker, who was a humourist in a strictly professional way. 'And yet, talk of poetry—there's a wonderful lot of poetry in the Ledger too, if you'——

'Oh, of course I've read the Ledger,' said Mrs Truman, interrupting him hastily; 'and beautiful it is, to be sure. I always thought so, from a child.—But come, Annie, it's getting about time for beauty-sleep.'

'Ah, my dear madam,' said old Mr Power, 'that piece you spoke to-night'——

'Not spoke—*read*,' Mrs Truman corrected him with emphasis.

'Read so—so—delightfully; yes, that piece was a regular link with the past, as one might say. Many a hundred times I've heard Susan—that was our old nurse Susan—say that very poem when I was a little shaver not that high. And you said it just like her, every word, all but just one line. "Each nook to search and each tower to scan" was what you made it. "Each tower to search and each nook to scan" was what it used to be. Ah! I wish I could

remember what happened last week as well as I do sixty years ago.'

'Oh, those sort—they always muddle,' said Mrs Truman, flushing a little. 'They weren't educated then, like they are now. She didn't read it out of the book, I 'll go bail.'

Frank Power, who stood beside his father, began to be interested. She did not talk much like a blue-stocking who had been but an hour ago conversing with an Oxford graduate on Shakespeare and the classics. And he was a young man who made it his business to study character when it is combined with money, holding a knowledge of mankind to be far more important than that of law, and of womankind to be more important still.

'We 'll appeal to the book itself,' said Frank Power, taking up the volume from the table where it lay. 'It may be unfilial, but I 'll back Mrs Truman against Susan, twenty to one.'

Even he, despite his cultivation of what he took for an aristocratic calm, could not help a start at Mrs Truman's sudden shrillness.

'Leave go of that book, young man! There 's things there that 's private to myself, and I 'm not going to have bets made about me—no, not at any money.'

But his start was over in an instant. He opened the volume, and, after a moment or two, said with a smile:

'*You* are right, and my father is wrong. "Each nook to search" in black and white, in print, which can't deceive.'

Closing the volume, he handed it with a bow to its owner, who hurriedly covered it with the shawl which Annie's curate put over her shoulders, and, with scarcely a 'Good-night,' was gone.

'There may be poetry in old Gust's ledgers,' thought Frank Power, 'but I 'm hanged if "The Mistletoe Bough" ever used to be in the *Court Guide*. It 's queer.'

CHAPTER II.

THERE could be no manner of doubt that Mrs Truman was an acquisition to the town, and none the less because, despite her learning, she had such homely ways. Had she not been so well off she might have been called a little vulgar by people who, as an earl's neighbours, plumed themselves on being critical; as things were, they liked the lady of The Edge all the better for little mannerisms in speech and dress which kept such a combination of wealth and intellect from being too remote from common social air.

The lady would of an afternoon go with Annie quite simply into some humble cottage and chat with the sincerest comfort and interest—not the patronising interest of charity, but that of the equal friend—about the merits of rival wringing-machines, the latest experiment in doctor's stuff, the goings on of Him or Her, and the price of tea a pound. Even when she called at the vicarage she preferred parochial or domestic talk, infinitely to the secret relief of the vicar, whose own scholarship had rusted considerably since it just sufficed to save him from a plucking five-and-twenty years ago.

Such was the mother into whose ample arms Annie Truman suddenly found herself thrown almost before she knew that she possessed one. There had been no preliminary letter to prepare her for Mrs Truman's descent upon Pallas House; she had been suddenly summoned by the eldest Miss Findon into the drawing-room, and, before she quite knew what had happened, found herself buried in a half-laughing, half-crying bundle of furs. And when she was released, more astonished than frightened—for it was clear that the furs were not warmer than the heart within them—the mystery did not turn out to be so very great after all.

'Your poor father, my lamb, was a gentleman—a real, born, educated gentleman, every inch of him, and that was two and a half over six foot, regimental measure,' declared Annie's mother with pride. 'But, like many a young gentleman, he didn't quite hit it off with his own people; and so, having a spirit of his own, he went for a soldier, like many another lad of mettle, and that 's how I came to know him. And though I say it that shouldn't, that was the luckiest thing ever happened to him, though there was once when we didn't think so, goodness knows. You wouldn't think it to look at me now; but I was as slim as you, and slimmer, and none so badly off for looks either; leastways, your poor father used to say so, my dear; and for what anybody else thought I didn't care,' said she, with the bold simplicity of imagery that distinguishes the true scholar from the pedant.

'Well, we married; and then you came, my lamb, and then the regiment was ordered for India, and I couldn't take you and I couldn't leave him. For though he was fit to command a dozen armies, he never could take care of himself any more than a baby. And just then, to our sorrow—'twas the very day after you 'd turned three—came a letter from *his* father, that was very rich, to say he must lie on the bed he 'd made for himself; but how the child—meaning you—should be taken and brought up, if——

'There; I don't know how ever I brought myself to do it, but I 'd taken poor Harry for better, for worse, and I 'd got to see him through; and it didn't, somehow, seem like one's duty to spoil your chance; and so I let you be taken off in a yellow fly, though it was like sending

my heart away by parcels delivery, and though I 'd never have got over it if Harry, poor fellow! hadn't wanted comfort ten times more than me. So off we sailed for India, and plenty we went through together; and then our luck began to turn. Your father got an offer, if he 'd quit the army, to go out to Australia with a gentleman he 'd been with at school; and said he, "Bess, we 're not going home again like a couple of bad halfpence. Something tells me this is our chance for making enough to get back our little girl to our own selves; so here goes." And you 'd think every one of our sheeps' wool was pure gold from the way we got on. Then we had wonderful luck with land, in ways they have out there; and '——

Annie could only look her anxiety for the end of her new mother's story, a story which required so much filling up between the lines. Not that the coming end needed either word or guess; it was told by Mrs Truman's sudden pause and by the catch in her voice; and then, still more, by the way in which she straightened herself, as if she were on parade and heard 'Attention!' called to the duties before her. A flood of tears would not have been half so eloquent as the homely smile which struggled back again.

'It wasn't to be for Harry—not the end we 'd worked for together,' said she. 'But his last word was to keep heart and bring up the reserves. He 'd the spirit of a Field-Marshal in him, and I never disobeyed orders in my life; and if you 'd seen the brave fellows go down that I 've seen, and the next step into their places and never cry for the best of comrades till the day was won, you 'd know what I mean. There, Annie, I was always the one to take care of him; and now I 'm going to take care of you, and everybody else I can find.'

'But—oh, mother!—why did you never write to me? Why did you never let me hear of you? Why did you never let *me* write to *you?*' cried Annie after a long moment, and out of a heart that was growing over full. 'Do you think I would not have come out to you just because you were poor and wanted me?'

Mrs Truman fidgeted.

'There—that was just it, my dear; it was just because—because I—we—knew you *would* have come. What could we have done with you in a marching regiment out in India—and with fighting too? That was just our comfort, that you were safe, whatever happened to me and him. Never mind; we 're going to make up for lost time now, you and I.'

Annie felt that this was no answer to her question; indeed, that it was even less than no answer. But even had she been made of ice, she must have thawed and melted in the genial summer of affection which her mother displayed towards her; and assuredly she was made of nothing of the kind—only, by the long winter of her lonely girlhood, just touched by the late frost which makes the spring and the summer all the brighter and lovelier when they come.

Branksham was left to get through its nine days' gossip as it pleased; for Mrs Truman, with all her frankness, appeared to act under the eccentric belief—for a literary lady the extraordinarily eccentric belief—that there is no such thing as public interest in private lives. It was wonderful what a charming and important personage Annie had all of a sudden become; and not more among the young people than among their elders. One need say nothing of the curates except that they rose gallantly to the occasion; and that, as the heiress could not marry both of them, and as both were exceptionably eligible—for the vicar's wife, having daughters of her own, was careful in her choice—there was not more than half the regulation amount of jealousy among the less wealthy maidens. Frank Power's friend, Tom Reynolds, felt himself becoming less and less Frank Power's friend day by day; he began to think his hero and model shockingly selfish, abominably vain, and even to be losing, with extraordinary rapidity, his taste in waistcoats; not at all the sort of man to make a nice girl happy.

But as the weeks went on and things began to settle and to sort themselves, Miss Hatchet, who kept the post-office, the library, and a great many more secrets than her customers were aware of, began to have certain suspicions directed towards young Mr Power. They were not altogether connected with The Edge, and yet he, and they, and it seemed somehow mixed up together in an acute mind trained upon a complete experience of her own stock of novels.

Young Mr Power would have been exceedingly astonished, despite his mastery of all worldly wisdom, had he known how really kind Miss Hatchet was not to publish what she knew of him—not to speak of what she did not know. Odd as it may seem, letters, without the aid of clairvoyance or of steam, or of the yet subtler methods known to the Russian police, have a singular way of oozing out their contents when sympathetically handled by naturally susceptible fingers. Otherwise it is obviously impossible that a respectable spinster like Miss Hatchet could have known anything about a certain entanglement of young Mr Power's at Horchester, or of his relations with persons who had relations with the turf, or of the nature of certain missives which every quarter-day with unfailing profusion came directed to the same young man in varieties of the legal or commercial hand. She had quite enough material for judging that he had been 'going the pace,' as people were old-fashioned enough in Branksham to call such things; and what more natural was it than that a young man over whose head she could see a

rising tide of dunning letters perceptibly and rapidly closing, should escape from this, as well as from yet more serious embarrassments, by the obvious course of carrying off the matrimonial prize?

Thus to her there was a special significance in the fact that, beyond all the far more eligible friends and acquaintances whom Mrs Truman had made since her arrival, none appeared half so deep in her good graces as the one man of all others with whom she could have no sort of natural affinity, unless on the general principle that ladies of a certain age like selfishness and imprudence in a young fellow, and that being attentive to a mother is notoriously the best way of courting her daughter. At any rate young Mr Power was remarkably often at The Edge, and had the entry at those hours of the forenoon which Mrs Truman kept sacred even from Annie.

It was during one of those hours between breakfast and luncheon (Mrs Truman was a martinet in the matter of meals, no doubt appreciating the intimate connection between body and mind) that Annie, while taking a brisk walk in the frosty sunshine, met some one who had once been more in her life than her mother a thousand times, though he had been only her music-master at school, but whom she had not seen since the evening of 'The Mistletoe Bough.'

'Good-morning, Mr Cliff,' she said cordially, as he lifted his hat and seemed about to pass her by.

And there they stood looking at one another awkwardly without a word to say; for he had meant to pass out of her life without a sign of his having ever been in it, and she was overcome by an unreasonably excessive attack of the shyness of the emancipated schoolgirl, who cannot all in a moment throw off the second nature of discipline. To meet John Cliff out of the class-room, without his having the right to order her to the piano and to scold her if she blundered, seemed to set up with startling suddenness a new relation between them which was neither natural nor pleasant—and the less natural and the less pleasant, too, in that the loss of his right to command and control seemed accompanied with an air of being able to do both which she had never associated with him before.

'I don't want to be idle just because I haven't got to teach,' she said, rather abruptly. 'And I don't want to give up music—I haven't got on so far with it that I have nothing left to learn; though that's not your fault, Mr Cliff,' she added quickly, glad of the discovery that she was suddenly able to smile as easily as if she had left school at least three years.

'Indeed you have not, Miss Truman,' said John Cliff somewhat stiffly, feeling in that very smile, bright and friendly though it was, the gulf between them growing yet broader than before. To the pride wherewith he was fortifying himself it seemed to imply patronage. 'But you have talent enough to go as far as you need; you will be able to have better lessons than mine now;' and there was not an atom of bitterness in the words; for, musician though he was, he honestly thought them true.

'But indeed I shall not,' protested Annie eagerly. 'There are no better lessons than yours; and if there were, I would not have them. When shall we begin? Any time in the morning will do for me. Mamma never wants me then.'

To him she was looking terribly bright and fair—the very spirit of the sunlit frost. And no less terrible was the temptation of spending an infinite vista of morning hours, such as this, alone with the girl whom he had hoped to make his wife. Why, if he could not ask her to be his wife, should he not let himself be her friend?

No, he was not so poor a lover as to be turned by a smile; and he knew that he could no more be Annie's friend than he could be her husband.

'I am going away,' he said. 'I am on my way to the station now.'

'But—when you come back, then?' she asked, wondering what made him so grave.

'I am not coming back, Miss Truman. I am leaving Branksham. There is nothing to keep me here; and—and'——

'Not coming back! Going to leave Branksham!' exclaimed Annie. 'And—you were not even coming to The Edge to say good-bye?'

'What is the good of saying good-bye? But I will say it now. And if your life is half as happy as I wish, you will be the happiest woman in the world.'

What more might have been said or done only Chance knows—Chance, who happened just at that moment to come up in the portly form of the vicar. So off marched John Cliff with his head high and colours flying, leaving Annie piqued and somewhat heart-sore, with a sense of having somehow offended him—but how?

'A very independent youngster that,' said the vicar, having acknowledged his ex-organist's parting salute with a nod; 'and with a bit of rolling stone in him, I'm afraid. Well, well. And how's the Great Work progressing, Miss Annie, eh? Oh, come, you needn't play at keeping *me* in the dark, eh? Well, well, my dear, silence is golden. But when a Learned Lady like your good mother shuts herself into her study every morning, it doesn't want more than a very little bird to whisper loud enough that there's a big book not very far away. I assure you it's putting all society into a regular fever. Major Hay, now, says he'll lay his life it's a book of travels. Miss Findon answers for

it that it's science. Old Power swears—I don't mean, of course, in any profane way—for biography. Gust, of the bank, is sure it's a dictionary; my wife that it's a cookery-book. My girls know it'll be a novel. But suppose that little bird I was speaking of had whispered into somebody's ear—as it might be mine—that it's a history—a history, as it might be of Branksham—eh? Am I getting warm? as the children say. Never mind, Miss Truman. I never blab; and you've told me nothing, you know. The secrets of my flock are my own. Well, well. Give my best regards to your good, learned mother, and tell her that when the *History of Branksham* is published I shall be proud of being its vicar. Thank you for your confidence; it shall not be abused. Good-day.'

Hardly knowing whether she was on her head or her heels, Annie, on reaching home, was not sorry, in her desire for a few minutes of silent solitude, to learn from the maid that Mrs Truman, though it was full luncheon-time, had not yet left her study; that young Mr Power was still with her; and that they were on no account to be disturbed.

. . . . . .

After all, then, supposing Miss Hatchet's suspicions to be as well founded as the vicar's surmise, what could be more natural than that a clever young gentleman in want of ready-money should occupy an ample leisure with the duties of secretary or amanuensis to a learned lady of ample means engaged upon the history of his native town? That he had himself never spoken of the matter only showed how worthy he was of the confidence of an employer who was evidently one of those authors—there are really such—that dislike having their work talked about before it is done.

CHAPTER III.

THE self-exile of John Cliff from Branksham did not excite even the normal nine days' wonder; he served parents and guardians as the orthodox peg for warnings against fiddling fellows and rolling stones, and was then forgotten by everybody except Annie Truman, who could not help remembering something in the last tone of his voice and the last look in his eyes which she had never seen or heard in any eyes or voice before. And so the time passed on, and nothing happened. In spite of her mother's affection, though given and returned in full, Annie began to doubt whether either of them was really made for all this idle comfort; whether her mother would not be really more at home in a cottage and occupied only in such plain homely matters as Annie could help her in. Love did not bridge over the gulf of learning that lay between them.

'Can't I do anything to help you, mother?' she ventured once to ask. 'I'm very stupid and ignorant, I know; but I would study so very hard. I want to be *so much* to you.'

'My dear,' said Mrs Truman, 'you're everything to me. And as for not being clever—the idea! Why, the Miss Findons tell me they never had such a girl, and if they don't know cleverness, being their business, who does? So put on your hat and see if we can't be clever enough between us to read Mrs Wilks her Susan's letter home. Poor old thing! Seventy-eight last Monday, and don't know so much as her letters. Why, even I—— But there! And oh, my gracious goodness!' she would add as soon as they reached old Mrs Wilks's cottage, 'if I haven't gone and left my tiresome glasses at home again! Well, you'll have to read Susan's letter instead of me. Ah, young sight's a great thing!' she would sigh, with assuredly uncalled-for moisture in eyes as bright and still as really young as Annie's own. Absence of mind is a recognised privilege of learning, even to the extent of leaving at home spectacles which may possibly have saddled one's nose in a dream.

How long Branksham, and more especially The Edge, went on in such-like eventless fashion is matter for an almanac rather than a story. Something, however, was bound to happen at last; and the something was nothing less than a garden-party at Piercefield. The Earl and the Countess, and the Ladies Laura and Maude, had returned from their prolonged residence on the Continent, and, a dissolution of Parliament being in the air, thought it well, for family reasons, to be civil to Branksham. Mrs Truman of The Edge was, of course, among the invited; indeed, with her colonial wealth she would have been among them at a far higher social function. And it was of her, as a new-comer during the absence of the Piercefields, that the vicar was talking to Lady Laura while but few of the other guests had yet arrived.

'What a delightfully interesting person she must be!' said Lady Laura, a shyly ecstatic person who, at the age when a woman must take to something, had taken seriously to the pursuit of art, science, and literature, and was already modestly proud of the acquaintance of several persons eminent in these lines, innocently unaware that the handle to her name made them a hundred times vainer of hers. 'And then so charmingly mysterious! Fancy a great authoress actually in Branksham! Why, Branksham will be like Stratford-on-Avon, or—or Ecclefechan, isn't it?—or one of those other places that people come from everywhere to see! And what is Mrs Truman writing now?' she asked, with the air of one who was of course familiar with all that had already come from Mrs Truman's pen.

'Ah!' said the vicar, with a more direct air of knowing all that he supposed Lady Laura to

know, and a great deal more, 'that's tellings—as the schoolboys say—eh?'

'A literary secret? How delightful! And you really know it? How charming! And it wouldn't be any less a secret—would it?—if I knew it too. There'd be two quite different secrets—one between you and her, and the other between you and me.'

The vicar had duly crammed logic at Oxford, but it was a long time ago. 'Well, Lady Laura, since you put it in that way, I certainly don't mind saying—— But you're sure it'll go no farther?'

'I'd die sooner!'

'Then, that being so, I don't mind telling *you* that I had it from Miss Truman that her mother's working at a History of Brankshame! Think of that—eh?'

'Oh, but how delightfully dreadful—how dreadfully delightful! Is she going to put in—everybody? I declare I shall die of fright to meet her! What *will* she say of Me?'

'Nothing, I am sure, but what is truly charming and charmingly true. But I fancy it will have more to do with the Britons and Romans and Saxons and Danes and Normans, and'——

'Oh, well, I'm sure it will be all most interesting. I was in Rome myself last spring; and Dresden's in Saxony, isn't it? and I've been there too. I shall certainly get the book as soon as it's out. And how delightfully interesting it will be to see the first meeting of *two* geniuses, as we shall presently!'

'*Two* geniuses?'

'Yes, indeed! Why, he's *the* coming musician of the century. Everybody says so. He plays just like a double angel; and that cantata of his—you know?—I shall be forgetting my own name next—is just too lovely for words. Everybody says it might have been composed by a German! My sister and I had some lessons from him abroad before he was famous, and that's how he comes to be here on a flying visit now. He's due at Windsor next week; but the dear genius will have it that we got him his first chance of showing what was in him; it's so sweet to find out struggling genius, isn't it? At least I always think so. One's so proud of it afterwards; it's almost like being one's own—and so when we asked him to take Piercefield on the way—— But here he is! Vicar, let me introduce you to'——

'John Cliff!' cried the vicar, his breath almost taken away by the recognition of such a nobody as the ex-organist and scale-grinder in an evidently honoured guest at Piercefield on his way to Royalty. But it was promptly recovered. 'I knew it; I always knew it!' he said, holding out his hand. 'I always said, "Only give John Cliff his chance, and he'll be at the top of the tree before you know where you are." I always said it; I always said, "Mark my words: that young man will be Sir John Cliff as sure as I'm alive!"'

John Cliff took the offered hand as warmly as if it had really helped him. He was feeling very strange; for his rise, favoured by luck, had been singularly rapid for a modest man, and the first experience of recognition as a prophet in one's own country is about the strangest in the world. The fashion into which the young English composer was growing, whether due to merit, or luck, or both, had thus far left him very much as it had found him; and his ingrained shyness had hardly let him bring himself to revisit the neighbourhood of Brankshame, to be the butt of gossip and stares. But there is something even stronger than shyness. And in his case it was not mere gratitude to Lady Laura, good creature though she was, for trying to hang on to a lion's tail.

He had looked for Annie Truman in vain among the familiar figures that surrounded him as the faces of one's past come round one in a dream. Yet he dared not ask after her. It was much more than likely that there was no longer an Annie Truman; that the heiress of The Edge would have a married name—perhaps that of the curate who was a baronet's son. Perhaps—and more likely still—Frank Power, to whom all the youth of Brankshame had looked up to as the pink and pattern of invincible manhood, had carried off the prize.

So it happened that when hers also made one of the dream-faces, it was just when she was as out of his mind as if she had never been born. For he had yielded to the request of Lady Laura, and was at the piano, and when there he was never anywhere else; he was deaf to all but the music, and blind to all save what the music might make him see. And when, amid the applause that wavered in a bewildered sort of way between patronage of a music-master and reverence for Windsor and Piercefield, he struck the closing chord and rose, it was to see Mrs Truman and her daughter under the obvious escort of Frank Power, to whom they seemed to belong.

Once upon a time Frank Power would not have recognised so much as the existence of John Cliff save by the most distant of nods. Now, however, he came forward almost as cordially as the vicar.

'Glad to see you back among us, Cliff,' said he. 'Ripping thing what you played just now. You must fix an evening to meet some of the old set up at my rooms, and have a good old time.'

Somehow, Frank Power did not look nearly so handsome or carry such distinguished manners as when John Cliff had met nobody outside Brankshame.

'And you must give us a tune,' he went on. 'I've got a decentish piano; and I hear from Lady Laura—she's a pal of mine; boy and gir

together, you know—that you've written some stunning things of your own. Eranksham's going it. What! I've been trying my own hand at a little dramatic-sketchy sort of thing: not a patch on Shakespeare, of course; but I'd like to know how it'll strike *you*. Mother Truman'll be safe to be asked to give a bit of a reading—I'll see to it she shall; and she can't give that everlasting old "Mistletoe Bough" of hers here. So I've been coaching her up a bit in that little sketch of mine. It's original, you bet; a comic washerwoman—good notion, isn't it? And there's nobody that ought to do it better than Mother Truman. Don't you go giving me away, though! I want them all to think it's by Dickens, or one of those fellows with a name, till they've clapped the ceiling down; and then *I* come in and make *my* bow. Of course I tell *you*, you know. Being in the musical line, you might see your way to mention it to some of the fellows that run the halls.'

Unquestionably Mr Francis Power was a true prophet—that is to say, a man who knows his world and how to pull its strings. For even while he was making up to the Lion of the occasion, Lady Laura was saying to its Lioness:

'So I hear you read, Mrs Truman! A charming talent—so enviable'——

'Oh yes, ma'am—my ladyship—I can read; and write too!'

'We all know *that!* And now that I have the privilege of knowing the authoress, I'm going to give myself the pleasure of reading all your delightful works all over again, right through. And what are you going to read now? Do let it be something of your own! It's so nice to hear authors read their own things. They must know how they ought to be read so much better than anybody else can. Don't you think so too?'

'I'm sure of it, miss! My poor Harry always said how a man can read his own writing better than another's. I've known him right down puzzled by some hands, but he could always read his own. Ah, Harry *were* a scholar!' added Harry's widow, with a sigh of pride.

Lady Laura understood a good woman's sigh by a good woman's instinct, and postponed the consideration of Mrs Truman's literary criticism to a quieter occasion. It was too utterly incomprehensible to be otherwise than elaborately profound. She hushed the buzz of talk that had possibly prevented her from catching the famous authoress's exact words; and Mrs Truman of The Edge once more found herself the smiling centre of a circle prepared to welcome a hundred and fifty-first repetition of 'The Mistletoe Bough.'

But, instead of starting with her familiar 'The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,' she produced from her dress a long blue envelope, from the envelope a sheet of paper, and, while faces round brightened with anticipation of something fresh to laugh at instead of something stale to pretend to cry at, announced:

'*Washing Day*, a humorous sketch, by Nobody-Knows-Who.—Dear R, I, *Ri*—C, H—no: R, I, C, *Ric;* H, A, R, D, *Hard*—*Ric*—*Hard*—Richard'——

She frowned, stopped short, and looked round her, and back at the paper, and then round her again from face to face in a helplessly bewildered way. The anticipated laughter became realised at such a life-like imitation, by a lady of wealth and learning, of the efforts of an illiterate washerwoman to read aloud a letter that she could not spell.

'Dear Richard,' she stumbled on, 'I—think—we're—out—of—the—w—wood—at—last. That ain't how it went; it seems to have all changed.'

'Doesn't she do it well?'

'One would think she'd been on the stage.'

'P'r'aps she has—with those colonials one never knows'——

'Stop—Mrs Truman—stop!' a voice broke through the hum of applause; a voice harsh with hurry, in which not even those who knew him best, indeed they the least, could catch a trace of Frank Power's languid drawl.

'Hu—sh!'

'You can't read that—you can't indeed.'

'But I can, though,' said Mrs Truman, with a flush too quick and hot for the most consummate actress to produce at will. 'Print or writing, it's all one to me.'

'But that's not—it's the wrong packet.' He felt frantically in all the pockets of his frock-coat, whence nothing came.—'If I haven't posted the Sketch to Dick Mullings!' John Cliff, who was standing next him, distinctly heard him groan, 'and'——

But the audience, after its first impatient 'Hush!' was beginning, or thought itself beginning, to understand. The interruption would be a bit of stage business—a part of the piece that had no doubt been duly rehearsed by Mrs Truman and young Power, and would lead to something later on.

'Bravo, Frank!' said his sometime henchman Tom Gust, with an encouraging nudge; 'one'd think you were in a real stew. And, by George!' he exclaimed, his ears reddened and stung by the scarcely smothered oath that he got for an answer—'by George! I believe you are!'

Mrs Truman gathered herself together, and attacked the beautifully legible manuscript before her with the pluck to be expected from the wife of a British soldier. It is true that she read like a child, boggling at words of more than three letters, and often seeming to stick fast while her lips moved as if occupied with the alphabet of an unknown tongue. But of course all that would belong to the part. The word

had gone forth that she was to be admired and applauded. Lady Laura led the admiration and the vicar the applause. And this, cleared of its checks and its boggles, was what Mrs Truman read and Branksham heard:—

'DEAR RICHARD,—I think we're out of the wood at last! It makes me shudder to think how near yours truly was to the other side of the world. What with Moses, and Milly, and Sandpiper, and all the gang of sharks and bloodsuckers, he and she, Jew and Christian, two-legged and four-legged, I was getting to see nothing for it but to borrow a passage to the Antipodes [not that the word came out as clearly as it was written] from the office till, and make them see something clean for once in their dirty lives—namely, a pair of heels. Heaven helps those that help themselves. Don't you believe it, Dick! I did *not* help myself to that passage-money. I hadn't had the time, when, in the very nick, help, in the form of a stout female, tumbled into my arms straight from the skies. No, Dick, I know what you're jumping to, and you're wrong. I am *not* married, nor going to be, to a stout widow, old enough to be my mother, who has done washing for a marching regiment, and says 'ome and 'appy, and calls people sir and mum. I won't say I wouldn't have taken her thousands per annum with herself thrown in if there'd been no other way. But there's many a better rope than the *h*altar (as she'd call it) for noosing a widow's mite—leastways for a fellow with his wits about him; and though luck's been against me—till it turned—I may flatter myself that nobody will set it down to want of brains. Everybody's got a secret—spot that, and he or she is under your thumb, and what's his or hers is yours. This old dame's was a queer one: that she couldn't read! I spotted it, and let her see I spotted it, when she pretended to read poetry she'd got by heart, out of a *Court Guide*. Naturally, with the help of a trifle of tact, I offered to teach her reading, writing, arithmetic, and the use of the globes, all in double-quick time, and to save the old fool's vanity by keeping her secret as dark as blazes meanwhile. Naturally, I read all her letters and answered them, kept all her accounts, filled up her cheques, managed all her investments; in short, acted as her secretary and man of affairs, with the result that she can read *my* handwriting almost as well as I can read Greek, and that she and I between us would be sharing a capital of over a hundred thousand if the money-market wasn't a pack of sharks and wolves. I'm as financially cute as any man alive. That things *would* slump at the wrong minute is no fault of mine. I'm sorry for the old girl. She's liable, I'm afraid, for thousands—for calls on shares and interest on mortgages, not to speak of common debts; and without a penny in the pound. Well, it's the fortune of war. I reckon myself, say, fifty thousand to the bad. But then, on the other hand, I'm a clear four thousand to the good, clear of Moses, and Milly, and all. Not bad business, eh? And if, like a good pal, you'll put me, say, two thou. on Muezzin (who's bound to romp in) at any odds—of course the bigger the better—I shall make my pile, and you shall have your share. Anyhow, we're out of the wood, and the worm of luck will turn. I'm off to Paris for a spell. It's a grind teaching old washer-women their letters, and I want a change. Ever thine, FRANK POWER.'

What could it all mean? One looked at another, and then at the reader, who looked back at her audience with a stare even more bewildered than theirs. So hard had been her struggle for the words that she might have been reading Hebrew for all the sense that they conveyed.

But 'What could it all mean?' was not among the questions that have to wait long for their answers. Mr Francis Power had already answered it for himself by an unnoticed departure for Paris or elsewhere, taken even more promptly than he had intended. John Cliff must be found guilty—there is no help for it—of a sudden selfish elation at a flash of thought that an heiress to nothing more than debt and ruin was no longer beyond the reach of an artist who had already climbed above the heads of the crowd. He instinctively moved towards Annie with an unconscious air of protection which few women could fail to see, and none, seeing, fail to feel. Not knowing that he crossed the room, he found himself at her side, and, without look or word between them, he knew as well as she that he had come there to stay. Branksham answered the question of the moment in its own way—that is to say, in its own many ways. 'I always did think there was something queer about Mrs Truman. Often and often I've said to the Major, "Mark my words!"' 'I never did hold with the blue-stocking lot. Stands to reason, if a little learning's a dangerous thing, the more you have the more dangerous it must be.' 'Not read or write at her age! Disgraceful, *I* call it! Why, my Bertie could read before he could speak!' 'I never did think her quite what you'd call the *lady*. You know how sensitive I am to all sorts of little things.' 'Poor old Frank! Well, well. It's the way of the world. And—I say—do you really think he's got the straight tip about Muezzin? Because, if so'——

. . . . . .

Lady Laura, with quiet tact, led poor Mrs Truman, through whose bewilderment the state of things was slowly dawning, out of the hum, Annie and John Cliff following. He had established his right without words—which is the grand secret of the shy.

[*Christmas Number.*

'It's all true what that young man wrote,' sighed Mrs Truman at last. 'My poor Harry—he did hate lies just like poison, and here I've been what you may call living a lie. And if I hadn't been found out I'd have gone on living it down into my grave. But found out I am, as all liars did ought to be, and so'——

'But what is all true?' asked Lady Laura. 'That you are only now learning to read? How strange!'

'Not strange at all, my lady. If your ladyship had had no schooling when you was little, and put to the wash-tub as soon as you could reach up to the edge with a stool, and married into a regiment before you was turned nineteen, and had my Harry to mind that wanted a heap of minding, and lived in the bush all the better-most of your days, you'd think it strange if you could read as much as I've read just now.—It's hard on you, Annie, my poor lamb, to find out you've got nobody but a lying old laundress for a mother.'

'Mother—I—you—you're the best, the dearest—'

'But that don't make you less own daughter to Sergeant-Major Harry Truman—for he'd got all his stripes before we quitted the regiment, God bless it!—that was a gentleman born, though he did take the Queen's shilling, and a good soldier, and a good husband—was my Harry—and a good man; ah! and a fine scholar too.'

'But—but the books you have written?' asked Lady Laura. 'The vicar told me'——She did not add what she had told the vicar; and indeed if one might not profess a knowledge of an author's works unless one had read them, authors themselves, as persons who like to be talked about, would have grave cause to complain.

'The vicar says I've written books? Then somebody must have told him; and it wasn't me. P'r'aps now you know I couldn't—*read*,' she gulped, for confession, though of a proven fact, was still bitterly hard, 'you won't believe me when I say I never wrote a book, no, not since I was a babe in arms.'

'But I do believe you, Mrs Truman; I believe you, every word. And that makes me wonder all the more why'——

'Why, when I came to Branksham I didn't let out I was no scholar?'

'Yes. Why?'

'You wonder, my lady,' said Mrs Truman, flushing and flashing; 'you wonder I didn't shame Harry's girl—and she the cleverest scholar, Miss Findon says, in all the school—by letting out she'd a mother that couldn't read? I'd have lived fifty lies sooner than my Harry's girl should be shamed!'

. . . . . .

John Cliff, who for no visible cause, felt himself to be walking on air, and Lady Laura, who more or less lived in it, were in the mood to judge Mrs Truman's folly by the rule of romance rather than of reason. What Annie was feeling—— But that need not be told. Neither heights above speech, however, nor depths below it, could affect the plain and simple fact that Mrs Truman's heroic efforts to learn spelling in middle-age had only succeeded in spelling ruin.

What was to be done?

Nobody had asked the question. The question had asked itself, and hung waiting for an answer that the united wits of these four—a mere musician, a country schoolgirl, an illiterate widow, and a Lady Laura, without a grain of law or business among them—were little likely to find.

It was the mere musician who first set his foot on what he took for solid ground. 'Never mind that scoundrel,' said he. 'I haven't much of a fortune—yet. But if'——

He glanced at Annie. She did not return the glance; but it was amply answered. Thought-reading may be as nonsensical as one may please to think it, but a heart that cannot read its double must be a dunce indeed.

'But if, dear Mrs Truman, you will let me be your son, I—I think—I know that fortune will come.'

'You—my son? Annie's brother? No—Annie—is it, do you'——

'Mother'——

'Wait a bit. It only just takes my breath away. I'll say that for you, Mr Cliff, that I've never heard or known but good of you, and no harm. And there's many things worse than music. Some of the bandmasters are almost officers. You're not the figure of a drum-major, or else—who knows? I did look higher for Harry's girl. But then Harry's self might have looked miles higher than me—me that was at the washing-tub, and him that was a gentleman and scholar born. But there! If you're the man of Harry's girl's choice, 'tis not for me to come between, that he chose when he might have chose mountains high. And so, Mr Cliff'——

'My name is John, mother,' said the shy man.

'And so—John—you're my choice too.'

They were four foolish people, kissing and crying among the ruins of a fortune; and Lady Laura was perhaps the foolishest, as she was crying over people and things in which she had no sort of concern. At last, having sufficiently enjoyed herself in this way, she dried her eyes, and so spied upon the carpet an evil-looking thing—a blue envelope addressed in a legal hand.

'This seems to be yours, Mrs Truman,' said she. 'I suppose you pulled it out with your handkerchief.'

'That—thing? I just stuffed it in my pocket

when I left home; it had just come by the post as we was starting, and I brought it for that deluded young man to read. No, my lady, thanking your ladyship kindly, I won't read it—nor can't; no, nor have it read. I've got to know the look of the thing too well by now. No more education for me! Education's cheating, and thieving, and robbing widows and orphans, and lying, and betting, and all sorts of wickedness; so I'll thank your ladyship to have it put to the back of the kitchen fire. I won't touch it—not with a pair of tongs.'

'But I think it ought to be read,' said John, with his newly found decision. 'And it's for "*Miss* Truman, The Edge, Branksham." Annie, will you'——

'Oh no, no, I can't!' cried Annie, recoiling. 'Please, please, John, do you see what it is—if you think it ought. How can such a thing be for me?'

He opened the envelope, not without some nervousness of his own, and began:

'DEAR MADAM,—We have the melancholy pleasure of informing you that, by the death intestate of our late lamented client, Samuel Truman, Esquire, of Liverpool, cotton-broker, the whole of his estate, real and personal, passes to yourself, who, as the only child of his sole issue (the late Henry Truman, formerly of Sheepstor, Queensland), are our deceased client's heiress at law and next of kin. The personalty cannot, we think, be sworn under a less amount than ninety thousand pounds (say £90,000). Trusting you will, at your earliest convenience, favour us with your esteemed instructions for the administration of the estate, we have the honour to be, dear madam, obediently yours,

'CHUBB, GUDGEON, ROACH, & LING.'

John Cliff turned pale. Within what an ace he had been of losing his one chance of Annie, and only because of ninety thousand pounds!

. . . . . .

'My poor Harry!' sighed Mrs Truman; and what she meant nobody could tell. 'Well, I suppose we must forgive and forget'—could she be thinking of young Mr Power?—'p'raps there's none of us knows what we'd do till we're tried. And after that law letter there does seem some good in education after all. But not for me. John and Annie—Annie and John—you'll have to put up with a poor ignorant dunce of a mother'——

'You're not; that you're not! And if you were'—— began John and Annie, otherwise Annie and John.

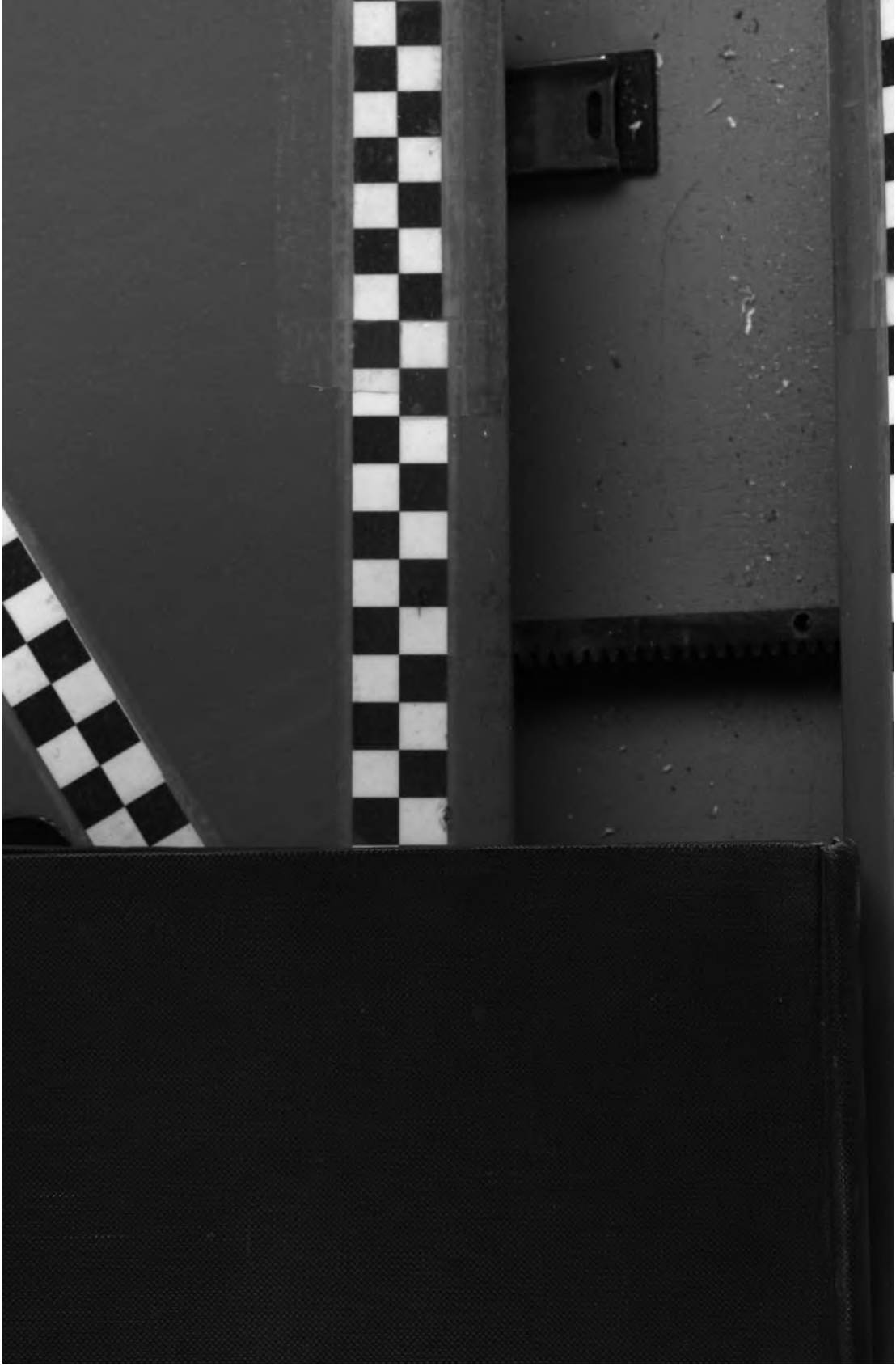
'I think,' said Lady Laura softly, 'that Mrs Truman is the Learnedest Lady that I know.'

SERENATA.

ALL things on sea and shore
Have sought their rest:
The mew his eyry, love;
The hawk his nest.
For dayspring evermore
Dark shore and sea
All wait aweary, love—
And I for thee.

Faint clouds on silent wing
Fleet o'er the moon;
'Mid their rocks wailing, love,
The night-winds croon;
Stands the cliff glimmering
To the dim skies;
The stars are failing, love—
And my heart dies.

Hush! from the vapoury drift,
Where sleeps the vale,
Comes softly wending, love,
A phantom pale;
A white form stealing swift
Near—near—more near:—
Ah, pain hath ending, love,
When Love is here!

C. H. ST L. RUSSELL.

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